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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1857.

WHOLE No. 25.

[Translated expressly for Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine.]

## MONEY: —OR— THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP OF ANVERS. A REMARKABLE FLEMISH STORY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

### CHAPTER I.

"O, DEAR Trinette, what magnificent weather! it is the beautiful month of May! How sweet and fresh the air is!"

"Yes, Annemie, my feet seem to be dancing of themselves. This first ray of sunshine penetrates my very marrow."

"See how everybody comes out to enjoy it. It will be pleasant now; we can sit out of doors, sing, tell stories, and breathe the fresh air while we are at work."

"It is a tedious thing, is it not, Trinette, to be shut up in the house four long months, like a poor bird in its cage?"

"And to be scarcely able to breathe in the stifling air of a close room."

"And to strain one's eyes in looking at one's work during the dark and gloomy days of winter."

"And then we catch such colds and coughs, that it seems as if the month of March would take us to the other world."

"We forget that there is a sun in the heavens; we count the days till the dear month of May restores light and warmth, as well to the poor as the rich."

"Come, come, let us think no more of winter, since it is over."

"Lads and lasses, dance and sing,  
'Tis the merry, merry spring."

The young girls who were thus conversing and chanting a hymn of welcome to the joyous month of May, were seated in a narrow, but long alley, in city of Anvers. The houses on both sides were low and small; and each of them had a little round door of entrance, and received a dim light, reduced still fainter by the greenish panes of the narrow windows.

One only among them was distinguished by greater height, and windows of more modern fashion; it was that of the grocer. Although the inhabitants of this dwelling had only poor customers, they had become rich, in comparison to their humble neighbors.

Nearly opposite the grocer's house and shop was an old house, also of two stories; but its aspect was gloomy and dilapidated. Above the narrow door, projected a sign, on which was painted only two large letters—"A. B." This sign indicated the dwelling of a chimney-sweep, an occupation more respectable in this country than elsewhere. This personage was second only to the grocer, for this house was his property. Next to him came, in point of comfort, a shoemaker, or rather cobbler, who did not, indeed, own his house, but who, thanks to his industrious instincts, could earn without much

trouble, his daily bread. It was before the shoemaker's door that Trinette and her three friends were sitting. Farther down the alley might be seen many other young girls, who, also divided into little groups, were pursuing their work and extolling the beauty of the weather.

Each held before her a square frame, containing a piece of lace on which she was embroidering flowers and leaves of every kind. They were all working industriously in order to add a few pence to the household funds, or to be able to purchase for themselves a new dress or a pretty bonnet, trimmed with colored ribbons.

Although these embroiderers belonged to the lower classes, they were dressed with neatness and even elegance. The young girls of Anvers are noted for the coquettish arrangement of their costume, but the lace-makers and embroiderers are distinguished above all the rest. And why should they not be exquisitely neat, since from morning till night, they are constantly at work upon lace of snowy whiteness? The slightest negligence would sully their work, and then the lace merchant would reprove them for want of care, reduce their wages, or even refuse to employ them.

Look at them from head to foot! Their garments are indeed modest, and of cheap and even faded material; but how clean they are, and how gracefully worn. Not a spot nor stain; it would seem as if they wore their Sunday garb all the week. Are they pretty? I hardly know. They are young, and youth itself is beauty. Their features are not deficient in delicacy or originality; but their cheeks are so pale and their forms so slender. Poor daughters of the people! Wealth has driven them from the more airy streets; houses have been built everywhere, the rent of which the poor cannot pay; and they have been crowded more and more into narrow, obscure and dirty alleys, where even the comfortable citizen would be unwilling to dwell. Languid flowers, nurtured in gloomy cellars, their blood is colorless, and consumption, that gnawing worm, attacks at the very root the life of many of them. And yet they are gay—they sing as they pursue their eternal labors!

Of the four young girls seated before the shoemaker's door, there were two whose florid health showed neither want of air nor sufficient nourishment. It must be inferred that the parents of these two were better off than is usual in this class, and perhaps also, their families had not dwelt for many generations in this narrow alley, a prolonged residence in which could not fail to bring about degeneracy. One of them was called Catherine, and she was the daughter

of the shoemaker; the name of the other was Annemie, and she lived in the house of the merchant of vegetables. Upon the cheeks of both bloomed the roses of youth, and their lips still retained the hue of coral. Catherine had soft blue eyes and light hair; Annemie seemed to have Spanish blood in her veins, for her complexion was dark, her eyes brown, and her hair black as the wing of a jay.

After having worked some time in silence, the young girls saw advancing at the end of the alley, a woman already old. They looked at her obliquely, and followed her with their eyes until she disappeared beneath the little door of the chimney-sweep's house. Then one of the young girls said:

"Mother Smith does not deny herself anything. See! she has another new dress, and a cap trimmed with a double row of lace."

"Ah, Annemie, you are always making remarks. What is it to us how others dress, so that they can afford it?"

"True, Trinette. But one cannot help noticing pride."

"Pride? Ah, she is such a good woman!"

"Yes, yes, Mother Smith steps as if she belonged to the aristocracy; and when she passes by with her muff, looks at us from the height of her grandeur, as if we were not worthy to tie her shoes."

"You think so, Annemie; but I am sure you are mistaken. Every one has her own ways. Mother Smith is of good family. She has an aunt in Holland who is very rich. She has, I do not know how many casks of gold. And you know when one belongs to a good family, it is in the blood, and one cannot help being a little proud."

"Poh! she is always talking about her family. Her husband laughs at her as much as anybody. I should be ashamed to cause him so much embarrassment; and she is, after all, only the wife of a chimney-sweep."

These criticisms displeased Trinette; she raised her voice and said in a more decisive tone, and somewhat angrily:

"I do not know what business that is of yours! Chimney-sweep or not, he owns the house he lives in, and owes nobody; she pays for what she buys, and need not envy her neighbors!"

"No wonder you speak in her favor," said another young girl, laughingly; "she is Paul's mother!"

"Come, come, do not be angry, Trinette," said Annemie; "we were only joking. Every one cooks his bread as he likes it, and if he burns his own fingers, it is none of our business."

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## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP OF ANVERS.

7

After a short silence, one of the young girls asked, in a friendly tone:

"Tell us, then, Trinette, are you really to be married so soon? I heard so last evening at the grocer's."

Trinette blushed and stammered:

"O, these neighbors! give them an inch and they will take an ell."

"It is then true?"

"No, indeed! Father Smith said something in jest to my father."

"In that case the affair will soon be settled. I congratulate you."

Another pursed up her lips with a sort of disdain, and said:

"So, Trinette, you are going to marry a chimney-sweep? A man who is as black as soot six days in the week. I would not have him if he were gilt from head to foot."

"Perhaps you would if you could," said Trinette.

"Neither would I," said another, "though he is the pleasantest young man in the neighborhood. It would do very well Sundays, when he is clean; but week days! you could not even touch his hand without running to the pump; and then to have always that black phiz before one's eyes! Fie! it is enough to frighten one. When he laughs and shows his white teeth, he looks like a dog who has been eating Spanish pepper."

"How foolishly you talk!" exclaimed Annemie, interrupting them. "Paul is the best fellow in the world; he knows so many pretty songs! he dances, he jumps, he amuses the whole street. And then on Sundays, when he has on his blue coat, and carries his head high with a pretty cap on it! I tell you he is a handsome youth; and Trinette has reason to love Paul, especially as his parents are pleased with it."

At this moment they heard resounding in a joyous tone through the narrow alley, the cry of "Up! up! up!"

"Ah, there is Paul and his father!" exclaimed they all together, smiling. "Here comes John, the jester and Paul, the laughter!"

At one extremity of the alley and at a considerable distance from the girls, was advancing a man of fifty years, still in the strength of manhood, and walking with firm steps and head upright. Like those of all chimney sweeps, his garments were of coarse material, and fitted closely to his form; his whole body, including his face and hands, was black and covered with soot. He was in good humor, for as he passed, he smiled constantly upon his neighbors and saluted each with a joyous greeting.

Five or six paces behind him came his son, Paul, an active and well formed youth, just entering upon manhood. His face and clothes were, like his father's, black and covered with soot. The white of his eyes and the bright red of his lips strongly contrasted with the dark hue of his complexion. He carried on his shoulder a bag of soot, and held in his right hand a little broom, and a branch of the white hawthorn, that May-flower of the Anversois. At the moment he entered the street singing a popular air and accompanying it with joyous gestures, all the neighbors began to laugh.

"He is a droll fellow," said one.

"All the chimney-sweeps of Anvers are such; it is a part of their trade," said another.

Annemie suddenly rose, exclaiming:

"He has learned a new song! Where does he get them all?"

"He makes them himself," said Trinette, triumphantly.

"Is he then so learned? I did not know it."

"Yes, and there is not a single placard in the chapel of 'The Good Brothers' but he can read."

Meanwhile the young chimney-sweep had approached near enough to be distinctly heard. He was singing a very pretty song, and accompanying it with appropriate gestures; and as he drew near Trinette, her companions uttered a scream, placing their hands on their embroidery-frames as if to protect them.

"Paul, do not approach; stay where you are; you will soil our work!" exclaimed they.

But the sweet smile which Trinette had addressed to him at the sight of the branch of hawthorn, seemed to have quieted the effervescence of Paul; the young girl knew that this first present of the gentle month of May was destined for her. In her blue eyes shone a grateful tenderness, which profoundly affected the young sweep, and arrested the song on his lips and the smile on his features. Nevertheless, as it was not his nature to remain serious long, he subdued his emotion, and said, laughingly:

"Trinette, I have been walking in the country, that is to say I have run from village to village, and sung like a nightingale, till my throat is as dry as a grater. I met yonder a young girl, so beautiful, so charming, and so glad to see me. Come, do not pout, Trinette. The young girl asked me in a sweet voice if I loved any one. I thought of replying no, but I dared not lie, and as I made a sign in the affirmative, she asked me the name of her whom I preferred to all others. Ah! I exclaimed, do you not know yet? Well, it is a young girl, fresh as the rose,

and her name is Trinetta. Indeed! said the beautiful lady, in that case give her my compliments and these flowers from me."

The young girls looked at the sweep, silent and with open mouths, but half smiling.

"And if you continue to love one another, added she, I will come every year to give you flowers of all sorts, as many as you please."

"Who could this lady be?" asked the palest of the young girls.

"You all know her very well," said Paul, laughing.

"What is her name?"

"Madame May."

"Madame May? I know Mother May who sells fish in the corner yonder; but it could not have been her!"

"O, do you not see that he is jesting with us all!" exclaimed Annemie. "He means the lady of the month of May."

"Precisely so, it was that old acquaintance!" said Paul, still smiling, giving to Trinetta a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and saying to another:

"Will you have some also? O, they smell so sweet!"

The young girl held out her hand, but Paul struck it lightly with the branch of hawthorn.

"Ah, villainous chimney-sweep!" exclaimed she.

"There are no roses without thorns!" said Paul, in a mocking tone.

But the young girl was so angry, that she rose, placed her hands on her sides, and exclaimed:

"Black scraper of chimneys, what do you mean? Do you think yourself cunning because you can play tricks on the unsuspecting? Go wash yourself, dirty negro! Your father has gone home long ago, so make haste!"

"See the little dragon mounted on her high horse!" said the young sweep, in a tone of railery. "You are too nervous, my girl. It does not become you to be angry; you ought to have a pair of moustaches for that."

At these words he made a gesture as if he would really touch with his black fingers the face of the young girl; but all rose at once, and exclaimed:

"Villanous sweep! soot-bag! up! up!" and a thousand other reproachful words.

Paul sought in vain to silence the uproar, and shaking his head as if to rid himself of the abuse lavished upon him, suddenly exclaimed:

"Hullo, my little friends, I must make an end with you, after which I will go and wash. Attention! One, two, three!"

He made three or four bounds, and shook his soot-bag so thoroughly that a black cloud shed itself around him, while he sang:

"Sing, dance, Paul, my friend,  
Nobody dares to touch you."

All the young girls drew their embroidery-frames to them and dispersed, with exclamations of terror, to shelter their work from the injury which threatened it. While some fled, uttering loud screams, and most laughed heartily, the chimney-sweep exclaimed, as he gained his door by a succession of leaps:

"Now, my turtle-doves, I am going to put on my Sunday face."

## CHAPTER II.

THE shades of evening had descended half an hour since on the narrow street. Mother Smith, the wife of the chimney-sweep, was seated at a table, and occupied in darning by the light of a lamp, the woollen stockings of Paul. She was dressed, not only with neatness, but with more show than her condition seemed to warrant; for, although she was at home and would probably go out no more that day, she still wore a rose-colored jacket spotted with little flowers, a petticoat of calamaneo, bordered with velvet, and a cap with broad wings, white as snow. Some sad and disagreeable thoughts seemed to occupy her mind, for she often interrupted her labor and an expression of anger contracted her features.

"This is the way they always deceive the poor people who ought to inherit property!" murmured she, at last. "The rogue knows how to keep the thing concealed and drag it along till the heirs are dead, and then pocket the heritage. It provokes me to think of it! The old mason, Kobe, of Rue de la Bontique, was to have inherited a hundred thousand florins; everything was according to law—but it had to go so long a time from Herod to Pilate, that he ended by dying in his garret. Six months afterwards, the inheritance was divided between three or four great gentlemen, who had only to take it; and the best part of Kobe's fortune was left in the hands of the lawyer. But they will not catch me so. Were I to spend my last sous, I will know what has become of the property of my aunt in Holland."

At this moment her husband descended the stairs, blew out the little lamp which he held in his hand, set it on a bureau, and with his arms crossed on his breast, began to contemplate his wife with a smile. The face of the chimney-sweep had been washed; his clothes were such as citizens of the lower classes wear when they

go out at evening to drink a pint of beer with the neighbors.

"I have played a famous trick on the rats up there!" exclaimed he. "Guess, Theresa, what I have done?"

"Let me alone," replied the woman, peevishly. "You have been playing tricks upon the rats this ten years, and there are as many as ever. Leave but the least thing in the garret over night, even your soot-bag, and it would be devoured before morning."

"It is true, but what can I do? Do you think I can catch all the rats in the city? I have just seen one run, Theresa, a great black one, with a tail long enough to make a pair of garters. But wife, your cap is on again wrong side out; you are vexed. Always that same mouth!"

"I will look as I please!"

"Certainly, certainly; and it is so much the worse that you do it intentionally. I have seen all day that you have been stepping on some thorn. It is doubtless another question of advocates, of your aunt in Holland, of an inheritance, tons of gold, and other castles in the air."

"That does not concern you. What do you understand about these things?"

"I see, Theresa, that I must talk once more seriously, and I wish you to listen. We have been married nearly twenty-five years; next year, at the fete of St. John, we shall celebrate our jubilee, our silver wedding. During all this time, you have constantly been running after lawyers, hunting up deeds and baptismal registers,—and every month a good share of my earnings has gone to these men of the law. If all these francs were collected together, it would make quite a little fortune, for there are many months in twenty-five years. Until now I have suffered you to do this without opposition; but now everything is dear. Potatoes cost almost two francs per bushel; the price of sweeping a chimney hardly enables us to afford a piece of meat, just enough to make our bread relish; and bread, bread—"

"Why should you care about the price of bread, so that beer does not rise?" said the woman, in a tone of raillery.

"O, as long as there is enough of it, even were meat a little dearer, I should not cry, little mother. Joy is also excellent bread. But I forget my business. What I mean to say is this: you are forever dreaming of aunts, uncles, and immense inheritances which you ought to receive. This is all folly! and one of these days it will be even worse, Theresa; if you do not take care—old age is approaching—if you are not careful, people will think your brains are turned; and if

you do not become more rational, your uncles and aunts in Holland may take you to a mad-house!"

The wife rose and replied, with smile of disdain on her lips:

"How many things one must bear from a husband! Do you mean to insinuate that I am from a low family?"

"O, no, little wife; but from an ordinary family, a family like a great many others. Your father kept an old-clothes shop, and was reported rich because of his avarice; but when at last he died suddenly, he left nothing, and we inherited only our house. Your cousin peddles oranges, your aunt picks up old iron and bones, and your uncle's son is a fireman. They are, however, good and honest people! But it is not true that they are rich."

"Who talks of my family in Belgium? There are a number of Van den Bergens in Holland."

"There are many more Jansens. For twenty-five years, you have been searching among all the Van den Bergens, to see whether they are any of our family, and you have spent for that, I know not how many florins. Every one has his mania. We shall see what we shall see. Go to the edge of the Escant, when the wind blows, and fix your eyes on the passing clouds. What would you see? A man on horseback? Napoleon? a giant? a carriage with four horses? a dragon with seven heads? You have but to wish; the thing desired is there in an instant. Well, it is so with you, dear Theresa; you have a crotchet in your head."

The woman re-seated herself, and said, her countenance wearing a sorrowful doubt:

"It is very strange that you should be so earnest in talking of that to-day, and I am tempted to think you have been paying a visit to our lawyer this afternoon. The rogue, after having excited my hopes for two years, and received from me many florins, for seals, letters, papers and I know not what, has to-day told me that my family, however great it may be, contains only poor people. He has restored to me all my letters, and requested me, in a friendly manner, to visit him no more."

"Well, this lawyer is an honest man. He might have extorted from you a still greater sum; but he does not wish your money, and has given you good advice gratis. There are not many such lawyers—at least, so it is said; for my own part, I know nothing about them, and if they depended upon my money, they would not have much butter on their bread."

This conversation seemed to have relieved the mind of Mother Smith of the vexation which



had oppressed it all day. She said in a more careless tone:

"You may say what you please, but I shall be rich some day before I lie down for the last time. I am of good family, and I ought to inherit property. I dreamed only last night that I found a pile of gold beside the threshold of our door."

"Indeed!" said the chimney-sweep, laughing; "in this case it is very certain that you have got a long time to wait. If you had dreamed of spiders, that means money."

Suddenly the couple heard a noise at the top of the stairs.

"What is that?" said the sweep.

"You do not understand it then?" said the wife, in a tone of mocking; "it is the rats, who are at play, notwithstanding the trick you were boasting of having served them."

"It is astonishing!" grumbled Master Smith; "and I stopped all their holes with lime and pounded glass. It was doubtless only one; I do not hear anything now."

"But, Smith," said the wife, "if we should one day become rich, what would you do?"

"Let me alone, Theresa, and do not talk any more of your imaginary riches. We want nothing; the good God gives us our daily bread, and I can drink a pint with my friends; what could we ask more?"

"Yes; but if we should some day become rich?"

The husband put his hand to his forehead, and after having reflected a moment, said:

"What would I do? Let me see. First, I would paint the front of our house, and there should be on our sign two letters, 'A. B.' gilt. Afterwards, I would buy four hams at once, that we might feast during the winter. And then? and then what? I would give four sacks of potatoes and six measures of coal to the poor widow who lives yonder, in the corner, with her unfortunate children. In the fourth place, I would buy a house for our Paul; and on the day of his marriage with Trinette, we would have such a wedding that the fragrance of it should reach to Kauwenberg."

"And is that all? That would be scarcely worth the trouble of becoming rich."

"And what else could I do? In a word, I would live myself, and my friends should live."

"And would you remain a chimney-sweep?"

"I would sweep chimneys for pleasure."

"Ah, ah! simpleton that you are!" exclaimed the wife, laughing.

"But for that, what would I do with my time?" asked Master Smith. "Do you think I

would go and spend my whole day, all alone at a beer-shop? Let us see, Theresa, what would you do if a treasure should fall to us from heaven?"

"O, I should make a better use of it than you would," said the wife, triumphantly. "I am of good family! I would buy a large house at the Ripdorp, or on the Place de Meir; I would have a carriage with four horses, and a sleigh in winter; I would wear dresses of silk and velvet, a muff and a boa."

"What do you say? a boa? What is that?"

"Something which the great ladies wear around their necks."

"That thing which resembles the tail of a wild beast?"

"Yes; it costs very dear. I would wear diamonds on my bosom, in my ears and on my fingers; and a train to my dress, as queens do in the Flemish theatre; and, wherever I went, a servant should follow me, with a yellow coat and hat trimmed with ribbon. And then I would come every day and walk through this street, so that the grocer's wife should be ready to die of envy."

"Silence, silence!" exclaimed the chimney-sweep, "or I shall burst with laughter. To see Madame Smith, the chimney-sweep's wife, going about the city with a train to her dress, a fox's tail around her neck, and a great yellow-bird behind her! If you are not mad, Theresa, I am mistaken. In that case, put me in an insane hospital, for one of us has a cracked brain, I am sure. But hark! What a noise there is above there! The rats must be making fun of us!"

"Sure enough, what is going on in the garret? What cries and what an uproar! Go and see, Smith. Or rather reopen the holes; for it seems as if all the rats in the neighborhood had appointed a rendezvous up above, since you thought of playing them this trick."

The chimney-sweep rose, lighted his little lamp, and took from behind the armoire an old rusty sabre.

"I will soon put a stop to this," said he; "find me a few cents, Theresa, for I must go and drink a pint of beer afterward."

Mother Smith remained alone a long time, listening to the noise made by her husband in striking with his sabre the floor of the garret. Nevertheless all sounds quickly ceased. Then the woman fell into a profound reverie, and began to dream of garments of silk, diamond earrings, and lacqueys in yellow livery. She remained some time bound thus in the contemplation of the happiness which wealth bestows; a pleasant smile illuminated her countenance, and

she nodded her head as if her mind had given substance to the shadows created by her imagination.

At last she heard the steps of the stairs creak beneath the footsteps of her husband, and a certain astonishment was painted in her eyes as she saw no light on the stairway.

"Is your lamp extinguished?" asked she.

The chimney-sweep silently descended the stairs and approached his wife with tottering step. He trembled, and the cold sweat of anxiety stood in drops on his pale face. The wife sprang up, uttering a cry of horror, and exclaimed:

"What has happened to you? What have you seen? A robber? A ghost?"

"Hush, hush, let me take breath!" murmured the chimney-sweep, in a stifled voice.

"But what has happened?" exclaimed the wife; "you terrify me!"

"Silence, speak lower, Theresa," said the husband, as if afraid of being heard. "No one must hear us."

He approached her, leaned over her shoulder, and whispered:

"Theresa, dear Theresa, your dream is fulfilled; a treasure, a great treasure!"

"O, my poor, unfortunate Smith!" exclaimed the wife, full of anxiety; "he has lost his reason."

"No, no! do not make a noise, or we are lost!" said the husband, in tone of entreaty.

"Speak, then, for the love of God! What is the matter?"

"I have found a treasure, as you dreamed."

"A heap of gold?"

"No, a sack full of gold and silver coins. Come, take the lamp; I will show them to you."

The wife became pale in her turn, and trembled. She began to believe that this was serious. In spite of her emotion, a feverish smile contracted her lips. As she followed her husband, she said, in a tone full of entreaty:

"O, Smith, do not deceive me; if that should not be true, I should die."

"Silence, I tell you!" grumbled the chimney-sweep; "you will betray us!"

"But how did you find it?" asked the wife, in a suppressed voice.

Master Smith stopped, as if he wished to gratify the curiosity of his wife, before showing her the treasure.

"You heard me, did you not, Theresa, striking the floor above with my sabre? When I reached the garret, I saw no rats, but in tapping I drove two from a corner. They ran between my legs and disappeared behind the middle

beam, on which the roof rests. I went to examine the spot by the aid of the lamp; but found no hole or crevice. After having inspected every corner, every hiding-place, I returned to the beam; for I could not comprehend what had become of those two rats. Although there was no crevice in the beam, I struck it several blows with my sabre, scarcely knowing why. It sounded so hollow and so singularly, that I began to strike louder, thinking the interior might be inhabited by rats. Suddenly a little square board became detached from the beam, and something fell on my feet so heavily that I almost screamed. It was a bag of money. It gave way in falling, and gold and silver coins rolled all over the garret floor. I was, as it were, overwhelmed; my lamp fell from my hand; I trembled, and was obliged to lean against the wall before I could descend. Everything whirled before my eyes; I was just like a drunken man. Now come, walk on tip-toe, and speak as low as possible."

When they had reached the garret, the chimney-sweep conducted his wife to the beam and directed the light of the lamp on a canvass bag which lay on the floor among the pieces of coin scattered by its fall. Madame Smith uttered a stifled cry of joy, fell on her knees, enlarged the opening of the bag, plunged her hands among the gold pieces, remained for several minutes absorbed in mute admiration, then hastily rose. She ran, raising her hands above her head, all about the garret, began to dance, to jump, and at last exclaimed, at the top of her voice:

"I cannot bear it! I shall stifle! Let me speak! Goodness of heaven! we are rich, we have found a treasure!"

Full of anxiety, the chimney-sweep seized his wife's arm with one hand and placed the other on her mouth, speaking hoarsely and threateningly:

"Imprudent woman! be silent, or I will break your arm. Do you wish to have the neighbors know all?"

"O, what does this mean?" said the wife, with terror. "You look as if you were going to murder me. How money changes a man! During the twenty-five years we have been married, I have never seen you look at me so!"

As if surprised at his own violence, the chimney-sweep suddenly grew calm.

"No, no, Theresa, I spoke without thinking," said he, letting go the arm of his wife; "but I pray you, speak low and make no noise. Say, what shall we do with this money?"

"Carry it down stairs and put it in the large chest."

"And if robbers should come?"

"Why should they come just at this time? The chest has been there perhaps a hundred years."

"It is very well to say so, but we do not know."

"We must put it somewhere."

"Suppose I conceal it under our bed, in the mattress?"

"O, it is easy to see, Smith, that you are not accustomed to have money. Do you think rich people conceal theirs in their bed? Put it in the chest, I tell you. If you find a better place to-morrow, it will be time enough to remove it."

The chimney-sweep pricked up the other lamp, and said:

"Theresa, put the money in your apron; I will go and bolt the door below, for fear some one should surprise us; see that the coins do not ring."

While his wife was descending the stair with a heavy load of money, Smith drew the bolt of the street-door and turned the key in the lock; then he went to examine the windows, the cellar-door, the back-door, and ascertained that all these were securely fastened.

Meanwhile, the wife had already removed the whole treasure to the chest, and was seated before the table, her bosom swelled, her eye lost in vacancy, and wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her wealth. The husband approached her, extended his hand, and said, in a short and dry tone:

"The key?"

"The key!" exclaimed Madame Smith, with surprise, and in a tone of hauteur. "It would be a fine thing for you to take the key away from me in my old age, when I have carried it honorably for twenty-five years! You would perhaps take the money and regale your society of chimney-sweeps. I will take care of the chest!"

Smith shook his head impatiently.

"No," muttered he, "it is to prevent you from squandering the money in foolish expenses. When we had little, it seemed to be useless to try to save, but now I will take care that something is left us when we shall be old and sick, that we may not, notwithstanding our fortune, fall again into poverty before we die."

"O, friend Smith, it does not become you to have money," said the wife, in a tone of irony and of anger. "You talk like a miser; you look like an undertaker."

"Come, Theresa, give me the key?"

"The key! Though I should lose my last hair, I will not let it go."

"Will you take nothing from the chest without my consent?"

"That is to say I will not spend too much, but that I cannot purchase a new dress, or exchange my ear-rings when out of fashion, for a more becoming pair, is something which has never happened since our marriage. If I were to listen to you, we should be poorer than before. If you do not profit by the money better than this, you may as well have a pile of ten florin pieces painted on the wall; you will then have all the appearance of wealth without its embarrassments."

"You do not understand me, Theresa. If you were to make it appear suddenly that we had much money, by wearing clothes above your condition, the neighbors would begin to gossip among themselves, and ask how this happened."

"Well, whose business is it? The money belongs to me; my ancestors have lived in this house for a hundred years past. This is the reason we did not find money when my father died suddenly; he had not time to tell us where he had concealed it. What harm can it do to have every one know I have recovered my inheritance?"

"What harm? Imprudent woman! If the robbers knew there was so much gold here, they would break into the house, steal the treasure, and perhaps murder us."

"How timid the sight of this money has made you! I do not recognise you."

"And reflect a little, that people might not believe us when we told them we had found it. We might have the commissioner of police upon us; he might think it was stolen money. Then he would carry the treasure to the tribunal until the affair should be cleared up. And when the men of the law have it in their claws, it will be hard to recover it. Alas, alas! we should lose the treasure, and who knows? perhaps we might die of poverty!"

"True," said the wife, thoughtfully; "I believe you are in the right, Smith."

"O, Theresa, dear Theresa, be prudent, be reserved, and tell no one that we have become rich!"

"Yes, if I could be silent!" murmured the wife, shrugging her shoulders. "My mother taught me to talk, and she did not keep her tongue in her pocket."

"How unfortunate a thing it is to be rich!"

"If all the rich were like you, they are certainly unfortunate. But can we not make the neighbors think that we have inherited property? I have talked enough about it and for a long time."

A smile brightened the face of the chimney-sweep, and his eyes sparkled with joyful sur-

prise. He reflected a moment in silence, and then said :

"That we have inherited property? But then it will be known that we have money in the house?"

"Well?"

"And the robbers?"

"O, you are crazy!"

"No. We will say that we are to receive our inheritance; that we have heard from your uncle in Holland—"

"From my aunt, you mean; and when I buy a new dress, or anything else, the people may think we are spending in advance a part of the legacy which we are about to receive."

"That will do; in this way no one will know that there is much money in the house, and every one will recognize that you are of good family. But, Theresa, you will be reasonable, will you not, and be saving of our money?"

"Our money! my money you mean. I shall do nothing unsuitable to our position."

"And we will make Paul believe like all the rest, or else the boy will lose his head and become dissipated."

"I hear him!" exclaimed the wife; "go quickly and undraw the bolt, or he will ask what has happened here."

The chimney-sweep hastened to the door, half opened it, and returned to seat himself at the table with a calm and indifferent countenance, as if nothing happened. Before the street-door was echoing a joyous song, and Paul immediately entered. He approached the table and said hastily and gaily :

"O, we have laughed so much, yonder! If I had not enjoyed it so, I could cry, my mouth is so sore. I have been made president of the bird-catchers. \*

"Hush, hush!" said the father; "do not make so much noise about it."

"O, it is not that I was laughing at!" exclaimed Paul. "You know, father, that we have collected money in order to have a new flag painted for our society. The painter of the Rue de la Bonquette,—he whom they call Rubens, because he wears a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches,—this painter, then, was to have painted a great owl on the flag. O, how droll it was! This evening while we were chatting, the new flag was suddenly brought in. We all rose to look at it. Peter Kruls unrolled the flag; we looked at one another, and all together burst into such a fit of laughter, that three or four of

us rolled on the floor, and the others held their sides with both hands. There was but one who made a face—it was the blacksmith. Guess what was painted on the flag?"

"O, what childishness!" said the mother. "What could there have been upon it? An owl, doubtless?"

"Yes, yes, an owl with a head as large as that of a child of eight years; but the worst of it was that the owl and the blacksmith were as like each other as two drops of water. Then there was laughter and grumbling! The blacksmith wanted to tear the painter's hair; the innkeeper tried to turn the blacksmith out of doors; we reconciled everybody; then there were three plates broken and two hats crushed. Finally, all ended in a general laugh, because Rubens promised to alter the owl. But what has happened here? You do not listen to me! My father looks so sad, and you also, mother. You are not sick, I hope?"

"This is not the moment to jest," replied Mother Smith, in a grave tone. "Paul, my boy, I must tell you something. We are about to receive an inheritance."

"Again?" exclaimed the young man, with an incredulity slightly mocking.

"This time it is indeed true."

"I know that story. It is certainly from an aunt in Holland?"

"Yes, from my aunt in Holland."

"Come, come, mother, they have made you believe that again. It is not true, is it, father?"

"It seems that it is, this time!" replied Father Smith, with an affirmative nod.

"In that case," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I speak for a new pair of pantaloons and a dozen shirt collars, the moment the inheritance arrives!"

The parents were silent; Paul contemplated them with a strange astonishment, and at last said :

"But you both seem as if this good news had turned your hearts wrong side out! Tell me, then, what you have learned?"

"I have a headache," replied the father; "that makes me indisposed to talk; I will tell you to-morrow what we have to expect."

"Is it the aunt's inheritance which you have been talking of ever since I came into the world?"

"Yes. Now let us say no more about it."

Paul shook his head with an air of doubt and secretly thought :

"Something has happened which they are unwilling to tell me. People who have inherit-

\* There exists at Anvers, among the lower classes, societies of amateurs, who during the whole year collect money to go in autumn and chase tem-tits with an owl.

ed property wear a more joyous mien than that. Perhaps they have been disputing; but I need not meddle with those things."

He took the second lamp, lighted it and said: "To-morrow morning I must rise at four o'clock, to go and sweep three chimneys at the Chateau of Raust. It is at least two leagues from here. So good night."

"Paul," said his mother, with a certain pride in her tones, "we are no longer chimney-sweepers. And when you go out to-morrow, put on your Sunday clothes, do you hear?"

"Ah," said the young man, laughing, "do not be offended, mother; but I must tell you that you carry things too far."

"And besides the servant of Madame came to say that you are not to go to the chateau to-morrow."

"That is another affair. I had hoped to make a good sum. To-morrow, the inheritance will have flown up the chimney, like all the rest. Good night, mother; sleep well, father."

He climbed the stairs with a light step, humming again his last song.

Father Smith and his wife remained up a couple of hours more. Whatever efforts the latter made to induce her husband to go and take some rest, it seemed as if it were impossible for him to quit the spot where the treasure lay. He had already repeatedly inspected the doors and locks, when midnight at last sounded. After having repeated once more his uneasy exploration, he followed his wife up stairs; but, as he ascended, he cast his eyes ten times, at least, on the chest which contained his riches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The London correspondent of the British Advertiser tells the following anecdote of the queen: A rather remarkable picture is now being exhibited in Piccadilly, the production, I believe, of a Mr. Bartlett, curiously enough, a Quaker. It is a representation of the visit of the queen and royal family to the wounded Crimean soldiers at the Brompton hospital. It is said that this picture was taken at a rather curious moment. The queen was standing, with tears in her eyes, talking to a poor fellow who had got sadly shattered in battle. Prince Albert stood impassive and unmoved. The royal mistress, who is a woman, was mortified by his vacant and unfeeling look, and petulantly said to him, her voice still quivering with sympathy, "Do say something to the man, and not stand staring in that way."

The largest heart is that which only one can rest upon or impress; the purest is that which dares to call itself impure; the kindest is that which shrinks rather at its own inhumanity than at another's.—*Landor*.

## HAUNTED SHIPS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I TELL you it aint no use trying to laugh it off and explain the matter by saying that there is no earthly reason why one ship should be more unlucky than another in the long run, and that everything depends on the officers and crew, —'twont do. If reason says that, experience shows the contrary," exclaimed Jack Brace, vehemently, bringing his paw down upon the table with a force that made the bottles and glasses dance again, and went a long way towards convincing his auditors. "Just look at the case of that down-east schooner, that happened only two or three years ago," he continued. "There she was, a bran new craft, just off the stocks, put together in the best manner, without regard to expense, and as pretty a model as ever slid from the ways. Her captain, who had been waiting some time for her to be completed, was as smart a young fellow and as good a sailor as ever straddled a gangway; her crew were all picked men, and everything was done for her that experience could suggest or money buy. Now you chaps, who talk so much about your reason and your philosophy, would have thought a man a fool who should have predicted that she would be one of the unluckiest crafts that ever floated; and that, without being cast away, she would never complete a single voyage. And yet, how was the case? She took her cargo aboard at some port in the State of Maine, and started for Philadelphia. When a week out, she put into Boston, where she had no business to be, as it was a long way out of her course. No sooner was her anchor down than every man-Jack aboard of her tumbled his traps into the boat and came ashore; and the captain notified the owners that they must find some one else to take charge of her, as neither himself nor his crew could be hired for any money to put foot on her deck again. The owners were, very naturally, surprised and indignant. Another crew was immediately put aboard, so that she hove up anchor and went to sea the same afternoon, and not the slightest doubt entered the head of any one that she would continue the voyage. What, then, was the surprise of the owners upon hearing next morning that the schooner lay at anchor at Nantasket Roads with not a soul on board!

"The captain and mate soon made their appearance at the owners' office, looking very glum and thoughtful. They reported that, having run about half the distance between Boston light

and Race Point by twelve at night, they had concluded to put back. They were very sorry, they said, to disappoint the owners, but they didn't like the craft, and would prefer not to go in her. The crew were closely questioned, but they only shook their heads, looked at each other, and said they didn't fancy the schooner; nothing further could be got from them by any amount of questioning. There was a great deal of difficulty in procuring another crew; captains and mates were plenty enough, but the story had got about among the men in port that the vessel was queer, and they could not be persuaded to go in her. As a last resort, a complete crew, officers and men, were shipped in New York without being informed of the circumstances, sent to Boston and hurried on board.

"This time the experiment was successful, the schooner was got round to Philadelphia; but no sooner was she made fast alongside the wharf than all hands left her, hot foot. The cargo was taken out, and the return freight put on board; but that was as far as they could go; the story had been carried to all the principal ports, and chaps were shy of her. In this condition she lay a month, and shippers began to grumble at their freight being delayed, when, by an offer of double wages, a set of roughs were engaged and sent down from York. They were a precious set of highbinders, fresh from the slave trade, or worse. Their captain was every inch a scamp; and take them altogether, you would not be inclined to dispute their assertion that they were a match for 'the world, the flesh, and the old fellow himself.' Well, these fellows were put on board, and with the help of an unlimited amount of corn whiskey, and no end of hard swearing, the schooner was worked down the Delaware, and on her way to Portland.

"Five days from that time she was picked up adrift in Massachusetts Bay, and towed into Boston—the men having left in the boat and gone ashore, bag and baggage, when off Provincetown. She laid at Boston something like a year, was sold and unsold a dozen times, each owner trying his best to make something of her, but she cost more than she came to, and burned the fingers of every one who had anything to do with her, until at length some one having got possession of her for a mere song, he wisely broke her up and sold the material.

"Now how does that jibe?" continued Jack Brace, with a triumphant glance around the table. "How does that jibe with your talk about the impossibility of there being any such thing as good or ill luck sticking by a craft as long as she floated?"

"Is all that yarn true?" asked Joe Grummet, puffing a cloud of tobacco smoke into Jack's face.

"Every word of it. I have got two or three Boston papers in my chest that make mention of some of the circumstances; not in full, of course, for the owners would try to hush it up, so as not to give the vessel a bad name, but enough to show that I'm not blowing a false breeze. I got the particulars from a couple of shipmates who sailed in the schooner at different times."

"And what did they say was the trouble with her?"

"That's the worst of it—nobody ever found out what was the matter; the chaps didn't seem to like to talk about it. If you questioned them they would look grave and try to turn the conversation; if you pressed them, they would say 'nothing was the matter, nothing at all, only they didn't like to sail in her.' 'Twas the same way with all the different crews, nobody could ever get anything more out of them; and I reckon that to this day no one but themselves know what the real difficulty was. Now what d'ye think of that?"

"Why," said Joe, placing a quart pewter mug to his lips, and gazing attentively at the ceiling overhead for several minutes, while the "Adam's apple" in his brawny throat bobbed up and down, keeping time to a muffled thump, thump, thumping, that was going on somewhere in his internal economy; "why, the fact is, Jack Brace, you've wandered away from your text most consumedly. You began about ships being unlucky, and I said as how the greater part of this ill luck, if called by its right name, would be logged as incompetency of officers. Whereupon you right away heaves in stays, comes round on the other tack, and spreads yourself on a stupid twister about a haunted schooner. Now that's a different thing. If you come to talk about a ship being troubled with spooks, and galhoblins, and queers, I shall agree with you right off the reel, because I've been shipmates with that sort of thing myself."

"Now, Joe," said Tom Pipes, who had hitherto kept his nose in his porter pot, and a profound silence generally, "can you say, on your honor as a shell-back, that you was ever shipmates with a regular double and twisted, right up and down spook?—none of your half and half affairs that can be explained away, but a real, no mistake queer, such as we read about?"

"Yes, I can," said Joe, thumping his pot on the table to attract the attention of the bar maid. "Did you ever know the Gil Blas of Liverpool, a regular old fashion built ship, with a quarter

gallery and to 'gallant poop, such as you don't see now-a-days, except in pictures?"

"Never saw her," said Jack Brace.

"Nor me, too," echoed Pipes.

"Well," resumed Joe, "if you never saw her, it's pretty certain you never will, for she's among the by-gones now. Well, in the year '32 I was one of the crew of the ship *Dashaway*, that went ashore and was hogged on the back side of Cape Cod. She went ashore in light weather, so that there wasn't much difficulty in getting her off; but she was condemned upon being overhauled by the underwriters, so of course the crew went adrift, and myself, with most of the rest, made our way to Boston—the same town that figures in your lie about the haunted schooner."

"'Tisn't any lie!" exclaimed Jack Brace, springing from his chair, and thumping the table with his fist; "it's gospel truth, every word. I can show you the papers I spoke about, and bring people to prove every—"

"Well, well," drawled Joe, in a conciliating tone; "say your sermon about the schooner, then, if that suits you better; but to tell you the truth, Jack, I only believe the schooner story to accommodate you; so take warning and don't spin another such a twister to-night, for I could not hoist in more than one such yarn in a day, and promise to believe it, even to please my best friend."

"Well, go in—go in, lemons," said Jack, recovering his temper and his seat, with a tip of the porter pot and a bend of the knees; "go on with your yarn; but mind, if I catch you spreading yourself too strong, I'll just take and—"

"Dry up!" said Joe, authoritatively; "you've blowed your gale, now give me a chance. Well, as I was saying, Boston being the nearest port, we drifted round there. As we passed up the harbor I noticed the *Gil Blas*, laying with her anchor hove short, apparently all ready for a pilot. She was a well-looking craft enough, of about eight hundred tons, and except for her old fashioned build and rig, there was nothing to make a sailor man give the second look at her. Arrived at the city, the rest of the boys, who had never been at Boston before, followed me round to my old boarding place at the foot of Hanover Street, where I found a number of old shipmates laying on their oars, waiting for a chance to turn up. I should have liked well enough to stop ashore and cruise about the town a bit, but having lost my ship, there were of course no wages coming to me, so there was nothing for it but to get afloat again as soon as possible. The next morning after our arrival, as we were all sitting in the bar room, smoking

and spinning amusing little lies to each other, the door comes open with a bang, and in rushes the shipping-office runner in a deuce of a hurry, with 'Hurrah, boys! who's for Canton?'

"'I am!' says I, as smart as a cricket.

"'And I, and I,' sung out all the rest.

"'That's right,' says the runner; 'how many are there of you?'

"'Fifteen,' says Jack Rollock, counting noses.

"'Fifteen, eh? Well, I shall want five more, besides a cook and steward; so while I run round into Ann Street and hunt 'em up, you'd best go down to the office and sign; and I say, boys, get your traps all ready to go aboard this afternoon, for they want to get to sea to-night, d'ye understand?'

"'All right,' says Jack; 'but what's the name of the craft, anyway?'

"'The *Gil Blas*,' replied the runner. And he passed out of the door and down the street as quick as he'd come.

"'The *Gil Blas*, is it?' echoed Jack Rollock, stretching himself out on the bench again, where he had been comfortably snoozing when the shipping agent made his appearance. 'Well, then, if it's the *Gil Blas*, you may strike a hump on my back as big as the rock of Gibraltar if I ever set foot on her deck, anyway.'

"'Why, what's the matter with the craft, Jack?' I asked.

"'Well, she's queer; that's what's the matter with her. There's more aboard of her than what's put down on the manifest, or gets wages either.'

"'Pooh—nonsense; it's only a sailor's yarn.'

"'Well, then, if it's only a sailor's yarn, there are better men than you and me in this town—men with long tails swinging abaft their sterns—who think the same thing, let me tell you. You wouldn't suppose the Lloyds, or the board of underwriters in this here town of Boston, could be led away by a sailor's yarn, as you call it, do you? You needn't answer, because I know you are a man of sense. Well, now let me give you a little pocket geography of this here same homely-looking scow of a *Gil Blas*. Well, then, in the first place, you must know, she's lost her spars no end of times; but as she's an old craft, that's not to be wondered at. That's not the worst of it, however: from the time she was launched until this day, she never took a cargo that she didn't wet, sweat, or damage in some way, so that the underwriters had to lose a good proportion of what she and her cargo were worth—d'ye mind that? Well, she kept on that way, from bad to worse, rating lower and lower at the offices every voyage, until this time they

refused to insure her at any price, which of course prevented her going to sea. To get rid of this difficulty, the owners had her hauled on to the railway and thoroughly examined. Her bottom was found to be as sound as a nut, and after a good many hems and haws, they finally managed to get her insured at high rates, in small sums distributed all over the country. Her cargo was then put aboard, and she now only waits for a crew; and I reckon she'll have to wait, for I'm blowed if I go in her anyway you can fix it.'

"Nor I, nor I," echoed all the rest. And as no one was going, I backed out also.

"The runner was naturally a little cut up to find we had disappointed him. But he was nobody. Sailors were scarce at that time, and it stood him in hand to be precious civil, or he might have got licked.

"There were no other chances offering that day, and we passed the time sozzling about the house until about ten o'clock in the evening, and had just begun to think of turning in, when in rushed the shipping agent again under a full press of canvass.

"Hurrah, lads!" he shouted. "Look alive now, and get your traps together. There's a ship lying in Nantasket Roads, bound for Canton. They've just worked her round from Bath with lumpers and riggers, and want a crew straight, so's to get to sea to-night. Show yourselves spry now, for there's a pilot boat waiting at Long Wharf to take you aboard free gratis for nothing.'

"What's her name?" chorused all hands.

"The Arethusa—bran new ship—eighteen dollars a month—soft tack twenty-one times a week—the captain's an angel and the mate a saint; ask him to give you a chaw of tobacco and he'll knock you down with a pound. Look alive, boys—look alive!

"We required no urging: getting to sea being the thing of all others we most desired. A string of drays having drawn up in front of the door, our chests, bags and hammocks were piled upon them, and off they started, followed by our tribe in 'open order,' occasioned by our fellows, in squads of two and three, dropping in at the numerous chain-lockers along the route, to take a parting smile with their shore acquaintances, from which places of 'entertainment for man and beast'—especially beast—they were quickly dislodged by the runner and boarding master, who followed close astern, as whippers-in. Arrived at the wharf, we were joined by another gang, which completed the crew. Tumbling ourselves and our traps aboard the boat,

the sails were hoisted, and with a stiff breeze we rattled down the harbor in fine style. Passing Boston light, there sure enough was the ship, just outside of Point Alderton. We couldn't see much of her, however, for the night was as dark as it ever was in the middle of the dark ages.

"Man the windlass—heave up!" was the order, as we swarmed up the gangway, fore and main chains. The breaks were shipped, and as the ship was no great distance from the bottom, the anchor was soon fished and catted, the topsails and to'gallant sails dropped, sheeted home and hoisted up, the fore and main tacks boarded, and with a stiff, leading breeze we laid our course east and by south for the Atlantic Ocean. Our crew, for a wonder, chanced to be all sailors, and took to their work with such a will that by two bells in the mid-watch all sail was made, everything lashed, and the decks cleared up, so that the watches were chosen at once, and the starboard watch, to which I belonged, sent below. When we were called at four o'clock to take our trick on deck, Jack Rollock bounced into the forecabin, looking as wild as a petrel.

"Well, I'm jolly blasted, lads, if they haven't tucked it to us snug, you may just take and shoot me, that's all.'

"Why, what's the matter, Jack?" asked Tom Pipes, leisurely swinging himself out of his bunk.

"Matter?—matter enough! What ship do you suppose you are aboard of?"

"What ship?—why, the Arethusa, of course.'

"The Arethusa be hanged! You just aint aboard of no Arethusa—no, ma'am, not by no manner of means you aint. You are aboard of the Gil Blas! twenty miles off the pitch of Cape Cod, with all sail set, and going through the drink at the rate of ten knots—that's where you are. I thought rather queer about those quarter galleries last night, but didn't take much notice of 'em till just in the gray of the morning, when happening to poke my skillet over the head-rails, what should I see on the head-boards but the words 'GIL BLAS,' with a homely-looking, no sailor spanyard for a figure-head? The chaps on deck are mighty jocked about it, and I shouldn't wonder if we had a jolly row before soon.'

"We slipped into our duds in a hurry, and going on deck, found the other watch clustered about the fore hatch, holding an animated confabulation upon the propriety of knocking off work and compelling the captain to take the ship back to port. We joined the council, which was getting to be somewhat uproarious, when we heard the voice of the mate from the poop, or-



dering the watch aft to pump ship. No one paid the slightest attention to the command. Presently it was repeated, with a like result. The mate becoming enraged, seized a belaying pin from the rail and sprang forward.

"I'll teach you to disobey orders," he roared, making for Jack Rollock. 'Lay aft here, you lazy, lousy, sculking scalawag!' And he raised the heavy pin to strike him.

"Say, just look a-here, my slight acquaintance," said Jack, fetching him a tremendous clip on top of the nose, which spread him out on the deck as flat as a wet swab. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it, my fine fellow, till we decide whether the ship is going on her voyage or back to Nantasket."

"The mate lay upon the deck quite motionless for a few minutes, then picking himself up he walked aft and entered the cabin, from which he shortly re-appeared in company with the captain and second mate, each armed with a revolver and cutlass. They did not come forward, however, but walked the quarter-deck some minutes, evidently waiting for us to decide what course to pursue before they declared war, for although they possessed fire-arms, which we had not, still twenty-five or thirty stout men, each armed with a murderous-looking sheath-knife, was not an enemy to be sneezed at.

"The crew at first were almost unanimously in favor of returning to port at any risk, but a due consideration of the fact that if we did return we should have to pass several months in jail, besides going through the formality of a trial, if not worse; that our traps were now snug on board; that we had already done all the hard work incidental to getting under weigh; and that after all there was nothing very much out of the way with the old tub, decided us that upon the whole it would be about as well to make the passage in her, and desert at the first port. We had scarcely arrived at this conclusion when the captain walked forward to the waist and calmly addressed us:

"Well, my men," he said, carelessly fingering the lock of his pistol, 'what's to be the order of the day? Mutiny and a fight, with half a dozen killed and the rest in irons, or orders obeyed and a comfortable ship? Take your own choice—I'm ready for either.'

"Why the way of it is just here, d'ye mind, Captain Riprigger," said Jack Rollock, advancing a step or two. 'Here we've been 'ticed aboard this here vessel under false pretenses, and first along we had a cruel good mind to make you go back anyhow; but after palavering the thing over a bit, we've concluded to

make the passage in the old hearse, and risk it. But we've got to have good times aboard her—mind, I tell ye—watch and watch; good grab, and no calling men out of their names.'

"Very well," said Captain Riprigger, 'all you have got to do is just to be prompt to your duty. When men do that, they always have easy times with me. But there must be no more disobedience after this. If there's any extra fight in ye that you want to get rid of, now's your time. Hereafter, the first man that creates a disturbance will either go in irons or be shot, or I'm a Dutchman. Just behave yourselves like men and I'll treat you as men. The mate I believe is a little fiery; but I'll speak to him and see that he don't exceed his—'

"O, never mind the mate, sir," interrupted Jack. 'I see he's subject to fits; but if he has another attack, we'll doctor him like a sick kitten. Never fear but we'll take good care of him. You seem to talk about right yourself, sir, and I don't mind if I promise to stick by you like tar to a new coat; wont we, boys?'

"Yes, of course we will," responded the entire crew; for a sailor's heart is easily won, and man-fashion talk from a superior upsets him at once.

"Very well, then," replied the captain, evidently much satisfied at the result of his diplomacy. 'Let the watch below get their breakfast, and the rest of you lay aft and pump her out.'

"The order was obeyed with alacrity, and from that day we had no further trouble of that kind on board. Indeed, as far as making things pleasant and comfortable in a ship went, I think I never sailed with a better man than old Riprigger.

"We struck the trades in about a week after leaving port, and made a splendid run to the Cape of Good Hope, where we took a westerly gale, which took us to the parallel of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, when we hauled on a taut bow-line for Java Head.

"We were already nine weeks out, and thus far all had gone on pleasantly and well. The mate turned out to be a good enough sort of fellow, when he found no one was afraid of him. The captain was a brick, and the superstitious fears that troubled the men at first had gradually died out for lack of nourishment.

"One bright moonlight night, when about a week's sail from the Straits of Sunda, we were all sitting upon the cover of the long boat, playing twenty-deck poker for plugs of tobacco. One of the men having been 'skun,' started forward for a fresh supply of material. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when back he

came flying, his face as white as a plaster image, and his hands trembling as with a touch of the tremens, in which condition he stood staring at us, with his under jaw hanging down, and his eyes sticking out so that you might have hung your hat upon them.

"'Why, what in the name of Jackson has come to the man!' said Jack Rollock, fetching him a dig in the ribs. 'You look as if you had seen your grandmother's husband's wife's ghost. Why don't you speak up, booby? You know what it says in the primer—'hold up your head, speak loud and plain.' Now do it, and show that your education has been some service to you.'

"Thus admonished, the man pointed forward, and in a hoarse whisper, ejaculated, 'There's a strange man on the fo'castle!'

"'Gas!' responded Jack, with an attempt at bravado, though evidently a little startled.

"'No 'taint gas neither. He's there; the fore-sail hides him now; but go and look under the foot of the sail and you'll see him plain enough.'

"Descending from our perch on the boat, we moved forward in a body until we could see under the foot of the sail; and there, sure enough, was the figure of a man, with a face as ghastly white as the garments he wore, and with immensely long red hair and whiskers. His clothes were stained in spots with what appeared to be blood. He did not appear to take the slightest notice of us at first, but continued to pace the to'gallant fore-castle athwart ships, from side to side, with a slow and noiseless step. Presently he paused, and gazed fixedly upon us for several minutes while he pointed with his outstretched arm to the fore-castle scuttle; then passing to leeward he descended, over the barrel of the windlass to the deck and with the same slow and noiseless tread moved aft under the lee of the galley.

"The moment he passed out of sight the men began to get rid of their astonishment and recover their courage. 'Here goes to find out what he's made of, anyhow,' said Jack Rollock, springing across the fore-castle, and followed by half a dozen others. But although the figure was but a few steps in advance, it vanished suddenly and completely upon reaching the main-mast. 'Did he come this way?' asked Jack, rushing round the mast to windward.

"'Didn't see anything of him?' replied the man on the weather side.

"Jack looked round the deck, looked aloft, over the side, and even down the barrel of the pump; but without success.

"'Well, strike me vulgar if this aint queer,'

he exclaimed, scratching his head in perplexity. 'I'm blowed, that's just what I be.'

"'What's the matter there, men?' asked the mate, coming forward to the break of the poop.

"'Matter! Why, there are more hands aboard than signed the articles at Boston. There's a strange man tramping about the decks—that's what's the matter, sir.'

"'You've seen it, then?' said the mate, glancing anxiously about the deck, with rather a wild look in his eyes.

"'Eh, what?' said Jack; 'then you have seen it, too?'

"'Yes—no. Well, as long as you have seen it, there can be no harm in telling you. Yes, I have seen it—we've known it aft here in the cabin for more than a month, but thought it best not to cause you unnecessary alarm by mentioning it. It's an awful thing boys, isn't it?' The pallid faces of the men before him were sufficient answer, and he proceeded: 'I suppose it is some one who has been murdered aboard here. I've heard of such things, but never believed them before. It's killing the captain. Don't you see how thin, and pale, and nervous he's getting? Nobody knows what I've suffered, waking up nights to find the infernal thing standing over my bunk, staring at me with its cold, dead eyes. But never mind, boys. Keep up a good heart; we'll be in port shortly,' he continued, in a more cheerful tone, as he walked away aft.

"You can easily guess the subject of our conversation as we returned to our station in the waist. Every man had some story to relate as having some bearing upon the matter; but we were presently interrupted by an exclamation from one of the men. Turning our eyes toward the fore-castle scuttle, we saw a human head slowly rising above the combings of the hatch. The face glowed and shone with a pale blue light, while ghastly, flickering flames darted in and out among his matted hair. With its long, bony arm the figure beckoned us forward, and pointed down the companion-way. Three times was this pantomime repeated, when the spectre vanished.

"Of course there was no going into the fore-castle to sleep that night. I consider myself about as brave as the majority of men, but I will frankly own that no earthly consideration would have induced me to go down that companion-way alone. All hands stayed upon deck through the night. At about three bells in the mid-watch the captain came upon deck and walked forward to where we were sitting.

"'Hullo! what's all this?' he said. 'Why isn't the watch below?'

"'Can't go into *that* fo'castle no more,' replied Jack Rollock, with a dismal shake of the head.

"'Can't go into the fo'castle!—why not?'"

"'That's down there—that thing, that—that spook, sir.'

"'The devil!' exclaimed the captain, with a gesture of impatience and vexation.

"'Yes, sir—precisely,' said Jack; 'that's just what I thought it was when I first saw it.'

"The captain made no reply, but walking aft, moodily paced the deck till morning. From that time the spectre was seen every night flitting about in different parts of the ship. No work was attempted beside trimming sail; everything that had to be done was done in couples—two men at the wheel, two on the lookout, two or more everywhere. No man would stay for an instant alone, and altogether we were about as dissatisfied a ship's company as you'd often find.

"Just one week from the first appearance of the thing among the hands forward, we made Java Head, early one bright Sunday morning. By the help of a strong fair wind we made such good headway up the Strait that shortly after dark the same evening we came to anchor off Anjier Point.

"No sooner was the anchor in the ground than the captain ordered away the starboard quarter boat, and with the second mate and the boat's crew started for the shore to order a lot of fresh provisions, to stand us till we reached Hong Kong. His quitting the ship seemed a signal for the most diabolical uproar that was ever heard aboard a vessel—groans, shrieks and screeches resounded from every part of the ship. The figure we had all so often seen made its appearance at one minute on the fore-castle, and the next at the cabin door, without ever crossing the deck. Some of the men declared they saw hundreds of infernal images running about the rigging, though that must have been fancy, for I could see but one. At length the deep boom of a large gong from the very bowels of the ship put the finishing stroke to our courage, and with one accord the men rushed to the remaining boat, and lowering it alongside, began hastily pitching their traps aboard. The mate begged us to wait until we reached some other port, or at all events until the captain returned; but we would not listen to him. 'Hold on, boys!' he cried, as the last one entered the boat and began to bear off. 'If you are going, you might as well take me along, for I'm blessed if I stop on board alone for all India!'

"He was taken on board and the boat shoved off mid a howl of unearthly laughter from on board.

"Upon reaching the landing, we met the captain just preparing to come off. He did not seem much surprised at our desertion, but ordered us on board again at once. At this moment, a general exclamation from the crew caused me to turn my eyes toward the ship. A bright light was streaming from her cabin windows; another instant and the flames shot up from the hatchways, enveloping the masts, sails and rigging in one sheet of fire. In silence we gazed upon her, and I can almost swear I saw the form of the spectre enter a boat on the side of the ship farthest from us, and pull away into the darkness. She burned fiercely for about an hour, when, as the poet says:

"'She gave a heel to starboard, then to port,  
And going down head-foremost, sunk—in short.'

And that was the last of the *Gil Blas*."

"Is that all?" asked Jack Brace, as Joe silently filled his pipe and began smoking.

"It's enough, aint it?"

"Yes—too much; but did you never find out anything more about the spook?"

"Never."

"What did people say about it?"

"'Fudge,' mostly."

Jack ruminated several minutes in silence.

"You say the ship was insured, and that she had a tremendous hard name?"

"Well, then," said Joe, "if you must know all about it, people did say it was a pretty smart game to bring a ghost all the way from Boston to put a scare on a whole ship's company; and if the captain and mate never had any practice of the kind before, they certainly did it well for a first attempt. The owners got their insurance, however, and it was the general opinion that they couldn't have got the old boat off their hands in any better way, all things considered. So now you've got the whole of the story and are at liberty to make the most of it."

#### NO IRON AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

It is mentioned as a singular fact by a scientific writer, that, while executing the most wonderful works—such as statues fifty feet in height, and weighing about eight hundred tons, formed of a single block of granite—the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of iron. No iron has been discovered in their tombs, or incorporated with any of their works. But tools of bronze, hardened by some process with which we are now unacquainted, have been found; also swords of the same material, finely tempered, have been found near Thebes. The huge pieces of stone used in building are frequently found to be connected by wooden clamps.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

## PRESENTIMENT: THE WREATH OF CYPRESS.

BY ELAÏCHE D'ANTOISE.

Art thou weary, mother, weary of life's toils and cares?  
Doth the heart grow dreary alway 'neath the load it bears?  
Art thou sighing, mother, sighing for that land of rest?  
Is this dying, dearest mother, longing to be blest?

O it grieves me, mother, sadly, thus to see thee fade;  
But thou wilt not long here leave me; see the wreath I've  
made—

I have twined it, mother, twined it 'neath the setting sun;  
Fame hath not a floweret in it—love hath many a one.

What though I have tarried, loitering till the day was  
dying;

O, I could not pluck the flowers, when gleesome hope was  
flying,

So I've tarried till the twilight, 'neath a bias of glory,  
And entwined them all together—life hath set before me.

See! I've plucked them all, mother; blasted buds of  
childhood—

All except the thornlets yet hid in life's tangled wildwood);  
Bless me, mother, kneeling lowly; dearest mother, bless  
me!

I deserve no fond embracing—yet once more cares me.  
From infancy thou prophesied the wreath should bind my  
brow:

Mother, it makes me shudder—for I feel the cypress now!

## CHARLES EMERTON'S TEMPTATION.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"Run and open the door for father, Lizzie, dear," said Mrs. Emerton, to her little girl, when the loud knock came.

The little one did as she was desired, and a man covered with snow, entered.

"Why, Charles," said the wife, "you will get your death, some of these wild nights. Did you come outside the stage?"

"Outside, dearest. There were ladies inside, and two or three aged men, and of course I took an outer seat."

"Ah, you are so good, my love, you never think of yourself. But come—the tea and toast await you, and they are smoking hot, too. Come, Lizzie, jump into your high chair beside father, and eat your supper, and go to bed."

"Yes, come to papa, little angel. I will put you into the chair. Well, Elizabeth, how have you got through the day? Anything new?"

"Only that your father has seemed so sick all day. He is very nervous, thinks something is going to happen, and starts at every sound."

"Yes, ever foreboding trouble! that was ever his way. Don't let it affect you, Elizabeth. You look very pale now."

"I cannot shake it off, Charles," she answered;

ed; "all day I have been affected by his strange appearance. And what has affected me most sensibly, is, that it is of you that he has been mostly thinking."

"Of me!"

"Yes, dear. He began to ask at noon, if you were not come yet, and worried about you all the afternoon. Your mother says he is asleep now, but if he wakes, you must go to him."

Charles Emerton sat awhile, as if in deep thought. The lines about his mouth seemed to have deepened all at once, and his open, honest-looking face had changed from its usual expression, to an anxious, restless look, which the eye of love could not but notice. He sat and gazed into the fire, after the evening meal was over, with an abstraction unusual to him, when Lizzie was with him. The child loved him so dearly, and he was so playful with her in the few hours in which he was at home, that the little creature seemed only happy when he was there. But this evening, she could hardly win a smile from his lips, and she sank down upon his arm with a mournful and disappointed look. Soon Elizabeth came and sat down by his side, and she, too, noticed his abstracted air.

"Did not your express business prove good to-day, Charles," said she, "that you look so depressed?"

"Yes—no—that is, much as usual," he replied, hesitatingly.

Elizabeth laughed, but still there was a tremor in her voice, and she dared not speak again, lest the tears should come, and she hastened to put Lizzie to bed, before she could get courage to press him further. Then she came back, and laying her head on his shoulder, she said, in a low, touching voice:

"Charles, something ails you; you never kept anything from me before. Tell me what it is now? Have you heard any news from the West? Is my father dead? Do tell me what it is!" And she slid from his shoulder to his feet, and with her face on his knees, she sobbed aloud.

"Elizabeth, it is not what you think. It concerns me alone, and I cannot tell you. You could not comfort me under it, I am sure, or I would confide in you. Do not ask me."

"But, Charles, is it right to put me off thus? Am I not one with you, and have I not a right to know all that concerns you? Ah, you relent; you must, you shall tell me. I will never rise from my knees until you tell me all."

"Not even if I tell you that it will destroy all your love for me?"

"That cannot be, Charles. You know that nothing in this world could ever do that."

"Not guilt on my part? Would you love me if I had done wrong?"

"God forgives the sinner—why should not I? But why talk of guilt or sin in connection with my husband? Who would dare to accuse him?"

"If I tell you what you wish to know, I shall be accusing myself, and I fear your love cannot stand the test. You would hate me."

"Never fear, Charles. Confess to your own true wife all that you have done. I do not fear that it is anything very dreadful," and yet her lip quivered, and her face gave the lie to her words, for she was pale as a lily.

"Elizabeth, this morning, Mr. Palmer gave me a package of money to deliver to Snow, Ballard & Co., in New York. It does not matter now what I suffered in the temptation—but when I gave them the money, it lacked just a hundred dollars of the sum sent, and that hundred dollar bill is now in my pocket-book, lying close over my heart, which, if you listen, you can hear now, as it beats. It is the first time, dear wife, and only that times have been so hard with me, and the temptation was so great—for I saw that Mr. Palmer counted too hastily to be sure that he was correct, and, now—O, Elizabeth, I must go and tell him that the money fell short—while I—your husband is a—"

"Don't say it—don't say it, Charles—I cannot bear it. You must not—shall not be one. Go to Mr. Palmer with the money—tell him how you were tempted. He is a good man—and the good are merciful. You must go now, Charles."

"Expose myself to be called publicly by the name you could not hear me utter just now?"

"No, indeed. Mr. Palmer would think more highly of you, trust you further, be kinder to you than ever. O, Charles, do not stop to cavil or calculate upon what will be. You know well enough what is right, do it. You can tell something by to-day's suffering, whether it is not too costly a sacrifice, to give your peace of mind for paltry money, which would turn to fiery serpents every enjoyment that you could buy with it. No, dear, we are poor—let us be honest. I can speak that dreadful word now, for I know that it shall not be applied to you. You would not see me the wife of a—*thief*! would you, dear Charlie?"

Three years before, Elizabeth Colton had stood, a young, fearless, happy girl, scarce sixteen years of age, beside Charles Emerton, as the minister had pronounced them man and wife. Her father was preparing to remove his large family to the West, then just unfolding its treasures to the eyes of the New Englanders, and calling upon them to come and reap its blessings. When nearly ready to depart, he found that Eli-

zabeth hung back from the preparations; and only a week before the time was fixed to go, she went to her father, and with a flood of tears, such as she had always shed when she had offended him by any childish fault, she told him that she must stay with Charles Emerton.

In vain Mr. Colton pleaded her youth and inexperience. Charles came in to her assistance, and the father could not withstand them both. He knew that the young man sustained a good character—that his business was one of trust—that his family name was unblemished; and that he loved his daughter.

They were to be married, then, before the family removed; and Mrs. Colton had the happiness of knowing that Elizabeth was not to be without protection; for a suite of rooms was ready for her even now, in the house of the elder Mr. Emerton, whose wife and daughters would supply to her child the absence of her own relatives.

Three years had passed, and the little Lizzie had come to gladden and bless the household. After her birth, Elizabeth had naturally mingled less with the family, on her infant's account; and latterly, because her husband arrived so late in the evening, and his father, being old and feeble, required an earlier hour for tea, she had taken that meal in her own apartment, preferring to wait for Charles, that he might enjoy it with her and his child.

Still they were virtually one family, except for this little tender whim on her part, which her good mother-in-law was perfectly willing to indulge. Mr. Emerton was growing infirm, and as his body became weak, his mind failed, and it was touching to witness his extreme debility, and to hear his sad questioning of matters which usually existed only in his own mind.

Besides Charles, there were Margaret and Lucinda, both a little older than his wife; a son, next in age to Charles, who followed the sea; while four young brothers, all fine, smart youths, except Linton, the youngest, who was ill from his birth, gave life and spirit to the otherwise staid and sober household.

On the day referred to, Mr. Emerton had, as Elizabeth truly said, shown more restlessness and uneasiness than usual; and Charles was the subject of his constant harpings through the day. In vain they assured him that Charles was well, and would be home at his usual hour. He insisted that he was gone longer than usual. The stage, he said, was not always so long going from Berrianville to New York, and returning. Why, when he was young, it was only two days—forgetting that Charles had only started that morning, and was sure to be at home by evening.

Poor Linton, too, had been ill all day. He lay moaning on the couch, wishing for brother Charles to come; for he never returned without some slight gift to the sick boy, until this evening. On this day, Linton's gift was forgotten; and the child was crying bitterly. In the midst of all this, Margaret, who had taken a newspaper from her brother's pocket, while she was drying his snowy coat at the fire, uttered an exclamation of distress, that drew every one's attention to her in a moment.

She pointed to the ship news, and they read the account of the *May Bird's* total wreck. It was the ship in which Julius Emerton had sailed. There was no mention made of the people on board, and there was room alike for hope and fear; but as usual, fear predominated.

Could it be, that that bright, young face, beaming with health and goodness, had been covered by the wild sea's foam? Could that kind, generous heart have ceased its beating beneath the rough waves? It was terrible to think of—and for a little while, Elizabeth forgot her anguish in the newer sorrow that overwhelmed them.

Yet when again alone with her husband, she seized upon this event, too, as an additional motive for him to act upon, in redeeming his name from the disgrace which must too truly attach to it forever, if his guilt should transpire in any other way than that which she proposed.

"Do not, Charles, give your parents the grief of losing two sons on the same day; for lost to them you will be, if you suffer this act to go unconfessed—and for myself, I would rather you were in the same deep, unfathomable grave with dear Julius, than to see you go on in this mad career. Where will you stop? One successful robbery will lead to another, until your course will only be arrested by public shame and infamy. Will you leave such an inheritance to your child?"

Charles looked at the slight, girlish figure, and sweet young face of his wife, and marvelled at her severe earnestness. He had not thought of her as being his Mentor. He had expected tears and sighs—but he had not expected this tone of almost commanding entreaty.

"But how can I go to Mr. Palmer, and tell him this?" he asked, with the weakness of a new guilt clinging to him.

"Let me go with you?"

"You! you are mad, Elizabeth! Do you think that I am mad, too, to allow my wife to hear her husband confess to another, that he has—*stolen* from him?"

"Why not? You will, by continuing in your present course, expose me to hearing it from

every other person. Why not hear it when you are resolving to forsake such a fault forever?"

"Hear her, and obey, as you value your precious soul, Charles Emerton," said a voice in the room. Both started and turned round. It was the poor, sick father, who had seized the moment, when all were asleep from the exhaustion of their great sorrow, to walk round the house, vainly trying to scare away the spectres which all day had hovered around his disordered brain.

Of Charles had been his thought all day, and when night came, and his son did not come to him, he had wandered unconsciously into Elizabeth's room, to ask her where she believed her husband to have gone. Probably, the sound of his son's voice arrested his steps on the threshold, and while there, he heard the story of his guilt, and the pleadings of his better angel, to repair it before it was too late. He then uttered the solemn words which, at that hour, for it was past midnight, seemed to penetrate the breast of the son, more even than the pleadings of his wife.

"To-morrow," he said, gaspingly, "I will go to him."

"To-night!" said the father. "You cannot count upon to-morrow. This hour, this moment alone is yours. I charge you, my son, go not to your rest before you deliver up what is not your's."

Slowly, the strong man arose from the seat where his wife still knelt by him, and prepared to go out into the wild storm. Then she rose up, and bound the scarf closer around his neck, pressed her lips to his pale mouth, and turned to the still trembling father, who watched her as one would an angel, reverently, yet lovingly.

The door opened and Charles was gone. Then came fear and apprehension. What if he should grow desperate, when alone with his guilt, and commit some dreadful deed? Would his forced courage, borrowed from others, carry him to the end of his unwelcome errand? Elizabeth shook in every limb—but she took down a gray cloak that hung near, and tying a shawl over her head, she went into the street. There was only one street to pass through between her own dwelling and Mr. Palmer's, and she knew that her fleet steps would reach the house as soon as her husband's.

She had not gone ten steps before the moon began to break through the heavy snow clouds, and she saw Charles moving slowly on before her, with his head bent down, and his whole figure stooping like one in great pain. She followed his track, and soon found herself opposite Mr. Palmer's door. She watched the light that flashed before the window, showing Mr. Palmer himself answering the door bell.

She gained a step on the high snowbank under the dining-room window, where the light at length rested, and witnessed the meeting. She saw the face of her husband, watched him as he gave the money to Mr. Palmer, and knew that the old man was talking to him long and earnestly, while Charles covered his face as if weeping. Then she saw Mr. Palmer go up to him, take his hand in one of his own, laying the other upon her husband's head, and bow himself, as if in reverent prayer.

Her heart beat audibly, but in a moment, she knew no more, until she waked in the same room into which her watching eyes had so long been straining themselves. Her husband had taken off her cloak, and not until then, had he thought who was the woman, whom, on coming out of the house, he had found extended on the steps.

"My dear, good young lady," said the venerable man, "your husband has been telling me your share in this transaction. I honor you, and I honor him for obeying you. Believe me, this affair shall never be made public by me. I am sure that it will never happen again, and I will prove my sincerity by trusting him again and again. I am sorry to learn his embarrassments, and I hereby present you with the means of enabling him to free himself. Remember, I give this to you, not to him," and he placed a paper in her hand.

"Are you sufficiently recovered now, to go home?" he resumed, after a pause, in which the two were weeping the thanks they could not utter.

Elizabeth could not speak, but Charles took her in his arms, and carried her through the snow drifts, while the old man returned to his bed, deeply thankful that through his own means and that of the noble wife, Charles Emerton would henceforth avoid the terrible rock on which he had so nearly split.

The husband reached the door of his house with his precious burden, and as he laid her down gently on the couch, he saw two figures by the fireside. The old father sat in the arm-chair, asleep; but whose was the bright and joyous face that met their gaze from the other side of the hearth? Safe from storm and wreck, unharmed, strong and manly, with a look of undisguised wonder on his face, was Julius Emerton.

"What a taste you must have for walking out with your husband, sister Lizzie," said the frank sailor, as he bent over and kissed her cheek, which was pale as a snow wreath, and yet not sad as before. "And to find your doors all open and father here asleep, at one o'clock! You have got some queer fashions on shore since I sailed away in the May Bird. Ah, Charlie, not one of

our poor fellows saved! all gone to the bottom but myself." And the tears came into his eyes.

"Margaret! Lucinda! mother!" he exclaimed, as the three came trooping into Elizabeth's room to see what was the confusion. What a scene! The poor old father roused up to ask for Charles, and met the eyes of the whole family, swimming with tears of joy. Nature could bear no more; and they shortened the excitement by retiring to dream again of the meeting.

As the four young brothers grew old enough to enter into business, Charles, who, now that his father had sunk into hopeless inaction, performed a parent's part to them, related to each one the story of his early temptation and its result. How strange it seemed to them, who, from their early childhood, had heard the praises of their brother's integrity from every lip!

Mr. Palmer, in dying, bequeathed to Elizabeth a handsome legacy, in memory, he said, of a great good which she had unconsciously done for him; the interpretation of which was this: after that memorable night, he took measures to ascertain the exact resources and needs of every person in his employ, and to place them as far beyond temptation as his means allowed him to do. This, he said to Elizabeth, that he owed to her for suggesting to him how much a rich man can do, by standing between the poor and their temptations. He might have added, how much a true and noble woman may influence the husband she loves. If ever man truly felt this, it was Charles Emerton. Through life, he regarded his wife with a reverential tenderness, which touched her to the very soul; and in death he blessed her as his preserver and angel.

#### A DEAD SHOT.

A good story is told of U——, of Racine, an indefatigable and successful sportsman, "dead shot" at anything in the game kind, but particularly "fine lined" on wild geese, whose heads were sure to suffer "just back of the eye," if within range of his rifle. Not many seasons since, our hero, with an equally fun-loving friend, after spending a day with their dogs and guns, were wending their way homeward, when, in the evening twilight, the waggish companion discovered the neck of a wild goose peering through a neighboring fence.

"Stop your noise," said U——, "and wait a bit. I'll have him jest back of the eye—you can bet your life on that."

Stepping back a pace, and bringing the old rusty to his face, he blazed away.

"Hullo there!" followed back the report; "what are you shooting there for? Don't you know the difference between the *handle* of a corn plough and a goose's neck?"

"Twas enough! U—— had shot the handle off a corn plough, "jest back of the eye!"—*St. Louis Republican*.

## THE DECEIVED HEART.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

THE London season was at its gayest height, when the fashionable world was set in commotion by the return of a spoiled favorite, who had long been an absentee. Harry Chichester, Marquis of Tremorne, had at an early age succeeded to his father's title and estates, and being handsome, witty and gallant, became a decided pet of the ladies, while his influential position, wealth, and good nature, disposed all men to speak well of him. He had by nature generous impulses, and no mean share of genius; but as some writer has aptly said, "genius undeveloped is no more genius than a handful of acorns is a forest of oaks."

The germ of excellence in Tremorne had been suffered to become choked up with the weeds of flattery, neglect, and mental indolence, so that at the age of twenty-eight he was content to glide through life in a manner more befitting a Sybarite, than a man accountable for the right use of an amount of power, and the welfare of a tenantry, unsurpassed by but few in the kingdom. Occasionally a glimmering of this fact had obtruded itself on his mind; but resolutions to reform made in a vague, irresolute manner, are seldom executed, so although he had returned to England determined to assume his long-neglected duties, the flattering reception which he met, and the persuasions of a gay club to which he had formerly belonged, in a short time obliterated the half-fledged good intentions, and he was once more known as the arbiter of fashion and leader of *ton*.

The season had been an unusually brilliant one, graced as it was by the return of one of its chief ornaments, and celebrated by the "coming out" of a large number of beauties and heiresses; but the acknowledged star amid the galaxy of fair ones, was the Lady Adelaide Lenox, only daughter of the Earl of Stanhope, who, having been presented the year before, was not so much of a novice in the court circles, and took precedence as the reigning belle par excellence.

It is not very strange, therefore, that the two notabilities of the season should meet, begin by piquing each other, proceed by becoming jealous, and end by falling deeply in love, according to the most approved style on such occasions. Such being the case, it cannot be wondered at, if the noble earl and countess, at the breaking up of the parliamentary session, should invite Tremorne to visit them at their country seat, in company with a numerous party assembled to

continue city amusements and commence country sports at the same time.

If the Lady Adelaide had appeared regal amid a crowd, here, in the home of which she was the sole daughter, her queenlike beauty and intellectual attainments shone with redoubled lustre. Surrounded by numberless mementoes of the antiquity and grandeur of her family, from the wide domains of unrivalled loveliness to the splendid mansion, with its portrait galleries hung with pictured and illustrious ancestors, Lady Adelaide seemed in the only place where she properly belonged, and a fit representative of the grace, dignity and pride of past generations. Three weeks had not elapsed, therefore, when Tremorne applied to the earl for his fair daughter; and a hearty consent being given, the lady in question bestowed her hand on the favored suitor with the air of a princess. So great had been the maneuvering for the fiancee and fiancée, that had either chosen any one else for a partner, a general lamentation would have ensued on the disparity of the pair; but so completely matched were the young couple in every point, that even the malcontents were forced to admit that they were made for each other, and in this universal fiat the parties themselves most fully concurred.

As the time for the wedding approached, the most extensive preparations were being made; all the journals were full of the usual hackneyed and mysterious headings:—"Projected marriage in high life. From the late whispers in the court circles, we learn that the most noble Marquis of T—m—e is about to lead to the altar the beautiful, high-born, and most accomplished Lady A—l—e—d—e L—n—x, the much admired reigning belle of last season," etc., etc. The bevy of bridesmaids was engaged, the most animated consultations were held in solemn conclave concerning the bridal *trousseau*, the family jewels had been placed at Starr & Mortimer's by Tremorne, to be reset for the occasion, and even her majesty, the queen, had condescended to express her approbation of the intended marriage, so that nothing was wanting to fill up the measure of pomp and pride. Amid this accumulation of glory the wedding morn was ushered in—a June day, perfect as those of Eden before the fall—and in all the splendor of *point d'alencon*, diamonds, orange blossoms, and flower-scattered paths, Lady Adelaide entered the married state.

The ceremony was performed in the ancient church, founded by a Stanhope of remote memory, by no less than two dignitaries, supported by a suitable number of assistants. According



to the usual custom, the bride was pronounced never to have looked so interesting in her life, and the invariable compliments were paid to the young couple at the conclusion of the service; then the brilliant throng returned to the castle, amid the ringing of bells and rejoicing of the tenantry, to partake of a sumptuous *dejeuner*, after which came the farewells, and entering the elegant new travelling carriage, accompanied by her devoted spouse and tiny white greyhound, with the valet and lady's maid in the rumble, Lady Adelaide Chichester, Marchioness of Tremorne, bade adieu to her old home for a year's absence in Europe.

Immediately on the return of the happy couple, they proceeded to the ancestral seat of the Tremornes, and soon after the hearts of both families were gladdened by the birth of a son and heir. The little Arthur, though a very delicate babe, lived and thrived, as it seemed, on his mother's devoted love, for the child had awoke some hidden spring in her nature, so that although as distant and regal towards all others as ever, her whole affections were centred in the boy, with an exception in favor of her husband only. When Arthur had attained to the age of five years, by the death of the Earl of Stanhope's only son, he became heir to both the Tremorne and Stanhope estates, and as such his father surveyed him with increased pride and careful watchfulness. But Lady Adelaide, who had been fondly attached to her brother, felt the blow very deeply, and at last, to divert her melancholy, a residence abroad was proposed, to which she passively assented. Thinking that she should be relieved of every care, Tremorne would have entrusted Arthur to his grandparents, but the physician decided that anxiety for his welfare, if separated, would undo all the good effects of a change, and that he would divert his mother's mind more than any other person. Lady Adelaide was an ardent admirer of nature, and the beautiful scenes through which she passed insensibly raised the tone of her spirits, although for a long time she felt any sensation of delight to be an improper infringement on her sorrow. But at the expiration of a year, her former serenity of mind returned. They had recently hired a chateau on the banks of a beautiful river in the south of France, and as Tremorne was frequently away for several days at a time, Lady Chichester amused herself by rambling about in the secluded neighborhood of her residence, sometimes accompanied by Arthur, and frequently on horseback.

One delicious afternoon, Lady Adelaide set out unattended to explore the ruins of a beauti-

ful monastery at some distance. The gentle breeze and exhilarating exercise had brought a glow to her usually pallid cheek, and with the enthusiasm of girlhood she sprang from her horse, and entered the low, crumbling archway. The ruin was quite extensive, and from a high parapet she was admiring the landscape around, when a faint groan caused her to start with momentary alarm; but reflecting that she had little to fear from a person in distress, and that it was her duty to assist the sufferer, she followed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. At the foot of a staircase lay a young woman, evidently in pain, while several large stones that had just fallen from the dilapidated wall, and a rent in her dress, indicated the cause.

Hastily raising her up, Lady Chichester inquired in French what had happened to her; but in the purest of English the stranger replied that she could converse in the last-named language quite readily, and stated that in clambering up to a turret to obtain a better prospect, her foothold had given way, precipitating her to the foot of the staircase, and a large stone had fallen on to her ankle, which was too much injured to permit her to stand; and although she resided but a little distance from the place, as none of the household knew whither she had gone, she had feared she might be obliged to remain there all night. Lady Adelaide offered to inform her friends of her situation, and receiving the necessary direction, started off.

A few moments brought her in sight of an extremely picturesque chateau, in the ancient French style, so far from the highway and so enclosed by thickly wooded slopes, that not even the roof was visible; and being accessible only by a by-way, Lady Adelaide ceased to wonder that she had never seen it in her rides. Several minutes elapsed from the time she rang the large bell before it awoke any signs of life, and then a gray-headed old man opened the gate with a look of blank surprise at seeing a stranger—at least so his companion interpreted. Hurriedly relating the accident that had befallen the lady, she requested him to follow her to the ruins, and rode speedily back. When the domestic arrived with a carriage, the sufferer was so exhausted that Lady Chichester decided to accompany her home; and seeing the only inmates of the house consisted of the old man and a middle-aged woman, she concluded that the lady was a young widow, who preferred not to break up her establishment, and had retreated to this charming solitude instead. After seeing her to her chamber, Lady Adelaide departed with the unsolicited promise to call again, for an inexplicable inter-

est had been aroused concerning the fair stranger—so great, indeed, as to make the proud marchioness resolve to unbend to solicit an acquaintance, if needful. On her return home, some indefinable feeling prevented her from mentioning this incident to Tremorne, who had just arrived from the neighboring city full of plans for a pleasure party to come off the next week.

"And we are to land here, to partake of a collation; so pray give orders for a grand affair and look your very best, as I intend it shall be confessed that *madame la marquise* bears off the palm for beauty," the light-hearted noble added, with a gaze of admiration at his wife, now in the full and radiant beauty of twenty-five.

Throughout the remainder of the evening, Lady Adelaide was somewhat abstracted; and when Tremorne inquired the cause, she replied that her long ride that afternoon had given her a slight headache, and with an affectionate reproof and injunction to be more careful, the matter was dismissed from his mind.

The next day, true to her promise, Lady Adelaide rode over to the chateau, and on being admitted to the lady's apartment, was received with much cordiality. Pleased to find the invalid better, she conversed for some time with her, and was charmed with the fine mind and cultivated intellect of her hostess. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"How very stupid I am! Here we have been speaking together for nearly an hour, and do not know each other's name. I fear we should lose caste among the exclusives, if it were known that we spoke without an introduction—so pray let us perform the ceremony at once."

"You may call me Mary, if you do not object to so much appearance of familiarity." And the stranger raised her beautiful blue eyes to her visitor's face with a smile like sunshine.

"Certainly not—and my name is Adelaide," replied the latter, catching the spirit of the matter. "Now we have accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of us, and may converse freely."

Lady Chichester was delighted with her new acquaintance. There was a gentle sadness in her manner which awoke one's interest, and a graceful simplicity, evidently the gift of nature, which many a fine lady would have vainly endeavored to acquire. That she was English was evident, and her guest would have to know her family name; but seeing that no allusion to relatives or home was made in her entertaining account of a tour she had made a few years ago, no attempt was made to lead her to a subject which she seemed to avoid.

From this time, scarcely a day passed that they did not see each other, and two months slipped rapidly away, when one morning Lady Chichester rode over to the chateau to inform her friend of her intended departure for Paris, where she was to spend a few weeks previous to returning home.

"As we shall of course wish to correspond, let us exchange addresses, my dear," said the marchioness. "Here is mine;" and she handed a card to her companion.

But scarcely had she glanced at it, when a fearful change passed over her countenance, and rising, she attempted to speak; but her pale, trembling lips refused to utter any sound. Much alarmed, Lady Adelaide was about to inquire the cause of this agitation, when she exclaimed:

"Lady Chichester! O, no—no, it cannot be. Tell me," she continued, in agonized accents, laying her hand on her friend's arm and gazing into her face as if her life itself was involved in the answer, "are you truly the Marchioness of Tremorne?"

"Most certainly," was the astonished reply. "It is six years since I became the wife of Henry Chichester."

"Heaven help us both!" exclaimed the lady; and she sank fainting into a chair.

Trembling with vague terror, Lady Adelaide attempted to restore her to consciousness. In a few minutes the lips quivered, and then a flush of crimson overspread her face; still she remained with her eyes closed, and motionless.

"O speak and tell me the meaning of this," said the marchioness. "It must be some terrible thing to cause such emotion."

The large blue eyes opened, and fastened themselves on the questioner with an expression she never forgot, so sad and despairing; but she feebly replied:

"To-morrow you shall know all."

"I cannot endure this suspense until then."

"I am too weak now to speak, and this is a subject that will require all my strength. Come again in the morning, and I will tell you. Prepare yourself for the worst, for I fear your utmost fortitude must sink under the blow."

Bending over the sufferer, Lady Adelaide attempted to kiss her forehead in token of sympathy, but hastily preventing her, she said:

"Not now—wait till you hear all. Alas, you will not then caress the destroyer of your happiness!"

In a very different mood from that in which she had set forth that morning, did Lady Chichester retrace her steps homeward. A gloom pervaded her spirits, and she dreaded the revela-

tions of the morrow. Little Arthur noticed her abstraction, and endeavored by his pretty childish prattle to bring a smile to her face; but it was in vain, and his mother for the first time felt his presence oppressive.

On the following morning she was with her friend at a very early hour, and was astonished to see the change that had already taken place. A weary and sleepless night had evidently been passed by both; but while Lady Adelaide was sustained by a painful excitement that flushed her cheeks, and fired her dark eyes, her companion was deadly pale, and a fearful despair that pervaded her countenance gave an unnatural calmness to her voice and manner. As her narration was at intervals interrupted by emotion on the part of her hearer, who would doubtless have been rendered insensible had she not been gradually prepared for the terrible tidings, we shall give a connected account, inserting some details which were necessarily omitted by the invalid:

In a wild little seaport town in England dwelt Mary Edwards, the only child of the village inn-keeper. Her beauty, amiability and motherless state rendered her the idol of her father, who had given her the best education within his reach, and had always indulged her even beyond her wishes; for, as he frequently said, Mary was born a lady, and she should be brought up to feel no change when she stepped into the place she was fitted for. So, although his neighbors remonstrated, Mary was reared as delicately and dressed as finely as befitted her intended future; but while all condemned this treatment, the subject of it was idolized by every one, and many said it was impossible to spoil the sweet nature of the young girl. The May-day morning before her sixteenth birthday Mary was chosen queen by her companions, and they were celebrating this event on the village green, when in the midst of a merry dance a handsome young traveller reined in his horse, to gaze at the pretty scene. Some moments elapsed before he was perceived, and when Mary became conscious of the admiring regards of the stranger, she affected not to see him, but from time to time cast shy glances through her clustering golden curls, till finding him quite aware of her movements, with rosy cheeks and downcast blue eyes she broke from her partner, and ran away with a light laugh, though secretly vexed; while smiling at her pretty petulance the stranger quietly pursued his way to the inn, and entering his name as Mr. Chichester, took lodgings for several weeks, his servant following in a few hours with his baggage.

The first sight that met the young gentleman's eye the next morning, on looking from his chamber window that opened on to the garden, was the roguish beauty who had called forth his admiration the day previous. She was gathering a variety of flowers, occasionally staking a plant or removing a withered leaf, and in a subdued voice, singing gaily to herself meanwhile. So much lovelier did she appear on nearer inspection, that Chichester congratulated himself on the prospect of several weeks' companionship, for he never doubted that any advances on his part would be gladly met by the young rustic, belle of the village though she was. Hastily completing his toilet, therefore, he sauntered into the garden, and soon encountered her in one of the walks. With his most elegant bow, which he thought could not fail to make an impression on her simplicity, he was about to commence a conversation by a casual remark; but having seen him approach, Mary was on her guard, and angry with herself for her evident embarrassment of yesterday, resolved to show the Londoner that she was not to be confused or patronized, but looked up to with as much deference as any fine city lady. And accordingly before he could utter one word of his intended address, she had returned his salutation by one equally elegant, but infinitely more haughty; and with a half-mischievous, half-quizzing smile on her beautiful lips, swept gracefully past him, up the hill steps, and vanished through the open door.

"The tables turned, and the victor vanquished!" exclaimed Chichester, in mute amazement at such a display of high breeding where he had least expected it. "Fairly beaten with my own weapons! And how saucily the gipsy sailed by me with that exasperating expression! Can it be that it is some young lady, and not a little peasant? No, of course it can't, for Redford told me last night that the pretty May queen I admired so much was my landlord's daughter. But where did she get that thorough-bred air, I wonder?"

Notwithstanding the coolness of his first reception, Chichester persevered in making the acquaintance—pique inducing him to exert every power of pleasing. Mary, who was secretly disposed to admire him from the first, was not proof against such delicate flattery, and by degrees returned to the artless simplicity which was as bewitching as natural. Chichester was impetuous, ardent, and too apt to lose sight of consequences. Thus far in life his youth and generous disposition had been made an excuse for any peccadilloes, but he now meditated an

act too rash for a mind not influenced by the blind god to imagine. His affection for Mary Edwards had steadily increased, until at the end of three weeks he determined to make her his wife, feeling that without her, the future would be devoid of a gentle stimulus to usefulness which he so greatly needed. The wrath of his father and family, when this step should come to their knowledge, did indeed nearly appal him, but trusting to the love that had always pardoned him, he hoped to vanquish all difficulty in the end.

Jonathan Edwards had noticed the intimacy growing up between the young people, and mistrusting that Mr. Chichester had a better claim to some higher title, determined to put a period to the friendship, for his experienced eye at once saw that if Chichester's intentions were honorable, as he did not doubt they were, there was a disparity much too great between their stations to result in anything but misery. This he told his daughter, and added that she must instantly discourage her lover, or he should take the matter in hand himself. Although gentle, as was his invariable manner towards his darling child, there was also a firmness in his tones which she well knew sprang from a corresponding strength of character; and from this resolution, so openly expressed, Mary felt there was no appeal. Accordingly, when Chichester met her that evening, as she was walking in a solitary woodpath, and noticing the traces of recent weeping, insisted on learning the cause, she confessed the whole of the interview with her father, and how unhappy the prospect of parting from him had made her. This of course was drawn from her by degrees, and when Chichester at length suggested an immediate flight and union, Mary was scarcely startled, for she too had been too much petted to dream of the possibility of not being forgiven, especially as her lover had been quite a favorite with her father from the commencement of their acquaintance. And not realizing the extent of the step she was about to take, she consented to accompany him on the next night, entirely assured by the conviction that after a few months, at farthest, her fond parent would receive her to his heart again—indeed she much doubted if she would be absent from it at all!

The fatal step was taken! But when Mary learned the rank of her husband, her consternation was great. The utmost she had thought was that he might possibly be the younger son of a lord; but to be Lady Chichester, with a marquisate in prospect, made even her young head giddy, but with fear rather than happiness. As for the father, of whose forgiveness she was

so sure, the shock of her flight, and discovery of her lover's rank, which forbade the supposition or hope of a marriage, produced insanity, and in one of his paroxysms he committed suicide. Chichester realizing the extent of his imprudence, kept the marriage a profound secret from his friends, and with his bride retired to the beautiful chateau already mentioned. Here, for a space of two years, with occasional necessary absences on the part of Chichester, the young couple lived very happily.

At the end of this time, Tremorne was obliged to return to England on account of his father's dangerous illness. It terminated fatally; and now in possession of an estate and title of which nothing could rob him, there seemed no reason why the marriage should not be acknowledged, and when Mary read the announcement of Chichester's succession, she prepared herself to return to England at any time. But Tremorne was several years older than when in a fit of boyish enthusiasm, and contempt of the "world's dread laugh," he had wedded the village beauty. Experience had taught him the full value of himself and his position, and rather fickle by nature, his ardent devotion to his gentle bride was considerably diminished. Secret reproaches on his past folly filled his mind, till by degrees he came to the conclusion that as Mary had every comfort and luxury in her present abode, there was no reason why she should not remain there, content as heretofore. If Mary had been the mother of a son, parental pride would no doubt have placed the wife in her proper sphere; but unfortunately she was childless, and the affections of her fickle husband being gone, she possessed no further hold upon him.

Slowly did this conviction force its way to her heart, and when she could no longer strive against the dreary proofs, her grief was silent but fearful. She recalled her filial disobedience, and shuddered to perceive the justice of her punishment. As time wore on, and her youthful mind (kept more childish by having been treated as a plaything) matured rapidly through sorrow and the excellent discipline of self-reliance, she judged his character aright, and saw both their faults in the true light. With a woman's nature, she felt herself deeply wronged; but indignation, and afterwards contempt for the cowardice that prevented an acknowledgment of an humbly-born wife, usurped the love that had hitherto filled her heart. When arrived at this state of indifference, Mary no longer was so unhappy as formerly, and turned to her books and music for companionship. Finding a quiet cheerfulness in solitude, well employed, she

ceased to care for any communication with the outer world, and her own inclination, as well as her husband's, made her desire to keep their connection a secret, for the furtherance of which she dropped his name, and resumed that of her family.

Thus, secluded from all society, receiving intelligence from Tremorne only at long intervals, and seeing no English papers, Mary was thunderstruck at the sudden discovery of his guilt. So horrible, indeed, was the revelation, that her first impulse was to bury the past in her own bosom; but principle forbade this course, for by remaining silent, she became the abettor of crime, however innocently committed by Lady Adelaide. And though she trembled to destroy the earthly happiness of two unsuspecting victims, the mother and child, and grew terrified at the thoughts of the storm which once roused might and must produce the most disastrous effects, her conscience would permit no compromise, and the sense of duty alone moved her to endure the interview with resolute calmness.

As she concluded this sad story, she gazed anxiously at Lady Adelaide, fearing a suspension of consciousness. But she mistook her nature. Unnaturally subdued, with a countenance and features sharpened by a deathly pallor, and dilated eyes, dry and tearless, that seemed fastened on vacancy, she said in tones so altered that her companion's heart ached :

"It is possible there may be a misunderstanding. May there not be two persons of the same name?" But even as she spoke, hope died within her, for there was but one Marquis of Tremorne in the peerage, as she well knew.

"Do not deceive yourself, dear lady," replied her friend, as she took her hand. "There can be no mistake in the person, or the legality of my marriage." And she took from a writing-desk a certificate and bundle of letters, together with a fine miniature of Chichester.

As Lady Adelaide mechanically examined these convincing proofs, a groan burst from her lips, and clasping her hands, she feebly moaned : "O, that I were dead!"

Mary could not comfort her! In this monstrous and unnatural case, the usual consolations for every species of grief were worse than useless, heartless mockeries, and each longed to terminate an interview so intensely painful. After a few moments' silence, Lady Adelaide rose from the couch where she had been kneeling, and with alarm, Mary noticed that a brilliant flush and carmine glow had succeeded to the vacant gaze and ashen cheeks of an hour previous; but assuring her that it would all pass away very

soon, Lady Adelaide requested the privilege of retaining one of Chichester's letters, which Mary assented to, wondering why she wished it, and bidding her farewell with apparent composure, left the chateau, dashing madly homeward through the noontide heat, of which she was utterly unconscious.

During the long, silent hours of night, a light burned dimly in Lady Adelaide's chamber, while to and fro, like a wan spectre, the unhappy woman slowly moved with clasped hands, unflinchingly gazing at her position from all points, and in each view she saw nothing but ruin and despair closing the vista. Her devoted love for Chichester was turned to horror; and when the thought of Arthur presented itself, she was paralyzed with excess of anguish for a moment. That beautiful boy, the idol of his relatives, the heir of both families, the princely representative of generations, ay of chivalrous and illustrious ancestors, to whom was opened so glorious a career, hopes, prospects, even existence, blasted in one short day! O horror! How would his sensitive nature survive the knowledge of his shame? And could she endure the torture of the world's rude stare and ruder scorn? Better a thousand times were death! But death seldom comes to those who desire it the most, and Lady Adelaide was young, healthy, and strong to suffer.

She could not summon courage to speak of her newly-acquired knowledge, and the morrow dawned hopeless and desolate. The great change in her appearance could not but strike Chichester with dismay, but having been absent for several days, he did not know how sudden the alteration had been, and declared that he saw very plainly she was bored to death in that stupid place moping alone all the time. In vain she assured him such was not the case; he insisted that she should prepare to go to Paris immediately and mingle in the highest society that befitted his wife! A convulsive shudder passed over her as she reflected how little claim she had to that title, but fancying she was nervous and low-spirited, he took no notice of her agitation. In another week she was far away from the scenes amid which the misery of a life-time had been compressed.

The arrival of the Marquis and beautiful Marchioness of Tremorne created much stir in fashionable circles at Paris, for no one gave such magnificent entertainments as they, and the Juno-like charms of the lady threw all competitors into the shade. Some of the more envious remarked that they did not believe the noble pair lived happily together, for the lady had always a heart-broken expression when at rest, and her transitions from frigid dignity to wild laughter and gay

badinage were much too sudden to be natural. But the crowd of fashionable butterflies continued to dine and sup at the luxurious table of the marquise, declaring they saw nothing amiss—all a myth; the Lady Adelaide was a splendid woman, and Lord Chichester the best-natured fellow in the world.

Three weeks thus passed, and Lady Adelaide's birthday was approaching. Tremorne, determined to eclipse all former displays on this occasion, had announced his intentions of throwing wide his doors, and no expense or labor was spared to make his hotel a fairy palace. The evening came and gay throngs along with it. Lady Adelaide had never appeared so brilliant before, and as the queen of the night all eyes were constantly upon her; many envied the fortunate possessor of such a gem, while Tremorne thought he had never realized the extent of her wonderful wit and beauty until now. When the guests had dispersed, with the exception of two or three gentlemen, Chichester's particular friends, Lady Adelaide retired to her apartment; as she entered the room, the full length reflection of her figure in a mirror caught her notice; pausing, she looked steadily at it, a bitter smile crossing her face, and exclaimed:

"I have kept my resolve. I said that one month should pass ere I committed any rash deed, and through four weeks of inexpressible anguish have I lived, striving in vain to gather courage to publish my shame, and I now know that courageous as I am called, I am a coward, and cannot brave the finger of contempt and scorn. Poor human nature can bear no more than I have already endured, and for my intended sin be the author of my misery answerable!"

In a short time Chichester's friends departed, and he sought Lady Adelaide to compliment her on the part she had played that evening, but on entering her boudoir it was tenantless, and her maid had not seen her since the first part of the night. Thinking she might be in the nursery, as was her custom before retiring, he went thither, but its only occupant was the rosy Arthur smiling in his tranquil sleep. He was about to leave the room, when a note on a stand caught his eye; it was addressed to himself, and with astonishment he recognized Lady Adelaide's handwriting; hastily tearing it open he glanced at its contents—his last letter to Mary, and the fearful words in pencil on it, "I know *all*—Adelaide."

An icy chillness struck through every limb, and his brain fairly reeled as the consequences of the fact implied in this sentence rushed full upon him. The disgraceful notoriety, the awful dis-

pleasure of Lady Adelaide's family, and the banishment from all society, when his injured and outraged victim should have published her wrongs to the world, completely overwhelmed him. She had doubtless fled, and must be overtaken before the fatal words were spoken that could not be recalled, and nearly beside himself, he rushed from the hotel with but one idea—to prevent her taking passage for England alone.

Through the deserted streets with the hush of night upon them, the figure of a woman wrapped in a dark mantle sped swiftly along. Occasionally the chill breeze blew aside her cloak, and the luminous glitter of diamonds flashed upon the sight. Soon her rapid steps brought her to one of the many bridges that encompass the city; here she paused, and leaned over the parapet. Was it fatigue, or a desire to watch the turbid waves dash up against the stone piers, that induced her to lean over and gaze into the inky depths? Perhaps neither—and yet one should have strong motive to stand in such a place at such a time, and dressed for a ball-room, looking into the water as if fascinated by some unhallowed spell.

"There is rest!" murmured the woman. "I have tried to bear my lot, but my heart fails me, and surely I have heard, that he who wilfully takes the responsibility of forcing himself unbidden into his Maker's presence, ensures an hereafter of unending misery. What matter? The fiercest torments of the condemned can but equal the inward strife of the last month. It is but a choice of evils, and I am arrived at that pass where the unknown terrors appal less than the known. Courage, then! One step, and I am free."

A hurried glance at the starless sky, the distant city lights, the dark, massive walls of the building that frowned down on her, and one quick plunge—a white robe cleaving the sullen waves, and this life was ended—eternity begun. Blame her not, for she was not accountable for the act; it is true, she did not rave, nor forget the arguments of religion against the course she was about to take; but because there was method in her madness, she was none the less hopelessly insane.

The next day the mysterious disappearance of the Marchioness Tremorne, was in every one's mouth, but ere its close, a great crowd was assembled in the Morgue, gazing at the corpse of the once lovely woman.

"What is whispered in the ear shall be spoken on the house-tops." Men's relations often change from friendly to hostile, and then their mutual confidences are disclosed through a speaking-trumpet.

## A LIVE SNAKE IN A LIVE MAN.

The San Francisco Golden Era says a gentleman, whose name we did not learn, arrived in this city from Bird's Hill, recently, for the purpose of procuring surgical advice in relation to the possibility of removing from the stomach a large snake, which has inhabited that locality for the past fifteen years. Exactly at what time the reptile was taken into the stomach, the sufferer is not aware. He first felt its presence in the vicinity of the kidneys many years ago; but the pains experienced, although sometimes acute and troublesome, occasioned no alarm until about two years since, when one day feeling quite unwell, he placed his hands upon his bowels and distinctly felt the snake crawling within him. Since then it has grown enormously, and has attained a length of at least fifteen inches, and a size around the middle of five or six inches. Its proportions can be pretty accurately ascertained, as its entire shape is fearfully obvious to the touch. It is quite active, and possesses an insatiable appetite, judging from the amount of food and water consumed by the sufferer, who is continually parched with thirst, and not unfrequently requires from three to four gallons of fluid daily. Through the recommendation of an Indian, he has lately found great relief from his incessant thirst by drinking water liberally diffused with vinegar. He has made several ineffectual attempts to dislodge the "varmint" by starvation and the free use of stimulants. On one occasion he abstained from both food and water for three days, in the hope of bringing the occupant to some sort of terms. The first day the snake became very uneasy, the second boisterous, and the third, furious, but still the man held out. At the end of the third day, however, his snakeship commenced an attack upon the walls of his prison, with what appeared to be a tolerably full set of teeth, and the result was an immediate supply of food more agreeable to both parties. As may be supposed, the man is reduced to a perfect skeleton under the extreme torture of mind and body preying upon him night and day; but he does not despair of finding a surgeon in the city sufficiently skillful to make an incision in the abdomen and remove it. This is the first that ever came under our own observation, and we hope it may be the last, for we have felt "all overish" ever since.

## THE NEEDLE.

The earliest record of needle-making in England is in the year A. D. 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Cheapside, and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needle-makers' coat of arms being the head of a negro.—*Bizarre*.

Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

## HOW WATCHES ARE MADE.

The rough part of the movement, called blanc, is made by water power, which costs a trifling sum. A number of young people have each their parts assigned to them; others put the plate and wheels together, and when a great number are ready, the master fills a couple of bags, and loads the back of a mule. If he has not enough to counterbalance the weight, he puts on a couple of large cheeses, and so he goes to the market in the village or small town, and offers his goods to little master watch-makers, called escapement makers and finishers, who complete the movement. These cottagers are almost all free-holders, and possess small plots of land attached to their houses, which they cultivate in the summer, and in the winter they shut themselves up with their families, and work during the inclement season, with snow on the ground many feet deep, which lasts three or four months, and when fine weather again appears, the travellers buy the movements, and case them in silver or gold. A family of six children will keep themselves respectably for the same expense as a single workman in London. Not only do the children work, but the dog turns a wheel, and puts in motion a lathe or a pair of bellows. At Geneva, where everything is dearer than in the mountains, the labor is twenty-five per cent. higher. Consequently, in England, with heavy rent and taxes, and the dearness of the common necessities, it is impossible to compete with the Swiss manufacturers.—*Baltimore Sun*.

## HAIR TURNED BLACK.

Two of our lady friends were reading, the other day, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has ever been, now is, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage—

"Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears—"

the listener interposed as follows:

"White! How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our friend, Mrs. G—, of Twelfth Street, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."—*Courier*.

## WONDERS OF THE AGE.

The rapidity with which books are now manufactured is almost incredible. A complete copy of one of Bulwer's novels, published in England in three volumes, and re-produced in New York in one, was swept through the press in fifty hours, and offered for sale, smoking hot, in the streets. The fabulous edifice proposed by a Yankee from Vermont no longer seems an impossibility. "Build the establishment according to my plan," said he; "drive a sheep in at one end, and he shall immediately come out at the other four-quarters of a lamb, a felt hat, a leather apron, and a quarto Bible."—*Tribune*

## PRAYER.

*Ex-audi rector une.*

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

Guardian angel, from the realms divine—  
 List, O list unto this prayer of mine;  
 It's for one, for whom with love I pray,  
 That forever round her path thou'lt stay.  
 That when she, by woe her head doth bow—  
 And life's gloom is gathered on her brow,  
 When the world unfeeling pass her by,  
 And glances, they are cold from every eye—  
 When she has doubts, and journeys on in fears,  
 Be thou near to wipe away her tears.

In all life's wanderings may she there find rest  
 For trials on thy bosom, O thou spirit blest—  
 May thou be by her, though still thou be unseen,  
 That she may turn to thee, and there may comfort glean.  
 Let her not drain life's dregs—that bitter cup—  
 But with a kiss raise her from those harsh trials up;  
 Plant the rose, and from it take the thorns,  
 The rough way smooth, may it for her be worn—  
 For this I ask, that all like it may be—  
 For this I pray—O grant in love my plea.

Be thou, O Spirit, ever be thou there,  
 To guide her footsteps by thy heavenly care;  
 That she may reach that land of pure delight,  
 When this has vanished from her earthly sight;  
 When death has brought its work unto a close,  
 And she sleeps silent in her last repose;  
 When the cold grave has opened for her here,  
 And friends and mourners weep beside her bier—  
 Crown her with beauty fresh—no more to pass away,  
 Like that the spirit held within the form of clay.

## THE OVERSEER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ONE of our friends, Mr. Remond, on visiting the coal mines of Cornwall, noticed a young overseer named Williams, whose quick intelligence and correct language struck him. Mr. Watson, the director of the mine to whom he mentioned him, said: "He is a young man who has always done his duty."

One morning, as he was on his way to the house of a neighboring gentleman who had invited him to join a fox-hunt, Mr. Remond perceived Williams seated at the door of a pretty cottage, which seemed to be his dwelling. The young overseer rose at his approach and saluted him with dignified politeness. Mr. Remond stopped and commenced a conversation with him.

After having asked him several questions about the labors in the mine, the quality of the coal, its abundance, the modes of extraction, etc., he asked him if he was a native of this country.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Williams; "I am from the country of Wales."

"A poor and noble country," observed Mr. Remond.

"Noble, I confess," replied Williams; "for our schoolmaster has often related to us acts of courage and devotion performed by our ancestors in defence of their liberty; and as for poverty, I know it by experience."

"You have then been poor?"

"And I can say that poverty is a kind though hard mistress, sir; but for her I should not now have been overseer in the mine of Mr. Watson."

"How so?"

"It is a long story, sir."

"Will you not relate it?" asked Mr. Remond, smiling.

Williams excused himself, asserting that there was nothing in the narrative which could interest a stranger; nevertheless, at the urgent request of Mr. Remond, he consented. He offered him a seat and commenced:

"There were four orphans of us, without any other resource except the wages of our eldest brother John, who served in the king's ships; he sent them to us regularly, and it was enough to pay the board of my two young sisters and little Richard. As for me, I was already seven years old, and I kept flocks on the hill.

"Everything was therefore going on well, and the old woman with whom my brother and sisters boarded went every month to the city to receive the money sent by John. But one day—I remember it as if it were yesterday—I was descending the hill and making a whistle of elder for little Richard, when I saw her returning with an agitated air.

"'What is the matter, Mother Kitty?' exclaimed I.

"'O, it is you,' said she, as she perceived me; 'well, what am I to do for my sixteen shillings and sixpence?'

"'How!' exclaimed I; 'have you not received the money from John?'

"'John!' repeated the old woman; 'he has fallen from the mast-head—the unfortunate boy!'

"'And is he hurt?'

"'He is dead.'

"I am not sure that I comprehended perfectly at first all that is comprised in this word—he is dead; but it seemed to me that I received an inward blow. I sat down mechanically on the road without speaking, and like an idiot.

"'Yes, dead!' repeated the old woman; 'and I have lost my sixteen shillings and sixpence. Ah, you may well weep, boy—you may well weep!'



"But I did not weep; I repeated to myself, in a low tone: 'John is dead! John is dead!' without understanding it. I scarcely remembered having seen my eldest brother; I knew him only by the good he had done us. So he was for me less a good man than a good genius. In all difficult cases, in connection with all remote hopes, I was accustomed to say, 'if John wills!' as one says, 'if it is the will of God!' John was for me a protecting and beneficent power to which I had not given a body, so that I could not associate his memory with the idea of death.

"Meanwhile, after having remained for some time seated on the road, I rose slowly and directed my steps towards the cottage of old Kitty. As I approached the door, I heard little Richard crying, and the harsh voice of the old woman, saying: 'You have already eaten more bread than I have been paid for!'

"At this moment, I crossed the threshold, and saw my two sisters standing in the most obscure corner with Richard sitting at their feet. Instead of the porringer of soup, which usually composed their repast, each held in her hand a piece of dry and brown bread baked for Mother Kitty's chickens. At this sight, I burst into tears. I had just begun to comprehend the signification of the words, 'John is dead!'

"The following days enlightened me still more. Old Kitty diminished, at each repast, for my brother and sisters, the allowance of brown bread. At last she came one day to the house of the farmer where I served, and said in my presence:

"'I have resolved not to keep these children any longer.'

"I started at this assertion.

"'And what do you intend to do with them, Mother Kitty?' asked I.

"'Make them do what I should soon have to, beg!' replied she.

"'Ah,' exclaimed I, 'you will not have the heart to send away the poor children whom you have brought up, and who have hitherto looked upon you as their mother!'

"'Then find a way to feed four mouths with what is only sufficient for one,' replied the old woman. 'I would rather abandon the orphans to the charity of all, than see them suffer. Necessity renders me hard, and I feel that I should hate them if I kept them longer.'

"I did not reply, for I could think of no reasoning which would affect Mother Kitty. O, if I had but strength like my brother John! But unfortunately, I had hitherto been able to earn only my clothes and two pairs of shoes a year!

"While I was thus sadly reflecting, the conversation between Dickson and his old neighbor had continued.

"'If we lived near the coal mines,' said the latter, 'the oldest of the little ones might work in them.'

"'It is a sad life!' observed the farmer, shaking his head.

"'I know it, but it pays well, and what she could earn would almost suffice to feed the other one and little Richard.'

"I was struck as with a ray of light.

"'But there are coal mines eight miles from here!' exclaimed I. 'I can work there, and give you most of my wages, if you will keep the three children.'

"'You do not know what it is to work under ground,' interrupted Dickson.

"'No,' replied I; 'but since others content themselves to live there, I will do so, for the love of my sisters and of Richard.'

"The old woman became thoughtful, and added, at the expiration of a moment:

"'There will still be three little ones to be supported by the labor of one.'

"But Dickson replied that if I would go to the coal-mines, my eldest sister should take my place, so that Mother Kitty should have but two boarders. It was settled; and the very next day I set out for the mines, after having first embraced my brother and sisters.

"Dickson was right, sir, in saying that I did not know what it was to labor under ground. At the first instant, when I felt the basket in which I was seated descend into the pit, and saw the sun disappear, it seemed as if I was entering a tomb. But it was different when I arrived at the gallery where the people were at work. I perceived there a swarm of men, naked to the waist and entirely black. Some were on their knees, others crouching, many extended on their backs, and all working in silence by the light of the lamps. There were also among them children occupied in rolling cars on the rails, or opening and shutting the doors of the galleries whenever a barrow went out. I was destined to the latter employment.

"I was stationed at the extremity of a niche hollowed out in one of the sides of the gallery, and a cord placed in my hands, by means of which the door was to be opened and shut. This labor was not at all fatiguing; but my isolation, the forced silence which was its consequence, especially the darkness, filled my mind with sadness. Imagine, sir, a young boy accustomed to live among flowery heath and moor, to see the sun rise and set in the fields, to run

wherever his feet could carry him, suddenly condemned to immobility, to darkness, and to the burning atmosphere of these subterranean regions. During the two first days I attempted to oppose my will to my sensations; but at the end of that time, my will yielded. I gave way to discouragement; I wept sometimes for whole hours, ceasing only when I had no more tears to shed. Nevertheless I resolved to persist. I said to myself:

“Your brother John died laboring for these little ones; work like him, even though you should die also. It is your duty!”

“By means of repeating these words, I recovered courage; then fearing lest my depression should return, I did as timid children do who draw the quilt over their eyes that they may not see—I ceased to look around me. I tried not to think, and at last pulled my rope mechanically without knowing what I did.

“This lasted some months; but at the end of this time, I perceived that my mind seemed entirely asleep, and that I could not rouse it when I attempted to do so. I heard one of the overseers say one day, as he passed me:

“That boy is becoming an idiot.”

“This word frightened me. If I should become an idiot, how could I support my sisters and my young brother? What should I be good for, and what master would employ me? I resolved to shake off my stupidity and to arouse my mental faculties. The difficulty was to find an occupation which would interest me without reviving my sadness. I began by counting the barrows, laden with coal, which passed me. After having counted the number passing in an hour, I attempted to calculate how many would pass in a day, in a month, in a year. Then I remembered that there were days of rest, and I subtracted them; I multiplied the number I had made by that of the galleries whence an equal quantity of coal was taken, divided the total into three parts, and thus learned the revenue of each of the owners of the mine. This problem modified in a thousand ways, daily renewed, accustomed me to perform in my head all the customary arithmetical operations.

“Then I grew weary of arithmetic, and began to think of something else. I had a Bible in which I had been taught to read when very small. I began to learn it by heart during my hours of rest, and, when I returned to my niche, repeated the passages I had learned; I attempted to explain their meaning to myself.

“I even amused myself by tracing letters in the air with my finger, which made the men who passed with the barrows laugh. It was

thus, sir, that I learned to express myself more correctly, and that I acquired some knowledge of grammar and orthography, which I afterwards sought to perfect.

“About this time some of the places for children became vacant, and I was employed in the galleries. The labor there was more difficult, but better paid; and one was at least not condemned to inaction. I continued to observe and to reflect, interrogating the oldest miners on what I saw, and attempting to retain the information which they had acquired by experience. These lessons were especially given me during our hours for repast, or in the morning on our way to our work; for we left the mine every day and night to return to our families or boarding houses, and in the morning must return to the mine before sunrise. I had been thus three years without perceiving the sun, and without seeing the fields which I crossed daily; only on my way to the mine in the morning, along the wheat fields, I sometimes gathered a few flowers, which I carried with me under ground, to remind me that there were above still daylight, air and flowers. I am almost ashamed to relate to you these trifles, sir, but you will soon see why.

“We took at mid-day a repast, at which all labor was suspended, and for which the children were accustomed to assemble at the bottom of the place of descent, where there was a little daylight, and whence one could see a piece of the sky, scarcely as large as one’s hand, but blue and transparent.

“One day when I was there with the rest, I proposed to a little girl, called Jenny, to come and see a passage which had been opened that morning, and which, it was said, led to a new vein. She followed me, and we entered, creeping into the passage, which was already twenty feet deep. Arrived at the end, I raised the lamp which I had brought to see the direction of the passage, and was beginning to repeat to Jenny the explanations which the overseer had given me, when suddenly a heavy crash was heard at a few steps. Jenny turned, with an exclamation of terror; almost at the same instant the roof fell behind us, and we were buried beneath the crumbling earth.

“I cannot tell you, sir, how long I remained as if stunned; but when I returned to myself, I was seated at the end of the passage in profound darkness, but uninjured. I extended my hands to find Jenny—she lay at my feet without motion. I called her, for I dared not stir; she replied by a groan. The poor child had scarcely recovered her senses. At last she appeared to hear; I felt her rise, and she asked where we were.

"Buried in the mine," I replied.

"She raised herself up as if she remembered all, and uttered a cry. I felt my own courage about to forsake me; but I said to myself that it would be disgraceful to let Jenny see my weakness, since it was my duty to encourage her. I began therefore to console her as well as I could, assuring her that we should soon receive assistance from the miners.

"Nevertheless, hours passed away without producing any change in our situation. Twenty times I heard blows of the pickaxe, indicating that they were opening a passage in our direction, and twenty times recognized my mistake. At last I calculated that night had come, and that the miners must have gone home. It was impossible that they should not have perceived the falling in of the mine, but no one had seen us enter there, and it might be many days before they would resume their labor of digging in that spot. This idea took away all my remaining force. I thought of the brave John, who died as I was about to die; of my sisters, of little Richard, and my tears flowed; only I wept softly, not to afflict Jenny.

"Night passed, day came, and nothing appeared. I began to feel the need of food; I sought for the bit of bread which I had not finished the night before, and was about to eat it, when Jenny, who had for some time been silent, said, in a faint voice:

"I am hungry."

"I thought that she was younger and weaker than I, and gave her the bread which remained. But hours rolled away, and air began to fail us. Jenny began to talk as if feverish. Sometimes she wept and called for help; at other times she laughed and sung: her songs and laughter troubled me more than her tears. Meanwhile, I sought to turn her mind to joyful ideas. She thought herself in the country gathering ears of wheat and braiding straw, as she had formerly done. I had given her a bouquet of dried mint, which I had found in my pocket, and she said constantly:

"Do you smell the beautiful perfume which comes from yonder? It is the border of thyme which Mother Potter has planted near her hives."

"But I ask your pardon, sir, for pausing so long on these details. When we have been exposed to a great danger, all the memories connected with it are precious, and we end by thinking they must interest others equally.

"As I had feared, our accident was not suspected until the third day; they then began to remove the rubbish cautiously, and drew us from our tomb almost dying. The air and the atten-

tions bestowed upon us recalled us to life. Mr. Watson then visited by chance the mines of Wales. He wished to see Jenny and I, and the former related to him our story. He appeared satisfied with my conduct, proposed to me to accompany him and became my patron. Thanks to him, sir, I have been able to support my sisters and little Richard, become overseer, and marry Jenny, who has always remembered the bit of bread and the bunch of dried mint."

Mr. Remond had listened to the story of Williams with much interest; when it was finished, he pressed his hand.

"I thank you for your recital," said he; "it is at once an instruction and example. You have proved by your conduct that there is no position so desperate that one may not be extricated from it by courage and patience, and with the help of God."

#### BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle, than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life, to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Life Illustrated.*

#### NEVER.

Never remind people of personal deformity, or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never leave a letter unanswered, and use the stamp which was enclosed to you to "reply with," on a letter to your own sweetheart.

Never converse with a lady, with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company without apologizing for the same.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making.

Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of a constitutional invalid; or by rude jests and sarcasm send a blush to the temples of modest merit.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

The first is where true love we meet  
On earth, the first words we repeat,  
A Mother's name;  
In infancy she stands a test—  
Of manhood's age that friend the best,  
And still the same.

Who could forget a mother's care?  
Which in her heart is ever there,  
For us we know;  
Friends may depart when wealth takes wing—  
But a mother's love is a holy thing  
Of earth below.

Home, it is next our own "sweet home,"—  
How dear the word to those who roam  
On foreign shore;  
Home, where the wanderer may find rest—  
Home, here on earth the spot that's blest,  
Home, home once more.

And Heaven, thou with mansions bright,  
That turns the darkness of the night  
Into an endless day;  
May all regain thee as their share,  
And Mother, Home, in thee be there,  
When earth has passed away.

## THE PROPHECY.

BY WARREN G. RAYMOND.

IN the town of Singleton on the western borders of —shire, stood, at the time the events transpired which I am about to describe, an old brick mansion, with stone facings around the windows and doors, and with balustrades and urns of the same material on the roof. In front was the court surrounded by magnificent elms, where a rookery had existed for centuries, whose inhabitants, during many successive generations had annoyed grooms and gardeners, and afforded amusement for the various races of children who had grown up in the mansion. I am a garrulous old man, and fear I must often ask the reader's indulgence, during the course of my narrative, but I cannot refrain from here pleasing myself with the recollection of those gloriously bright mornings, when I would be out upon the lawn, while the whole household, save the gardeners, were still asleep; when the lilacs in full blossom were bending under their rich clusters of blue flowers, when the shrubberies glistened like gold with laburnums, and the roses threw up their snowy foam into the air, as Cowper has it. Every plant and shrub glistened with dew, the robins and thrushes echoing to each other, and all hailing the glorious sun, as he rolled up the gleaming sky.

The back of the house was, however, the most pleasant to me. There was the garden with its wilderness of walks, hedges arbors, summer-houses, vines, triallages, fountains and canals. In the exquisitely cut basins, disported rare water-fowl with little, webbed, scarlet feet and downy breasts, and carp, too, with scales of glittering gold, came up the edges of the marble founts to receive their food from the fairest pair of hands that ever fed a pet. A high wall surrounded the court and garden, ornamented with urns and stone facings like the house, and on each side of the entrance gate, were cut in white freestone, two frowning leopards, the crest of the family who had occupied the demesne for many ages.

This, to me, delightful old place belonged at the time when I was so well acquainted with it, to Sir John Crawford, who inhabited it with his only daughter, the lovely Miss Anne Crawford. Miss Crawford was unlike an English lady. Sir John had espoused her mother at Valencia, and she inherited from her many of the physical and mental peculiarities of the Spanish women. There was a tint of olive in the pure pink and white, which is the characteristic of English beauties, but her skin was as smooth and polished as the finest marble, and her figure had a grace and waviness which I find it impossible to describe. Her feet and hands were so exquisitely modelled as to seem scarcely natural. I once saw those beautiful feet bare, glistening through the transparent water of one of the canals into which she had entered with her usual promptness, to rescue from an unpleasant confinement in the crevice of a rock, one of her favorite golden carp. I thought then that I had never seen a work of marble which surpassed the exquisite symmetry of those lovely feet. She always dressed with great taste, as I thought, richly but not gaudily, and braided her hair in a style unlike that of the other ladies who occasionally came to the mansion, but in a manner very becoming and charming.

Miss Crawford was all gayety and spirits, good-humored, but wild and wanton, as you might expect, from having at an early age been deprived of maternal instruction and solicitude. She cared little what other people thought, and did everything she chose in her own way. With all her sprightliness, however, she never wounded a living creature, and during the long period that I knew her, I never heard a harsh or unkind expression. Some called her a coquette, I think wrongfully, though. She smiled and laughed with all the young gentlemen equally, it is true, but I attribute this to the natural exuberance of.

her spirits, and the warmth of her feelings. To this last trait, the love which she lavished upon the old knight, her father, bore ample testimony. And Sir John in return adored her; he lavished upon her everything which abundant wealth could procure, and his unbounded affection suggested. She played with his fancies, smiled him out of his anger, coaxed him into her ways, and in short, made him do everything she wished. In return she poured upon him the full riches of a daughter's affection.

I am glad I qualified the last sentence, for though Sir John had the full share of her filial love, certainly, Harry Mowbray, a young captain in the navy, had since Miss Crawford's eighteenth year, engrossed all the rest. He was an immense favorite with old Sir John, a man after his own heart; brave, sensible, generous, and what was of more importance to Anne, handsome to a fault. He possessed the frank and off-hand manner peculiar to his profession; not that he was not in every sense a gentleman. He was a peer with the most scrupulous and refined, and in the rather elaborate elegance of his costume, excelled the most fastidious coxcomb of the Guards, while he did not by it conceal a heart of the most honest simplicity and manly sentiments. Previously to entering the service, and from that time until his acquaintance with Miss Crawford, his life had been embittered by a morbid remembrance which I must briefly detail, as upon it depend the occurrences I am about to narrate.

As Harry Mowbray was returning home on the morning after his graduation at Eton, he was met, on a retired road near his father's house, by a man of tall proportions and singular mien, who accosted him with a demand for money, with which young Mowbray instantly complied. Scarcely had he done so, when the stranger seized him by the throat, apparently for the purpose of strangulation. Harry was young and athletic, and after a fearful struggle, succeeded in overpowering his assailant. As soon as he had done so, the man appeared quiet and harmless as a child, and demanding young Mowbray's hand, studied its lines for a few minutes with intense interest. He then said, in a tone of painful and appalling solemnity:

"Young man, the crime of murder will stain your brow ere you count your twenty-fourth birthday; and at the midnight hour of that fearful day, death will take you with the bloom upon your cheek, and the worms will feed daintily upon you!"

The fantastic being who uttered this terrible prophecy, proved afterwards to be a madman, but so fearful was its impression upon Harry,

and so awfully had the whole occurrence influenced his feelings, that his father was compelled to have him abandon his liberal studies, and procured him a berth in the navy, trusting that the vicissitudes of the service would cure his son's monomania.

I once heard Captain Mowbray narrate the circumstance as I have above described it, to Sir John Crawford, without exhibiting any evidence of the sensation with which he had been once affected by it. The impression originally felt by the stranger's prediction, appeared entirely effaced. And well it might have been; a smiling, laughing, coaxing, rallying, bewitching creature like Miss Crawford, would have willed the gloom out of the most morbid hypochondriac. I am not sure whether at this time he had told the story to Anne. It has always been my impression that he had. He did subsequently, as the sequel will show.

I once imagined that Miss Crawford was at first, what is called deeply in love with Captain Mowbray. She was certainly gratified by the devotion of so noble a heart, and consented with satisfaction to an engagement which was to introduce her to the realities of life and society, under such flattering auspices. When she was engaged to be married, there were no nervous headaches, no romantic depressions of spirits, none of that silly nonsense liable to attach to young ladies educated in comparative seclusion as she had been. She never supposed that the devotedness of Harry could preserve her from her due share of the trials of life. She expected much happiness in his society, but ecstasies were never contemplated.

The captain was entirely less reasonable. His attachment was that of a sincere and true heart, enhanced by that peculiar sentiment of admiration and respect, with which a seaman always looks upon an elegant, refined and beautiful woman. He would have exhausted his life-blood, if necessary, to supply her with luxuries, and would have met danger or death to shield her from the slightest insult or pain. His was a tenderness like that Shakspeare has depicted in Hamlet, which would not allow the winds of heaven to visit too rudely its idol. His passion interfered sometimes with the natural grace and elegance of his manner, and gave an awkwardness to his expression and gestures. These indications of the sincerity of his love occasionally provoked Miss Crawford to exercise her spirit of raillery in a way which I could see sometimes hurt the young officer's feelings. But she never rallied him in the presence of Sir John, who loved him almost as well as he did herself, and if he

had detected any of these little acts of tyranny, I am sure she would have had reason to regret it, dear as she was to him.

Well, they were, a charming couple as I ever knew, with all their follies and peccadilloes; the engagement became public, settlements were in preparation, and the bridal day was set.

At this time, by Sir John's desire, Mr. Walter Deboſt, an intimate friend of Harry, came down to Singleton to ſpend a few weeks. He was a man entirely unlike his friend in every particular. Tall, pale, with an air of languor, a reflective and melancholy brow, and a reſolute expreſſion about the mouth, he ſomehow appeared from the firſt to caſt a ſhade over the unbounded gayety and ſpirits of the houſehold. He was always characterized by an air of unaffected reſerve, almoſt amounting to indifference, a trait which I thought was diſplayed moſt ſignally on his introduction to Miſs Crawford. He did not exhibit by a motion or expreſſion, the ſlighteſt appreciation of her ſurpaſſing charms on this occaſion, although ſhe lavished on him a moſt bewitching ſmile, which I had thought no one could withſtand. I overheard a converſation between Harry and his friend, on the morning after the arrival of the latter.

"Nay, Harry," ſaid Deboſt, "do not require me to be infatuated, too. It is ſurely enough for one man to be deprived of his reaſon. But I can pity your infatuation. She is, indeed, a moſt attractive woman, which I muſt admit furniſhes the only excuſe a man could find for being beſide himſelf. Only don't require me to participate in your ſtrange emotions, or be dragged out of my wits by her allurements. You have emptied the cup yourſelf, and I aſſure you there is no poiſon for your friend. But don't be angry; I have no intention of mentoring. I could only wiſh you were not ſo much in love!"

Harry's brow at firſt darkened, but he answered in a ſaddened tone:

"Perhaps it is folly, but then ſhe is an angel, and to adore her without reaſon or limit, ſeems to me the moſt reaſonable thing in the world!"

"Something ſhould ſubdue me but the ephemeral attractions of form and feature. But I may be judging her too harſhly. When one ſpends his days in poring over books, and paſſes his few evenings with the fashionable and giddy creatures of ſociety, who come ſo far ſhort of the ideals obtained from them, it is hard, I admit, to be ſatisfied!"

"But can you ſee a defect in that faultleſs figure?" purſued Captain Mowbray, ardently, "or a blemiſh in that lovely face? And when you become acquainted with the attractions of

her mind, and the ſincerity and tendereſs of her heart, I am ſure you will be ſatisfied."

"*Nous verrons*," ſaid Walter, ſmiling, "But here comes your divinity!" and he immediately relapſed into the ſeriousneſs and taciturnity which he had aſſumed in Miſs Crawford's preſence ſince his arrival.

I was vexed at this treatment. But Mr. Deboſt had unfortunately acquired a bad opinion of women. He thought them ſhallow, volatile and capricious. He believed them all coquetteſ at heart, delighting in trifling with the beſt affections of mankind, and exulting in heartleſs conqueſts. He had ſeen much of the world, though ſedentary in his purſuits, and had taken his ideas of the ſex from what he had ſeen in the frivolous haunts of faſhion and diſſipation.

Miſs Crawford was accompanied by Sir John, who was about to paſs her to Captain Mowbray for eſcort. But Harry's air, as he offered his arm, was too humble. It provoked her.

"No, no! I'm free yet. Don't let us anticipate, Captain Mowbray. You lords of creation can't appreciate as we can, the few hours of liberty vouchſafed to us."

Harry was annoyed, and his friend looked very angry.

"How do you like my garden, Mr. Deboſt?" aſked Anne, with the admirable tact ſhe had in relieving any embarrassment which her waywardneſs cauſed.

"It is very well. Did you arrange it?"

"O no, the gardener!"

"It is not *your* garden then?"

"Yes, mine excluſively. I flutter about it as idle and uſeleſs as a butterfly; and ſome think as ornamental," glancing at Harry. "But why do you look ſo croſs? I know you don't like me, but you ought to keep brightened up on ſuch a glorious morning as this is, at leaſt!"

"I was thinking that there was no neceſſity for you to appropriate the gardener's taſte, to enhance your already multifarious attractions!"

"Mr. Deboſt, let me inform you that I think that a very ill-tempered ſpeech," ſaid Miſs Crawford, now leaning on Mowbray's proffered arm.

I thought ſo, too, and ſo did the captain from his manner. Sir John looked ſurprized, alſo, and there was but little more converſation ere we all returned to the houſe.

From that day Miſs Crawford and Mr. Deboſt ſeemed to avoid each other's ſociety. The former indeed was quite occupied in preparations for the approaching nuptials, while the latter was abſorbed in books, or occupied in long walks, in

which he seemed to take great delight. Anne knew that he disliked her, and from his reserve, stood somewhat in awe of him, while he took no pains to inquire into her character, or conquer the absurd prejudice which he had imbibed at first seeing her. Occasionally he conversed with Harry about her, usually with more respect for his friend's feelings than at first, but still with the original feeling of disapprobation. Mowbray used every means to reconcile them, and I think, indeed, to his ill-advised attempts, was attributable, the increasing asperity which made this visit of Walter's so memorable, and brought about the crisis I am about to narrate.

One morning, Deboast was sitting in the drawing-room, as usual poring over a book, when Anne burst into the room exclaiming:

"Most certainly I shall go. I would not miss the party for anything!"

Walter laid down his book, and looked up in amazement. She was to be married in a week. He knew she must have been quarrelling with the captain, to talk of attending a public entertainment, on the very eve of her bridal.

"And I suppose you too, sir, will present objections to my going. But I assure you at the outset, I am resolved!"

"I must say, Miss Crawford, that I think this the maddest scheme that your very volatile genius has yet devised!"

He did not see Harry, who had not entered, but waited for her in the hall, or he would not have said this.

"I am obliged for the compliment conveyed in your language, but I came here for my shawl, and not to listen to a criticism upon my conduct, which I have no intention of shaping to meet the wishes of Mr. Walter Deboast!"

"If, in the weakness and folly of his infatuation, Captain Mowbray has suffered himself to lose all influence over you, I shall, at least, interfere to save his self-respect, and preserve his honor, which his insanity seems to be making him lose sight of! You cannot with propriety, with decency, attend this party, and you shall not!"

"I can, and shall!"

"Miss Crawford, you are playing a dishonorable game. You are trifling with the feelings of an honest, but woefully deluded man. You are making a fool and a slave of—"

"Stop, sir!" thundered Harry, springing into the room and laying a heavy hand on Walter's shoulder. "I can conceive of nothing meaner than to accept the hospitality of a generous family, insult its members, and vilify the friend who introduced you to it!"

Deboast cast the hand from his shoulder, and flashed fire from his eyes. Mowbray could not have made a more exasperating speech.

"I will not stop! I scorn your imputations, and repeat that you are a pitiable!"

"Say it not, sir, in this presence!" said Harry, quivering with passion, which seemed more intense from the forced calmness of his speech. "Forbear for the present; we will resume this interview in future!"

Anne had sunk down upon the floor. I raised her with the assistance of a servant, and bore her to her chamber.

During the day a challenge passed between them. In the afternoon, Walter's luggage was driven off to town, and he took lodgings in the neighborhood until the next morning, when the meeting was to take place. Miss Crawford was confined during the day to her room, and knew nothing of all these proceedings.

In the evening I was summoned to Captain Mowbray's room. I had been expecting it, and knew too well what his communication would be. But I was not expecting the scene which I witnessed as I entered. Harry was leaning over the bed, his head buried in his hands, the picture of utter desperation. His coat was off, and the excess of mental pain had given his features a haggard cast terrible to look at. His first words were: "*Guy, to-morrow is my twenty-fourth birthday!*"

I remembered the prophecy, and durst not trust myself to intrude upon his agony with words. I could offer him no comfort; commiseration would have been mockery.

"Guy!" continued he, with appalling earnestness. "To-morrow morning I shall kill him, if I fire, and to-morrow at midnight I shall die. I said, *if* I fire; but I *must* fire. I am as positive that no act of volition on my part could prevent it, as that yonder moon will never cast my shadow again after to-morrow at midnight. God knows I would not kill him if I could help it, but though I have for a time lost sight of it, that stranger's prophecy is as infallible and inflexible as the decrees of fate! I know it!"

I thought it would be futile to attempt to combat this horrible superstition at the present, so I heard him through.

"Do not afflict Miss Crawford with these particulars until to-morrow. I should be doubly miserable with the reflection that she was wretched. I shall leave here to-morrow morning at five. After that happens, I shall return to town for the rest of the day. I wish you particularly to refrain from mentioning these details, for Sir John would be sure to follow me, and I wish to be alone!"

"And your luggage?" I suggested.

"Ah, ah!" replied he, in a paroxysm of anguish, "I shall, alas, never require it more. To-morrow the seal is placed upon my lips, the death-damp upon my cheek, and the worm feeds daintily upon me. Thus says that awful prediction. Comfort Anne in this, to her, great affliction. Tell her that I shall die with her name upon my lips, and her image upon my heart. Now go!"

The superstition nurtured in his youth, and matured in his manhood, so suddenly re-awakened on the very eve of its fearful fulfilment, had struck through his frame, and paralyzed every faculty of his soul. He was a man of fine sense, and though he could not bring his reason to admit, I saw he could not bring his mind to feel the absurdity of a prophecy, of which no human creature could have divine assurance, because such divine communications have long ceased to be made. It was a mental calenture, presenting to his mind, what his reason detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehension substantiated into reality. He knew that he was weak and superstitious, but he could not control himself.

I slept little that night. At four o'clock I rose, and went quietly to Captain Mowbray's room. It was vacant. I heard a carriage rattling through the court, and out into the highway. As quick as possible, I had a groom mounted, with directions to follow the carriage, and bring me instant information where it stopped. I next directed a female servant to call Miss Crawford, and request her to favor me with an immediate interview in the drawing-room. She appeared in ten minutes, pale and tearful, but transcendently lovely.

"Miss Crawford, Captain Mowbray is on the eve of a duel, in which I have every reason to believe he will stain his hands with blood. I think it is in your power to prevent such a catastrophe."

"Heaven grant it may be! Name any sacrifice, any exertion! O, how readily I will yield to it!"

"Then, will you have the goodness to procure your cloak and bonnet? We shall have to make a short journey, this damp morning, and I will tell you my plan as we ride."

The groom I had despatched returned in twenty minutes with the information that the carriage had stopped and the party alighted at a spot about two miles distant, called Maylawn. Five minutes more, and we were on the road. Anne, pale, trembling, agitated, her features every moment representing a thousand agonizing emotions; but amid all, so beautiful and so an-

gelic did she seem to me, on this errand of love, that I could have worshipped her.

I saw through the coach window the preparations for the duel, as we approached the spot. We were not an instant too early. The principals were already taking their positions, and, as we drew up, Mr. Welburne, the gentleman who acted as friend for Walter Deboast, was raising the fatal handkerchief. I thought we were too late. My eyes were dizzy, my head swam, my frame shook, and had it not been for Anne, the fatal deed would have been consummated. With a shriek she sprang out of the carriage, flew across the sward, and utterly regardless of the peril she underwent, threw herself upon Harry's neck, and laid her cold cheek to his feverish face. The pistol which he was in the act of discharging, fell from his hand, his breath thickened, and shades of darkness gathered around his features, and he fell insensible into the arms of his second, Anne clinging to him.

By this time I had got out of the carriage, and we all, together with a surgeon whom they had brought with them, were occupied for a few minutes in bringing the captain to his senses. This was no easy matter. The excess of mental anguish had terminated in the complete prostration of his physical powers.

When he was finally restored, Walter Deboast approached him, and with a nobleness of manner and of spirit for which I revered him, said:

"Harry, forgive me! From my inmost soul I regret all I have said, to have caused this meeting. Expressions which the occurrences of this morning have convinced me, were as unfounded, as I must admit they were unmanly. Miss Crawford, to you, too, I must sue for pardon. Forget my ill-natured observations, my bearishness, brutishness. Your action this morning has convinced me, that my disingenuous suspicions were unfounded, and that your love for Harry is what I knew it ought to be, but what I feared it was not! Will you forgive me?"

He took both of their hands, kneeling down upon the ground, as the captain was reclining.

"From my heart I forgive you and am sorry for what I said to aggravate you," said Harry, very feebly.

"I assure you, fastidious as you are, Mr. Deboast, that you may be happy if you are ever loved like Harry Mowbray!" said Anne, recovering her spirits now that the danger was over, and blushing through the pallor of her lovely cheek, as she made the confession. As for me, I was too overjoyed at this reconciliation, to do anything very sensible, so I stepped on Anne's dress and spoiled it.



We all returned to the mansion, a happy party. I say a happy party, but I must make one exception. Harry Mowbray, although Providence had unquestionably preserved him from the commission of a great crime, was still evidently under the influence of a depression which nothing could enliven or abate. He talked, and tried to be cheerful, but it was impossible to baffle the scrutiny of affection. He appeared calm but grave, and there was an occasional wildness in his eye which disquieted us exceedingly. None of us alluded to his strangeness of manner, and being all under manifest restraint, the breakfast was finished quickly, and we separated. I saw Harry proceed directly to his room.

After breakfast Sir John sent for me. I found him in his apartment with Anne, her lovely face blistered with weeping.

"Guy," said the old knight, "something preys on Captain Mowbray's mind, and Anne thinks you can tell us what it is."

"To-day is his *twenty-fourth birthday*," replied I.

"Ah yes!" said Sir John, greatly startled. I saw by Anne's manner that she *knew* it was the fatal birthday.

"He should have a physician!" said Sir John. "At least, he should be closely observed!"

"I have already assumed that duty!" replied I. Anne came and put that little white hand in mine.

"Thank you, thank you, Guy! I trust him to your honor and sagacity, implicitly!"

I could have fallen on my knees and kissed the hem of her morning-robe.

Harry never left his room until dinner-time. I stood sentinel in the corridor during the whole of that sad morning, determined not to lose the evidence of his presence. He walked the apartment part of the time, and seemed to be uttering faint moans. He came down to dinner, with his face flushed and his brow haggard, but his person exquisitely neat, and his dress adjusted with scrupulous care. The occasional convulsive quiver of the lip, and strong compression of the eyelid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, and occasionally entered into conversation with Anne, who watched him during the whole meal with the most curious scrutiny. His efforts, however, were utterly fruitless to conceal his emotions, and the dinner passed off like the breakfast, with little satisfaction to any of us.

He returned straight to his room, without entering the drawing-room, and I resumed my station in the corridor. Five, six, and seven o'clock and I was still in my position, listening alternately

to his groans and heavy footsteps. Every ten minutes Anne, or Sir John, or Walter came up to make inquiries. At half-past seven we all ways went down to tea, and I expected then to see Harry emerge from his apartment. He did not, however, but continued pacing across the floor. The footsteps now began to grow quicker and heavier, the groans louder and more anguishing. Eight and nine passed, and at ten I knocked gently at the door. I received no answer and resumed my station, to listen to the monotonous footfalls. Eleven o'clock boomed solemnly from the church tower, and Anne, who was beside me, requested me to enter his room and see him at all hazards. I knocked and tried the door. It was fast. At half-past eleven the footsteps had ceased entirely, and yielding to the repeated entreaties of Miss Crawford, a few minutes afterwards I burst open the door. Harry was tossing on the bed in a state of uncontrollable anguish. His limbs were twitching convulsively, his whole frame was shivering, and his mouth uttering the most agonizing moans. Within arm's reach of him, on his dressing table, I noticed with a shudder his razor case. This I conveyed to my pocket instantly and without ceremony. His first inquiry was: "Ah, Guy, what hour is it?"

"A quarter to twelve," I answered.

"Ha! He has not yet proved himself a false prophet!" screamed he, leaping from the bed, and grasping blindly at the dressing-table where his razor case was. I threw my arms around him as gently as I could, and as I was then a strong man, in spite of his demoniac struggles, replaced him on the bed, where I held him firmly until his exertions had completely tired him out, and he lay as quiet as a lamb in my arms. It now wanted only five minutes of the conclusion of the day, and I continued thus firmly embracing him, without either uttering a syllable, until the clock began striking twelve. His eyes glared wildly, and I thought there would be another struggle. But no; his muscles relaxed, his eyelids closed, and as the clock stopped striking, he said, faintly but earnestly, and with an air of ineffable relief: "Thank God! Thank God, it is over! Guy, to you I owe my life!"

My story is closed, reader. They were married in the village chapel of Singleton on the next day week, and their lives were passed in the enjoyment of mutual love and confidence, without a cloud to darken their conjugal horizon.

The difficulty of refuting very silly and weak arguments reminds one of the well-known difficult feat of cutting through a cushion with a sword.

## THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

BY EVELINE MURRAY.

Our early days, our early days!

O, with a gleam of light  
They burst upon our vision sad,  
All beautiful and bright!

When care and toll, alike unknown,  
We laughed in thoughtless glee;  
And dreamed, with childish innocence,  
We ever thus should be.

When sorrow was but chastened joy,  
And checked were all our tears,  
By pleasant looks and soothing tones,  
That bid adieu to fears.

Not now is ours the innocence,  
The gladness of youth;  
For contact with the heartless world  
Has robbed it of its truth.

Yet though the thought of care and toll  
With grief the spirit weighs,  
There comes the memory of the past,  
To speak of brighter days.

Our early days, our early days!  
Their memory still is ours,  
To guide, to warn us, and to cheer,  
In all our gloomy hours.

O, may these gleamings of the past  
Still warn us when we stray;  
Nor e'er permit the world to drive  
Our childlike trust away!

## THE QUEEN'S PAGE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

URRACA, queen of Castile, sat upon the throne, and around her were some of the bravest knights and nobles of her kingdom. There was a dark cloud upon the queen's brow, and her hand trembled when she raised it from the cushion of her chair-arm.

"Sir John de Bles," she spoke in a quick, regretful tone, "stand before me."

The knight approached his queen and bowed low. He was one of the bravest of all the Christian warriors, and the handsomest in Castile. And yet he was but a mere youth—not over six-and-twenty. He held his jewelled cap in his hand, and the long white ostrich feather trailed upon the floor.

"Sir John de Bles," spoke the queen, more firmly now, "thou hast been accused of treason!"

"Of treason!" uttered the knight, starting back in horror. "Who has dared accuse me of this?"

"I do accuse thee now," replied the queen.

"I tell thee, Sir John, it grieves me to the heart thus to accuse thee, but it must be done. Thou canst not deny the charge."

"But what is the charge, most gracious majesty?"

"Listen, Sir John de Bles: Didst know that our deadly enemy, Alcasim, the accursed Moor of Cordova, was in our city only on night before last?"

The knight started at these words, and for a moment he turned pale.

"Ah, Sir Knight, you tremble," cried the queen. "Was not the Moorish king in our own city on the time I have mentioned?"

"He was, most noble queen," answered the knight, now standing nobly up, and speaking frankly.

"And was he not in thine own house, Sir John de Bles?"

"He was."

"Ha! you own it! Now what was he doing there?"

"I cannot tell thee now, my queen, for I am under a solemn obligation not to do so. But as true as there is a God who sees us now, I have done no wrong."

"Done no wrong! Are your senses departed? Done no wrong, Sir Knight? Did you not know that a price had been set upon the Moor's head, and that your queen's own safety demanded his apprehension? Did you not know this?"

"I did; but I could not take him then."

"Out upon thee, recreant knight!" the queen cried, bringing her hand down smartly upon the arm of her chair. "When thou didst know that I had strained every nerve for the Moor's capture, thou didst receive him within thine own house, entertain him, and let him depart."

"I did, most gracious sovereign; but I could not have done otherwise."

"Hold, Sir John. A child could prate thus—even so a child can plead for extenuation; but it cannot avail thee. Now what did the Moor with thee?"

"I cannot tell thee."

"Cannot? Then you go to your death. Away with him! Sir Gomez Radigo, convey Sir John de Bles to the prison, and within this present hour do you bring me word that his head is off! Be speedy now, for in the miss of this thine own shall answer!"

"But, most gracious queen," uttered an old noble, moving quickly forward and kneeling, "may not Sir John have some further time to prepare himself for this? Can so noble a knight be guilty? Remember—he has done thee much service, and thou canst ill afford to spare him."

"Cease," cried the queen. "I know what Sir John de Blès has been, and his very station makes this present crime more black. Where are those whom the accursed Moors have killed? Where is Philip la Reyna—the boy who was a child to me—about whom my deepest love was gathered, and in whom I found calm joy of sweet discourse when my brain ached with the labor of state? Where is he now? Ho! would ye ask the life of one who has held the accursed Moor in his grasp, and yet sent him away to curse us more! No! Away with him! He can clear himself as well now as at any time. He has his tongue, and his memory. Let him speak if he will tell all—else let him be silent forever!"

Sir Juan Torquedo arose and moved back; and Gomez Radigo placed his hand upon Sir John's arm.

"Will you not give me until to-morrow?" asked the youthful knight, turning once more towards his queen.

"Will you tell me what passed between thee and the Moorish king?"

"I cannot now, my queen."

"Then away!" the queen cried. "If you go now, then the enemy may buy their way to every house in our city with impunity. Men shall not say, the queen spared one whom she loved. Sir Gomez, within the hour bring me the word I bade thee. Away!"

With these words, Urraca arose from her chair and left the chamber, and amid a stillness broken only by the deep, painful breathing of shocked souls, Sir John de Blès was led away!

"By the One Living and True God!" uttered the old noble, Sir Juan Torquedo, "the knight is not guilty! Treason runs not in the blood of the Castilian knight! I will to his house at once and see if this mystery may not be solved!"

And in a few moments more Sir Juan Torquedo was in his saddle, and with fearful speed his horse galloped away. \* \* \*

Within a dimly lighted apartment of the prison of Burgos stood the headsman leaning upon his axe. He was a stout, grim-looking man, and even the jailor had never seen his face, which was always covered by a black mask. Near him stood Sir John de Blès; and by the side of the latter was Gomez Radigo.

"O, Sir John!" murmured Radigo, "would to God I could save thee! But alas! I cannot."

"Never mind, Sir Gomez," returned the condemned man, calmly. "I know the duty imposed upon you. But I have one favor to ask. When the queen shall know the truth, as she most assuredly will, and is sorry for what she has done, be you sure to tell her, that ere I died I

freely forgave her, and asked God to bless her."

"Hold, Sir John," cried Radigo, earnestly. "If the queen must at some time know of your innocence, then why cannot you now explain all?"

"Because I am under an oath not to do so."

"But your life, Sir John."

"Ah, Radigo—what would a knightly oath be good for, if it must be broken to save life? But," the young knight resumed, after a moment's thought, "how did the queen know that Alcasim had been with me?"

"It was one of your own men told her."

"Ha! an old man?"

"Yes."

"He's one whom I had occasion to reprimand for theft; and this is his revenge. But never mind—I die at peace with all I care for save my queen; and she shall yet respect my memory. I am ready. Say no more."

Gomez Radigo took his friend by the hand, and then turned away. De Blès knelt by the block, and opened his collar.

"Strike quickly, now," he said to the headsman; "and be sure that you strike fairly."

The dark man gave an affirmative nod, and then the knight bowed his head.

The axe was raised—the blow was carefully measured—but ere it could fall a loud, piercing cry broke upon the air. The axe sank down harmless, and the headsman turned.

"Hold! Hold! In God's name hold!" cried the voice, and in a moment more a boy rushed into the apartment. He caught the ponderous axe from the hand of the executioner and hurled it out at the window.

"Stay this bloody work!" he shouted, with all his power. "Sir John shall not die! Let him live an hour, and he shall hold his queen by the hand while she blesses God that he lives."

"Ay," uttered old Juan Torquedo, who entered at that moment, breathless and excited, "spare the noble knight for an hour, and he shall be pardoned! Sir Gomez, you have my word!"

During this scene Sir John de Blès had started to his feet and caught the boy in his arms. The lad was not over fifteen years of age; pale and slim, but with large, bright eyes, and features of more than ordinary beauty.

"O!" he murmured, as he sank upon the stout knight's bosom. "I was in time—in time! But another moment would have been your last. Forgive me, my noble friend—forgive me."

"By my knighthood!" cried Radigo, "he shall have the time. An hour cannot be much to the queen, and it may be everything to him. The hour shall be granted, even at my own peril."

"Then come, Sir Juan," cried the boy. Come."

The queen sat in her private apartment, and she was weeping. She tried to hide the tears, but they would trickle down between her thin fingers, and her maid saw it.

"Think not of him," the latter said. "Why should you thus weep for a traitor?"

"Silence, Inez. I weep not for the traitor, but for the boldest knight my kingdom ever owned. O, de Bles! de Bles! would to God they had taken half my court, so they had left thee!"

The maid turned away, for she knew now, what she had long suspected, that the queen had loved Sir John.

"O!" Urraca resumed, raising her clasped hands to heaven, "had another housed the Moorish monarch he should have died before my very eyes; but I could not even spare thee, O, Sir John! Why did the Moor drag himself there? O, why did he not seek some other house!"

After this the queen arose and started across the room. She had hardly done so when a private door was opened, and a woman entered.

"Ha! Isabel—it's thou! Didst see him die?"

"No, no, O, my mistress—I could not!" murmured the woman. "I gained access to the prison by means of your signet, and I looked through the little window upon the scene; but I could not stay. I saw the noble knight all ready for the block—and I heard him speak to Sir Gomez."

"And what said he?" asked the queen, breathlessly.

"He said that you should at some time know he was not guilty. But he said to Radigo thus: O, I shall never forget it—he spoke so mildly and calmly, and with such honest fervor. Said he, 'Be you sure and tell the queen that ere I died I freely forgave her, and asked God to bless her!' Then I saw him pull open the collar from his neck and bosom, and I could hear no more!"

The queen gazed the woman in the face a few moments, and then bowing her head, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

Thus she stood when the same private door opened again, and the boy, whom we have seen at the prison, entered. He started towards the queen—she saw him—and with a cry of mingled joy and surprise she opened her arms and caught him to her bosom. She loved that boy better than she loved anything else on earth that could claim such love as a mother can give a child, even though he was no kin of hers.

"Philip!'" she cried. "Philip la Reyna, thou hast come back to me!"

"Ay, my noble mistress," answered the page, looking up. He was her private page, and had been for three years. "I am safe—safe!"

"But how? When—did you come?"

"Listen, my mistress: Alcassim, King of Cordova, brought me hither himself. He freed me from the hands of my captors, and said he would conduct me to my home if I would pledge my honor that he should come and go without harm. I gave him the pledge. He asked me if I knew of one in the city in whom he could trust, one who would die sooner than betray a confidence? I could only think of the noble knight, Sir John de Bles, and so I told him. Then the Moor brought me clear of his camp, and with his own life at peril conducted me to the dwelling of Sir John. The knight would have brought him hither a prisoner, but I told him of the solemn pledge I had given, and then the noble knight entertained the Moor, and at night blindfolded him and conducted him out of the city. Only one man else saw him, and that was one of Sir John's old retainers. I made the noble knight swear that he would not tell of my presence until I saw you myself; and he readily took the oath, saying 'twould be a blessed surprise for his good queen."

During the recital of this short story a variety of emotions had manifested themselves upon the queen's face, and as he concluded she sank back into a chair and groaned most agonizingly.

"Just Heaven!" she gasped, starting once more to her feet, and clasping her hands. "Sir John is dead! murdered! by my own hand! O, God! he may not yet be dead! Philip—Inez—Isabel—run! Start off a courier! Bid them stay— But why thus? He is gone ere this—and with a blessing for me upon his lips! O, God, have mercy!"

"My noble mistress," spoke the page, "he is not yet dead."

"Not dead, Philip?"

"No. Sir Juan Tarquedo came to his house in hot haste to see if he could not solve the mystery which Sir John's oath to me kept him from divulging. He found me—and he told me all. I mounted with him—and we galloped off to the prison. I rushed in—and the headsman was just raising his axe. I sprang forward with a frightened cry—I caught the axe and hurled it out at the window—and finally we made Sir Gomez Radigo promise that the knight should have another hour."

"An hour? And you are direct from there?"

"Yes."

"Then he is saved! Run! Bid them bring him hither! O, if harm comes to him now there shall be wailing! Away!"

Thus speaking the queen sank back, and her page rushed from the room; and ere many mo-

ments afterwards Sir Juan was galloping off towards the prison.

Sir John de Bles walked nervously up and down the narrow house of stone, and ever and anon he would stop and listen. Not a word had been spoken there for many minutes.

"Hark!" uttered Radigo, at length. "Here comes Sir Juan. I know the tramp of that steed."

And so it proved.

"Saved! saved!" the old knight cried, as he rushed into the place. He caught Sir John by the hand, and the big tears coursed freely down his cheeks. "Come, come, Sir John—the queen wants you. She is half-crazy now, and she will not be easy until she can see with her own eyes that you are safe. Come."

So away they went towards the royal palace.

The queen was fondling her page with tears in her eyes. Philip la Reyna was an orphan—the only child of a brave knight who had fallen while fighting for his queen. Urraca took Philip when he was only ten years of age, and at the age of twelve he was elevated to the post of private page. He was an affectionate, quick, intelligent, and faithful lad.

She sat thus, with Philip by her side, who had been telling her of his adventures among the Moors, when the door was opened, and the attendant announced Sir John de Bles. The queen arose and extended both her hands.

"Hold—hold, Sir John—you shall not kneel to me now. O, let me rather bow to thee."

"No, no, most noble mistress," the knight returned, "I blame thee not. Circumstances which tied my tongue gave you just ground for fears. But let me ask—suspect me not again? O, I can die for you gladly, but 'twould be a bitter death should your enmity darken the dying hour."

"Fear not—fear not," the queen returned, "for as sure as I have sense and reason left, I will never doubt a noble knight again until I have given all opportunity he can ask for fullest proof."

#### COURAGE, MOTHERS!

Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that, in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned *his mother*, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Vermont Chronicle*.

#### CURIOUS ERROR AND ITS RESULT.

A certain citizen of Montrose, Scotland, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the letter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a ton of capers. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after), and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell he had now an opportunity of realizing a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means—and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation and unexpected advantage.—*Scottish Guardian*.

#### FATHER TAYLOR.

Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer, once attended church at "Father Taylor's," in Boston, and has given an account of his endeavor to impart to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. She says he began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations. Then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. "The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent—the helm unshipped—they spring aleak—the vessel begins to fill—the water gains on them. She sinks deeper, deeper—deeper! deeper!" He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again. His voice became low and hollow. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation—"A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said, in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms—"CHRIST is that life-boat!"—*Zion's Herald*.

#### THE WIFE.

Miss Bremer beautifully expresses a good wife's duty: "If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; be like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; *make him happy*; and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire, in your own eyes, a worth with God and with man."

THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

The summer rain—the gentle rain,  
That's trickling on my brow  
So lightly, seems to seal again  
My old baptismal vow.

I almost feel the drops ooze down  
From off Christ's fingers now;  
And O, they seem to lave the frown  
Of sin from off my brow.

The summer rain—the gentle rain—  
God's blessing with it now,  
Descends upon the thirsty grain,  
And on my fevered brow.

NIÖBE NEPENTHE NOGGS' ELOPEMENT.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

In a retired corner of the respectable town of Boylston, lived, at the era of which I am about to speak, Mr. Trichopherous Smith. And I may as well inform the topographical inquirer at the outset, that no amount of investigation, however diligent, will be at all profitable, or enable him to discover the locality in question upon any atlas or map in his possession. He must also, upon my authority, admit the individuality of the characters with which I am about to make him acquainted—a favor which I shall always be willing to accord him upon any similar occasion.

Mr. Trichopherous Smith assiduously devoted himself to a profession which, as he somewhat romantically remarked, was his earliest and only choice—the highly respectable and to him lucrative one of tailor. Mr. Smith was besides somewhat of a dabbler in literature. He courted the muses while his goose was warming, and on one occasion wrote a poem upon the somewhat extensive and exalted theme—"The Sun." But this was by no means his only production. His talents were of the versatile order. He ascended and descended with his subject—or, to speak more properly, his subject ascended and descended with him—an idiosyncrasy of genius by no means confined to Mr. Trichopherous Smith. Mr. Smith had written "A Sonnet to a Crab," an "Ode to an Angle Worm," and executed divers other feats of composition which would be eminently worthy of notice were I writing to commemorate exclusively his poetical powers. Of his personal appearance, I shall only observe that he so decorated his ninth moiety of humanity, as to exhibit to the best advantage the latest pattern and cut. He scorned to patronize the venal journals whose editors had turned up their

noses whenever his genius effervesced into a poem or ode, and advertised his art in *propria persona*.

Precisely across the way from Mr. Smith's place of business resided a young lady, with the delightfully alliterative appellation, Niobe Nepenthe Nogg. For thirty-five successive years had Miss N. N. Nogg, as she delighted to write herself, been floundering in the helpless slough of celibacy. Stubbs the barber, who occupied her father's front basement, had once made overtures to her. He had presented her a cake of Windsor soap, and a pot of highly flavored pomatum. But Stubbs was a heartless rogue, and it must be admitted, on this occasion carried his tonsorial peculiarities too far, for he unquestionably inflicted upon Miss Niobe Nogg a most unscrupulous shave.

Melancholy was fast marking Miss Nogg for her own. She had already resigned herself to Dr. Dodd and the "Paradise Lost," when a view of Mr. Trichopherous Smith re-ignited the slumbering embers of her too susceptible heart. Having long desired to be settled in life, as she practically phrased it, here was the opportunity. Smith was the man. Hour after hour, she sat by her little window in the second story, taking an inventory of Mr. Smith's chattels, personal and real, before she decided him to be a merchantable article—that is, ere she determined in her own mind that he was taxed for enough to compensate for the flood of affection with which she intended to inundate him. She concluded, finally, that he was, and communicated the fact to the senior Nogg, who congratulated her upon the ardency of her passion, and advised her to make it as much more ardent as the worldly circumstances of Mr. Trichopherous Smith seemed to demand.

It was a pleasant evening; Mr. Smith, released from the laborious duties of his useful calling, was revelling in a French cigar—not five minutes before purchased across the way, at the counter of Simeon Nogg. He was in a state of enviable beatitude. His thoughts were soaring with the smoke of the German cigar into the roadless and guide-postless regions of fancy, and within the chambers of his prolific brain he was concocting material for a new poem, when there was a knock at the street door, and Mr. Trichopherous Smith descending from his sublime eminence, in a very pleasant tone of voice said, "come in." A small boy, with a large and very dirty face, appeared and gave Mr. Smith a nose.

His countenance wore an uncommonly happy expression, as he benignantly waved the boy out of the street door, and carefully broke the seal,

with visions of an extensive and profitable order dancing before his retina. He read :

"MR. TRICHOPEPHOUS SMITH :

"Sir,—Unless you instantly fulfil your engagements with the daughter of my client, Mr. Simeon Nogg, legal proceedings will forthwith be instituted against you.

"Yours respectfully,

"SPUNGES AFFIDAVIT, *Pl'ff's Att'y.*"

It may be superfluous to observe that the poem which Mr. Smith had been ruminating, was very hastily driven out of his head by this strange epistle, and to this day he has been unable to recall the elements of it. When he recovered his senses on this occasion, by a natural instinct he first looked around for the German cigar. He then commenced a searching self investigation in this wise : "What in the deuce have I to do with the feminine Nogg? Did I ever speak with her? Did I ever see her, except through that infernal window? Ha, ha! How stupid I am! I see through it now. Excellent joke! Funny fellow that Nogg! Engagements with his daughter—that's excellent! Ha, ha-a-a!"

But this last cackination nearly choked Mr. Trichopherous Smith, and he had relapsed into the fearful again long before its echoes ceased reverberating through his limited premises.

"Never," observed he with dignity, "have I trifled with the affections of Miss Nogg. Never have I blighted the budding sensibilities of that grocer's daughter! It is a mistake. I'm not the man. I'm the virtuous Mr. T. Smith. I'll call on Mr. Affidavit this moment!"

Mr. Affidavit greeted him with a warmth truly affecting.

"It wont do, old boy," said Smith, in a tone intended to be excessively knowing and funny; "it's all very well, but it wont do, I tell you! Thought I wouldn't be up to it—eh?" And Mr. Smith very evidently intended to give the legal man a poke in the ribs.

Affidavit was perpendicular in an instant.

"I am afraid you wont find it so much of a joke as you anticipate, sir! Ingratiate yourself into the affections of a confiding female, then abandon her as you have done, and call it a joke! It may be an excellent jest, sir, but you'll find it an expensive one. The damages are laid at twenty-five thousand dollars."

"O!" gasped the miserable Smith.

"I ordinarily," resumed the magnanimous Affidavit, "take merely a professional interest in my clients' cases, but the enormities of this transaction have induced me to assume it as my own, and I now warn you that I shall follow appeal with appeal, if necessary, to obtain exemplary damages for this heartless desertion!"

"Get a big retainer?" suggested Smith, though his heart was in his throat.

"I scorn your innuendoes, as I despise your inhumanity. Mr. Smith, you are a pitiable object."

"Am I?" asked Smith. I don't look so bad, do I, as I shall when you get the twenty-five thousand, exemplary damages?

"I gave you credit for some feeling, Mr. Smith. But I should have known that a man who could ruthlessly invade the bosom of a peaceful family, and snatch from it an innocent and exquisite—"

"Noggs," intimated Smith.

"Farewell, sir!" And Mr. Affidavit disappeared magnificently within a back office.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars—ha!" groaned Trichopherous, and immediately congratulated himself that they had calculated about twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars ahead of his estate real and personal.

In no equable frame of mind he betook himself to the habitation of the Noggs. Nogg senior personally answered his summons.

"Ha, Mr. Smith! Glad to see you! Been waiting for you!"

"The deuce you have!" thought Smith.

As they entered the little back parlor, the maternal Nogg was discovered bending over Niobe Nepenthe, who was wiling as rapidly and satisfactorily as the exigencies required.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, we've been expecting you," said Mrs. Nogg.

"Ahem," said Smith.

"Niobe Nepenthe, here is Mr. Smith."

"Tell me not of Smith!" exclaimed Niobe Nepenthe, theatrically.

"O dear. That's the hysterics again. Nogg, bring me the camphor!"

"I should think the young woman was unwell," said Smith, coolly.

"I should rather think she was," replied Nogg, sarcastically. "She has endured enough for the past week to use up a stronger constitution!"

"It's the pangs of disappointed affection!" explained Mrs. Nogg.

"Better give her an anodyne!" said Smith.

"O, it's too much—too much indeed!" gasped Niobe Nepenthe, and relapsed again.

"Then try some strong tea," said Smith, anxious to relieve Miss Nogg.

"Mr. Smith," observed Nogg, severely.

"Sir!"

"Do you come here to add insult to the injuries you have inflicted on my family? After having brought our dear Niobe Nepenthe to her present state do you come here to mock her misery?"

"No, sir, I came here upon personal business with you. I had no intention of surprising your daughter in such a very miserable state, I assure you. But I don't understand you, when you say I am the cause of Miss Nogg's situation."

"O, no! You haven't been writing her the most affectionate and tender letters for a month past, and we haven't every one, with your signature, in our possession at this moment—O no! Perhaps you would like to see some of them!" And the amiable Nogg showed half a dozen with "Your own Trichopherous," legibly written at the bottom of each.

"It's a lie, sir. I never wrote one of those letters to your daughter. It's a tale as baseless as the fabric of a vision. What in the deuce do you mean, sir, by coercing me into a marriage with your daughter?—by foisting your Niobe Nepenthe upon me? I have shown her no attention—never intended to—never mean to. Those letters are forgeries, and you know it, sir; and if you expect that such vile counterfeits will force me to marry your daughter, you are mistaken, sir. I'll never do it!"

"Then we shall sue you for damages, Mr. Smith. The sovereign law shall take its course—shall it not, Niobe dear?"

Nogg was majestic. Niobe faintly articulated: "I fear it must!"

Mr. Trichopherous Smith took his leave of the Noggs with the impression that the result of his visit was not entirely satisfactory. On reaching his humble quarters, he ignited the small fraction of a penny dip just perceptible above the neck of a junk bottle, which graced the mantel shelf, and intended to devote his entire faculties to the present crisis, commenced by filling his shop with a portentous and terrible groan. The door opened, and a head with immense whiskers and an immense nose made its appearance.

"Snigger!"

"Smith!"

"O, Snigger!"

"What is the matter?"

"I'm done for!"

"Who's done it?"

"Here it is," said Smith, passing him Affidavit's letter. "Damages twenty-five thousand dollars. That's too good! Twenty-five thousand—ha, ha! Snigger, did you ever see a miserable wretch?"

"But why don't you go to old Nogg? Entreat him, beg him—"

"Ha, ha! Beg Nogg—egg Nogg—e-e-egg Nogg!" said Smith, hysterically, unconscious in his misery how awfully he was trifling with the king's English. "Snigger, I shall sink under

it. I sha'n't survive it—I feel it. You'll find fourteen barrels of cabbage, and the manuscript of 'Weep not for me,' in the little back room, first floor. I make you my executor. Those items will pay the funeral expenses, with a fee to the shroud-maker, and an extra dime apiece to the two sextons for drinks. Don't impair the real estate, but sell it entire; invest the proceeds in government stock, and distribute the interest among the small boys of the town to throw stones at that infernal window opposite, when Niobe Nepenthe Nogg sits all day watching me, with the eyes of a basilisk!"

"Nonsense, Smith! Don't be a fool!"

"I can't help it—I'm done for!" said Smith.

"Tell me the circumstances!"

"The circumstances are, that I was sitting at my shop window smoking a cigar this evening, when Affidavit sent me that note. Those are all the circumstances. Plain case—don't you think so? Very plain—I think so—Affidavit thinks so—so does Nogg! O, Snigger, I'm not long for this world!"

"Now see here, my slightly demented friend," remarked the indignant Snigger, "if you will drop this unintelligible style of conversation for a few moments, and tell me how you got into the scrape, I'll do all I can to get you out of it. If you don't, I'm blessed if I don't have the Noggs over here, en masse, in five minutes!"

"O don't!" gasped Smith.

"What have you been writing letters for, to Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg?"

"Never wrote her a syllable, upon my soul!"

"Never paid your addresses to her?"

"Never!"

"Ogled?"

"No!"

"Squinted?"

"Not a squint!" said Smith, emphatically.

"It is very strange!" said Snigger. "Did you ever address letters to any other woman?"

"I have!" exclaimed Trichopherous, suddenly resuscitated. "Snigger, you've got it! They've somehow or other got in their possession my letters to the lamented Belinda Beverly. I know it!"

"Whew!" whistled Snigger. "Scratched out the defunct Beverly and substituted the euphonious Nogg! I see it all! Smith, you're precious victimized!"

"There never was any address," moaned Smith. "We were afraid of the old gentleman."

Snigger buried both arms in his pantaloons pockets up to the elbows, and eyed a crack in the floor with an expression of intense thought. The result of the exertion was evidently satis-



factory, for he presently removed his arms from his pockets, and buttoned the lower button of his waistcoat with a savage determination, which indicated that a conclusion had been arrived at.

"Smith, how's old Nogg, pecuniarily?"

"Five thousand in real estate, and ten more out at seven per cent., well secured by bond and mortgage!" Smith spoke like an automaton.

"Any more Niobe Nepenthes?"

"No, thank the fates!"

"Then I think you're a precious fool not to try the happiness of connubiality with the feminine Nogg!"

"I'd as soon marry a giraffe!"

"You're quite sure about the ten thousand at seven per cent., are you?"

"Positive—I drew the bonds. None of them could write!"

"And old Nogg likes his daughter? He hasn't made an absurd will, nor anything of that sort, has he?"

"O, no!" said Smith.

"Hum, hum!" mused the cautious and calculating Mr. Snigger, rubbing his lips playfully with his thumb and fore-finger. "I think it'll do. See here, Smith!"

Mr. Snigger's communication, which will duly appear in the sequel, caused Mr. Trichopherous Smith's eyes to dilate in a truly wonderful manner. It had an equally astonishing effect upon most of his other organs. He rose and embraced in a very frantic manner Mr. Solomon Snigger, until that gentleman was under the necessity of informing him, which he did in a very gentlemanly way, that the human frame possessed neither the compressibility nor insensibility of gutta percha.

"It'll do—wont it?" inquired Snigger, modestly.

"Of course it will. O, Snigger, my preserver and benefactor!"

Mr. Trichopherous Smith rose the next morning at a much earlier hour than usual. With scrupulous care he adjusted the folds of a new Prince de Joinville tie, and for three quarters of an hour manipulated at his hair, which was redolent with an extra allowance of Stibbs's ox marrow pomatum. It was an eventful era in Mr. Smith's monotonous existence. He was preparing to subdue. It was his intention to call upon Miss N. N. Nogg—to pay her his *devoirs*, as soon as he had devoured his breakfast, as Tom Hood would say. With feverish haste, he despatched his frugal meal and crossed over to Nogg's.

"Is Niobe Nepenthe in?" inquired he, timidly, of Mrs. Nogg, who in a not very elegant

morning costume appeared at the door in answer to his summons.

"She is in," replied the matron, in a deliberate, freezing tone, "but not up!"

"O, tell her to rise," said Smith.

"I will," complied the maternal Nogg.

With extraordinary alacrity, Smith thought, considering her last evening's relapse, Niobe Nepenthe made her appearance in the little back parlor.

"Can you—will you forgive a penitent, heart-broken, miserable, despairing, desperate, contemptible scoundrel?" inquired Smith, accumulating epithets with great fervency.

"I hope I have a Christian heart," replied the alliterative Nogg, rather severely.

"Then hear me!" and Trichopherous came down upon his marrow bones, "I am yours—yours without consideration or limitation—always was yours—never was anybody's else. Your bewitching sincerity, your extensive sensibility have made me yours. I glory and exult in being yours alone—yours, O adorable Miss Nogg, forever! Last night I was a brute—I admit it. I stole in upon you like a miserable, sneaking sheep upon a flock of innocent, harmless—or rather, I should say vice versa. I trifled with your misery—insulted your grief—and I'm very sorry for it. O, say that you do not despise me! Let my letters, all of which I am happy to learn succeeded in reaching you, testify to the unquenchableness of my flame. Let them tell the story—and let me hear from your adored lips that I am forgiven! Let me hear from them the interesting tale of love. Let them tell me that you are a connubial votary, dedicated to the contrite Smith!" Here Trichopherous relieved his marrow bones.

Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg's Christian heart was carried by storm, and in a scarcely audible tone, she murmured to the last suggestion:

"I am, Mr. Smith."

"O, call me not Smith—call me Trichopherous!" and the seductive tailor ventured an arm around the Niobe Nepenthean waist.

"Fie, Trichopherous!" said the three N.s, softly.

"And now when shall we be married? When shall it be, enchanting Niobe? Supposing we elope?"

"O!" slightly screamed the connubial votary.

"We will elope—it shall be done!" continued the adventurous Smith. "No cold conventionalities shall defer my happiness. You would not make me miserable by refusing, my Niobe Nepenthe?"

"O, no."

"Then you consent?"

"I do."

"Then meet me this evening at Stubbs's barber's pole at seven. The train starts at half-past."

"Trichopherous, I will!" murmured the complacent Nogg.

Having made this highly satisfactory arrangement, Mr. Smith bounded into his shop like an antelope, where he discovered Mr. Solomon Snigger mixing a congenial cordial in a tumbler by no means transparent.

"All right, my boy?" inquired that gentleman, transferring the cordial to the place for which he had been mixing it.

"She's as gentle as a lamb when anything hymeneal is in the wind," replied Smith.

"Where is it?" asked Solomon, mysteriously.

"Stubbs's barber's pole, at seven."

"Twill do," said Snigger, approvingly, and was off immediately.

It was dark at seven, and there was no moon. A hackney-coach drove up to Stubbs's barber's pole, and remained standing there. There were no indications of animate nature within or without, for five minutes. The street was a solitude for several blocks. Presently a fairy footfall echoed over the pavement, and Niobe Nepenthe approached in travelling costume—a band-box, two carpet-bags, and a small travelling trunk poised upon her delicate fingers. As if by magic, the coach door swung open, and Miss Nogg, the band-box, two carpet-bags and travelling-trunk were drawn in by an invisible and irresistible force. It is needless to say that the young lady fainted rapidly and was unconscious from that moment. The coachman drove through all the principal streets in town, and ended by reaching the depot just as the train was on the point of starting. A very large nose and extensive whiskers were just perceptible as the party passed under a brilliant gas-light on their way to the train, and the next moment the susceptible Niobe was deposited on a car seat—satisfactorily eloped, but not with the insinuating Smith.

That treacherous gentleman, during all these proceedings, was quietly sitting in his back shop, indulging in a second German cigar. When the clock struck eight, he rose, put on his coat very deliberately, and crossed slowly over to Nogg's, inhaling meanwhile the fragrance of the German cigar with intense satisfaction. The moment he reached Nogg's street door, however, his nerves were infused with superhuman energy, and he pulled at the bell-wire like a madman. Both Nogg's appeared simultaneously.

"O, Nogg" gasped Smith. "Your daughter!"

"What of her? Where is she?"

"Gone! Lost to us forever!" groaned Smith, turning round to take a whiff at the German cigar.

"Mercy!" said the maternal Nogg.

"Went in the last train! Saw Snigger embrace her, and then put her in a hackney-coach!" continued Mr. Smith.

"Horses!" ordered Nogg.

"Telegraph!" shrieked his rib, frantically.

"Neither!" said Trichopherous, in a calm tone. "Listen, Mr. Nogg, and you, Mrs. Nogg, please be as quiet as your excited feelings on this trying occasion will allow. The express train starts at ten, and we can be up with them by morning, at least. I myself will accompany you, and confront the destroyer of my happiness face to face. I think they have gone no further than Sykeston!" Mr. Smith *knew* they had gone no further than Sykeston.

"Smith, you're a sincere and true-hearted friend!" said Simeon Nogg, affectionately.

Trichopherous took another long whiff at the German cigar.

It was a very fast train—the ten o'clock express—and the Nogg's and Smith, as the latter gentleman had intimated, arrived at Sykeston in the morning only half an hour later than the half-past seven accommodation. With great haste, Smith led the way to the Phoenix Hotel.

"Did a young gentleman with a large nose and voluminous whiskers, and a young lady of about thirty-five or upwards—"

"Not thirty, upon my word!" interposed the anxious Mrs. Nogg.

"Did any persons of that description arrive here in the last train?" inquired Mr. Smith at the office.

Just then, Mrs. Nogg uttered a thrilling shriek. She had recognized the band-box, two carpet-bags, and small travelling trunk in the passage.

"Where are they?" inquired T. Smith, solemnly.

"They're in sixteen. John, show these gentlemen and the lady up!" said the amiable clerk.

Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg was reclining on a sofa, in a very dishevelled state, as Smith afterwards said, bathing her feverish temples with a bottle of camphor, and interspersing the applications with small hysterics—

"Like moody madness, laughing wild,  
Amid severest woe!"

Mr. Solomon Snigger was in the act of demolishing a cold broiled chicken—fast travelling and anxiety having given him an appetite.

"O, you heartless, remorseless villain!" observed Mrs. Nogg, receiving the agitated Niobe Nepenthe in the maternal embrace.

"Explain yourself!" roared Noggs.

"Just have the kindness to wait, till I finish the wing!" suggested Snigger, working assiduously. Having completed the operation, he rose majestically, adjusted his features, especially his nose and whiskers, into an expression of serene determination, and said:

"Mr. Nogg, Mrs. Nogg, and Miss N. N. Nogg. From facts which have come to the knowledge of myself and my friend, Mr. Trichopherous Smith, we have ascertained that, by some means having obtained possession of Mr. Smith's ante-conubial communications to Miss Belinda Beverly, you have proposed to inveigle that unfortunate gentleman into matrimonial relations with Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg. Mr. Smith and myself have two propositions to make at this critical emergency. I will take Miss Nogg or a substitute of two thousand dollars, or we will indict you for conspiracy!"

"So help us Jupiter!" assented Smith.

"I have always loved your daughter decidedly," pursued Snigger, "but never had a convenient opportunity of expressing myself before."

"What do you say, Niobe?" stammered the senior Nogg.

A ray of happiness shot athwart the sweet, expressive features of Miss Nogg, as she replied:

"I hope I have a Christian heart, and for your sake, to close this dreadful scene, I will submit to any sacrifice!"

"All right," said Snigger; "that's a sensible view to take of the matter. There'll be a Mrs. Snigger here in ten minutes, or I'm much mistaken. Smith, lead him in!"

A tall man, with white neckcloth and black waistcoat, was ushered in by the jubilant Trichopherous, who during his momentary absence had procured another German cigar, and in less than ten minutes the prophecy of Mr. Solomon Snigger was fulfilled. There was a Mrs. Snigger.

#### HELPING THE PREACHER.

Dr. Boecher once said to an old lady who had expressed her wonder to him that she was permitted to live, as she could not do any more good. "You are doing a great deal of good; you help me to preach every Sunday. In the first place," said he, "you are always in your seat on the Sabbath, and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up in my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I very often see the tears running down your face, and that helps me very much."

—*New York Independent.*

#### TRESPASS IN LEGAL PHRASE.

"Bless me, Mr. Poance, what is this?" (He reads.) "'For that, the said John Snooks, on the 10th day of May, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain house of the plaintiff's, and made a great noise and disturbance therein, and so continued to make a disturbance for the space of twenty-four hours—'"

"That, sir, is the declaration in trespass."

"But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours."

"A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary to be proved."

"But he didn't break in divers, to wit: twenty doors?"

"Pooh, sir, don't you see that it is laid under a videlicet?"

"Laid under a what?"

"A videlicet; that means you mustn't prove the allegation if it is immaterial; but if material you must."

"But what's the use of it, then?"

"The use of it, my dear sir! But you don't understand these things—they are vocabularies."

"And what may that be?"

"Why, words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the professional man to make the most of a very small case."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

#### INTERPOLATING AN OATH.

We were considerably amused yesterday at the recital of an anecdote illustrative of the difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the collection of claims. It appears that many years ago, the clerk of one of the courts of this section of the State had made frequent, unsuccessful efforts to recover the amount of certain fee bills, which he held against a slippery citizen residing in a neighboring county. Whenever the bills were presented, there was sure to be some obstacle to the payment of the amount due; and thus, from time to time, the settlement was deferred, until our clerk began to believe that his debtor should be ranked among those unprincipled knaves who infect all communities, and disgrace humanity by dishonestly refusing to pay their just liabilities. An opportunity was, however, soon afforded him of bringing the delinquent "to law." It happened that the fellow was summoned as a witness in a certain case, and the usual oath had to be administered to him

#### THE LAST FISH STORY.

Blasting a rock on the west bank of the Mississippi, near Minneapolis, a man discovered, lately, the remains of a fish, which the St. Anthony Express says, exhibits the perfect form of a fish, about three feet in length, in solid limestone, the shape of the body, head and eyes, mouth and other parts, being perfectly preserved and represented. It was obtained about four feet below the surface of the rock. The drill run through one edge of the fish, and the blast split the fish through the middle, throwing out one half of the fish, but also breaking it across, about a foot from the head. The other half, we understand, still lies in the rock. We are not able to state to what family or species the specimen above mentioned belongs, but estimate its age at from fifty to seventy-five thousand years.

AMBITION'S SLAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

ARTHUR SEWARD was a young gentleman who had received a good common school, New England education, and who at the age of eighteen was engaged as an under clerk in a mercantile house in Boston, where he obtained sufficient salary to support a widowed mother and his sister Adela in respectable though straitened circumstances. A small income from the remnant of his father's property also aided to keep them above want, while the busy needles of his mother and sister augmented their little common stock enough to enable the family, which had once been affluent, to conceal from an inquisitive world the actual state of their pecuniary affairs.

A few faithful friends of old still interchanged visits with them, and though they lived "singly," they lived in comparative ease and happiness; they had enough, and a little—but little—to spare. Arthur's prospects were good, as his talents were respectable and his habits moral and regular, and both mother and sister looked upon him as destined to make the future as bright as his father had made the past. But in an evil hour a fiend stepped into that domestic circle, and scattered their hopes to the winds.

Arthur had been in the occasional habit of attending theatres, when stars or other novelties were presented, and on one occasion of dramatic triumph, when a star of the first magnitude had received the crowning ovation of a benefit, he became filled with the idea of achieving theatrical fame himself; in other words, he became "stago-struck." On his way home, he reflected thus:

"What a blessing and an honor it would be for our family, if I should equal what I have this night seen. Become a star! How easy in a year to place us all above this mere drudgery! And fame with fortune, too! Glorious thought. And why should I not? I am young, have a fair figure and voice, with better education than many have had who have risen to eminence upon the stage, am a good reader, and have energy and ambition. I will try it!"

Making known his scheme to a few young men of his acquaintance, they approved it, and he set about "studying for the stage" in good earnest. He bought play-books and began at once to commit several tragic parts to memory—all star characters, of course—and not a leisure moment was unimproved in this way.

"What is the reason, Adela, that Arthur keeps

himself so much in his room of late?" one day asked his mother, as they were sitting at their sewing.

"He is studying, I believe," said his sister, sadly.

"Studying what?" said Mrs. Seward, looking up, at the mournful tone of her daughter.

"Plays, I believe," was the reply. "He seems filled with nothing but dramatic affairs, and asks me sometimes how I like his declamation. I hope he will not let his head be turned, as poor Walton did."

"No, Arthur is too sensible for that," said his mother, confidently. And the subject was dropped.

But it was not long before Arthur, with the eagerness of brilliant hope, confirmed the idea they were unwilling to entertain. He told them his plan, and awaited their opinion of it.

"I am even now engaged," said he, in answer to all their doubts of his fitness for the stage, and other objections, "to appear at the benefit of an actor next month. I am so absorbed in the idea, that I shall never rest until I try, and I feel confident I shall succeed. So don't try any more to dissuade me. What should prevent me from making a fortune? Nothing great was ever done without effort. I have read well the history of the stage, and I am resolved to be a star!"

Fixed in his purpose, his mother and sister finally refrained from their attempts to change it; but in silence, and with foreboding hearts, beheld the perseverance of his aim, from day to day, until the eventful night arrived. A moderately large audience, half of whom were personal friends and friends' acquaintances, beheld the "first appearance, on any stage, of a young gentleman of this city, in the arduous part of —."

It was a very amiable and sheeplike performance of the great tragic character. There was some good, tame, school-boy reading; various evidences that the young hero, at certain passages, was conscious that a hit ought to be made, and tried to make it; and very many affectations flights of declamation; and the usual unbounded applause of vociferous friends encouraged the sacrifice of sublimity, till—the pigeon having thoroughly proved himself not an eagle—the curtain went down.

Deceived by the applause, and very willing to believe that his rose-hued dreams were beginning to be realized, Arthur put off his stage apparel and went home, that night, with elysian thoughts. His mother and sister, not judges in such matters, felt more reconciled to his course, and his

acquaintances either flattered him from ignorance or good feeling, or out of pity refrained from honest criticism of his first attempt. Even the most severe told him that "experience would improve him," which was very true.

"Dear mother," said Arthur, "the star is dawning which shall shed light through the evening of your life; it is the morning star of my fame! Look here!"

And he pointed to a brief notice in a morning paper, stating that "the performance of the gentleman amateur, last night, was quite satisfactory to his friends—a fact apparent by their loud applause. He has chosen a difficult part, and we wish him success equal to his ambition."

This non-committal paragraph he regarded as the first bright leaf in the garland of his fame, and in the newness of his experience he imagined all the city had read it, and that henceforth their watchful and admiring eyes would be upon him.

"Arthur," said his employers, a few days afterwards, "we regret to inform you that we must part company. Your stage predilections are known to us, and we see that they unfit you for due attention to business, and that it has grown irksome to you. We are very sorry this should be so, and wish you could be turned from a profession where so many fall and so few rise, and where temptations, trials and sorrow more than counterbalance the empty honors and tinsel glitter and almost worthless praise which lure so many to an actor's life. Were you certain of being a star, even after years of such an ordeal, it would be less to be lamented. But you are, in our opinion, throwing yourself away in one of the most dazzling and melancholy lotteries of life."

Arthur at that moment seemed to feel a presentiment that the words were to prove true, and half ashamed of his romantic choice and the implied vanity of his ambition, had little to say. And there and thus, ere he had trodden the first threshold of manhood, he left the safe path which promised a life of peace and comfort, for one which spread a mystic curtain before him, beyond whose charming folds how many have ventured but to perish!

But like an unbroken colt, his spirit had learned no control from experience, and he was determined to indulge in his own untamed impulses, and wait the event, cost what it might. Ambition! Marbleizer of the heart which had else been all tenderness, scaler of that fountain of tears which soften its callousness and nourish and renew the vernal virtues of the soul—how many precious victims have thy victims made,

trampling on the dearest household gods, and paving the way to lofty misery with their fragments!

The infatuated tyro, out of business, was now still more eager to rush upon the stage, and many days he studied, while his poor mother and sister worked and worried. There was no more income to be expected from him. Happy if that were the worst of it!

Several times more, in different chief characters, Arthur strutted and ranted in public, breathing the musty, peculiar atmosphere of the stage as if it were hallowed air, and wrapt in the most monstrous visions of a fabulous future. He thought he rapidly improved—but what is his judgment worth, whose every thought is in a delirium like this? What is his sight, who, gazing only on the glittering summit, and becoming blinded by the icy height, forgets the length and steepness of the way?

Some sensible actors and the manager occasionally tried to dissuade the rash young man, as performance after performance proved that he could not attain his aim; but Arthur attributed their advice to lack of discrimination, or to envy, and though annoyed, determined not to be discouraged.

But discouragements will come, even to the most gifted souls, and the cold apathy with which he was received by audiences not "packed," like his first one, induced managers to laugh or shake their heads, when he had not the uncommon temerity in such cases to apply for a "star engagement."

"We couldn't engage you at any price," they said, "as we have novelties, or experienced men who are sure to draw. You must begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. We would be happy to accommodate you, but we must do what *prys*. Now you wouldn't pay! You are not known yet. You have, besides, no experience."

"But then," Arthur would say, urged by desperation to overcome his modesty, "you know that if a man has genius, real genius, it supplies the lack of experience."

"The public, my dear young man, won't believe that every tyro who thinks himself equal to a star, or approaching to it, is so because his name is in big letters—though I admit that big letters are often the only reason why some actors are thought to be stars. It is a fact that broad daubs of printer's ink have a magic in them, without the aid of which many asserted stars would be considered very poor, unnatural, beastly actors indeed. But it is a true manager's duty, my young friend, to discourage this

nonsense, to advance our standard, and to save the stage from the contempt of the wise, by repudiating the censorship of fools. Because a tier or pit of ignoramuses coincide with printer's ink and make a great noise, when an imposter presumes upon a great part, we are not to submit to their decree. We like their dollars, but despise their taste, and should do all we can to reform it. Take my advice—I have felt as you do myself—leave this acting upon stilts, become a stock actor, if you insist upon the stage, and learn to creep before you try to walk or climb, or, more crazily still, to leap to the top of the ladder at once!"

Crest fallen, and half doubting the manager's sincerity of friendship, Arthur, after having vainly tried to be at the outset a star, lowered his pretensions, and assuming a name, engaged for minor parts in a distant city.

The parting from his mother and sister was painful, but his soul was lost in misguided ambition, and he felt a relief as he approached the distant scene of his regular dramatic toils, as he thought he would now no more have their sad, reproachful eyes daily upon him, to dishearten and perplex him.

A gentlemanly bearing and a better education than is common to those who do the drudgery of acting, gave him a better chance than he would otherwise have had—though, despite this and his inordinate ambition, his very poor natural talents for his sphere placed him beneath persons greatly his inferiors in other respects.

In this humble vocation he first tasted the bitter cup of an actor's life. Around him were many once kindly hearts which had been soured by disappointment and hardened by wrong, and natures which, even if not naturally base, had been made so by the inevitable tendencies of the profession. Envy, jealousy, hypocrisy were here, each morning tendering specious homage and friendship to each other at rehearsal, while almost ready to cut each other's throats. Silly affectation, of all sorts, artificial manners, looks, language and pronunciation disfigured the "professionals" of both sexes and all lines of acting, and Arthur, who brooded over his quiet delusion, thinking it a reasonable ambition, could not help contrasting the real men and women behind the curtain with the parts they assumed before the audience; and he came to the conclusion that, in general, actors are as much actors off the stage as on it.

He could not but see that actors and actresses were too often the mere creatures of the author and the audience—their minds moulded by the minds with which they were in constant commu-

nion, whose creations they exemplified, or whose applause they studied how to gain. Losing themselves, habitually, in this way, he saw how inevitable it was that they should become moral and intellectual harlequins—little of themselves, but a little piece of everybody!

"Is this the renown, and are these the generous, impulsive, gifted natures I sought?" he would murmur to himself, as he saw all the disguises of their mock life stripped off at rehearsal in the green-room, or in the dressing-room. "Well, I must bide my choice and bide my time. As Macbeth says, 'I am stepped in so far, that should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er!'"

And here he did but as thousands of others have done, who like him too late have found their hopes of histrionic glory

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,  
All ashes to the taste."

When the warm months came, to eke out a scanty subsistence, Arthur joined a strolling company, and there obtained another view of dramatic life more instructive than agreeable. Lodging, food and raiment must be had, and he could save nothing out of the scanty pittance called "salary," which had been his during the "regular season." Besides, though his habits had previously been strictly temperate, late hours, exhaustion by study, the necessity of extra stimulus during performance, and the other temptations to drink inseparable from theatrical life, had induced a custom of drinking which had with him the usual influence of sharpening, then dulling the intellect—of exciting great hopes, then corresponding despair—of occasional excess, and invariable expense—so that impoverishment was the sad summing up of the whole, with those various little trifling, unpaid bills, which told him how he had trifled away time, and which made the strolling company the only ark of refuge when the theatre closed.

Even a most miserable actor can strut it out to his fill, in the country towns, and Arthur Seward occasionally, therefore, played "many parts" before the bumpkins, much to his own satisfaction and their bewilderment—he little appreciating the fact that rustic folks, considering, of course, that all show-folks are crazy, are willing to allow him to be the best actor who acts most unnaturally.

Not an inappropriate winding up of these romantic jaunts would be an occasional escort to the county jail, for acting without license or non-payment of bills, and there the discomfited aspirant had awful hours to reflect

"O'er hearts divided and o'er years destroyed;"

over the tyranny of one manager, the cheating of another, the incompetency of this one and the failure of that, and of the general contents of that Pandora's box of evils—an ill starred desire to strut upon the stage.

In his worst misfortunes, he never would write home. "I'll send them good tidings or none," he thought, "though God only knows now—now that three years of trial have proved to me I never shall be an actor—whether good tidings will ever be my lot to send."

Released from jail, on one occasion, in the completeness of his destitution he "worked his passage" to a city, where, after much fear and trembling, he obtained a situation, first as door-keeper and afterwards as prompter in a theatre—in the latter office sometimes "going on" when he could be made "useful."

At these times, when greatly stimulated by brandy, he would perform *almost* as well as when he made his first appearance, and before what little natural taste he possessed had been corrupted by familiarity with the examples of bad actors who had been placed over him. But being so very bad himself, he could not distinguish between good and bad models; and so, like most stand-still actors, had a decided tendency downward, though booked up in all the conventional monstrosities of manner, and though—having lost his "greenness"—having won the claim of being "an actor, but a very, very bad one."

Dissipation, after four years of variegated torture, immediately set in. Hope blighted and ambition gone, he lived only for the hour—to drink and live—to grumble with the common herd at being cast in parts unsuited to him, as if *any* part was suited to him!—to be snubbed by upstart stars—to bear any indignity with but a faint show of resentment—and though he never lost his sense of honor, to be a constant dependent upon the caprice of managers, and the good or ill will of actors less unfortunate than himself.

"Why do you not give it up entirely?" one night asked an acquaintance, to whom, in a moment of communicative grief, he had unburthened his story, giving an outline of his brief and inglorious career; "why not? You are young yet, and this ought to be enough to sicken you of a profession for which you see you are unfit."

Arthur lifted his blood-shot eyes to the inquirer, and in a hollow voice, beating his breast, exclaimed:

"I am too proud to recede! I cannot bear to go back. Baffled and dispirited as I am, how could I look my old acquaintances in the face? Besides, I have contracted this habit of drinking which would be still stronger when I left the daily excitement of an actor's life, and would be less tolerated in another sphere."

"But your mother and sister! Are you willing they should live in uncertainty about you—never to see them, never to aid them, lonely and sadly as they must live?"

At the mention of their loved names, Seward burst into a paroxysm of grief.

"My mother," sobbed he, "happily for her, is dead. She died while I was gone, and to make my misery the more abject, I received the tidings from my sister a year ago, while lying in jail. For months I had not heard from them, roving about as I have been, and you may imagine my wretchedness when the same letter said: 'I suppose you have heard that I am married, though I never received any letter from you which referred to it. O, Arthur, if your unfortunate ambition has not quite quenched every tender feeling which you had of old, I beg of you to write to me oftener than you have done, and say some word of comfort, for I am very miserable, and shall be doubly so, now that mother is gone forever. It may be—I use nearly her very language—'it may be that you have been very fortunate, and that you are too proud, now, to own your poor sister. If it is so, I shall bless Heaven for your prosperity, though I may never see you again. But for the sake of our dear mother, who watches over both of us, sometimes, in your happiness among admiring strangers, give a thought to your sister, and do not despise the memory of your once happy home.'"

"O Heaven! I had known agony before, but this torture nearly maddened me. I repented—O how bitterly! But repentance for past folly did not bring with it the end of suffering. I feel that I am a doomed man, and I must bear it with what grace I can."

Arthur Seward buried his face in his hands, and bowed his head upon the table of the saloon in which they were sitting.

"But your sister," said his companion, tenderly, "did she marry fortunately?"

"A respectable mechanic, I believe," said Arthur, "who treats her kindly."

"What is his name?"

"Mansfield—Edward Mansfield."

A slight smile was on the lips of Arthur's companion, as he asked:

"And what is *mine*?"

"Yours is—is Mansfield," replied Arthur, a sudden suspicion flashing upon him.

"Edward Mansfield," returned the other, quickly, "and your brother-in-law!"

Their hands were instantly locked, in brotherly embrace.

"Can it be possible? Our acquaintance has been but of a few days, and I never imagined this to be so. But why are you here?"

"I came here at her request, if possible to know your feelings, your situation, and see if you could not be induced to abandon the stage and retrieve yourself."

They arose, and arm in-arm went forth into the open air. For an hour or more they walked the silent streets, beneath the stars and placid heaven, which seemed to smile upon the interview. And its result was as it should have been. The resolution made that night by Arthur Seward was the golden key of his after life. The brothers—brothers in heart as well as law—went home together, and love and peace were there to welcome them.

For the excitement which he had feared to lose, Arthur found a fall and noble substitute in the excitement of pursuits for which he was adapted, and which walled around his earthly future with a horizon of honorable, unbroken happiness. Long ere he set his peaceful feet upon the hill of manhood's prime, the self-redeemed hero had been forgotten by the wayfarers in the path he once had followed, and on every side about him now, shine the substantial fruits of well-directed energy. Those stars that shone, on the night of his resolution to be wise, he sometimes thinks his mother looked from, and that he made with her spirit, then, unconsciously, a star engagement.

#### CULTIVATING LEECHES.

Mr. Simmons, the well known English statistical writer, in a lecture before the London Society of Arts, relates the following facts: In view of the great value of leeches in the *Materia Medica*, some enterprising Frenchmen have recently been leasing marshes in Ireland, and sowing them broadcast with leeches, in the hopes of deriving large profits therefrom. Seven or eight millions of leeches are imported annually by three or four firms in London, and the annual value of those used in France is estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000.—*New Orleans Delta*.

Idleness is a disease that must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I, myself, have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as his inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

#### OLD TIMOTHY GRAY.

BY ANSON TURNBULL.

Ah, well do I remember old Timothy Gray,  
Though fleeting years have passed away;  
The silver hairs that covered his brow,  
And his tottering steps, I remember now.

I remember well that feeble form,  
Which had withstood life's furious storm;  
His pleasant eye that had now grown dim,  
His withered hands and visage thin.

Old Timothy lived in a cottage small,  
Near the hill-side road that led to the mall;  
The trees and flowerets grew by the hill,  
And music came from the rippling rill.

The wild jessamine covered o'er his cot,  
And twined around in graceful knots  
Near the door, where his daughter was wont to play,  
And chase the pleasant hours away.

The trees, the cot, the flowers and rill,  
Though vanished for aye, I remember still;  
No more shall there bloom the lovely rose,  
Where the good old man has sunk to repose.

But memory lives; and oft in life  
My thoughts shall turn from care and strife  
To the spot where the old man's spirit fled,  
And a tribute of affection shed.

#### THE HUNCHBACK:

— OR, —

#### THE HINDOO PRINCESS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

#### CHAPTER I.

OUR story opens upon a sunny afternoon in India, upon the banks of that sacred Ganges wherein the Hindoo laves his body with prayerful trust in its healing powers. Gaudy flowers are nodding over its rippling course, loading its surface with their dainty fragrance, and here, stretching back from the sloping banks, lies a garden which nature and art have combined to render strikingly beautiful. There is an Oriental luxuriance and lavish splendor in these peerless gardens, but more beautiful than all the statuary and floral gems, the eye falls at once upon a child of exquisite symmetry and loveliness.

She cannot be more than eight or nine years of age, yet her sweet development of form gives promise of extreme beauty. Literally loaded with flowers, the air is musical with her merry laugh and joyous words. Too light in her soft olive complexion for a Hindoo, she is yet too dark for an European, and the practised eye would at once detect those tokens that indicate the mingled blood of both races.



Following close upon the footsteps of this little houri came a youthful form of the other sex, perhaps a year her senior. Sharing her innocent delight, he was her playmate, but hardly of the same race. His young but intelligent features were of that clear, European complexion, that contrasted finely with the olive of his companion's cheek. They threw themselves together upon the ground, near the cooling influence of a sparkling fountain, and commenced to entwine their vines of gaudy leaves and flowers into wreaths for each other. Not far from them, a Nubian servant, evidently entrusted with their charge, after watching them with half closed eyes, at last dropped lazily upon the ground where he stood, not even seeking the friendly shelter of a tree, but dropping thoughtlessly to sleep beneath the burning rays of the afternoon sun.

We should never tire of watching those beautiful children, so thoughtless and so happy—the picture of innocence, of peaceful joy.

Stay! What stealthy and hideous form is that crouching and creeping towards the Nubian! So cautious and cat-like does it make its approach that the children are entirely ignorant of its proximity. On, on it comes, until it is nearly upon the Nubian. Heaven protect the sleeping one, for the strange animal with glaring eyes and distended mouth is just upon him! Ha! that fiendish form now rises to its height—it is a hyena! His hot breath is upon the Nubian's brow; but he wakes not. Look again; the creature turns towards the children; they are more tempting prey for his appetite. He moves on slowly, but steadily!

At that moment the boy's back was towards the fearful beast, and his companion, looking up suddenly from the wreath she was braiding, screams with utter terror at the sight of the approaching beast. The boy springs to his feet at once, but hardly before the wild animal is upon him. With brave instinct he reaches to a heavy pruning knife, which a gardener has left hard by, and with the quickness of light springs back between the hyena and the girl just as the animal leaped forward. The lad, with steady eye and hand, poised his sharp weapon so that he thrust it down the very throat of the furious creature, receiving upon his breast the headlong fury of the animal, which was aimed for the more delicate child.

The screams of the girl aroused the half stupid Nubian, who rushed forward in time to disengage the poor boy from the dying grasp which the hyena had taken upon his arm as the two rolled together upon the ground. That bold thrust of

the knife at the opportune moment, and the prompt interposition of his own person before that of his companion, saved the child's life beyond a doubt; and so that lovely and trembling being felt as she now threw her arms tenderly about the young hero's neck, and then sobbed hysterically.

The Nubian, trembling with fear at his thoughtless neglect, now conducted the children towards the doors of his master's palace, turning ever and anon to look back and assure himself that the hyena was really dead; for the whole encounter had been so rapid as to seem more like a troubled dream than real fact.

The English rule and conquests in India have vastly changed the Hindoo race. Sir De Lacy Howard, governor of the district of Jungheepoor, under the English home government, had resided long in Northern India. Hither he had carried with him a gay wife and a cousin, a beautiful girl, who was also his ward. His high position in authority brought him much in contact with the rajah, Hafiz Roy, rightful prince of the soil over which Sir De Lacy Howard was placed as governor. The rajah, with unlimited wealth, and a somewhat indolent and ease-loving disposition, preferred social ease to lordly control, and therefore peaceably grew up to his estate with only the name of prince.

Hafiz Roy and Sir De Lacy were very warm friends, and finally a closer tie was woven between them by the marriage of the rajah with Sir De Lacy's ward, the beautiful English girl who had accompanied his wife to India. The English governor was highly prosperous in his ventures, outside of his official capacity, and was only too happy in rendering his home a palace of comfort and luxury, while the rajah's splendid mode of living was the envy of half of Bengal. The scene we have just described occurred in the gardens of the rajah's palace, and the children were the daughter of Hafiz Roy and the son of Sir De Lacy Howard.

Was it to be wondered at that those children afterwards felt bound to each other by the strongest ties? From earliest infancy they had been playmates, had been like brother and sister to each other, but now Zamine seemed to lean upon little Alfred Howard with as much confidence in his power to protect her as though he were a full grown man, in place of a tiny though resolute boy. Zamine's deep dark eyes were never tired of beaming tenderness upon him, and he was ever content so that she were but his companion.

It is no secret to say that the parents of each saw this with delight, for from the first years of their birth, those parents had designed them

for each other, should Heaven bless them with life and health.

"What did papa mean about your going away, dear Alfred?" asked Zamine, as the two walked together with arms about each other's waists.

The boy shook his head seriously, but made no reply.

"Why do you not tell me, Alfred?" persisted Zamine, looking tenderly up into his face, and folding her two hands over his shoulder.

"Nay, dear Zamine," he answered, touched by her affectionate appeal, "it is a matter I do not like to talk nor think about."

"What, dear Alfred?"

"Why, this going away," he answered; "this leaving home and you."

"But you'll be back again directly?" asked his companion, eagerly.

"Nay, if I go, it will be for not a few days, but years, Zamine."

The child looked at him inquiringly for a moment, while her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. The boy stooped tenderly and kissed them away, but could not trust his own voice to speak, lest it should betray the tender emotion that was struggling at his heart.

"You know, Zamine," he said, after a moment's delay, "that I am going to England, to be educated after the manner of our country, and to improve the superior advantages afforded them for self-cultivation. You know we have heard our fathers speak often of this plan."

"Yes, dear Alfred, but I have thought the time so far off that I have not heeded it much, and now you say it has nearly come, I tremble to think of it. O, Alfred, what should I do without you?"

As Zamine said this, she laid her head upon his young breast and wept in silence, while the tears also fell fast from her companion's eyes upon her dark, glossy hair. It was their first sorrow, and to both it was very earnest.

But Alfred was right; he was to be sent at once to England, and to adopt a thorough course of classical study, to fit himself for Oxford; nor could he expect to see India, or the loved ones he must leave behind him there, for many a long and weary year. Perhaps he would never see them all again.

It was a sad day among the family and friends when young Alfred was got ready to take ship from Calcutta. Sir De Lacy Howard placed great hopes and much parental affection in his promising son, and his leave-taking for the long absence was made quite a formal affair. His father, mother and Zamine all accompanied him

across the country to the post of departure. In the vehicle the two children sat side by side. Silently Alfred held the hand of his little playmate, but they exchanged hardly a word with each other. Both realized their long separation to come.

At last the hour came for him to go on ship-board. His young heart beat rapidly; there were some pleasurable sensations in his feelings, a curious expectancy of adventure, a desire to see the world, interest in the huge ship that now floated in full sight with her sails all ready to waft him far away to the land of his fathers. Zamine stood with tearful eyes upon the shore, her tiny hand still in his, when he kissed her tenderly, and said: "May I have one of those curls, dear Zamine?"

Child as she was, Zamine blushed, just the faintest little blush, as she ran her hand through her dark, clustering ringlets, and selecting one, held it up for him to cut. "If you want it, dear Alfred!"

The boy hastily secured the glossy treasure, pressed his lips to her own, was once more embraced by his parents, and hastening into the boat that awaited him, threw himself into the stern sheets, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to the flood of childish and innocent feeling that he had struggled until this moment to suppress.

The topsails were loosed and sheeted home, the broad canvass, sail after sail, was spread upon the English ship, the hoarse words of command came over the water, and she shaped her course far out into the Bay of Bengal. Alfred maintained his stand near the taffrail until the shore faded entirely from view, and then he sought his berth to cry himself to sleep, to dream of the home he left behind him, with father, mother, and his dearly loved playmate.

## CHAPTER II.

The rajah, Haáz Roy, as we have intimated, was of that indolent, ease-loving class, who seek to enjoy life to the utmost, and ready at any time to concede a point rather than contest for what he thought right. The wheels of Sir De Lacy's governmental office ran smoothly on, and he found time to play his favorite game of chess with the rajah daily, and often for many hours together, Zamine often sitting by them a silent spectator.

It was the second year of Alfred Howard's absence, when Zamine was called upon to lose her mother by death. Great was her loss, but yet so true and judicious had the departed parent

been in the care of this, her only child, that she left an abiding influence for good behind her. Though but eleven years of age, Zamine was very womanly, both in mental and physical growth, and became the domestic idol of her doting father.

For his child's sake the palace was made to glitter with splendid attendants, ornaments, petite amusements, and pets of all sorts. At first, after Alfred Howard had departed, she was quite inconsolable. Even for months she was so dejected as to cause anxiety on this account. But the keenness of her loneliness wore gradually away; but not so the memory of her old playfellow. Everything remained to recall him to her mind, for every spot in those beautiful gardens they had visited together oftentimes. Here they had braided flower wreaths, here played at hide and seek, here plucked and eaten the delicious fruit, and here Alfred had saved her life from the terrible hyena.

The district of Jungpeoor grew each year more and more populous with English residents, both military and civil, until at length there was quite a large and choice circle of well-bred people, forming a pleasant society. Among them were many youths of either sex, about Zamine's age, and with whom she was more or less intimate. The queen of all their revels and sports, she was also the star that illumined the heart of more than one young but manly heart among the English residents.

Among these was the son of a wealthy commercial agent of the government, named Horace Gray, a fine, spirited and handsome youth, a year the senior of Alfred, who is absent in England. His vivacious spirits, clever accomplishments, good cultivation and gentlemanly characteristics, won the confidence of Zamine, who, with trusting innocence, admitted him to intimate friendship in her feelings. A few years of companionship had thus ripened their friendly relationship when Zamine was already sixteen years of age. The reader, however, must not suppose that she was during this lapse of years once untrue in her feelings towards the far-off playmate of her infancy. No—as frankly were her earnest feelings for him avowed before Horace Gray as to her own heart.

The quarterly arrival of the government packet at Calcutta always brought Zamine a kind, affectionate letter from Alfred, and in return bore him one from her. They were not lovesick, sentimental effusions, but well written and interesting letters, through which a tender and affectionate spirit ran like a silver thread, linking their various themes in consonance together. In

these letters the engagement between them was alluded to as a matter, not of doubt, but as one to which they had been born, and to which their own hearts had set the seal.

But still the intimacy of Horace Gray with the young and beautiful Hindoo girl continued. He rode by her side, he strolled with her in her father's palace gardens, he rowed her fairy boat upon the artificial lake; in short they were so much together that those who knew her to be the affianced bride of Alfred Howard shook their heads significantly, and said that the absent one was doubtless forgotten!

Though Horace Gray undoubtedly loved Zamine, he had never told her so. He knew that would not do; it would lead to an end of their intimacy at once. He knew her to be loyal to the absent student, however much he could wish it otherwise; for as there was neither deceit nor guile in the fair girl's heart, neither was there deception upon her tongue. She frankly admitted her regard and faithful memory of Alfred Howard. Therefore it was that Horace Gray kept his own secret, but loved her none the less devotedly.

In a neatly arranged study in one of the main buildings which make the clustering college blocks at Oxford, England, sat a young student, before whom lay an outspread sheet in the form of a letter. The student was a person of fine, manly appearance, quite handsome, with a high, commanding forehead and clear blue eyes. The reader would have easily recognized him as the boy he had seen years before in the palace gardens of Rajah Hafiz Roy. His face is grave, too grave in its expression, not to indicate something of trouble within. He takes up the epistle and reads it over slowly, then replaces it upon the table before him.

The letter was an anonymous one, purporting to be from one who was his friend, and read as follows:

"Absence is a great test of affection. Short absence stimulates, long absence is apt to *obliterate*. Place not too strong trust in your conceded claims to the hand of the fair daughter of Hafiz Roy. Other than your hand is ever ready by her side; soft flattery is not unpleasant—ready adoration is not always unrewarded! Perhaps these hints are worth your consideration."

Alfred Howard tried hard to understand the true spirit of this note, tried to reach beyond the letters he saw upon the page before him, and understand the actuating motive of the writer. In the years of pleasant study and rapid progress which he had passed in England, he had ever been stimulated by one idea, that of returning

at length to Zamine's side, endowed with such true manly accomplishments as should command her respect as well as her love. A doubt of the truth and endurance of her affection had never once crossed his mind; but here was matter for consideration. He would not, could not doubt her; but the long-absence might perhaps "obliterate." In his heart (so entirely hers) he felt that she was truly his, that the dear letters he was so regularly receiving could be no counterfeits; but then this epistle had opened a door for doubt, and his thoughts were very, very harrowing. Perhaps, he thought, duty would make her keep her early contract, and then he might get a wife, but one without a heart!

"Now," said he, at last, half aloud, "Zamine is free, free as the air; she shall never marry me unless she does it with a free heart, unless she prefers me to all else on earth. If she has grown up as lovely as she was in childhood, how beautiful she must be! No wonder she finds suitors—ay, and many of them. No wonder she should be tested. I will not pine (if I can help it) over this anonymous hint; and yet, truth to say, I believe whoever wrote that thought he spoke the truth, let the actuating motive of the communication be what it may."

At this moment the door of his room was thrown violently open, and in rushed a couple of college chums, full of life and spirit.

"Hullo, Fred, here I've made up a match at foils with you and Charley. Ten to one that you hit him fair in three bouts. He's agreed—stakes up; and if he touches you at all, I lose."

Alfred took up the note he had been reading, drew a low sigh, banished for a moment the trouble from his mind, and taking down a couple of foils from the wall prepared to engage in a playful but manly game, and to make good the bets which his gay friend had made through confidence in his skill with the weapon.

Perhaps no scene could have been introduced so well calculated as this which at the moment chanced, whereby the character of young Howard might have been better studied by a stranger. The cool yet careful manner in which he took his guard, poised and felt his weapon, bore his point and parried and thrust, were calculated to exhibit all the many qualities of manliness, self-reliance and promptness which were prominent and peculiar in him. The contest was soon decided, and Alfred's adversary was easily "touched," and then disarmed.

In his assiduity for mental culture he had in no way neglected his physical training, and thus bore away the palm from his entire class, but with such modest grace as to create no ill will.

Eight years have passed since Alfred Howard had left that dear playmate on the shore at Calcutta, and five more were yet to be consumed before his education would be sufficiently advanced for him to graduate, and fulfil his father's plan of study and return to India. As he now sat alone once more, thinking over his prospects, the purport of the warning letter and kindred themes, the five years yet to come seemed longer to him than ever before; but he was brave at heart, and he resolved not to swerve in the path of duty he had laid out; he would remain the appointed time and devote himself to his self-culture as earnest as ever.

The past eight years had not been without change. Zamine's mother died, as we have already intimated, and Alfred's own mother had also gone to her long sleep these three years since. "Change! change!—it is written upon everything," murmured Alfred; "and may the course of time also change thee, my dear, gentle Zamine? I will not doubt thee; I will not even hint a doubt to thee."

With this implicit confidence in the beautiful Hindoo girl, Alfred seemed to settle his course of conduct, and he did not even mention a thought to her in his letters which could indicate the shadow, however slight, which had passed across the field of his affection for her. The letters of both bore token of the most unchanging and full confidence in each other which they had ever done.

In the meantime Sir De Lacy Howard's letters were as regular as ever to his son, freighted with affectionate advice and ample remittances. He applauded his son's constancy of purpose, and held up to him the honor and satisfaction that must result from a careful persistency in the course of study and discipline which had been adopted. He was a kind father and a judicious one, exercising great influence and control over his son's mind, and his wish with Alfred was indeed law.

But we have other characters and scenes, which we must bring before the mind's eye of the reader in far-off India.

### CHAPTER III.

In a room fitted with every luxury and elegance that taste and an ample fortune could command sat Zamine, the daughter of Hafia Roy. She was indeed lovely as a child; but now all the promise of her infancy had been more than fulfilled—she was beautiful in every sense of the word. Dressed in half Eastern, half European costume, she looked bewitchingly attractive. Her wealth of rich black hair, and

eyelashes that were so long and dark as to be a distinctive feature in her loveliness; her arms bared to the shoulders, presenting a mould of faultless symmetry; her body, half reclining upon a mound of rich cushions, formed a picture only too lovely for words to express.

There sat near her a young gentleman, but little her senior in years, whom the reader would have recognized as Horace Gray. He was reading to the beautiful Hindoo; and they were alone together, save the female servant who sat at her mistress's feet—or rather slept there; for sleep seems to occupy nearly the undivided attention of the entire Nubian race.

"Enough, enough," said Zamine, at length, with a languid toss of her fan. "We can finish it at another time, Horace, for the hour has now arrived for my new teacher to meet me."

"Do you mean that hump-backed Arab?"

"Yes, he is hump backed, to be sure, but one forgets it when he is present, he is so entertaining, so very agreeable."

"You seem to be much attached to your new friend?" said Horace Gray, half inquiringly and half sarcastically.

"Who would not like him, Horace? He is so quiet, so thoughtful, and so wise withal, I almost fear him."

An uneasy shadow passed over the face of her companion, who could not patiently bear Zamine praise any one, so jealous was he of her smiles. At that moment, as he was taking leave of her, there entered the apartment the person referred to. At first sight there was little to strike an observer in his general appearance, beyond the manifest fact that he was an Arabian, and one who, had nature not disfigured his form by a hump or protuberance over the region of the left shoulder blade, would certainly have been a finely formed and handsome man. He bowed first respectfully to Zamine, and then to her retreating companion, who returned the salute distantly.

"Punctual to the very moment," said Zamine, consulting a tiny diamond-cased watch, as she addressed the Arab.

"It is a wholesome virtue," said the teacher, mildly, as he drew towards his pupil a light stand for the books he brought with him. He moved so gracefully, in spite of his deformity, did everything so noiselessly and easily, that there was a charm in watching his thoughtful and prompt procedure.

Had he been English, one would have set him down as some forty years of age, but the bronzed hue of the desert sat so well upon his handsome face that he looked like one who had hardly passed half that number of years. His finely turned

figure—always excepting the single deformity already referred to—was that of youth also, or at least not of maturity, and he could not be more than ten years older than his fair pupil.

"I'm prepared for a scolding," began Zamine, as he sat down by her side.

"For what, fair Zamine?"

"Because I have not even looked at that lesson you gave me to study," she replied.

"Why have you not?" he asked, in gently reproving tones.

"It is so tedious to study."

"But you told me only yesterday that you liked it well."

"O, I mean when you are with me to explain."

The Arab turned his soft blue eye quickly towards her; then slowly opened his books, as he said: "It shall be as you wish; and if you prefer to study only when I am present, we will acquire the lessons in that manner, and I shall still fulfil my trust to your confiding father."

Zamine smiled her gratitude, and the two were soon busy over the task before them. The Hindoo girl was lost in her occupation, each thought and each principle was so readily elucidated, so pleasantly impressed upon her mind; and at each moment she realized such new rays of light and intelligence radiating her only half-cultivated mind, that her pleasure was unmistakable. The Arab's voice was so low, so gentle, blending the elements of firmness and tenderness so equally, that Zamine really half felt the fear she hinted at to her English friend.

At length, the lesson being finished, the Arab prepared to leave his pupil; but this purpose Zamine frustrated by begging him to tell her some legend of the desert where his life had been passed. To this proposal he acceded readily, and with ready wit and charming ease, related one of those poetical stories in which Arabian literature is so rich. Zamine drank in of every word, and found strange pleasure in listening to her tutor, whose enthusiastic eloquence in dwelling upon his country's beauty, and in describing her famous places, was most captivating.

And this was not alone the routine of to-day: it was the constantly recurring scene of each successive day. Zamine was changing rapidly in her manners, habits, intelligence; her tutor lent his best energy to instruct her, and that he was thoroughly capable was evinced beyond a doubt. A bright new world seemed to be opened to the Hindoo girl. Up to this period, her education had been of the most superficial character, but now she exerted herself willingly, assiduously, and found rich reward in the satisfaction that was the immediate result.

Horace Gray had but one characteristic to recommend him to Zamine, and that was his entire devotion to her. He had striven to please her in those grateful little trifles which go to make up the daily life of the young and thoughtless; but now that she had received new endowments of taste, intelligence and love of study, Horace Gray was much less desirable to her as a companion. She cared, indeed, little for the companionship of any one save her teacher, the quiet, thoughtful and intelligent Arab.

It was now about eight months since one afternoon, when the Rajah Hafiz Roy had risen from his bountiful meal, that an Arabian teacher of languages presented himself and solicited the post of teacher to his daughter Zamine. The father was himself a man of goodly intelligence for an Oriental prince, and the prompt answers that the new comer gave to his questions at once satisfied him of his ability, and he gladly seized upon the opportunity of doing that for his child which he realized was of so much importance.

Thus Yusef Hassan was at once established in the rajah's family, and so well had he adapted himself to both father and child that he had been raised to an equal footing with them in all domestic relations. Sir De Lacy Howard had died some twelve months since, and the rajah was only too happy to find in Yusef Hassan one who could play quite as good a game of chess, and in this way an hour or two was passed daily.

The father was not sorry to observe the devotion that his daughter bestowed upon her studies. She seemed only happy when Yusef was teaching her, or when she sat gazing into the mild depths of his soft blue eye, and listening to his stories of life and adventure in the desert. Horace Gray, poor fellow! seemed to be entirely forgotten. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but there was a strange animosity springing up in his bosom towards the hunchback. He grew morose and sought to be alone, avoided his former companions, and sat for hours by himself locked up in his sleeping apartment.

Well, who would have wondered? Every one could see that Horace loved Zamine devotedly, and up to the time of her intimacy with the Arab teacher, she had permitted at least the nearest relation of friendship to exist between them. But now she scarcely saw Horace at all; or if she did, it was but for a moment, and then in the most careless spirit, for her mind was elsewhere. Horace Gray saw all this, and the fiend whispered sad things into his ear! The hunchback was watched, his steps were dogged; there was an enemy plotting his destruction.

The quarterly arrival of the English packet

line had just brought Zamine a letter from England, bearing the signature of Alfred Howard. She now sat reading it alone in her private room. There was a puzzled look, a singular expression, in her beautiful face. She used to bend so lovingly over those letters from Alfred! Now she read and placed it one side, but evinced little emotion, *hurrying away to meet the Arab teacher.*"

A nice observer only would have discovered the tenderness that dwelt in the Arab's voice and eyes as he addressed his pupil, but the most casual would have realized the deep interest that the Hindoo girl felt in his society, the fascination of his companionship. And day by day this feeling grew more positive in its nature, until at last Zamine awoke from her day dream and asked herself: "Do I not love this man?"

The Arab seemed at first not to read her feelings, but at length, emboldened by her tenderness, he wooed her in secret. In her eyes he was no longer the hump-backed Arab, but the Apollo of her tenderest affections. Again came one of Alfred's letters from England, and the tone of this, as well as its general purport, caused Zamine to pause and read her heart. What! was she guilty of infidelity to him, her early love—he who had saved her life, her long and tried friend? Alas! she knew not what to do. Covering her face with both her hands, she sobbed aloud: "I love the Arab, spite of his deformity, spite of Alfred, spite of everything. But Alfred, you have been true to me; we loved in childhood. You have my *sacred promise*, and that promise shall be kept, though I break my heart in the test. I will but enjoy the pleasant instruction and society of Yusef a few short weeks more, and then he must go. Alas! it will nearly break my heart, but it must be so." And with tears scarcely dried from her fair cheek, she went to seek the Arab, and to pursue by his side the intricate studies she had grown to love.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Zamine and Yusef sat together in one of those beautiful arbors with which the palace grounds abounded. They had retired here to pursue the studies allotted for the afternoon. These had been completed, and gradually conversation between them had changed to other and dearer themes. Yusef had declared his love to her some time since, emboldened by the spirit which he read in her eyes, and they sat now together, the Arab retaining one of her delicate hands in his own, while he breathed in gentle whispers a tale of love into her willing ear.

Suddenly Zamine started and gently withdrew

her hand from his grasp, as though some sudden resolve had come over her. She paused a moment, then said:

"Ah, Yusef, I am very sad; very unhappy!"

"Unhappy, dearest! and why?"

"I know not how to tell you."

"Should there be any secret between two as dear friends as ourselves?"

"Yusef."

"Well, Zamine."

"You know the story I told you of my childhood and my youthful companion, Alfred?"

The Arab regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. "Yes, I remember."

"Yusef, I am betrothed to him!"

"I know it!"

"You know it?"

"Yes."

"Why, this is strange!—and yet you woo me."

"Because I love you, dear one. The betrothal of children by parents I do not hold to be a sacred bond. If I can win your heart, I am worthy to wear the crown of your love."

"Ah, Yusef, but this betrothal was not alone by our parents; it was as well by my own free and earnest consent. I am in honor bound!"

"Do you love him, Zamine?" asked the Arab.

"I did love him truly and faithfully until I knew you."

"And now, Zamine?"

"Alas! what can I say?"

"Do you love him still?"

"This is too trying—too hard. O heart, O heart be still!" cried the agonized girl, holding her hands to her bosom.

"Do you love him still?" repeated the Arab.

"Yusef, I love you!—ay, with all my heart; but listen: I shall keep my promise with the noble and tender friend, who even now is on his way from England, as I learn by his last letter."

The Arab seemed much moved, but spoke not.

"Ah, forgive me, Yusef, if I have appeared and do still appear inconsistent. You cannot know him as I do; it would break his heart were I to prove inconstant to him; and what happiness could I ever know after?"

The Arab shaded his face in his hands, and sighed aloud.

"I never had a thought of any other but him until you came, and your voice, like magic, went to my heart, your eyes to my very soul. You awakened in me a love for study; you opened to me new fields of promise, a new world of intelligence. I am grateful—indeed I am!" She sobbed bitterly.

Still the Arab spoke not.

"O, speak to me, Yusef. You would yourself

despise me, were I not true to such a man as Alfred. You would loathe one who should disregard such tender promises, such truthfulness."

"I fear love blinds me to all else but my own heart's promptings."

"No, no, you will not blame me; you are too noble at heart to counsel me to be untrue to him."

"I shall never blame you, Zamine, do what you please; but I cannot still the throbbing of my own heart."

As he said this, he raised her hand tenderly to his lips and turned slowly away from her side.

There is one character in our story of whom we must not lose sight. Horace Gray, observant at all times of Zamine's movements, was not so long in finding out that she loved the Arab as Zamine herself was! He saw it and resolved that before Yusef Hassan should come between him and Zamine's love, he would take his life like a dog's. He would have felt differently with regard to Alfred Howard; but to have this deformed child of the desert rob him of the love of the Hindoo girl, rendered him desperate.

Of late young Gray had grown moody beyond all control of friends. He watched the Arab at all hours; and once, even, when he had observed him just leaving Zamine's side at nightfall, in those thickly planted gardens, he had fired a pistol, aimed at his heart; but the bullet passed him harmless by, and Yusef took little or no heed of the circumstance. This was but a few weeks previous to the scene we have just related between Zamine and Yusef in the garden.

The Arab left her, as we have said, turning his steps toward the river's banks, and thoughtfully walked on. He had not gone far before his quick ear detected a footstep behind him. It was not Zamine's, for hers was as light as a fawn's tread. It was heavy, quick, irregular, and indicated some strange mood in the bosom of him who caused those tokens. Yusef simply loosened a long dirk that hung at his girdle and moved on. In a moment more he turned quickly, as if by instinct, but at the same moment a blade of a dagger was buried to the hilt in that part of his body which we have described as so deformed. It was evidently not so aimed, but turning suddenly, had caused the blade to enter there.

The Arab when thus faced about stood fronting his enemy with flashing eye and quick, heaving chest. The figure that had pursued him was that of one fully his own size, athletic, well formed and able; but let that dagger blade have penetrated Yusef as deep as it may, he is still more than a match for his subtle enemy. Seizing him by the throat, the Arab bent him nearly double to the ground, and dashing his head upon

the hard path, permitted him to lie there almost insensible from the stunning effect of the fall ; at the same time taking his dagger from him, and quietly walking away.

It was an hour before Horace Gray again rose to his feet. Half bewildered, that young, infatuated person gazed in amazement about him.

"Why did he not kill me?" he murmured. "Why did he leave me here, only bruised?" That seemed very strange to him. "I drove the blade home—deep, deep. I felt it penetrate!" He staggered to his feet and reeled away like a drunken man. "Fore heaven, but that fellow's grip is on my throat yet—'twas like a vice! I was no more than a child in his hands. Who would have thought the hunchback so strong?"

Horace Gray reached his home, but he was more seriously hurt than he was aware of. The excitement he had lately endured in his mind, and the climax of his attempted assassination of the Arab, in addition to the fearful bruise he had sustained in the encounter, proved too much for his brain, and he soon lay in a raging brain fever.

The Arab said nothing about the matter. By some strange chance his own wound, severe though it may have been, seemed to cause him little if any trouble. He well knew the position of Horace Gray, and that there was nothing to be gained, and indeed, in his own case, everything to lose, by betraying his folly to any one. The game he was playing was a deep one, and the less he drew attention upon himself the better. So the very next morning he played his accustomed game with the rajah, Zamine's father, and permitted the old man to win.

While Yusef and the rajah were thus engaged together, Zamine was alone in her private apartment. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she sat listless and unhappy. An open letter lay at her feet, which she had been reading. A glance would have shown the reader that it was from Alfred Howard. It read thus :

"MY DEAR ZAMINE,—Almost as soon as you receive this, I hope to be in India, and by your side, to consummate the one great purpose of my life, to look once more into the clear depths of those eyes I love so well, and to listen to the tender music of that voice which time and distance have not for a moment obliterated from my heart. I will say no more, because I hope soon to be with you in person. Always your own,

"ALFRED HOWARD."

She stooped down, took up the note, and read it again. "How like him it is ; open, frank, manly, full of faith in my truthfulness. Alas ! alas ! how sadly am I torn by contending emotions. I have loved him so long and so truly ;

and now, Yusef—ah, would that I had never seen the hunchback !"

At that moment a knock at the door leading to her boudoir from the sitting room, where she was wont to meet Yusef, and to recite and read with him, attracted her attention, and partially removing the tokens of her tears, and smoothing back the rich dark hair from her temples, she opened the door and came out to meet the summons. It was Yusef.

"Zamine," said he, "I have come, perhaps for the last time, to speak with you. It depends upon yourself to decide." Zamine gazed inquiringly. "You have told me that you must be true, and that you will love and marry this Alfred Howard?"

"Yusef—yes!" sighed the girl. "He was my early love; he has been true to me; I cannot betray his affection."

"And yet you love me?"

"Ah, Yusef! it is cruel for you to name it."

"Will you not fly with me to the tents of my people? I will love, will tend you, will heed your slightest wish, and love you always."

"Yusef, you have never tempted me thus; say no more. If you continue to counsel me to do that which my heart and soul denounce, you will forfeit the respect and tender regard I now entertain for you."

"Noble girl, you have stood the test! You have passed through the fiery ordeal, only the purer and brighter for all!" As he spoke, he cast the cloak from him, which had until now enveloped his person, and said: "*Behold in me no longer Yusef Hassan, but Alfred Howard!*"

Zamine gazed a moment, bewildered! There stood the form of Yusef Hassan, but the deformity was gone! The truth flashed through her mind with lightning-like rapidity, and the next moment she was pressed to his heart.

#### NEW STYLE OF OMNIBUS.

They have a new kind of omnibus in London. The cost is similar to those of the old design, now in use, but there is a total alteration in the construction. The interior is fitted up as a "saloon," or cushioned after the fashion of a first-class railway carriage, with a single "*coupe*," or arm-chair, well adapted for a lady and child, apart from the other range of seating. It is well ventilated, has an alarm in the reach of all, whereby the conductor can be readily summoned; is well ventilated; contains a receptacle for wet umbrellas, and the over-crowding of the existing system is obviated by increased space. Passengers are admitted by two doors at the end, and the outside seats face each other. An improved lock renders the draft more easy, and all jolting is avoided by the ingenuity of the builder, who has ably carried out the design of the skilful originator—*Albion*.



## THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

At twenty-three, I, Bertram Rivers, was called a dashing, good-natured, happy fellow, who had nothing to do and plenty of money to spend; and it was unanimously voted that I occupied a very enviable position in society.

The world, as usual, was only half right. I was dashing, good-natured and happy at times, but the idea that I had nothing to do, was a continual source of trouble to me. How I envied Dick Allen, who painted from morning till night in his studio, and yet scarcely earned enough to keep body and soul together. His constant cheerfulness had an irresistible charm for me, and insensibly we had become fast friends. I was rich and he was poor, but that made not the least difference in our friendship. I lived in the family of my guardian. My father had died when I was thirteen years old, but I had no remembrance of my mother.

At twenty-three, I think I was sane on all points except one. And on one point, only, did I approach insanity. It was, however, only an approach to that—a morbid idea, which I had entertained from childhood, and which had grown with my growth. I firmly believed that insanity was hereditary in our family, though I had never heard any allusion made to it. My mother, too, whose name I never heard mentioned by my father but once or twice, and then accompanied by such looks of agony that I could never forget them—I believed that she was yet living, a raving maniac.

I had a horrible fear of meeting her in some place and having this idea confirmed, and therefore I carefully avoided all places where I should be likely to encounter any one thus afflicted. The idea that I, myself, might in the course of years become a maniac, was tormenting. It destroyed all the peace of my leisure hours, and made me throw myself into society with a zeal that surprised myself.

It was in the summer time that I made that all-important visit to Aunt Martin's. I remember every circumstance connected with it clearly and distinctly. I had a curious dread of going into the country, even upon a visit, but it was impossible to refuse it in this case.

"Dick," said I, in a doleful tone, as I rambled into his studio on a clear, sunny day, "Dick, I'm a doomed man. I shall be bored to death up there in the country."

"I wish I was a doomed man," said Dick, in a jocular way. "Why, Rivers, who wouldn't

like to be invited into the country, instead of spending these sweltering days in the city?"

"My dear fellow," said I, as a bright idea shot into my head, "why not go in my place? My aunt has never seen me but once or twice—she couldn't possibly know the difference."

Dick laughed, and even while he acknowledged that it was a bright idea, rejected it.

Well, I went. Somebody goes every day, but nobody ever went as unwillingly as I did. My destination was a singularly large and old-fashioned mansion, which could be seen long before any one got near to it. It stood as a sort of landmark, and behind it was a long range of gloomy hills.

My aunt, whom I scrutinized closely, seemed to me to have a wan and haggard look, which I interpreted as symptoms of that insanity which I believed hereditary in my mother's family. Nobody could have been more kindly received than I was. For a few days, I amused myself by fishing in the river—a pursuit which I at first followed with a keen zest. Gradually I grew tired of this, and amused myself instead with burying my feet in the soft green herbage on those gloomy hills. Then I resorted to books, which the family physician had forbidden me to touch for some time, inasmuch as my health had become seriously affected by constant reading.

Being in the house so constantly, I could not help noticing one or two singular occurrences, little in themselves, but which had the effect of reviving that curious dread in my mind. At the same hour, every day, my aunt absented herself, and always returned looking weary and with the haggard look in her face plainer than ever. Once when I hastily threw open my room door, I saw her just disappearing in the chamber opposite, and then a loud, fierce voice was heard, which I knew belonged to none of the members of the family. That this room had an occupant that I had never seen, became evident to me.

Once or twice I made a passing allusion to this circumstance, but my aunt always adroitly changed the conversation. From the hour that I discovered these things, however, I was keenly and painfully alive to everything unusual or strange that occurred in the house—and all such occurrences centred in that mysterious room and its still more mysterious occupant.

Two days passed, during which I saw and heard nothing wonderful. That next night, when everything was quiet in the house, I distinctly heard the sound of a footstep in the room opposite. It was not a calm, even, regular step, but quick and irresolute, as if the person went by fits and starts. I should judge the

step to have been on an uncarpeted floor, as every footfall fell with startling distinctness upon my ears. I heard that step a great part of the night, and then it ceased suddenly, as if the person had thrown itself down in utter exhaustion. I was myself thoroughly exhausted by this slight excitement, and horrible ideas shot swiftly through my brain, which seemed pressed down by some iron foot.

The next morning, I half made a resolution to go back to the city, where I was at least comparatively free from exciting influences. But the idea that my aunt had some communication to make to me, which I could not doubt was the reason of her pressing invitation, and my inscrutable fate, impelled me to stay.

The next night I heard it again—that horrible footstep; and again was my night's rest destroyed. And again in my uneasy dreams the iron foot seemed pressing down upon my brain. Yet when I met the rest of the family at the breakfast-table, not the least allusion was made to the occurrence, though it seemed to me that the footsteps must have disturbed others besides.

That day's mail brought me a letter from Dick—cheerful and healthful in its tone, and which had the effect of making me more cheerful than I had been for days. I resumed my fishing, and trod the hills with unusual vigor. Another night, and I heard no sounds from the room opposite. A whole week passed and all was silent as the grave. Perhaps the occupant of the room had departed—gone away from the house. I certainly hoped so.

It was the night immediately succeeding this week of quiet that I awoke from an uneasy slumber, with the idea that I had heard some sound which even in my dreamy state had sent a thrill of horror through me. With senses acutely and painfully sharpened, I listened for the repetition of that sound. And it came—the slow, hesitating, stealthy steps, not in the room opposite, but in the long entry into which all our doors opened. The person outside had passed down the whole length of the entry, and was now coming back.

I was not a coward, but every one knows how much more formidable an unseen enemy is, than one that we can see. That curious dread oppressed me—not a physical dread of an antagonist, which I was to meet, but a moral dread of something horrible outside in the long entry.

The steps passed, paused a little at the upper end of the entry, then were heard again in the same hesitating, stealthy way. As the person neared my door, there was a cessation of the sound, and then the distinct rustle of some

woolen fabric fell upon my ear. Then a sigh, and the steps went on.

Did the rustle of a dress indicate that the mysterious occupant of that room was a woman? It seemed so. And in connection with this question, which I asked myself and answered, came a thought, which naturally forced itself upon my mind. This woman was my mother—there was no escape from this thought. Like the iron foot, it trod itself into my brain.

A hundred little circumstances were now accounted for. The neglect of my aunt for years to invite me to her house—her invitation now, preceding as it did an important communication on family affairs—the delay in making that communication, the motive of which I could not now doubt—the total silence of everybody in the house on the subject of that mysterious room and its occupant—and above all the rest, that curious, indefinable dread, which, while it revealed to me a strange phase in our natures, showed itself as a barrier between my mind and some shocking disclosure, which time was destined to make to me.

All these thoughts passed with lightning rapidity through my mind, whilst the step—my mother's step, as I could not doubt—I heard still. Should I open the door and encounter her? Could I bear to see that wrinkled, haggard face, with its unsettled, wandering look, and to know that the day was surely coming, when I myself should wear such a look? No, I could not—I had better never see such a sight, if it could be avoided.

The person had crossed the threshold of the opposite room, and the step had ceased; and again I sank into a disturbed slumber. I cannot tell what time it was on that terrible night that I became aware of some slight sound outside my door. It was the rustle of that woolen dress, immediately followed by the sigh of some person strongly agitated. The door opened. I heard it, though it was done softly and cunningly. Some dark form entered and paced three or four times across my room. Every stealthy, hesitating step brought an agonising pain to my head.

The moon came out suddenly from behind a cloud and showed me that figure, standing motionless with the face turned towards me. Shall I ever forget its horrible expression, as it glared upon me?—the terribly old, haggard face, upon which were the wrinkles of at least sixty years?—the unsettled, wandering look, and the glaring eyes turned on me in a purposeless stare? It was the very face which I had pictured to myself such a little while ago—a face, which resem-

bled my aunt's so much that I knew the figure before me was no other than my mother.

The silence that followed was even more oppressive than the sound of the footsteps. Still the figure remained motionless, gazing at me. I cannot tell how it was that I caught the gleam of something the figure held in her hand. It looked like a knife, in the moonlight. I was very sure, after watching for a few minutes, that it was a knife. Nearer the figure came, the instrument held firmly in her right hand. My life was in danger—I knew this, and strove to cry out. But I could utter no sound. I tried to defend myself, but could not move an inch. Nearer and still nearer, and then a sharp pain shot through my head, which seemed suddenly crushed together by some mighty force—and then everything faded from my sight.

"Raise him gently—a little higher," said a voice which at first I could not recognize.

"Poor fellow—he must have suffered some dreadful blow in his childhood—or perhaps it was a fall! See, here is a terrible depression, which must have affected the brain! He was apt to have strange fancies at times, I think?"

"Yes, at times—poor Rivers! What must be done?" said a voice, which I knew could be no other than Dick's.

"A removal of a part of the bone where that depression is, is absolutely necessary." And now I recognized Dr. Grant's friendly voice.

"No other alternative!" said Dick, cheerily.

"None," said the doctor, gloomily. "Nothing less than permanent insanity could be the result, unless this operation was performed. Did you never hear him speak of any blow or fall, which he had in childhood?"

"Not recently," said Dick, in a musing tone; "but when our friendship first commenced, he spoke of some accident he had met with when a child, from which a long illness resulted."

"That must have been it," said the doctor.

I could easily recall to my mind the accident which I had once made a passing allusion to, in a conversation with Dick. As a child, I was very ambitious, and on one occasion had climbed a tree, from the top of which, like Jack at the top of his bean-stalk, I expected to see wondrous houses and people; in short, I proposed to climb into a new world.

But a hasty descent to my own sphere, was the consequence of my presumption. I struck upon my head, and for a long time my life was despaired of. I gradually recovered, however, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, till recalled by the conversation I had heard.

"Dick," said I, when the doctor had gone, "let it be over as soon as possible—I can bear it."

Dick shook my hand, but said nothing. A painful operation was performed, which happily I was only dimly conscious of. But there were times when I suffered intensely, and the imaginary iron foot seemed to tread itself in my brain with wonderful force.

But life came back to me, healthful, radiant—life, amply repaying me for all the suffering I had endured. The old dread, and the strange fancies that had haunted me, disappeared. I went back to the city with Dick, and new schemes, new thoughts thronged my mind, and my brain became a busy one. I was a merchant, and Dick was my partner; and to-day there is not a surer or a safer firm in the city than that of Rivers & Allen.

But for years I could bear no allusion to the events of that terrible night—though I firmly believed they were partially the mere fancies of a diseased brain.

Fifteen years after my visit to the country, my aunt died. In examining some papers directed to me, I read my mother's history. In journeying with my father, she had been lost at sea when I was very young. So great was my father's remorse at not having saved her at the expense of his own life, that her name was seldom mentioned by him afterwards. A miniature, accompanying the papers, showed me a young, beautiful woman, with features entirely unlike those of my aunt.

Dick and I were smoking peacefully on the piazza one day. By the way, I forgot to say that Dick's sister had become Mrs. Bertram Rivers, and that Dick had taken up his abode with us. The smoke was curling lazily up from our cigars, when I propounded the following question to my friend, who seemed plunged in deep meditation:

"Dick, did you know what happened on that night—fifteen years ago?"

"I knew only what happened from your incoherent ravings—at least, I gathered a part of it from you."

"I should like to know how much was real, and how much I fancied."

"I should have told you something long ago, which would have explained much of it, if you had but asked me. Whatever else you saw, resulted from the state of excitement you were in."

"What was it?"

Dick paused to throw his cigar over the railing of the piazza, and merely said:

"Your aunt was a somnambulist."

## HOW SOLEMN THE KNELL.

BY ROBERT A. MERTON.

How solemn the knell, that comes from the bell,  
That speaks the departure of one,  
Who here on life's shore, alas! is no more,  
Who a life all unknown has begun.

How mournful the dirge, to our hearts let it urge,  
From the ways of the wicked to flee;  
For soon the same peal our own doom may seal,  
And we be launched into eternity.

For none can e'er say, that he ever could stay  
The onward career of grim Death;  
The rich and the poor, the good and ill doer,  
He scatters alike by his breath.

His course it is straight, for none he will wait,  
While they finish life's pleasures that's here;  
The "wages of sin" are for him here to win,  
And he'll spare not when once he is near.

O then let us give our hearts while we live,  
Unto God, that then in our need,  
As he shall draw near, we may meet without fear,  
The form on the pale-spectred steed.

'Tis the wicked who shun the mention of one,  
And hope that he'll ride by them past;  
But the righteous they see that this day it will free  
Earth's chains which around them are cast.

Then you who do laugh, and you who do quaff  
The goblet of pleasure so free,  
Remember, and think, that perhaps on the brink,  
Of the dark river to morrow you'll be.

Remember that peal, as it o'er you may steal,  
Let it not be a warning in vain;  
And pause ere you waste, in trifles time's space,  
As those hours you cannot regain.

## ANGELA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"WILL you come to our May breakfast?" said a voice, as I was sitting in the twilight of an April day. I looked round and saw my sweet little friend, Angela Woodworth, whom every one else called "Ange," but whom I always called "Angel." And an angel spirit she truly had, although she walked the earth in visible form.

And yet Angela was not one of those thin, impalpable creatures, who "make no shadow when they walk." Nor was she a combination of blue veins, pink cheeks and drooping shoulders, which many people think so essential in their ideas of purity and delicacy. She was not at all fragile and sad looking. Her form was round in its youthful beauty, her cheek had a healthful glow, her eyes were full and lustrous, and her voice, though soft and sweet, was full and musical in its rich volume.

Angela had a *mother*. Not that being who presides over the embroidered robes and outward adornments of her child; but who cared intensely for her inner life;—and while she kept the outward beautifully free from soil or stain, was yet never unmindful of the sacred light which illumined the crystal vase committed to her care.

Another child had been Mrs. Woodworth's for a few brief years—a son, whose rich promise was blighted early, had engrossed the fullest love of her heart; and the blow which deprived her of him almost prostrated her. It was not until the little Angela came, that the bitter agony of this discipline of sorrow was subdued; and coming as the comforter, she was doubly welcome and doubly dear. Angela was now nearly fifteen; but she preserved her beautifully child-like disposition, as well as the sweet and innocent look of earliest youth.

Such was the dear one that stood by my side in that twilight hour, and asked me to join the May party, which was to assemble at Mr. Woodworth's house the next morning. I promised to be with her; and on the following morning I rose early, went into the garden and gathered the few crocuses and forget-me-nots which had already bloomed, to add a gift to the floral crown of the May Queen, whom I doubted not would be Angel herself.

Although so much older than she, yet she had from childhood manifested so much pleasure in my friendship, that even from that circumstance alone, apart from her beauty and goodness, I should have been attracted to her; and I looked forward to her prospective reign of this morning with as much interest as one could well feel in such a matter.

As I anticipated, all went on beautifully. Angel was strenuous in not accepting the crown and sceptre; but her little friends would not hear of any other arrangement; and she queen-ed it admirably. Her parents watched her with the eyes of gratified affection, and other friends looked on and sympathized with their pleasure.

Three years passed. The shadow of affliction had darkened over my pathway, and the discipline which I endured could only have been borne as coming from the hand of the Good Father, who ordereth all things aright. During these three years, I had been absent, ministering to grief and pain, and learning such bitter lessons in adversity that even now I shudder to recall that mournful season to remembrance. At the end of that period, I returned to that which was home no longer, because the light of a beautiful face had gone out, and the shadows on the

family hearth had deepened into darkness. In my agony I had asked: "Why, O why, must I have been singled out to meet this great sorrow? What had I done which needed this sharp discipline?" And my soul answered: "Did He (whose name must not be written on a page so light as this), did He not give you the blessing you needed, in leaving for your inheritance the crown of thorns and the cross?"

On the first Sabbath after I returned, I saw Angela at church. Three years had brought an added loveliness to her face, a more perfect roundness to her figure; and a beautiful dignity had taken the place of her childlike appearance. She recognized me at once, and beckoned me to a seat beside her. It was a front pew in which we sat, and as the afternoon sun streamed through the beautiful stained windows of the church, it shone goldenly upon the large tablet beside the pulpit. As it rose up steadily, it illuminated with brilliant light the words inscribed thereon, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" Stealing onward and upward, it dwelt a brief moment on the sentence above the prayer, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." I saw Angela's face flush with emotion as she looked upon the divine words; and when I afterwards saw her reverently accepting the sacred symbols of communion, I felt that the promise of her pure and beautiful childhood was fulfilled.

I visited her home, and found her as dutious and obedient as ever; as much the light and blessing of that home as when she sat as the May Queen on her flower-strewn throne. We are apt to think of such beings, that their lives must pass away like "the light and the loveliness of a song;" that sorrow and suffering cannot come over the charmed circle which surrounds them. Alas! there is no life, however beautiful, that the angel of affliction does not overshadow with its wings.

The Woodworths, with some other friends, had planned an excursion to the Highlands, a fine place, a few miles distant, and every preparation, which taste and fancy could suggest, was made to meet the festive occasion. Servants were sent on before, to have everything in order for a collation, which was to be enjoyed in a rustic arbor formed by the overhanging trees. Immense masses of ivy and wild grapes lay heavily overhead, while fast by ran a stream whose pure waters supplied the table with its icy coolness. Around this spring grew flowers of every hue that bloom in our American forests; while the many colored mosses hid the roughnesses of the huge rocks, and contrasted finely with the deep, rich emerald of the grass.

In this delicious spot we passed the long summer day, and when the twilight deepened into evening, the horses were brought round, and we started off under the quiet starlight. We had a wild road to pass over—for a railroad had superseded the necessity of keeping the other in very good condition, and we found it imperative upon all our party to keep in the very middle of the rough patch we were in. In carriages, it would have been impossible to get along at all with only starlight to show the deficiencies of the road; and when, as was frequently the case, we passed through dense, forest like paths, we were obliged to trust wholly to the instincts of our horses, which carried us wherever they would, without any guide from our hands.

We had nearly reached the railroad crossing before we heard the cars, and we agreed that no horse should be allowed to pass under the arch until the train had got completely over the course; a vain precaution, it seemed, for at the moment that the whistle was heard, the horses started in affright, and ran galloping through the arch. It was a heavy train, which took several minutes before it could pass over. Mr. Woodworth was the last rider, and he was shouting gaily to his wife and daughter who had just passed him, when they heard a terrible crash just behind. He had fallen from the horse, the animal becoming frightened, probably, from the sound of the cars directly overhead, and before he could be extricated life was gone.

It would be cruel to attempt painting the distress, not only of the half distracted mother and daughter, but of the rest of the party at this termination of the day which had promised and attained so much enjoyment. It was not until weeks afterwards that they realized the bitter meaning of their sorrow. The excitement consequent upon this event, the crowds of friends who came, the necessary forms of law, and the unavoidable meetings with business people, which in cases like theirs always come between a deep grief and the actual realization of it, all helped to keep down and stifle the tears, the heavy sobs, the terrible certainty, which can only be fully known, when the mourners can sit down by the deserted hearth and look tearfully and tremblingly into the face of the phantom which stands there in place of the beloved whom he has sent away.

Mrs. Woodworth and Angela were alone in the world, as far as any tie of relationship of a near character existed, except indeed, that she knew that her husband had sometimes answered letters from a brother and sister who resided in a distant State. That there was something pain-

ful connected with them, she believed fully, from the memory which she had of his always appearing sad and gloomy whenever a letter arrived from this source, and she had often noticed that his answers contained money. To these relatives Mrs. Woodworth deemed it proper to announce the death of her husband; and the announcement brought her two visitors the next week, with whose presence she could easily have dispensed.

Hiram Woodworth, the brother, was a hard, cold, savage looking man, and Mrs. Woodworth had great difficulty in reconciling the fact of his near relationship with one so manly, handsome and amiable as her husband. From the sister, equally hard and cold, she shrank with even greater dislike. Angela tried hard to conquer her own and her mother's feelings; but it was impossible to like them, and their presence was a constant source of annoyance and irritation.

The first question asked by both brother and sister was, "How much did Charles leave?" The second was, "Where is it invested?" Sad as she felt, Mrs. Woodworth knew instinctively that these were queries which no one except those whom she legally consulted had a right to put to her; and her temper was roused sufficiently to give them an answer which she thought would effectually silence them.

Nothing, however, could ever put down Mr. Hiram Woodworth, and he attacked Angela on the subject whenever he could find her alone. Neither was the sister at all delicate, and frequently she would ask her if she intended doing anything for a living, now that her father was dead. Nor did Angela's quickly dropping tears seem to suggest to her that the subject was one that should, at present, be interdicted.

Mr. Woodworth had retired from business two years before his death, and his property was nearly all invested in stock in a city bank. There, of course, it was his widow's intention to let it remain at present; but she declined all conversation with her new relations; and after the first week she kept them at a distance by confining herself principally to her own chamber. Hiram lounged about the house, making himself perfectly at home, inspecting the premises, and calculating the cost of all his late brother's improvements. Judith Woodworth, the sister, made herself equally busy with the domestic department. There was not a closet nor drawer that did not undergo her searching process; and her fingers ached sorely to get at the keys of desks and boxes which were locked. Once Angela found her fumbling with a bunch of keys, which she had taken from her own

pocket, at the lock of Mr. Woodworth's private desk, which stood in a small room adjoining the parlor. She rushed forward to protect it from being opened, and calling a servant she ordered it to be taken to her mother's chamber. She was unwilling to tell her mother how much she was annoyed by these things, and yet she could not do otherwise. The still, quiet kind of life which the Woodworths had always led, made them unusually open to annoyances of such a nature. The three had made a home which could not be invaded from without, unless special permission had been granted; and now, when everything which had belonged to the beloved husband and father had assumed a new sacredness in their eyes, it was too painful to have a stranger's hand intermeddling with the precious relics.

It was odd enough to see Judith Woodworth going about the house and directing the old and long-tried servants, who knew perfectly their mistress's ways, and whom she had always trusted implicitly. To the cook she would give a smart lesson upon wastefulness; and even while, for a moment, the kitchen would be vacated, she would hunt up something in their absence for which to scold them on their return.

"I would not leave you, ma'am," said Andrews, a man who had been in the family for seven years, "but I cannot stand this man—" (He could not bring his lips to say Mr. Woodworth—the name was too dear). "He has ordered me to do everything different from what I was told before—before—"

Poor fellow! he broke down here, and the tears ran down his withered cheek, which he wiped away with the back of his brown hand.

"You must not think of leaving us," said Mrs. Woodworth. "I will see that you have nothing more to complain of."

Roused by the murmurs which continually met her ear, Mrs. Woodworth resolved, if possible, to put an end to this terrible visit, which she felt, like Andrews, that she could not "stand." She sent for Hiram and Judith to meet her in the little room, from which everything belonging to her husband had been removed. She had herself furnished a suite of mourning for the sister, but even now she was dressed in the same colors as before Mr. Woodworth's death. Judith Woodworth was between forty and fifty. Her form was hard, stiff and angular. There were the faint traces of former beauty in her face, but it had so long remained covered by the crust which worldliness and avarice had hardened there, that they were nearly obliterated.

She sat down close by Hiram, as if to prop up

his courage in facing Mrs. Woodworth. Their embarrassment was mingled with a sort of defiance, for it was evident that they expected some kind of rebuff. Mrs. Woodworth commenced by saying to Hiram, "It is now two weeks since my husband left me, and the brief visit which I supposed his relatives would make has extended to this time. I have some arrangements to make which concern only myself and my daughter. Any stranger would hinder and trouble us in these, and as the occasion has gone by which demanded your presence, it would be considered a greater favor to leave us together than to remain. You will excuse me, therefore, if I say that I have ordered a carriage to take you and your sister to the station to-morrow morning."

"Well, that is cool," said Hiram, with a coarse laugh. "You will find, my lady, that we are not so easily put away from our own brother's house. When we got the despatch, we paid up our board with our furniture, thinking you would of course want a man to superintend about here. I don't suppose you grudge sister Judith a home here, do you?"

"I do not grudge you anything," said Mrs. Woodworth; "but you must distinctly understand that my home must be sacred from intrusion of any kind, and that you cannot come here again. Your conduct demands thus much, and I hope you will not force me to repeat what it has been painful but necessary to utter."

"Fine talking, ma'am, but not to the purpose. If we go away from your house, we shall take board round here somewhere; so you might as well have us here as in the next house."

"Go where you will," said Mrs. Woodworth, "but leave me."

"Surely, you will not distress my mother in this way," said Angela, softly. "You do not consider how much she has suffered."

"It is very rude in you, miss, to talk to your uncle in this way," said Judith Woodworth. "Girls were better taught in my time than to talk thus to people of his age."

Angela winced painfully at the word "uncle," and when Hiram addressed her mother as "sister Woodworth," Mrs. Woodworth absolutely grew faint.

"Never mind, Judith," said the man, "we can take some rooms at the hotel; and I am mistaken if the people round here don't talk enough about it to make them ashamed of turning us away."

"No, sir," said Mrs. Woodworth, "even that would not be so disagreeable as your presence here." And rising, she left the room, unable to bear the scene any longer.

The carriage was at the door the next morning, and Hiram seized the opportunity to ride round the town, and interrogate the driver as to his brother's property. The man was one whom the family frequently employed, and as Hiram told him of the relationship existing, he pointed out to him everything which he knew that the late Mr. Woodworth possessed; and finding his hearer interested, he drove round to a factory which he had established several years before his death, and which was said to be a great investment. It had so happened that Mr. Woodworth had privately sold his interest in this factory to a friend, who, for reasons of his own, did not wish the purchase publicly talked of; and the conveyance was made on a certain day of the preceding month.

As Hiram found that no attention was paid to his wants in the house, he hired rooms at the hotel opposite, for himself and sister, where they could overlook Mrs. Woodworth's house. In hiring the rooms, he mentioned Mrs. Woodworth's name as security. So glad was she to get them out of her own house that she would have willingly paid their board rather than to see them there. What a feeling of relief she experienced when she could sit down with no one save Angela! It was so much satisfaction—mournful as it was—to talk together of the departed; and how hard they tried to talk of him as he had often expressed a wish that they should speak of him, should he be taken from them. Only a few weeks before he died, he had said to his wife: "When I am gone, Mary, if I should be called away before you, do not sit down and mourn for me; but gather all things pleasant about you and Angela, and think that I shall be with you in our home, watching, guarding, and loving you as well as ever—nay, better than ever." And it was thus that she tried to think of him, but it was too early in her grief-life, and she could only mingle her tears with her daughter. Now, indeed, did the daughter wear her character of Angel. She comforted and consoled her mother, recalling her father's words, and repeating the many promises which the Bible affords to the widowed and fatherless ones of earth.

One evening Mrs. Woodworth was more than usually depressed, and Angela had tried every method in her power to raise her spirits, and to give her consolation and strength. A loud ring at the door disturbed their conversation, and Mr. Hiram Woodworth and a stranger entered. As they pressed into the room before the servant, Mrs. Woodworth had no time to be denied. Without waiting for the ceremony of an intro-

duction, the stranger commenced speaking of Mr. Woodworth's family concerns. Amazed at this impertinence on the part of one unknown to her, she asked explanation in tones that could leave him no doubt as to her opinion of him.

"There is no need of saying anything unpleasant about this affair, madam," said the stranger. "Mr. Hiram Woodworth, with a delicate regard to your feelings, which, he declares, is scarcely to be expected after your treatment of him, has commissioned me to say to you, before carrying the matter into public notice, that he has in his possession a will written for your late husband by myself, and signed with his own handwriting, and which was, in all probability, the last act of the kind in which he was engaged."

Astonishment kept Mrs. Woodworth perfectly silent, and her visitor proceeded to inform her that he was a lawyer, that he had an office in a neighboring town, and that on the last day of the month of July, Mr. Woodworth came into his office, and asked him to draw up an instrument, purporting to be his will, in which instrument he made a large provision for his brother and sister, in consideration, as he stated, of his love and affection for them. This provision, he informed Mrs. Woodworth, embraced large portions of real estate, and covered in fact almost the whole of her husband's possessions.

Mr. Hiram Woodworth here dropped a few words, expressive of his regret in thus disappointing her expectations of enjoying her husband's entire property; but stating that it was his intention, in pursuance of the counsel given him by his friend and legal adviser, Mr. Callow, then present, to prosecute the affair to the uttermost; that he had already taken steps to prove the will, and that this announcement must be considered as definitive on his part.

Mrs. Woodworth rose hastily and left the room. Angela remained, but showed evident impatience to be gone. The visitors having accomplished their errand, departed, and her mother returned to the room to talk over the matter. That her husband had ever performed this strange action Mrs. Woodworth would not for a moment believe; but how to circumvent this plan of well-concerted villany was the question. The mother and daughter wearied painfully over it until long past midnight, and woke to new anxieties and trouble.

Mrs. Woodworth sent for a friend who was well versed in the law, but who had given up practice. To him she confided her troubles and her suspicions, and he promised aid and counsel as circumstances might require. Angela, who had always loved and revered Mr. Allerton

and his wife, whose friendship it had been her father's pride and happiness to possess, comforted her mother with the hope that with such a friend she would succeed in crushing the plan which had been formed to injure her.

Occasionally Miss Judith Woodworth would come in upon their retirement, without ceremony, and whenever she came she tried to inflict a new sting. The coolness with which she was received almost maddened her, and she lost no opportunity of making some sarcastic or impertinent allusion to the anticipated loss of their property. She made a friend of an ancient maiden, who had taken up her residence at the hotel, and to her she confided all the slights which she fancied Mrs. Woodworth and Angela bestowed upon her. Miss Jerusha Wigglesworth having never obtained an entrance to the house of Woodworth, satisfied her spleen thereat by listening complacently and then suggesting new sources of annoyance to the family.

Slowly, slowly went away the summer. The garden was as beautiful as ever in its summer beauty; the trees were as green in their luxuriance; sunrise and sunset were as gorgeous as ever; but he, who had lightened all their cares and increased all their joys, was gone! "Not lost, but gone before, dear mother," said Angela. Her faith was so strong that the ascended spirit could know and sympathize with her grief, that it actually lightened it. To feel that he was ever near them, watching and loving, took half the sting of death away.

Every day they were expecting to have the matter of the will made public; but it was full three months after Mr. Woodworth's death before they knew anything beyond the visit of Hiram and his lawyer. The crisis came, however, and as there was no rebutting testimony, the will which Callow produced in favor of his client was considered valid.

Hiram's first act was to warn Mrs. Woodworth from the house. This was the hardest of all. In vain she tried to attain the fortitude necessary to enable her to bear this trial. Here she had passed so many happy years with her husband; here Angela was born, the comforter which Heaven had kindly sent to bless her in this very hour of affliction; here she hoped to pass her declining years;—and now to leave it! to have the rooms which were consecrated to her by the memory of her husband profaned by him who she knew was unjustly depriving her of her home, without the power, on her part, of resistance.

Autumn was approaching. Leaves had found their "time to fall," and the mornings and even-



ings were cool, demanding the comfort of a fire. Mrs. Woodworth remembered how intensely her husband had enjoyed the first bright wood fires, sparkling and glowing upon the hearth. She remembered the generous gifts of fuel to the poor and needy with which he had marked the season; and her heart swelled and her eyes filled with tears as she watched the fitful gleam of the fire as it brightened the twilight hour.

Angela sat by the window, against which a shower of leaves had fallen from her father's favorite English olive tree. Hiram Woodworth passed from the hotel across the street, and came to the door with an air of vulgar importance. He entered, and said to Mrs. Woodworth, who sat by the fire, absorbed in sad musings, "Well, ma'am, I trust you are preparing to remove from this house. My sister is quite tired of boarding, and as the winter is approaching we want to get settled. I suppose you have a house engaged. I understand there are several houses to be rented in town quite cheap for small families. There is one on the street, half a mile below this, with a shop in it. If you should think of doing any business it will be very nice for you."

"You will oblige me if you will not make any allusion to my affairs, sir," said Mrs. Woodworth, with dignity. "You have already interfered quite too much. I shall remove as soon as possible from your vicinity, until which time your presence will be considered an intrusion."

"Very fine, indeed, ma'am! I am sorry that I did not have the pleasure of your acquaintance before my brother died. I should have given him some lessons to bring down your pride, I am thinking. Every time I see you I think what a fool he must have been to give you the upper hand. If you had married me, I should have kept you down a great deal better."

"Leave my house," said Mrs. Woodworth; "your presence is hateful to me. I will not hear my husband spoken of by one who is unworthy of his name."

"My house, ma'am, if you please. Natural enough, when you have said it so long, too; but please to remember my claims."

Mrs. Woodworth sank into the chair, almost fainting. She was wrought up almost to agony beyond endurance; and Angela, roused by her mother's distress, with a strength hitherto unknown, pushed the intruder from the room as he stood by the door, and hastily locked it.

"And now, dearest mother, what on earth shall we do? Hard indeed as it will be, do you not think that we had better remove from the house, where you will be freed from the presence of this man?"

"Perhaps so; and yet it is so bitter!"

"True, dear mother; and yet is it not best to meet these things bravely—to look everything in the face?—and where evil is inevitable, endeavor to bear it with fortitude?"

"Yes, my daughter, I feel that it is so, and yet I have not courage to act upon my conviction. Still I will try, for your sake, to do what I ought in this matter. Let us then find some place to-morrow, if possible, where we may live in peace."

Mr. Allerton—Mrs. Woodworth's friend—was sitting at home on the evening when the above scene took place, and talking to his wife of the unpleasant circumstances under which the Woodworth family were suffering. Mrs. Allerton's sympathies were awakened at once, for Mrs. Woodworth and daughter had stood very high in her estimation, and she sincerely regretted the change in their prospects. While they were speaking, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, their next door neighbors, came in to pass the evening.

"We were just talking of Mrs. Woodworth," said Mr. Allerton. "As you have been absent so many weeks, Mr. Dunbar, perhaps you may not have heard of her unfortunate case."

"No, indeed. Nothing serious, I trust?"

"Nothing less than the loss of nearly all her fortune."

"You surprise me. Why, I thought Mr. Woodworth was very wealthy. I had no idea when he sold me the factory that he was so reduced."

"Sold you the factory! My dear fellow, are you serious? Did you purchase the factory of Mr. Woodworth?"

"I did; although it is the first time that I have mentioned the purchase to any one."

"When was this purchase made, Mr. Dunbar?"

"On the eighteenth of July. I had some reasons for not having it known at the time, and probably he never mentioned the transaction, as it was only a week or two before he died, and I have been absent a part of the time since then. It is likely, too—although I did not think of it before—that Mrs. Woodworth placed it upon the schedule which was carried into probate."

"On the eighteenth of July.—Excuse me a moment, Mr. Dunbar; I will be back instantly."

He took his hat and went immediately to Mrs. Woodworth's, where he found her and her daughter talking over the painful subject of removal. As soon as he entered, he inquired if they could remember the date of the will as stated by the friend of Hiram Woodworth.

"O, distinctly," said Angela, "he said twice that father came in on the last day of July, and that it was on that day that the will was drawn up."

Mr. Allerton executed a great flourish, shook Mrs. Woodworth by the hand, and whirled Angela round the room until his friends thought him insane.

"Capital! Let him come on with the will! My dear lady, they cannot touch a hair of your head! You are as safe in your house as I am in mine! My friend Woodworth would have been the last man to have sold a possession on the eighteenth of July, and then have distinctly named it in a will on the thirty-first."

This was conclusive evidence enough, and calling in a neighboring lawyer, and sending for Mrs. Allerton and the Dunbars, they passed the evening in talking over what was best to be done. The result was that the parties were arrested for forgery on the following morning, although Mrs. Woodworth begged hard for Hiram to be allowed to escape.

There was a feeling of relief blended with sorrow in the hearts of Angela and her mother at the termination of this affair. Relief that they were to remain in the home so dearly beloved, and sorrow at the wickedness which prompted a bad heart to seek to deprive them of its possession.

It is now a year since this event took place, and my Angel is as worthy of her name as when she wore the May crown; as pure, as lovely, and as dutiful.

Time, "the healer of wounds and drier of tears," has brought comfort and healing on his wings. The truest mourners never forget that

"It is better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

And no season ever cometh which does not give back the dead to memory; to remembrances, not sad but sweet. Even these mourners could utter the beautiful sentiment:

"Even for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief; death cannot long divide,  
For is it not as if the rose had climbed  
My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side?"

#### INSANITY.

A gentleman passing along the streets of London, not long ago, was suddenly accosted by an entire stranger thus: "Did you ever thank God that you had never lost your mind?"

"Really," replied the gentleman, as soon as he recovered from the surprise which the circumstance excited, "I cannot say that I ever did."

"You ought to, for I have lost mine," said the strange interrogator, as he passed rapidly on, and was soon lost in the living tide which ceaselessly flows along the "Strand."—*Bizarre*.

#### TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Come, simular of Joy, thy baleful hand  
Spread, Disappointment, o'er these blooming flowers!  
Come, that approach'dst me with sweet aspect bland,  
Fair, winning smile, and voice of happy hours!  
Come, fend malignant! thy foul form reveal,  
Thy dark, cold features, flinty bosom, own;  
Show thy hard hand, that to the wretch can deal  
For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone:  
Come, thou shalt me, against thy will, befriend:  
And, whilst thou shak'st each pillar of my heart,  
And, whilst thou wouldst hope's straining cables rend,  
Thou shalt a steady industry impart!  
Inspire my idle pen—new nerve my force,  
And send me—victor o'er thee—on my course.

#### IDA ELMORE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARISSA MANLEY.

"THANKSGIVING! Why should I keep it? For what have I to give thanks? I am alone in the world, bereft of friends, defrauded of every dollar I possessed. The winter has come, and I am without fuel, without warm clothing, without the most common comforts of life. Thanksgiving indeed! If I do not get money in a few days to pay my rent, I shall be turned into the street. I cannot get work enough to obtain a sufficiency of food, of the cheapest and plainest sort, such food as even beggars scorn.

"This morning a poor woman solicited charity of me who never knows what it is to have enough to eat. She told a piteous tale of the suffering of herself and child, and although I could not aid her otherwise, I resolved to share my scanty breakfast, my sole daily meal with her. I was very hungry, but I thought, 'here is one in greater need than myself,' and set before her the whole of my breakfast. She did not seem to relish it; but after eating a few mouthfuls left it, and took her departure, saying she did not like corn bread. Not like corn bread! I should be glad to get enough of it or anything else. I was not so fastidious, but eagerly ate what she rejected. I was at first vexed with her, but I suppose she had seldom or never received so poor an answer to her petition for food; but I can now excuse her lack of appetite for what must have appeared to her a poor apology for a breakfast.

"It consisted of a thin cake of dry corn bread, and a cup of hot liquid which by courtesy I call tea; but as the proportion of leaves to water is very small, it is only a distant relation of the drink which so exhilarated the sweet poet, Cowper, and which is said to have such wonderful effect in unloosing the tongues and brightening the memory and invention of scandal-loving ladies.

"The kind colored woman, who occupies the other part of this poor dwelling, has just brought me a cup of *real* tea. She saw me looking dejected, and supposing I had a headache, prepared it for me. I need not say it was acceptable. Its fragrance did me good before I tasted it. I drank, and it seemed to remove a world of care. I had felt in such a despairing mood that I had begun to question the sinfulness of suicide. What had I to live for? Indeed, *how* was I to live? Would it be better to die of starvation, enduring the sharp and bitter pains which accompanied such a death—for I know by experience the gnawing, restless, miserable feelings attendant on hunger—or end life by some lethargic draught that would lull me to a repose never to be broken again in this world?"

"But these gloomy thoughts faded as I drank, and when I had taken another cup, and some bread and butter which she brought me, they vanished altogether. I did not feel so desolate; I had at least one well wisher, and Aunt Milly's kindness did me almost as much good as her tea. I reproached myself with ingratitude to God. I had said I had nothing to be thankful for. I thought of the thousands who were suffering pain and anguish, some of body, some of mind. I enjoyed health, I was in full possession of all my faculties. True, I was poor, miserably poor, but I might have been even worse off. I might have been ill. I might have had the consciousness of guilt and wrong, in addition to poverty, to weigh me down.

"God forgive me! I will endeavor to keep Thanksgiving in my heart, at least, if in no other way. I will try to force my mind for that one day, from anxiety and despondency. I will look at the bright side of things, and hope for the best. And now about the rent. I will sell my ring, my dear brother's last gift. It is hard to give it up, but it must be done; there is no other way, and this debt must be paid."

Ida Elmore had accompanied her brother, her only relation, to the city of A—a few years previous. He had commenced business under very favorable auspices. His own and his sister's property, which was in cash, enabled him to undertake a large business. They had been in A—but a short time when he died. His partner continued the business professedly for her benefit, but eventually wronged her out of every dollar. When she found herself thus defrauded, she applied to some of her brother's friends to interest themselves in her behalf; but, although justice was on her side, yet, as the decision of law was very uncertain, and she had no money to fee lawyers, they might be losers, and

they declined to advance the necessary means. Shy and sensitive, she shrank from further efforts, but still hoped that a sense of justice might yet induce the wrong doers to restore her at least a part of the property, but this hope had proved vain.

Unaccustomed to act for herself, she knew not what course to pursue; and being repulsed in her efforts to obtain justice, she hesitated to ask advice from strangers, and withdrew from society altogether.

The money in her possession vanished rapidly in board and other expenses. She sold her watch and other valuables, and, thinking it would be cheaper to rent a room, did so, and endeavored by sewing to support herself. She could not earn much, barely sufficient to pay her rent and supply her with food.

She had retrenched her expenses in every possible way, but times grew harder, provisions grew dearer, rents were raised higher, and work got scarcer. She had diminished her weekly allowance of food, and used the scantiest supply of fuel. Her clothing was mended and altered in every possible way to make it last. But the rent! No economy, no self-denial, no retrenchment would avail with it. It was a fixed amount to be paid at a stated time. She might choose to go without food two days in the week, she might rap herself up and so spare her fuel, but time was inexorable; the days and weeks would roll on, pay day would come. She scrupulously set aside the requisite portion of each week's earnings for this purpose, and with the remainder, bought her cheap and simple food. Sometimes this was barely sufficient to sustain life, but she dared not encroach on the rent.

A week had passed without work, and the rent would be due two days after Thanksgiving. What was she to do? No wonder she was troubled. No wonder her nerves were unstrung. But Aunt Milly's cup of tea revived her spirits and inspired her with more hopeful feelings.

There had been at one time a mania for speculating in lots in a western town, and at the suggestion of an acquaintance who was going there, she had invested a small sum in this embryo city. It had proved a failure. Melrose, which had promised to eclipse New York, never advanced beyond a small village. Those who had speculated largely were glad to sell out at half price, although those who had actually settled there, still indulged in dreams of its future greatness.

Her brother, considering that her investment was small, did not sell out, although he gave Mr. Chester power to do so if he could advantage-

geously. Now, in her urgent need, if she could realize even a small sum for it, she would be satisfied. Fifty dollars would supply her most pressing wants through this dreaded winter, and enable her to plan something for future support. She resolved to write at once to Mr. Chester, the agent who had bought for her.

The ring was sold, the rent secured, and money enough left to purchase a small supply of coal, and some provisions for Thanksgiving for herself, and the poor old black woman, who offered to cook her dinner for that day. She resolved to go to church, and then overlooked her wardrobe; it was scanty enough, but she was a skillful needlewoman, and altered and arranged her bonnet and dress to suit the prevailing mode, as nearly as she could. The day before Thanksgiving she swept and dusted her poor apartment with more than usual care, and placed the shabby furniture to the best advantage; it was so very shabby that it seemed lost labor to attempt to improve it, and she felt discouraged, but she promised herself not to give way to gloom, at least not until after Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day came, and attiring herself with unusual care, she took her way to church. The song of praise sounded sweetly in her ear, the Scripture lesson read cheered her heart, and the eloquent sermon which followed, raised her mind above her own cares, and strengthened her in the resolution to battle against despair, and put her trust in God.

When she came home, she thought her room did not look quite cheerless. The fire burned brightly, the little table was spread with a snowy white though coarse cloth, and although there was no display of plate and China, yet the Britannia forks and spoons had been so highly polished by herself the day before, that they might have been mistaken for silver.

Aunt Milly had managed admirably with the small sum appropriated to the dinner, and soon set it on the table smoking hot. It was a feast indeed to the poor, starved lady, and she sat down to it with a thankful heart. It consisted of a tempting dish of beefsteak, one of mashed potatoes, one of hominy, and a loaf of beautiful wheat bread. Then for dessert there was an apple-pie with cream-sauce. When had she sat down to such a meal? But this was not all; for after the old woman removed the dinner things, she brought in a tray with tea, cream and sugar, and a plate of delicious sweet cakes of her own manufacture.

The services of the morning at church, and at home the comfortable fire, the abundant meal, the exhilarating, cheering tea, and the determin-

ation she had made to combat despondency, had effected such a change in her countenance that she scarcely seemed the same creature.

Hope is almost as great a beautifier as happiness, and when Milly came in after a while to ask her to read a chapter in the Bible to her, she was astonished at the change. She had looked upon her as a feeble, suffering creature, ill calculated to struggle with adversity and hardship, and as such had pitied her; but now, she saw a pleasant, cheerful woman, with a smile on her lip, and hope in her eye, and had she been told that this lady had been called the beautiful Miss Elmore, in her native city, she would not have doubted it. She, however, had only known her as the poor, lonely white lady, who had now suddenly grown handsome on Thanksgiving day; and handsome indeed she looked, as she sat by her cheerful fire on that autumnal afternoon.

She wore a dark, merino dress, with wide, hanging sleeves, under which were thin muslin ones, finished at the wrists with deep, full frills; a neat muslin collar fastened by a bow of crimson ribbon encircled her white throat, and gave to the rather grave dress a cheerful appearance.

For the first time for many months, she had arranged her fine hair with taste; and beautifully its dark, glossy braids contrasted with the crimson blossoms which she had placed in its glossy folds. Her face was thin, but there was a little color in her cheeks, generally so pale and careworn. Her large brown eyes, usually so languid and despondent in expression, now looked radiant; and Milly thought she was beautiful.

And so thought another person that day, one who had seen her at church, and who thought he had never seen so interesting a countenance. Her attention had been so occupied with the services and with her own thoughts, that she had not seen the look of admiration with which he regarded her, nor did she know that when he afterwards joined a large party in one of the most elegant houses in the city, that all the display of beauty, enhanced by velvet, and satins, and jewels, could not obliterate the vision of the fair pale face, with deep, earnest eyes, in which hope and sadness seemed to contend for a mastery.

She indulged herself with the luxury of an entertaining literary paper, and in the perusal of its varied contents expected to spend a pleasant evening. She had been so long chained down to the dull and cheerless realities of life, battling for food and shelter, that she had had neither time, inclination, nor means for mental luxury; but now a new world seemed opening to her view. The story she had been reading was one of trials and hardships, but the strong will, and

the cheerful heart, with the firm reliance on Providence, had triumphed over all obstacles; and she felt encouraged and strengthened in her resolution to try every plan she had formed, until she had succeeded, or until there was no hope. The glow of pleasure was on her cheek, and the brightness of hope in her eye when the old woman entered.

The chapter was read, some cheerful conversation ensued, and she was left alone. Alone, but not lonely, for she had a pleasant companion for the evening in her paper.

The next day she went to the post-office. It was hardly time to expect an answer, but there was a letter for her with the Melrose post mark. She opened and read it. A railroad had enhanced the value of land considerably. Mr. Chester had sold a part of hers to the railroad company, and now sent her a check for the amount, a thousand dollars. He had written to her several times, but directing to her former place of residence, had not received any answer. If she wished he could sell the remainder, but would not advise her to do so. Melrose was a very pleasant place, she would probably like to settle there, and she could build to advantage. She must come and spend the winter there, and then she could decide about her lots. His wife, who was an old acquaintance, joined cordially in the invitation.

A thousand dollars! Could it be possible that she who hardly knew how she should get her next meal, now held a thousand dollars in her hand? It seemed almost beyond belief. She felt richer than when she had been mistress of twenty times that amount. Then she did not know the value of money, because she had never felt the need of it, but now—

What plans she formed, as she walked from the banker's where she got her check cashed. She would accept the invitation so kindly and pressingly given by her former friend; and at least spend the Christmas holidays with them; and if she liked Melrose, build a small house on her own land, and live in humble independence. No more to dread the visit of the landlord. No more to wish for night, that she might forget the pangs of hunger in sleep; for in that fertile western country, the necessities of life were so cheap as to be within the reach of all, and she had learned to do without the superfluities. O yes, she would go.

She walked with a light step, and a happy countenance. Her plain dress did not give her a moment's uneasiness, although she had formerly shrunk from the real or fancied contempt with which the butterflies of fashion regarded her

humble and well-worn garments. Now she could admire the splendid dresses of the ladies, without contrasting them with her own; she was hardly conscious of the difference.

She felt so happy, she wanted everybody to participate in her happiness, and first, Aunt Milly must be considered. Her cup of tea had raised her spirits in her deepest dejection, and inspired her with the idea of writing to Melrose. She was very poor, but in her poverty she had thought of her, and shared with her her only luxury. She bought warm clothing for her, and ordered a supply of provisions for the winter. She saw two ragged little fellows looking wistfully in at the tempting cakes in a baker's shop, and inviting them in, made their hearts glad by a bountiful supply. As she came out she dropped her pocket-book, but unconscious of the loss walked on. A gentleman who saw the mishap picked it up, and restored it to her. She was so agitated at the bare idea of losing her newly acquired fortune, that she did not know whether she had thanked him, and turning to express her gratitude, found him earnestly regarding her.

Could he be waiting for a reward? If he had seemed poor, she would gladly have given him substantial proof of her gratitude, but— While she considered, he bowed and passed on. As he pursued his way he received many bows and smiles from the gay ladies who were out in unusual numbers and brilliancy on that beautiful day, and who were proud to acknowledge an acquaintance with Colonel Wentworth, for he was handsome, intelligent, a member of Congress, rich, and a bachelor; but the sweet, hopeful face and lustrous dark eyes of the plainly dressed woman he had just obliged, rendered him proof against all their charms, and he passed on in stoical indifference, or rather in speculating on the probability of seeing her again.

There was nothing to detain her in the city, and as soon as she had replenished her wardrobe, she left for Melrose.

In the cars she met the gentleman who had restored her pocket-book. The recognition was mutual, and when he learned that her destination was Melrose, and that she was alone, he offered to attend to her baggage at the places where they would change, telling her that he lived at a short distance from that town. She found her friends waiting for her at the depot, and she bid adieu to her fellow-traveller.

They both felt sorry when the journey was ended, for each hour had increased the pleasure they felt in each other's society, although neither knew the name of the other, and she was as

much surprised to learn that her agreeable travelling companion was the distinguished Henry Wentworth, the great orator and statesman, as he was to hear that the apparently poor and friendless lady with whom he had fallen in love on Thanksgiving day, was the beautiful Miss Elmore, of whom he had heard so much in C., her native city, but whom he had never seen.

About a mile from the pleasant town of Melrose stands the elegant residence of the Hon. Henry Wentworth.

It is Thanksgiving day, and the mistress of the mansion stands before a tall mirror in a splendid drawing-room, while she twines in her beautiful hair a rare exotic, which her husband has just brought her. Its crimson petals bring to her recollection the simple verberna blossom with which one year ago she had decorated her hair, but under what different circumstances.

Then, the common little looking-glass hung in a poor, mean room, scantily supplied with shabby furniture; it is all distinctly present to her now, the old wooden chairs, the trunk which contained her whole wardrobe, the bed with its coarse covering, the little pine table with its unusual mid day meal, even the tin candlestick on the mantel, all are before her now; and what a contrast to the lofty ceiling, gorgeous carpet, gilded mirrors, velvet sofas, silken curtains, and all the elegances with which wealth guided by taste had adorned the apartment in which she now stood.

The face itself which met her gaze, although the same, was yet different. Then, hope had just begun to dawn in her heart, and there were traces of sorrow and suffering, but now she only saw the reflection of a bright, joyous beauty. Then the face was pale and thin; now it was a perfect oval, and the brilliant rose blended sweetly with the lily, the large dark eyes shone like stars, and the coral lips disclosed teeth like pearls.

She remembered how lonely and desolate she was then, and now, she was the centre of the circle of attached friends, and more than all, the object of the almost idolatrous love of one of the noblest of men.

She had "remembered the poor," at that Thanksgiving season, and many hearts were gladdened by the timely presents of things needful for the occasion, and when she sat down to her own elegant table, she felt happier for the knowledge that through her others had been made happy for that day at least. She did not now ask: "For what have I to give thanks?" but "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits?"

## MR. JONES'S LEGAL ADVICE.

BY PHILIP BROWLEY.

I MAKE NO apology for introducing to the reader without ceremony, Mr. B. Phlatt, and Mr. C. Mandamus Jones. For two reasons, I waive an apology. In the first place, Mr. Phlatt and Mr. Jones were both professional gentlemen of eminent professional skill, whose acquaintance was by no means to be ignored; and in the second place, they were very entertaining young gentlemen, whose acquaintance, I trust, will prove both amusing and instructive.

Mr. B. Phlatt was a musical gentleman—Mr. C. Mandamus Jones a legal one. Mr. Phlatt had taught the gamut until his fortune began to quaver, and though a musical gentleman, seldom fingered a note. Mr. Jones may be said never to have commenced the practice of his profession; in fact, he had been waiting a year and a half for that very purpose, and during this trying professional period, he uniformly seemed to retain his good humor—though nobody evinced any disposition to retain *him*. With the single additional observation that in the course of his harmonious pursuits, Mr. B. Phlatt had encountered a Miss A. Scharpe, who had sent a series of trills across the chords of his too susceptible feelings, I shall introduce the reader into the lodging of Mr. C. M. Jones, where were assembled both of the professional gentlemen I have mentioned.

"Miss Amelia Sharpe has promised to be mine, and she *shall* be mine!" Mr. B. Phlatt observed emphatically.

"There is but one impediment that I can see," replied C. M. Jones, Esq., as he chose to write himself, oracularly; "the objections of old Scharpe are void, since the parties are of legal contracting age."

"What other obstacle can there be?" supplicated B. Phlatt.

Fixing his eyes upon the musical gentleman with an expression of intense penetration, Mr. C. Mandamus Jones earnestly and solemnly ejaculated: "Tin!"

"'Tis true," groaned Mr. Phlatt. "There's old Scharpe wallowing in money, and I haven't a sixpence to run away with his daughter with!"

"Mr. Phlatt!" observed Jones, after a pause.

"Sir!" replied Phlatt.

"Are you aware that there is a way of raising the wind for the exigencies of this crisis?"

"No! For heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Funds, sir, can be raised sufficient, not only to enable you to decamp satisfactorily with Miss

A. Scharpe, but also to reimburse your legal adviser!" continued Jones, with great seriousness.

"How? Keep me not in suspense!"

Mr. C. M. Jones raised his chair and arranged it with great precision within an inch and a half of the one which Mr. Phlatt occupied. He then sat down in it, made a tube of his left hand, and leaning forward applied an end of it to his own mouth and the other to Mr. Phlatt's ear. The communication was long and earnest. Mr. Jones kept his position for five minutes, at the end of which he removed his chair to its original locality, and fixing his eyes upon B. Phlatt, inquired: "What d'ye think of it?"

"Twill do!" replied that individual, ecstatically. \* \* \* \*

The day after the conversation chronicled above, a shabby looking gentleman carrying in his hand a fiddle in a shabby looking green bag, entered the shop of Salvation Scharpe, grocer.

"I want a pound of candles," said the shabby gentleman.

"Here they are," said the obsequious Scharpe. "This is not the kind that burns a little while, and then burns no longer—they always burn!"

"No doubt," said the shabby gentleman. "But what's the price?"

"Two shillings the pound—a mere trifle!"

"I'll take them." And the shabby gentleman began the investigation of his breeches pockets for the two shillings in question. Not twopence rewarded the most patient search. "Good heavens!" he gasped, in intense alarm. "Some one has picked my pocket, or else I have lost my purse! Ah, my friend, you can sympathize with me! It was given to me by my mother. She worked it with her own hands, and gave it to me full of sixpences when I left home a dozen years ago!"

"I am very sorry, but don't trouble yourself, sir—we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the shabby gentleman, still in great agony about the precious purse, "I am just going into the country, and that's why I need the candles. I always use gas in town. If you will do me the favor to take my fiddle as security for the two shillings until I return, I shall never be able to cancel my obligations to you. I only wish that you will hang it up and be exceedingly careful of it, as it is valuable, though not over handsome, and almost as much prized as the purse I have so singularly lost!"

"With all my heart!" was the expression of compliance; and he hung the fiddle conspicuously over the desk where he was in the habit of computing his diurnal gain.

The shabby gentleman vanished, with a pound of very good candles under his arm. \*

Two days after this event, a person entered Mr. Salvation Scharpe's shop and made some trifling purchases. He was a man with a penetrating eye, and a worldly and business-like expression of face. He was dressed too well for a laboring man, and not quite well enough for a professional one. From his general appearance, he might have been taken for a briefless lawyer. Whatever he was, his attention was soon attracted by the fiddle.

"What, my friend! Are you a musician?" he exclaimed.

"O, no," said Mr. Scharpe, with the peculiar self-satisfied and patronizing air of the successful trader. "O, no sir! That instrument is the property of a poor fellow who bought a pound of candles here the other day, and has probably not been able to raise money yet to redeem it."

"Will you do me the favor to let me examine it?" asked the man with the penetrating eye. "I am a connoisseur in these matters!"

The attentive Scharpe carefully unhung the fiddle and passed it over to the gentleman. He turned it over and over, and examined it carefully in every part.

"This is indeed a fine fiddle," said he; "a prodigiously fine fiddle! Did he leave a bow?"

"O, yes," said Scharpe.

The gentleman placed the instrument to his shoulder, and drawing the bow across the strings, produced sounds which for a single moment the grocer was cheated into believing more exquisite than the chinking of coin.

"This must be a Cremona!" observed the gentleman, continuing the exquisite sounds.

"Ah! indeed!" observed S. Scharpe, Esq., without the slightest idea what a Cremona was.

"It is, indeed!"

"The poor fellow told me it was valuable, and requested me to keep it carefully until he called for it."

"Mr. Scharpe," said the man with the penetrating eye, solemnly, "if I were to tell you my opinion of the worth of this fiddle, you would believe me crazy. But I have a proposition to make to you. Here is a check for fifty dollars, for which you can give me a receipt, and if, when that poor fellow returns, you can purchase this fiddle for a hundred dollars, the check I now put into your hands shall be your own!"

"But where shall I find you? How am I to know your address, or—pardon me—trust your credit?" hastily inquired Mr. S. Scharpe—his usual business caution wide awake, in spite of the intense wonder with which he listened.

"True! There is my card!" And with a glance from his penetrating eye, the gentleman passed the card and check for fifty dollars over to the grocer and bade him good morning.

It was with no ordinary emotions that Mr. Scharpe replaced the fiddle upon its nail. Fifty dollars was a commission not to be despised. He formed a thousand plans for entrapping the wretched musician into a sale of the precious instrument for a sum less than the gentleman had named, in order that he might pocket somewhat more than the fifty dollars bonus. The avaricious grocer was in the midst of these reflections, when the owner of the fiddle came hastily into the shop.

"Here are your two shillings, sir, and now will you be kind enough to return my fiddle, which I perceive still hangs where you so carefully deposited it!"

"Ah, I am delighted to see you!" replied Mr. Scharpe, not forgetting, in his delight, to sweep the shillings into his money drawer. "I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you!"

"Then I must beg you to be quick, sir, for a gentleman is waiting to hear me practise upon my fiddle. If it suits him, he will advance me a hundred dollars upon it, and you may be assured I would not lose such an opportunity, although I value every string on it at double that."

This remark rather nonplussed Mr. Scharpe, who was fondly hoping the man was himself unconscious of the value of the precious article.

"But, my dear sir," he said, rather hastily, "I can procure you a purchaser for that amount, unconditionally!"

"Indeed!" said the shabby man, carelessly.

"I assure you I can," replied Salvation Scharpe. And he detailed with great eloquence the liberal offer which the gentleman with the penetrating eye had made—omitting, however, to mention the brokerage he was to receive.

"It is impossible! You see," said the shabby musician, "I might pledge my fiddle, raise the hundred dollars, and invest it, while you are looking round town for the gentleman who, you say, to-day made that proposition. O, no—I prefer a certainty to an expectancy! Have the goodness to pass me my fiddle, sir!"

"But I have his card!" earnestly pleaded Scharpe, beginning to perspire, as the outlines of the commission began to grow more shadowy.

"He may be from home, or out of town, or perhaps not in existence. O, no, I must have my fiddle, and I beg you not to detain me longer! Indeed, you would not wish me to take the risk you mention, when I might in all probability have disposed of the instrument before now, if you had not kept me trifling here!"

The acute Scharpe now began to be very fearful that the fifty dollars' commission would escape him. He resolved, therefore, on a bold venture. He determined to add fifty dollars to the check which the gentleman had given, and make the purchase on his own account—relying on his principal to reimburse him.

"Wait one moment," said he, "and you shall have the hundred dollars!"

The musician hesitated, reluctant to part with his cherished fiddle. He surveyed it tenderly, and finally, thus apostrophizing it, delivered it over:

"It is my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence! But I must now leave thee forever, and thou, who hast long been the solace of thy master, must now become his support!"

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched man, his hand faltered as he delivered the fiddle to the triumphant Scharpe, and having received from him ten ten-dollar notes (he refused to take the check), he hurried from the shop of the grocer in a very melancholy state of mind.

He had proceeded scarcely half a dozen blocks, when he turned a corner and confronted the gentleman with the penetrating eye, who had made the extravagant offer to Mr. Salvation Scharpe, and who was none other than C. M. Jones, Esq.

"Is he done, Phlatt?" he inquired sententiously.

"He is," replied the wretched musician, Mr. B. Phlatt; "for a hundred; there they are!" presenting the notes.

"How much was the fiddle worth?" inquired Jones, taking the ten tens.

"It was a very good Dutch fiddle, and cost eight shillings, sixpence!"

"There it is," observed the methodical Jones, having changed one of the tens at a butcher's stall. There is the eight and six, which is your due, since it was your loss. It leaves just ninety-eight dollars, seven shillings, sixpence profit, to be distributed between yourself and your legal adviser. For legal advice, I receive forty-nine dollars, three shillings, ninepence, which leaves you just an equal sum with which to run away with Miss A. Scharpe, which I advise you immediately to do; and if old Scharpe knocks you down, come to me and I'll commit him for assault and battery, for half the damages!"

Mr. B. Phlatt was perfectly satisfied. According to the legal advice of Mr. Jones, he ran away, the next day, with Miss A. Scharpe, and was married.

The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw Mr. Salvation Scharpe into convulsions.



## THE STUDENT'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

It was a week before commencement at Dartmouth. A rap at the door of one of the students' rooms, and its inmate hastily but quietly folded a manuscript which he had been studying intently by the light of his lamp, and turned the key of a trunk upon it, before answering the summons. "I know who's there," was legible on his finely chiselled lips, which first curved unpleasantly, then settled themselves almost as rigidly as those of a statue.

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond—will you come in?"

"Good evening, Lyle—thank you."

The visitor, Edgar Raymond, advanced to a seat, while Wordsworth Lyle returned to the one he had quitted. The young men, face to face across a writing-table, in the moment of silence that ensued, appeared in striking contrast. Lyle had the slender frame and thin, pale cheek, which characterize mental temperament greatly predominating. His eyes, of hazel blue, which always from the declamation platform sent flashes over the hall like the radiations of a double Koh-i-noor, were now dropped partially; and, could you have met them full, you could have read in them no more of his thoughts than of the concealed manuscript through the lock of the trunk at his suspended left hand. Raymond's figure was firm as a young oak, his complexion dark—eyes and hair intensely black, his expression, perhaps, slightly sinister, yet eminently active and companionable. Fowler would never have given him small self-esteem nor large benevolence; and still his chart would as a whole have been one he might be proud to exhibit.

These two, born to positions as diverse as their present aspect, for the former was the son of a poor widow and inured to the winds that sweep the cold granite pass at Franconia, while the latter was the son of one of the heaviest Louisianian planters, and bred in the lap of luxury—these two had distinguished themselves above all their fellow students, and stood alone, rivals.

"Prize essay quite ready, of course?" interrogated Raymond, leaning full toward the other and tapping with a small, wooden rule he had picked up from the table.

"Who informed you, pray, that I was to enter for the prize?" returned Lyle, a little haughtily.

"O, pooh now! Ha, ha, ha! What will you

take for your right in the contest? Nothing short of the one hundred dollars there's a chance of winning, I bet my head. Afraid of losing at that, eh?—the fame, you know."

He looked hard at Lyle, who made no reply, nor in the least altered his position. Then, having accompanied himself in a low whistle through the measures of "Uncle Ned," Raymond cast down the rule in its place, sat upright and folded his arms.

"Lyle," he resumed, taking a serious tone for the one of bantering, "if you want the amount of the prize and stand aside, here's your money."

He caught from a pocket a couple of fifty dollar coins and tossed them, glittering yellow, across the table. The other looked up quickly.

"I do mean it, precisely," the planter's son replied to that look. "Engage yourself to bring in no essay, and that pair of wheels is for your pocket. I've looked the whole matter in the face, and so, doubtless, have you. Without Wordsworth Lyle in the lists, Edgar Raymond's chances are ten to one; with him, they are less than one to one. The name of producing the prize essay would please me well enough; so if you consider a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, why here's an opportunity."

The child of the poor widow was tempted. His pulses doubled their strokes, sending an excited flush to his cheeks; he reasoned hurriedly with himself, while the milestones along the way he had lately come seemed to rush past him in review.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered through the board for the best essay from the graduating class, could hardly have been so coveted by any one else as by Wordsworth Lyle. In the last four years he had proved the value of a hundred dollars—nay, of dollars singly. At sacrifice and with struggling such as only a devoted mother would be willing to make, and a true lover of learning persist in, he had been sent to college and his course thus nearly accomplished. In spite of sacrifice and struggling, now toward the last some bills were filling up, which caused burning anxiety to mother and son. The winning of the prize, all knew, lay most likely between Raymond and Lyle; and often, during the preparation of his article, the latter had stimulated himself with repeating: "If he is no more than my equal, I must succeed; for I labor from two motives, he but one."

Here, then, was the money—he might secure that; and the second motive, fame, was but an empty bubble. Those who should best know pronounced it no more. And yet, quote the

philosophy of experience as he would, the young student could not smother the fire of ambition in his breast. Honor was bright and rich in the prospect, at least—brighter, richer than, in itself, the bribe that lay before him. Pride took side with ambition in the self-consultation, and Lyle answered manfully:

"No, I will not begin so soon to sell my birthright of mind for golden pottage. Fair competition shall be the word, and let him who wins the victory enjoy the spoils also."

"Very well," said the other; but he bit his lip, as he took the gold pieces, feeling half ashamed that he had offered them and vexed that they had been rejected. "Very well, if you can afford the risk, I certainly can."

Lyle's face flushed again, and deeply, for he was morbidly sensitive to any intimation touching his poverty; yet, knowing that no discourtesy was intended, with a frankness he seldom used toward the favored southerner, he rejoined:

"Yes, Raymond, you can afford it. Should you be unsuccessful—which I fear you are little likely to be—it will be none the worse for you. Neither yourself nor your mother—"

He went no further; he could scarcely trust his voice, and *that* was a name too sacred for utterance to one who it was impossible should understand the emotions it stirred in his bosom. Raymond generously broke the silence before it became very oppressive.

"There is another thing, Lyle, which it strikes me you and I can equally afford—that is, to be friends. We have both discovered by this time that science is not like the child which was in litigation before Solomon—that must be divided, or only one could possess it. We have each gained our cause, and henceforward, I should say, might quit antagonistic positions. I have at times been overbearing—you have constantly been reserved. Regarding the essays, all are to be in the hands of the examining committee by to-morrow, you know. What's done, is finished; mutual confidences can affect nothing now, if they could ever. If you are so disposed, I would be gratified to know the subject you have chosen to write upon, and there," producing a manuscript and passing it over to Lyle, "is mine; read it to the end, for any objections I have."

"I have repeated my subject in your hearing already," said Lyle. "'The Birthright of Mind.'"

He opened the sheets that were handed him, glanced merely at the title—"Nature: Her Perfections and their Analysis"—and returning the manuscript, reciprocated the amicable sentiments

its author had just expressed. In doing so, he first remarked in Raymond an unusual look of excitement, which, however, very naturally attributing to the circumstances and conversation, he gave no further thought at the time. In first, and as it proved last evidence of amity newly bespoken, the two students sealed their packages upon the same table, and together deposited them in a box prepared for the purpose in one of the halls.

The day eagerly anticipated had arrived; but a shadow rested upon those classic walls, for one who had given most startling promise of reflecting their honor, had received his eternal degree. The morning following what is before narrated, Edgar Raymond was conveyed, ill of a fever, to the house of a friend a few miles away; and five days later, tidings reached his fellow-students that a coffin bearing his name was on its way to his blighted home.

The public services were nearly concluded. It remained only to announce the successful essay and award the prize. Many that day had done themselves real credit, but the noblest distinctions rested upon Wordsworth Lyle; and still those who understood him well, saw that he was waiting and watching with exceeding interest. Mrs. Lyle, from her seat just by the stage, which her son had at pains obtained for her—for he felt that a sight of her calm, beloved countenance could inspire firmness in every ordeal—saw it in his look and manner, and felt it in his hot, panting breath, as at every opportunity he came to speak to her some cheerful, affectionate word.

No allusion to the matter passed their lips; yet the mother, living in her son, sharing all his aspirations, sympathizing with every pulsation of his breast, caught the fever of suspense that was torturing his brain and making each nerve of his being to vibrate, till a flame seemed scorching her own cheeks, and the heart threw out its blood with a violence that set the veins of her temples throbbing with acute pain. Doting mother! dutiful son! human hearts were never agitated more unselfishly—the former secretly agonized in the unmingled desire that her son might not feel his triumph dashed of its completeness; the latter, for the hour at least, thought lightly of everything relating to the prize beyond its very self—the *hundred dollars*—and its relief to the mother who had nourished his mind literally by denying her own body.

"I am afraid you are ill, mother," the youth whispered, bending over her.

"Nothing to mind; only a trifle weary," was the reply.

At that moment the president came before the audience, and all eyes, except Lyle's, waited on him intently. Standing behind his mother, one arm laid across her shoulder, and his head slightly bowed above hers, he seemed struck into petrification. He heard as from a speaker very remote, and yet distinctly as though sounded from a trumpet in his ear, the promise that the essay selected by the committee for that purpose, as most worthy among those offered, would in the evening be publicly read, and afterwards printed.

There was a brief pause, and a thrill as though an electric current from the clouds had descended upon him, was felt by the student in every extremity of his frame. The president proceeded:

"This prize essay is entitled: 'Nature; Her Perfections and their Analysis,' and written by William Wordsworth Lyle."

His name—another's production. The young man comprehended on the instant. The names of the authors had not appeared in the manuscripts, but accompanied them separately; in the hands of the committee Raymond's and his own had accidentally been exchanged one for the other—and hence the mistake.

Every one may have experienced a whirlwind of thought, when questions, answers, suggestions and possibilities rush together through the mind in a single second's space. Thus it happened with Wordsworth Lyle. The clasp of his mother's hand upon his was tightened; he felt the fingers trembling with the heart's sudden gush of thanksgiving. Raising his eyes, there appeared directly before him a household which ordinarily we should term his "friends," because, being relatives, they ought to be such. Its head was his father's brother, the rich Esquire Lyle. The gentleman sat now in his shining broadcloth, velvet trimmed, with the heavy black satin buttoned over his corporal magnitude, and his hands in their perfect kids, viewing the graduate as complacently as though he had not, in her trial, withheld from his widowed sister in law everything beyond his lordly advice to "put the boy on a farm," and grown absolutely terrific when, instead of its being followed, "the simpleton was indulged in his ridiculous notion of going to college."

"My nephew," was the proud communication Wordsworth traced in the motion of his uncle's lips, turned toward a stranger who was present in his company, sitting at his left hand. On the right of her father was Miss Maria Lizzy, who had so often tossed her shell combs and won-

dered if her pumper cousin thought to make himself great. At this moment she smiled upon him, as though thinking him sweeter and dearer than the bouquet in her hand. Besides these, there were real friends, whose eyes were eloquent with their congratulations; and many whom he had never met before were perusing his face with eagerness and admiration, because of the high distinction he had gained. Was he called upon to disappoint true friends, and humble himself before the false? Why might he not in silence retain the laurel crown, since he who should have worn it could never feel its grateful touch? One breath he hesitated after hearing his summons to the stage; then with the dauntlessness which ever accompanies a resolution to do right, ascended the steps and stood before his superior—his fine face glowing forth the words he was immediately to utter. At no time that day had his voice sounded firmer, clearer, than when he said:

"Honored sir, and"—to the audience—"my friends, I find some mistake in this. I have not the honor to be the author of the essay which has just been announced in connection with my name. The prize, however much I may have desired it, is not mine to receive. Honor and award belong to my lamented classmate, Edgar Raymond."

He bowed, and was hurrying from the gaze of the multitude, when the president stopped him with some question put in a low tone. A moment, and he was led forward again. The president spoke:

"There is, indeed, a mistake in the announcement just made—not, however, in the name of the author, but in the title of his manuscript. The successful essay is 'THE BIRTHRIGHT OF MIND;' the writer is still WILLIAM WORDSWORTH LYLE."

He said this with an enthusiasm of voice and look which instantly communicated itself to the throng of spectators; and when he added that what they had witnessed was but an example of the noble uprightness which had characterized that young man in his entire collegiate course, remembrance of the departed alone subdued a general outburst of applause.

Lyle received the prize and retired with gratification at his success—almost overpowered by confusion at hearing himself thus publicly landed.

The next morning, as he was about leaving with his happy parent for their home, a purse was sent him containing four times the amount of the prize; and on a slip of paper attached was written: 'THE REWARD OF INTEGRITY—from a few friends, new and old.'

## FOREST MURMURS.

BY J. B. RETHORNS.

The glorious sunshine of summer has fled,  
And the rich golden beauties of autumn appear,  
While the sky with that mild, mellow light is o'erspread,  
Which so often is seen in the fall of the year;  
And the breeze murmurs out in the forest so wide,  
And sends back a whisper "the roses have died."

The fruits are all ripe, and the laden trees groan  
'Neath the weight that is bending them down to the  
earth;

The corn is all gathered, the wheat is all sown,  
And now comes the season of pleasure and mirth;  
And the breeze dances out on the rivulet's tide,  
The while as it murmurs, "the roses have died."

The grass is all seared, and the insects are dead,  
And out in the garden-walks lifeless they lay,  
While on every side of them and overhead,  
Still lingers the light of a beautiful day;  
But the breeze that at morn floated out in its pride,  
Hushed back in the eve, "all the roses have died."

I love the rich autumn, aside from its gloom,  
And dear to my heart are its joy-laden hours;  
Although there are voices that speak of the tomb,  
Yet I love it far more than the season of flowers:  
I love its fresh breezes, though oft they have sighed,  
And told to the world how the beautiful died.

## THE PHANTOM GOLD.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

JOHN WINTER sat alone in his office. The light of a solitary candle dimly illuminated the apartment, and gave to the worn furniture, the dusky walls, and the heavy law tomes lying upon the shelves, and reposing beneath a coverlet of dust, much the cheerful appearance of an ancient family vault, one of the occupants of which, personated by John Winter himself, had for a moment stepped from his coffin, with a view to a slight relaxation, and was now engaged in quietly meditating for his own private gratification and behoof.

He never raised his head from its downcast position, leaning on his thin hand, though the storm raged fiercely, and ever and anon the rain would dash wildly against the windows, as though bent on rousing his attention from the gloomy thoughts which oppressed him, and attract them to the merry, mad sport going on without. The wind shook the old building as though it would carry it from its strong foundation, and whirl it far off into the air, and still did he think and think on, and take no heed of it. Old doors in cavernous corridors banged to with a startling echo, and the sound traversed from roof to cellar, yet he heard it not. Crazy chimes

shook on high buildings, as the wind held them in its strong grasp, then staggered and fell with a heavy crash to the pavement below, and it could not disturb him. Even the rats came forth from their dark hiding places and rubbed unconcernedly against his legs, thinking him, most likely, a mere portion of the furniture.

And still John Winter thought and pondered on, unmindful and oblivious to all. Then of a sudden he raised his head with a jerk, and smote the table violently with his clenched hand. A rush of feet and a terrible scuffling and squealing announced that his obtrusive dumb friends had taken instantaneous flight, and now contended for the priority of egress from the apartment.

He threw his long hair from his pale brow, and discovered a face lined and careworn; bearing the traces of age, yet youthful: old in heart, soul and spirit, but yet quite young in years. A thread or two of silver also was perceptible in the midst of his jet black locks, and the deep wrinkles between his eyes betokened frequent painful thought.

"Am I a child, to sit thus, overwhelmed by the weight of my despair; or shall I vindicate my claim to manhood by shaking myself free from the thralldom of thought which is now holding me body and soul? What, though I have been driven forth from *her*, as though my presence was a pollution, and contamination was in the very air I breathed? I am not the only one who has discovered the haven of his hopes looming pleasantly in the distance, and suddenly seen the storm arise, which has shattered his stout bark beneath him, and cast him, struggling and breathless, down, deep down into the overwhelming ocean of misery and woe."

There was the utter recklessness of despair in the harsh tones and excited manner of this solitary man. He strode restlessly to and fro within the narrow limits of the gloomy apartment, and pressed his folded arms tightly across his chest, as though he would keep down the passions struggling fiercely there beneath. He paused for a moment in his walking, as though struck by a sudden thought.

"What is it that warms the fibres of the heart when it has grown chill and cold? What sends the blood with a warm rush through the sluggish veins, and tightens the step when it is heavy as lead?—*wine*—*wine*—generous wine! This shall be my solace, then, under all my present misery, and this my final Lethæ of oblivion from thought. From the ruins of my parent's former abundance, I recollect there were a dozen or two of a rare brand saved—I shall find them in the cellar."

And seizing the light, with a hand trembling with the emotions tossing to and fro within his breast, he opened the door and issued forth into a huge old passage. The house had been the family mansion of the Winters for many past generations, and now, through the improvidence of one and the reckless speculation of another of the name, the last descendant of the line saw himself compelled to become a mere tenant in the habitation which first gave him birth. The building had passed into strange hands, and was now let out in offices, mostly to gents of the legal profession, among whom the name of John Winter was enrolled. The tread of gentle feet had once been muffled by rich thicknesses of rare carpets—now the bare floors echoed dismally beneath the footstep, and here and there the boards were broken and decayed; a fitting emblem, John Winter thought, of his fallen and sadly changed fortunes.

He descended, shading the light with his hand, and at length stood in the vast cellars beneath the ancient mansion. It happened seldom that human step penetrated into these dark recesses; and the air was not unlike that of a vault wherein lay buried the accumulated dust of all who had from time immemorial been sheltered under the roof above.

Hidden beneath cobwebs and dust, where it had laid undisturbed most likely for a space of years as many as he himself numbered, John Winter drew forth the wine. To dash the neck of one of the bottles against the wall, and then to apply it eagerly to his lips, was the work of a second. Down, down he gulped it, as impetuously as only can the man who seeks forgetfulness in the alluring draught. He felt its effects instantaneously. It mounted to his brain, and joined with the intense excitement under which he was laboring, speedily gave him relief from his previous agony of thought. And as he again and again drank in the potent liquor, his woes became remembered but as a by-gone dream; the hideous gloom of the vault seemed now a fairy palace of delight; the rotten wine-cask whereon he sat, a princely throne, and the broken bottle in his grasp, a golden sceptre of sovereignty. He drained bottle after bottle, and dashed them as he finished them against the furthest corner of the cellar, and laughed with a maniac joy as he heard them crash against the mildewed wall.

What else transpired in that fearful orgy—alone with his madness, surrounded by dust and cobwebs and darkness, he knew not. The wine at length destroyed all vestiges of thought and recollection, and he sank down on the cellar

floor, in all the helplessness of drunken slumber. And as he slept, the mysterious finger of the dream-god rested on his brow, and he felt himself transported afar off. Space became annihilated, and he knew that a living picture was presented to his gaze.

A miserable chamber, half workshop and half dwelling, a gaunt figure toiling at a lathe, the mere act of moving the treadle apparently a labor of the most difficult nature, the effects of sheer weakness, and this the result of black starvation! A woman dying on the pallet hard by, and children, with no traces of gentle childhood on the fierce young brows, prowling about the room.

"Note this," said a hidden voice, in his ear. "The hard earnings of the man, the bread denied to the wife and children, the money wrung from them for their wretched shelter, all combine to make up the sum you have yet to behold!"

Time and space again became as naught, and another scene was opened wide before him.

A woman dressed in the sable weeds of widowhood issued forth into the cold, bleak night, and striving with her thin shawl to shelter a shivering child from the embraces of the pitiless blast. Her eyes are raised despairingly to heaven, as she murmurs forth in anguishing tones:

"Homeless! friendless! hopeless!"

"The tears of the widow, and the sobs of the orphan," said the hidden voice, "these, too, combine to make up the sum you have yet to behold."

One other picture.

A handsome apartment fitted up as a luxuriant sleeping-room. Upon a magnificent couch, a man appears to be sleeping. By the bedside, another, from his appearance a servant of the slumberer. The parched tongue and unhealthy floridness upon the brow of him who reclines upon the couch would lead to the supposition that he labors under the crisis of some dread fever—the serving-man being entrusted with his care. Others are in the apartment, but sleep has overcome their vigils, and they are quite unconscious of the dreadful scene now passing. This man pours, with a trembling hand and pallid cheek, a powder into the cup containing an appointed draught. How eagerly he casts the paper which held it into the red blaze of the grate, and watches it until it is consumed to ashes. No wonder! a word of dreadful meaning is printed on that paper.

The man approaches the couch, and waking the sleeper, presents the draught. The sick man receives it, and then sinks back as if once more to slumber. Yes, it is slumber—that

dreamless sleep to be broken only in the dread hereafter! He is poisoned—murdered!

"This alone was needed," said the voice, "to make up the sum you have now to behold. The steward murders his master, and thus conveys his riches to his own guilt-acquired hoards! Look for the last time!"

He seemed to be once again within the walls of the cellar, and a glaring light illuminated the former deep gloom. A figure bearing a resemblance to the steward of his dream, but now changed with the mask of age to a hideous old man, stood in one of the corners of the cellar, and pointed with his lean finger to the earth.

"Dig," said the voice, "dig and feast your eyes upon the sum needed to render your happiness complete. This alone was wanted to render the accomplishment of your earthly wishes final and secure. Dig, and take possession. Take it, and with it the remembrance that it is crime-stained and accursed! Take it, and with it the fate it may entail!"

He found himself lying upon the damp floor of the cellar; the lamp faintly burning and almost exhausted. He started to his feet and looked fearfully in the direction where he had beheld the motionless figure, dreading, yet expecting to see it still standing there, and pointing with its skinny finger to the earth beneath its feet. There was nothing visible, and he pressed his hand to his head, and murmured, "Thank Heaven, it was but a dream!"

Taking the dim lamp once more in his nerveless hand, he sought again his solitary chamber. The storm still continued, and the first faint streaks of day had just begun to appear, as he threw himself on a chair and pondered over the visions which had all night haunted him.

Strange that they should be so vivid, so unlike the commonality of dreams. Every scene so perfect and so terribly real. And then, he thought to himself, the designated place wherein the buried treasure lay hid. But this he tried to scout as bordering too much on the ridiculous. That gold might actually have been deposited there was not absolutely impossible—but then, that its whereabouts should be thus revealed savored too much of superstition.

"Ah!" said he, with a deep sigh, "could it but prove true—could I but find myself the possessor of some goodly amount, how different might at this moment be my lot. The avarice of her father—Rachel's father, would then be satisfied, and he would open wide his arms to receive the very man whom he had driven with contumely from his door. But, pshaw! this is childish. I'll to-bed, and in sleep forget my miseries."

He rose up, as if to act upon his last formed resolution, but paused again, and once more gave rein to his thoughts.

"It could do no harm to seek. I shall at least be then more settled in my mind, for these strange visions have completely overset my reasoning powers. What though it is only the resolve of a distempered brain!—no one save only myself could ever know of the silly infatuation."

And in his very indecision, before he had quite made up his mind as to what he really meant to do, he found himself standing once again within the cellar's gloom, and upon the very spot pointed out by the phantom of his dream.

The necessary tools were in his grasp; and with the former trembling at his heart, and the same agitation which had moved him so before, he began the task of digging. One after another the spades full of earth are cast aside; the perspiration stands upon his brow, and his breathing becomes thick and short. Deeper still—deeper still. His eagerness has now become intense, and he works with almost furious haste. Another and another spadeful, and the sound of iron meeting iron strikes upon his ear. Can he be mistaken? Is it merely some worthless substance imbedded in the damp earth, or is it really what it now stands revealed, a small iron box? He takes it in his arms, encrusted deep with rust, shakes it, and hears the unmistakable ring of gold within! He feels a sensation of dizziness in his brain—a sudden blindness, and a choking in his parched throat, and falls senseless beside his new found treasure, overpowered quite with the fearful excess of his emotions.

#### Rachel Keene.

One of the beautiful creatures bestowed by the Creator in his munificence. An angel upon earth; endowed with humanity's virtues, but innocent of humanity's frailties. A bright star shining lustroously even amid the gloom of the poor man's dwelling; or the priceless jewel beaming among the brilliants of a prince's crown. To her sordid father, even as the apple of his eye—to her lover, John Winter, the shrine of his deep idolatry—a gentle, mild-eyed, and most lovable woman.

John Winter's poverty, in the eye of old Sampson Keene, was the one grand drawback to his favor. This apparently insurmountable barrier removed, and he had no other objection to offer to his daughter's union with him. But the dream of his youth, the toil of his manhood, and the god of his old age, was Mammon; and a mere penniless adventurer, such as, to him, was his daughter's suitor, must not have it in his power to squander the fruits of his own life-long labor.

A stern refusal and abrupt dismissal had ensued to the young man's petition, and the gentle being whose happiness was thus to be forever blasted, bowed her timid head beneath her parent's will.

But now this was at an end, and the pretended heir of a distant relative, who was now on his demise the possessor of incalculable riches, no longer could be denied his earnest request. And so, with the blessing and approval of Sampson Keene, John Winter and sweet Rachel Keene became united by the binding tie of marriage.

The old man did not live long to witness their happiness, but was found one day lying by the side of his hoards, his gray head resting motionless upon the hard pillow of gold, and his cold and stiff fingers still clutching the glittering idols he had loved so well. Quite dead, yet even in his lonely agony insensible to aught but the pain of parting with his treasures.

And with the possessions of Sampson Keene, joined to his own strangely found fortune, John Winter was indeed a rich man. With a beautiful and loving wife, and every happiness that wealth could purchase, he should have been a contented one. But was he so? Alas, no! *The curse*—the prophetic curse clung to the ill-gotten gold, and he began slowly to discover that joy could never be purchased by its means. A lovely child sat at his knee, by the hearthside, looked smilingly into his face and called him father! The flower bloomed for awhile upon the stalk—was touched by the cold hand of the destroyer—withered and died; and the gold was worthless, twice worthless *here* to restore or to console.

Man's nature feels the touch of sorrow keenly, it is true, but woman's heart by the stroke, receives an undying wound. The fibres of her being are entwined about the object of her love, and parting severs one of the bonds that ties her to existence.

Even so it was with Rachel Winter. Her child's death had touched her deeply, none but herself knew how deeply. She never murmured against the unseen hand that dealt the blow, but she was crushed beneath its heavy stroke. She never repined aloud, but the pale and wasted cheek told too plainly the heart's agony, and the fatal hectic of the same over and anon appeared to light up its marble pallor, revealing to John Winter that the utmost calamity his heart could feel was hanging threateningly over him. And *here*, too, he felt, as he gazed upon his dying wife, that his piled up gold was quite, quite useless.

It was night. The taper burnt dimly in the room where she lay, her head pillowed on his arm.

She had been apparently enjoying a profound sleep, and he had sat by her side and eagerly watched her regular breathings, hoping—and yet hopeless, heart-sick, and still not quite despairing. She awoke, and looked him in the face.

"John, I have slept sweetly, and had, O, such pleasant dreams!"

"My own one!" he murmured, pressing her thin, white hand to his lips. "Dreams that will prove true! Dreams of remaining here to bless and comfort me for years and years to come? O, yes, say that it was thus!"

The smile faded not from her lip, and yet there was denial of his hopes in the gaze she turned upon him, and in the silence with which she continued to regard him.

"Pleasant, happy dreams," she repeated, "but not of those. Dreams of ascending from the scenes of earthly heart-aches and sorrow, and dwelling there!" And she pointed solemnly upwards.

He dropped his face upon the coverlet.

"Dreams," she murmured, passing her hand gently through and through his black and waving hair, "of endless happiness and peace, only to be found above! But not without you, John. These dreams were not of selfish joy. They were the perfection of sweet content. No link was wanting for their completion, and this alone it was, that rendered them so blissful. Are you listening to me, my husband?"

A convulsive sob from his overcharged heart was the only reply he could make.

"Nay, do not be thus cast down. Our parting is but for a time, our meeting will be for an eternity!"

"No, no, no! This will never be," he cried. "A fearful fate overshadows me. I am forever doomed, here and hereafter—on earth and in futurity. The words of my dream now strike a nameless terror through my soul, and in my heart I feel their dreadful meaning. 'Take it, and with it the remembrance that it is crime-stained and accursed; and also with it, the fate it may entail.' These terrible sentences contain the seal of my despair—the assurance that the holy pictures you have drawn can never be fulfilled."

"Husband, what mean you?" said the dying woman. "Your words are riddles to me."

After a struggle to subdue his excited feelings, he proceeded to narrate truthfully all that had transpired upon the night when he became so mysteriously possessed of wealth. He stopped now and then to wipe the damp from his brow, and then once more went on with the fearful narration. At length all was revealed, and he looked into the face of his angel wife.

"You know all, now, and the dread consequences I have entailed upon myself. Tell me, then, thou that art standing so near to the verge of the far-off world, tell thy wretched husband that there may yet be hope of escape from the unknown fate that hangs above his head."

He gazed at her changing countenance, changing now with the hues of death, and earnestly listened for the sentence she would pronounce. Her lips moved, and he caught the whispered words :

"There is hope ! The mercy of Beneficence can be obtained. The curse of ill-gotten gold wrung from the widow and the orphan, the wretched and the poor, may be averted by a life of restitution and devotion. So shall my dreams of happiness be fulfilled, and so shall there be in store for us the peace that passeth human understanding."

John Winter bowed his head as though an angel's voice had echoed through the room, and when he raised his eyes, his gaze was fixed upon the countenance of the motionless and peaceful dead.

The name of one who followed in the footsteps of the Great Master who went about doing good, was heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Where there were suffering, want and poverty, there, too, was he, calm, gentle and pitying. Where were disease, and terror, and despair, there, too, was this man, with his pale face, and black, waving hair, undaunted, firm and resolute to the hard task which he had marked out for himself.

And when, as time wore on, and his jetty locks were of the snow-drift's hue, when his race was nearly run, and he lay upon the couch from which he was never more to rise alive, the sobs and wailings of a multitude of humble hearts went up as an acceptable offering to the throne of God's mercy. And those that stood close beside his bed caught the words of his expiring breath :

"Now may thy dreams of happiness be indeed fulfilled, my sainted wife, and there be in store for us the peace that passeth human understanding."

\* \* \* \* \*

And the marble slab that covered the cold clay bore upon its surface the simple inscription :

"JOHN WINTER, THE PHILANTHROPIST."

The highest title in the scroll whereon is written the emblazoned honors of mankind.

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves ; for the whole family of pride and ignorance mutually beget each other.—*Colton.*

## THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY RALPH TRYON.

ALANSON PARKER was seated in his library and deeply immersed in thought. His usually placid brow at present wore a shade of perplexity, and the fingers of his nervous, delicate hand which shaded it, trembled not a little. That day was the anniversary of his wife's death, which made him a widower of a year's standing, and completed the expiration of that probation which the world imposes ere it sanctions a second hyemeneal connection.

He at length rose and took from a concealed drawer in his writing-desk a casket, and from that a miniature, on which he gazed for some moments with tender interest. Of course the picture of his departed wife, says our anticipative reader, but such is not the fact. Her pale, inelegant features, which were correctly portrayed on the canvass, ornamented by a rich gilt frame, and suspended from the wall, were in marked contrast to the witching charms of the fair being represented by the miniature. The former was the personation of mature life, the latter, the very dawn of womanhood.

The casket and its treasure was soon restored to its secret resting-place, a memento of disappointed hopes and still cherished affection, which had made the gay man of the world a sober man of thought, and early wove the threads of premature age amid his dark hair. A gentle tug at the bell-cord was answered by the appearance of an old domestic whom he directed to inform his daughter that he desired her presence at once.

Charlotte Parker, then in her sixteenth year, was indeed an object which commanded admiration. A woman in form and stature, with features of surpassing loveliness, she still retained a childish simplicity, and the wayward but engaging fancies years of indulgence had entailed upon her, yet with frank and generous impulses which endeared her to all. As she entered the apartment, somewhat surprised with the formal summons, her father took her hand, and in a tone of deep tenderness said to her :

"My dear child, I have sent for you in order that we might have a short but serious talk of the future. I need not ask you if you remember the sad event that occurred one year ago to-day."

"Dear mother, she can never be forgotten," cried the fair girl, with a burst of tears.

"Yes, my daughter, your mother has long since become an inhabitant of that unseen, better world, and has only left us her memory to cherish, and the calm, pure example of her life."



A silence of some moments ensued, and when broken, Mr. Parker had assumed a calmer, and seemingly more formal tone, as he said :

"Charlotte, you have now attained an age when a young woman is expected to make her appearance in the world, an event which a father, however great his solicitude, cannot shape or well advise, but which requires the staff of maternal counsel. Have you ever thought of this ?"

"I only think that any place, however remote from society, which contained my kind father and dear Aunt Susie, would be productive of all the happiness I could hope for !"

"That speaks well for your affection, my child, which I must soon put to the test. You are deeply attached then to your aunt ?"

"She has been a mother, aunt and companion to me, and everything kind and good."

"Still she has not a mother's right to advise and control, and this brings me to the point which is the object of this interview. Charlotte, I am about to marry, for your sake and my own; and inclination as well as duty on my part, has prompted this step."

The young girl sprang from his arms as though a viper had stung her.

"I was not prepared for this," she answered, while her eyes flashed with displeasure.

"We are frequently unprepared for that which concerns our welfare."

"I am not prepared to receive a new affection, to the exclusion of one entertained for years, nor can my heart be compelled to it."

"I forgive you, Charlotte, and you will regret this display of passion in your calmer moments. You may now retire, for I would be alone."

She suddenly left the room, without a word, and sought the drawing-room, to give full vent to her tears. As she threw herself into a chair, she was surprised by a gentle touch upon her shoulder, and turning, she beheld the person of all others she felt could give her consolation.

"O, Aunt Susie, is it you whom I wished to see so much at this moment ?"

"Is this, rather, my brave Charly, weeping like a careless little girl who has broken her doll ? For I can think of no serious cause for her grief."

"Don't speak so lightly, dear aunt. I have just had an interview with my father, and he has told me that he is about to marry !"

The features of Miss Mansfield, the aunt, and they were those of a beautiful woman who had not seen thirty-five years, were tinged for a moment with a faint blush, as she answered with a simple : "Well."

"But it is not well ! It is shameful !"

"Charlotte, is it possible I hear you speak thus ?"

"He will have but little kindness left for me, I imagine, when the step-mother arrives !"

"Perhaps you object to the person. If so, it is wrong to make a kind parent the subject of your injustice."

"I neither know nor care who she is. I only know that some person, probably lured by his wealth, would occupy the place of my dear, departed mother."

"How can you judge the motives of one you say you do not even know ?"

"What motives can a woman have to marry an old widower, except those I have named ?"

"My dear Charly, it is useless to pursue this subject further. It will not alter your father's determination, nor can the discussion produce any satisfaction to yourself."

"Even you now side against me !"

"Do you not see that you are in the wrong, since this conduct of yours makes you unjust to one who has never spoken a harsh word to you ?"

"Forgive me, my dear aunt, I know I am secure in your affection, but I am very unhappy."

"Clouds precede the sunshine, my dear child, so wait patiently and they will disperse. Listen to me, and I will give you the outline of a long story which relates to a second marriage ; and when I tell you that I knew the parties well, perhaps you will find it of some interest."

"In a certain place—the locality is unimportant—there lived an old gentleman and his two daughters. He was what the world calls rich, and spared no expense in their education. We will speak of them by the names of Martha and Mary. Martha was five years older than her sister, who at the time of our story was not far from your age, Charlotte. In person they were very unlike, the elder having no pretensions to beauty, although her kind disposition endeared her to all. The younger was flattered and caressed, her wayward follies allowed, while her spirits were wild and buoyant, as her sister's were gentle and lowly."

"A young lawyer came to that place on business, and chance, or rather Providence, led him to an acquaintance with this family. The father became greatly attached to him, while his splendid person and manly qualities soon won the interest of the sisters. His business must have been completed, but the spring passed and he still remained. Then he was called away for a brief space, and returned to find the old gentleman suffering his last illness."

"So great was the confidence that he placed in Charles Peters, that in his will he made him the administrator of his estate, and faithfully was that trust discharged. His kindness to the af-

flicted girls was gratefully appreciated, but Mary read a deeper meaning in his admiring glance than ordinary friendship, and her own heart became conscious that it was no longer under the control of its mistress. Love soon finds language, and in this instance was mutually acknowledged, and for a time flowed on in tranquil happiness.

"The young man was obliged again to take leave of them for a short time. Meanwhile, Martha had been growing paler each day. Her step lost its elasticity, and though she did not complain, her sister saw she was gradually sinking into confirmed indisposition.

"Martha contrived to be much alone, and one day while engaged in a solitary walk, her sister discovered the momentous secret of her life. A journal in which this pure-minded girl wrote her daily acts and thoughts, was inadvertently left upon her table, and revealed that she had long and hopelessly loved Charles Peters.

"I cannot go into detail, but poor Mary, after long and painful struggles, and with a bleeding heart, formed the resolution of rescuing her sister from death, though obliged to bid farewell to her own happiness. She determined to effect the marriage of Charles with her sister, and her resolution was strengthened by the alarming symptoms Martha daily displayed. When her lover returned, how wildly her heart beat as she was clasped in his ardent embrace. To accomplish her purpose she affected gayety and waywardness when she felt her heart was breaking. Assuming a playful air, she asked him to grant her a favor.

"When she informed him of her real intent, the young man was thunderstruck with astonishment. He believed it a dream, a jest, anything but reality; but when with tearful seriousness she revealed her sister's secret, and intimated her firm resolve never to waver at the expense of her happiness, and then fearing her own weakness, and to prevent his expostulations, took a solemn oath to that effect, the lover became aware of the certainty of his doom, and caring little for what afterwards became of him, was drawn into her plan with very little opposition on his part.

"Martha's happiness, after Charles had made the proposal for her hand, was so great that both felt some consolation in her joy, which had been purchased with such a painful sacrifice. They were married, went abroad, where they remained more than a year, and soon after their return a little daughter blessed them with its presence.

"Thus many years passed and the babe had become almost a woman, when her kind mother was called away to a better world. Mary had never married, but the flame of the old fire still burned in her heart, while her relationship would

not allow her to absent herself entirely from the house of her former lover, who, though still a handsome man, bore the marks of premature age. Besides she became greatly attached to her little niece; hence it is not at all surprising that their old vows were renewed. But, Charly, I have remained here too long, I must speak a word to your father, and return home instantaneously. You shall have the conclusion of the story when next we meet."

"When will that be, dear aunt?"

"After your father's wedding. Adieu, dear child, till then." And before Charlotte could detain her she had left the room.

Several days after, as Charlotte was reading in her own apartment, the old housekeeper came into the room, with her homely features lighted with smiles, as she said:

"Well, Miss Charlotte, she's come at last."

"She! who?"

"Why, my new mistress, to be sure; and your father desires you to come at once into the library, where he is waiting for you."

The impetuous girl taken thus by surprise, with head erect and flashing eyes, walked quickly into her father's presence. She did not deign so much as to look at the lady, who, closely veiled, leaned upon his arm, but said in not the gentlest tones:

"I have obeyed your command, sir."

"My child," he answered, with a meaning smile, "I simply wished to present you to your future mother, and I trust you will be very excellent friends."

Charlotte bowed coldly, and moved towards the window.

"Charly, darling, this will never do," was uttered in a well known voice.

The fair girl turned quickly, flew to the veiled lady, threw aside the lace, and then clasping her arms about her neck, fairly swung her round in the wildness of her delight.

"O, Aunt Susie, how could you cheat me so? And, father dear, forgive your headstrong girl. To both I shall be a dutiful child henceforth."

The happy pair answered her with kisses.

"Ah, I see it all now, wooden-head that I have been," exclaimed the joyous girl, "that story—you are the Mary, and father the handsome Charles Peters. I do not wonder now that you left off so abruptly. But I ought to be very angry that you did not invite me to the wedding."

"That, mad-cap, would have interfered with the joyous surprise we had in store for you," said the father. "And now, my child, I dare say you do not think a step mother such a terrible thing after all."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### PRESENT CIRCULATION 60,000!

With the number now in the hands of the reader, we commence the year 1857 and the *fifth* volume of our Magazine. No like publication has ever attained to so large a circulation in so short a period of time as has BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY. This is not alone because of its wonderful cheapness—which, as the New York Tribune says, is next to giving it away—but also on account of its fresh, original and entertaining character. Its stories and sketches, while they absorb and deeply entertain the general reader, also cultivate a love for all that is good and beautiful in humanity, exercising a cheerful and happy influence over the home circle.

Its pages are edited with great care and experience, and its varied contents are calculated to provoke in the mind of the young an inquiring spirit, and to add to their store of knowledge. Its foreign gossip is of the most readable and choice character, its wit and humor department is void of all vulgarisms, yet is mirth-provoking in the extreme, while each number contains tales, sketches, poems, and miscellaneous articles from more than *twenty* different regular contributors, affording a rich casket each month of the gems of mind and the beauties of thought.

Let no one fail then to realize how much pleasure may be purchased, how much innocent and useful enjoyment may be insured to the family circle, how much intelligence obtained, and how many leisure hours rendered valuable and agreeable, by enclosing ONE DOLLAR as below, and receiving the Magazine for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU,

*Publisher and Proprietor,*

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

**PROOF OF INSANITY.**—A man was recently sent to Somerville on the ground that he had paid his tailor's bill and returned a borrowed umbrella. He is supposed to be incurable.

**USE FOR COFFEE.**—Fresh ground coffee is strongly recommended as a deodorizer and purifier in sick rooms.

**SILK.**—Four and a half millions of raw silk are exported annually from China into this country.

### FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

Every lady, who has the opportunity, ought to be a good rider. Riding is a graceful, invigorating and healthy exercise. But we must protest against a custom that is growing up, of offering prizes at our agricultural fairs for horsemanship, as we think it tends to foster a masculine and bold spirit among the fairer portions of creation. No doubt the competitors for these prizes have been true-hearted ladies, but the excitement of contention has blinded them to the fact that a public exhibition of skill before a promiscuous assemblage is subversive of the cherished notions of female delicacy. We should not like to see our fair countrywomen degenerate into female jockeys—and we should certainly grieve to see one of our female friends putting her horse round the track to win the suffrages of judges and the applause of the crowd. It may be said that ladies frequently ride through the streets of crowded cities before the eyes of thousands of spectators. True, but they ride from necessity and not for the purpose of exhibition, and the people are casual spectators, and not assembled to judge their horsemanship. Such is our opinion of this practice. There are other objectionable features. Not long ago we recorded the death of one of these lady riders, the winner of a prize, from the effects of the excitement and fatigue of the race. We do not fancy that this sort of exhibition will ever be very popular.

**A CONFESSION.**—When Bronks was in disgrace, he was asked by a friend how he came to be incarcerated. "For telling lies," he replied. "Telling lies!—that's not a statute offence, except under oath." "It's a fact, though," said Bronks; "I'm in for telling people I'd pay 'em, and then not keeping my word."

**LOVE'S BLINDNESS.**—Cupid was represented blind by the ancients, to signify that the affections prevent the sight not so much from perceiving outward as inward defects.

**BREADTH OF FASHION.**—A fashionable lady's dress has been compared to a city corporation dinner, viz.—an immense spread.

## FINE WRITING.

The most detestable style in which man spoils paper and misuses type is what is termed "fine writing," or, in common parlance, the "high-falutin'" style, and it is one of the crying evils of the day. Whereas the end of writing is to convey thought, the purpose of this style seems to be to conceal it. The high-falutin' writers are legion, and newspaper readers are particularly bored with their lucubrations, which generally read like prose run mad. If a writer, for instance, has to tell us that the sun rose without a cloud, he will say, "the effulgent orb of day soared upward in the firmament without a single vaporous exhalation to obscure the emanation of its rays." If a member of Mr. Briggs's family has died, the reporter will have it that "Azrael, the dark angel of death, has projected his dark shadow and flapped his funeral wings within the dwelling of our respected fellow citizen, Blank Briggs, Esq." People are not married now-a-days—they are "united by the silken bond of Hymen." Sometimes a sentiment of delicacy is the motive of the adoption of the superfine style, as when a reporter, speaking of the dying speech and execution of a notorious criminal, said: "Our fellow-citizen, Slawkey, yesterday addressed a large crowd of his townsmen, assembled near the court house, from an elevated platform. We noticed several distinguished persons on the stage near him, the sheriff of the county and our respected clergyman. At the conclusion of his discourse, Slawkey rapidly descended from the lofty structure from which he had addressed the enthusiastic multitude."

Amplification being a leading feature of the high falutin' style, we fancy it originated with the penny-a-liners, who, being paid for their matter by quantity and not by quality, were of course anxious to give as much extension as possible to their remarks. Mr. Triplet, in "Peg Woffington," is an artist in this line. He sits down to write out the following facts: "A farthing dip is on the table. It wants snuffing. He jumped up and snuffed it with his fingers; burned his fingers, and swore a little." These simple matters are elaborated by the pen of Mr. Triplet, as follows: "A solitary candle cast its pale gleams around. Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion. He rose languidly, and trimmed it with an instrument that he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation."

Such is the power of genius—we mean high-falutin' genius! It is seen in all its glory in the Western stump orator; in him it sparkles, coruscates and flames. But of a truth, the high-

falutin' is the only style adapted to the stump! Ciceronian elegance and laconic purity are out of place there;—but our written language certainly requires reformation.

## MORE THAN A MATCH.

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D——, a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, the farmer said: "Well, have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

**FEMALE BEAUTY.**—In Tennis, as in many eastern countries, fat women only are deemed beautiful. When a girl is betrothed, she is cooped up and literally fattened for the matrimonial market till she attains the requisite degree of plumpitude. About two hundred weight is considered a fair average, but a girl who can pull two hundred and fifty on the scales is a perfect Venus.

**EASILY DONE.**—To obtain *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* for one year without paying any money for it, step out among your neighbors, procure eight subscribers, enclose the money to our office, and your half hour's work will gain you the Magazine for a whole year. We know several bright-eyed young ladies who have done this in less time.

**SHARP.**—"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady, who sat next to him.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—A lioness at the Zoological Gardens in Liverpool has three fine cubs, which she is raising with maternal tenderness.

**THE CAUSE.**—Half the failures in this and every other country rise from lack of perseverance.

## STEAM NAVIGATION.

Steam is revolutionizing the navigation of the ocean, just as it is revolutionizing travelling on land. On shore it has turned everything topsy-turvy—we beg leave to say that we do not refer to erratic excursions of engines, tenders and cars down embankments, in which they generally bring up with their wheels in the air and their smoke-pipes and roofs undermost; accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and should not be unkindly alluded to. Steam had long almost monopolized our river navigation before the broad Atlantic was called on to bear witness to its achievements. The new era was inaugurated by the sailing of Fulton's little steamer, the "Clermont," from New York for Albany, August 7, 1807, nearly half a century since. Not many years afterwards an American steam vessel made her way to Europe, the pioneer of ocean steam navigation. But so late as 1838 Dr. Lardner demonstrated that the ocean could not be successfully navigated by steam. The work, in which this deliberate decision was arrived at, was hardly off the press before the experiment was successfully made, and the old and new world were brought close together.

Considering the immense number of steam voyages between this country and Europe, disasters have not been remarkably frequent. Three steamers—the President, the City of Glasgow, and the Pacific, were never heard of. The Columbia, Humboldt, City of Philadelphia, and Franklin were lost, but all hands on board were saved. From the Arctic, a few hands, including Captain Luce, were saved.

We have seen that the honor of sending the first steam vessel across the Atlantic belongs to America; and if the British justly claim the honor of establishing the first regular trans-atlantic steam line, still we have saved our credit by building faster and more splendid steam vessels than they have done, unless we except the Persia, which managed, in the easterly passage, on one occasion to beat Collins's best time. The last American achievement is the Collins steamer Adriatic, of 5888 tons burthen, or 288 tons larger than the Persia. She falls in size behind the Great Eastern, the English steamer now building, which measures 25,000 tons, but few people believe that that leviathan will ever cross the ocean. Our practical ship-builders contend that she has far surpassed a manageable size, and that she will be utterly uncontrollable.

We are inclined to think that the Adriatic is about as large a boat as can be well handled. Her dimensions are as follows: Length, 354 feet; breadth of beam, 50; depth of hold, 53

feet; diameter of wheel, 45. She has oscillating engines of 2000 horse power, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter and 12 feet stroke. Her boilers are eight in number. The whole ship is divided by eight water-tight compartments of oak, six inches thick, fastened in the strongest manner. Her estimated cost is \$850,000. In all the mechanical details of the construction of this remarkable ship, human skill seems to have done its utmost. We trust that we shall record many safe and rapid passages of this triumph of American skill.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—A mechanic in France has succeeded in contriving a duck, which not only goes through all the motions of the celebrated Vaucanson's, but can actually take wing, sustain itself in the air for a considerable time, and then alight. The first time it was tried the casing was much damaged by a charge of shot fired into it by an incautious sportsman, who was not aware that it was artificial. Mr. Tropdur, the inventor, has offered it to the emperor for 25,000 francs, but he would make much more, we should think, by exhibiting his wonderful and curious toy.

LARGE FEE.—Captain Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is said to have recently gained a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court, at Washington, D. C., on an Indian claim for \$320,000, for which he is to receive the snug fee of \$160,000, being one half of the value. This is Pike the poet, who commanded a splendid troop of horse in the Mexican war, and did good service on "Buena Vista's bloody field."

GLAD OF IT.—The camels which were introduced in Texas are said to be doing finely, and are well adapted to the frontier service, for which they are designed. More "Campbells are coming—O! ho! O! ho!"

PRODIGIOUS.—The Hartford (Ct.) Courant says there is a baby in that city, only five months old, and weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds! Either the baby or the story is a whopper!

GOOD TEACHING.—In the Church education schools in Ireland, the children—90,000 in number—have been instructed to destroy every weed they see.

HUMPHREY FABRICS.—"By this cordage," wrote Cowles, "ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

## ASTONISHING JOHN BULL.

We lately took up an old English newspaper, of the year 1814, which contained an amazed notice of the enormous line-of-battle ships then building for the American navy, exhibiting no little alarm at their dimensions, and at the promptitude with which they were equipped. That was in war time, and the performance of those vessels justified the forebodings their equipment inspired. Times have changed since then. In the interval we have had many a diplomatic row with old Johnny, but haven't come to blows yet, and we hope we never shall. Johnny knows the consequences of another set-to. As Colonel Damas says: "It's astonishing how much I respect a man after I've fought with him!" Our friends over the way know, too, we have not been sleeping on our laurels, and that we have not forgotten the golden maxim, "in peace prepare for war." Captain Pendergrast lately made them a flying visit in the noble frigate *Merrimac*, and they were astounded and delighted with her, for John is an honest fellow and hearty in his commendations when he is pleased. The London News said:

"There are many things in this frigate deserving the attention of Englishmen. Her quarters for fighting are very roomy compared with those of English line-of-battle ships, crowded as the latter are with guns and men. Thus, in battle, there would be far less destruction of life on board the *Merrimac* than on board an English ship. The paucity of guns on board the frigate is compensated for by their large calibre, and the frigate being more easily managed than our three-deckers, she would with her artillery, superior both in length of range and power of mischief, do fearful damage to the largest line-of-battle ships before the latter could approach her. These have been the reasons that have induced the Americans to build and arm such frigates as the *Merrimac*. The *Merrimac* took two years in building. She is the smallest of six frigates, built on the same plan, the names of the others being the *Wabash*, *Minnesota*, *Colorado*, *Roanoke* and *Niagara*."

A Yankee tar on board the *Merrimac*, one day, when a cockney visitor was complimenting the "fine frigate," said: "Come, nabor, don't be fooling on us. We call her a frigate, to be sure, but lor' bless you! 'long side of some of our liners, she don't seem bigger than a tug." The effect of this audacious reply was, as *Domine Sampson* says, "pro-di-gious!"

**SPORTING TOOLS.**—A new machine has been invented which will manufacture out of cold lead 200 bullets of four different kinds, in one minute.

## A SILENT MEMBER.

When the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., made his first appearance in Parliament, after he had arrived at mature age, public expectation was excited with regard to the display of talents he was expected to make. But he was a silent member and never uttered a word. A droll fellow, partly to excite merriment, and partly to turn an honest penny, bought a few quires of paper, cut them in halves, and folding them nicely, cried out at the top of his voice, the "Prince of Wales's Speech in Parliament." He sold them at two pence a piece, always taking care to have the money before he parted with his pretended speech, and was off while the purchaser was unfolding the paper. To the outcry of the latter that there was nothing in it, he replied: "He said nothing—he said nothing." We wish a good many men who have no sort of gift for public speaking, would imitate the reticence of the Prince of Wales. One of this class, who always carried a lady with him to listen to his outpourings, on one occasion sent her a present of a pair of ear-rings. Her reply was rather ungracious: "I thank you, sir, heartily for the gift; but it was only right that you should ornament my ears, for you bored them long ago!"

**VALUE OF EARLY RISING.**—The difference between rising at six in the morning and eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which will afford exactly eight hours a day for ten years; so it is the same as if ten years were added to life.

**TURKISH LADIES.**—The fair sex in Turkey are getting difficult to manage. They wear transparent veils, spin street yarn, laugh at *Kisslar-agas*, snap their fingers at Pasha, and behave as rudely as French or English women. They are becoming terribly fast and strong-minded.

**GAS.**—Gas was first introduced into this country in 1821, but the success of the experiment was not demonstrated until 1827. Many persons manufacture their own gas and blow their own trumpets.

**HOME.**—Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart—an important fact, some householders seem never to have learned.

**WESTERN COAL.**—It is estimated that the coal fields of Illinois turn out 862,000 tons annually. This coal is now used on locomotives.

## MERRY MAKING.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" A very pertinent query from Shakspeare, whereon to preach a brief lay sermon. The question, in other words, is—are sour faces and asceticism necessary to virtue? Must we measure a man's purity and uprightness by the length of his face, and by his abstention from recreation? We maintain the negative. We believe that man was not destined to mourn from his cradle to his grave, or to drag along through life as if he were going to his own funeral. Nature has indicated this pretty plainly. Your sour, smileless man is almost invariably troubled with the dyspepsia, while the man whose face is habitually wreathed in smiles has the digestion of Joe Miller's ostrich, which "fed on gravel stones and ten-penny nails, and was never sick but once, and that was when he ate some plaguey green cowcubers." If the world were really intended as a house of perpetual mourning, it would certainly be dressed and decorated in a very different fashion. The sky would be one unvaried arch of ebony, and never across its huge concave would be thrown that arch of glorious abyss whose colors in the flush of evening, "play i' the plighted clouds." There would be no "silver lining" to the "torn drapery of the god of storms." We might "stroke the raven down of darkness" in vain—it would never smile.

And instead of the gay glitter of ocean, with its blue waves sparkling in the sunlight, and infused with phosphorescent spangles,—the wild sea-fire,—at midnight, the huge concave filled with water would be a gigantic inkstand, spattering Day & Martin on ebony rocks. The flowers and grass would be one funereal hue, whereas now there is not a single black flower in existence, a dark purple being the nearest approach to it that the perversity of floriculture can attain. All our birds would be ravens, rooks, blackbirds and black swans; and the groves, instead of being filled with blithe melodies, would echo cawings, and croakings, and guttural laments.

But we are placed in a bright, beautiful and cheerful world, pervaded by the spirit of gaiety and love. Flowers strew the wayside, and high up on the snowy Alps expand their crimson petals. We are surrounded by sunshine, and flowers, and melody, from a thousand sources. And shall not the heart of man rejoice amidst all these promptings to enjoyment? "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" It is true that sorrows are in store for us—a picture without shad-

ows would be offensive to the eye. But a large proportion of our sorrows are wilfully created by ourselves. Let us then be rationally gay, and rest assured that a sour face and the austerity of a fakir are no signs of grace and goodness in any person.

## A SHREWD TRICK.

A gentlemanly dressed man, staring at the sights in a Broadway shop-window the other day, was so unlucky as to fracture a pane of glass with the head of an umbrella which he carried under his arm. The shopman insisted on payment for the damage; the gentleman remonstrated, as it was owing to a push from a mischievous boy, who had made his escape. Finally, however, to end the dispute, the gentleman agreed to pay the dollar demanded, and handing the store-keeper an X, received his change and departed. In the course of the afternoon it was discovered that that ten dollar bill was a counterfeit one.

SHORT SPEECHES.—When will our orators learn not to waste words? A model speech was that of Mr. Northey, a worthy member of the society of Friends, in welcoming General Washington, when President, to Salem: "Friend Washington, we are glad to see ye, and in behalf of the inhabitants, bid thee a hearty welcome to Salem." That modest, little address embodied volumes of meaning.

OUR NOVELETTE.—It will be seen that we commence in the present number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" a novelette of great interest and excellence. This is only one of the many improvements we have had in store for this widely circulated and favorite magazine. We are determined to make it not only the cheapest but the best magazine that is printed.

SINGULAR AMBITION.—Goethe once said, "If ever I should succeed in getting up a work which should make Germans curse me for fifty or one hundred years to come, and make them abuse me at all times in all places, that would be my great delight."

THE RULING PASSION.—When Lord Tenterden was dying, he rose up in bed suddenly, took his snuff-box and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you find for—" and instantly expired.

SUCCESS.—There are two principles by which we may succeed in any undertaking—industry and perseverance.

## SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

Some other phrase must be substituted for the above caption when we wish to express the view of an extraordinary novelty; for elephants have become about as common now-a-days as Shanghai roosters. There is hardly a village in the Union that has not been gratified with the spectacle of one of these unwieldy monsters marching in the train of a caravan, swinging his ridiculously disproportionate caudal appendage, or, if at anchor, "ating hay with his tail," as the Irishman said. It was a different affair some forty years since, down east, when the manager of a caravan rode on in advance to make arrangements for the accommodation of his quadruped for the night. He was told that he could have the range of the barn yard. "I hope there are no cattle there," said the enterprising proprietor. "Only my short-tailed bull," said the farmer with a grin. "Well, you look out for your bull," said the showman. "You look out for your elephant," retorted the farmer, "and I'll take keer of my bull." Well, the elephant was finally introduced into the yard. The bull, contemplated the living mass for a few seconds, and then lowering his head and elevating his stump of a tail, charged the leviathan with a full head of steam on. But a short-tailed bull had no terrors for a behemoth, whose amusement had been the destruction of Bengal tigers in an Eastern jungle. With one blow of his mighty trunk he broke the back of his rash antagonist, and there lay at his feet about nine hundred pounds of remarkably tough beef. "Jerusalem!" said the farmer, as he contemplated the awful ruin. "Jerusalem! Who'd a thunk that ere critter had so much grit! Neighbor, you can gin a feed at my expense. I'll heave down a couple er tuns of hay and two or three loads er cabbage. I'm satisfied—perfectly—I've seen the elephant!" And that was the origin of a phrase that has made the tour of Yankee-land.

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**SHORT FACTS.**—All blood may be said to be useless which is in vein. Spring is welcome to the trees because they are *re leaved* by its approach. A statesman begins to *lower* himself when he is hired by others.

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**CONUNDRUM.**—What difference is there in the man who once kept a horse, but now has sold it? He then *rode along the walks*, and now he *walks along the road*.

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**HEAD GEAR.**—Why are the bonnets now worn by the ladies like a sail-boat bottom up? Because they are *cap-sized*.

## CATERING FOR THE MASSES.

It appears at present—though circumstances may change even before the publication of this article, for human affairs are unstable enough—that our New York friends are not to have the Italian opera this season: even the indomitable Max Maretzek having been foiled in his attempt to establish it. This is owing to the pertinacity with which the stockholders of the Academy of Music refuse to relinquish their free seats and the choice of them in the house. Of course, with this drawback, and with the enormous rent of two thousand dollars a month, Max could see nothing but bankruptcy ahead, and to this circumstance, untoward to the music-loving people of New York, we owe the regaling of our ears in Boston. But to secure the permanent establishment of such a choice treat as Italian opera in any of our cities there must be an entire change of the system. Hitherto managers have catered for an exclusive class, and exclusiveness is the death of all great enterprises in this country. All schemes involving large expenditure must be presented for support to the million—must be placed within the reach of all. Now musical culture is so widely diffused in this country, that the mass, the million, appreciate it as fully as what is called the "upper ten." But the million must have their music cheap. In order to accomplish this result, singers must abate the exorbitancy of their claims for remuneration; such salaries as they have hitherto commanded would swamp any manager. They must learn that it is better to have constant employment at fair salaries than occasional employment at fabulous prices. The splendid success of Jenny Lind when Barnum reduced his prices shows what may be done by catering to the million. It is precisely so with newspapers—the high-priced ones just manage to live—the low-priced ones, when worthy of patronage, are liberally supported. Whoso trusts to the million will be sure to receive his reward; while the man who relies on the liberality of exclusives, trusts to a broken reed.

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**FOR THE LADIES.**—By passing a cake of white soap a few times over a piece of glazed calico, or any other stiffened material, the needle will penetrate as easily as it will through any other kind of work.

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**THINK OF IT.**—A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a single season about four hundred miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.



## Foreign Miscellany.

The bakers of London have made a reduction in the price of bread.

Silver coin is scarce in Europe—gold will have to be substituted.

The ladies of Constantinople now wear a transparent *yakmak* (veil).

The discovery of coal of most excellent quality in the Ural Mountains, in Russia, is confirmed beyond a doubt.

Every seventh person died in Funchal, Madeira, during the first seven weeks of the recent epidemic cholera at that place.

Philarete, the Metropolitan of Moscow, who crowned the emperor, received from his majesty a magnificent cross covered with precious stones.

There are said to be more artists now in Rome than before the revolution—there being 224 painters, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers.

A speculator in Liverpool, England, offered the city authorities, recently, \$5000 per annum for the use of the lamp posts, to post advertising bills on. The offer was not accepted.

Alexander Dumas, after a short retirement from public life, has again re-appeared in Paris, and seems nowise abashed by the recent exposure of his literary thefts and appropriations.

The shipment of railroad iron from England to India is still employing a very large amount of English and American tonnage; and railroads upon a truly gigantic scale are in course of actual construction in British India.

Lady Franklin, on hearing a rumor that Dr. Kane would leave for Europe, had a house furnished for his reception, and waits in anxious expectation the arrival of each steamer in the hope of meeting him.

Some French omnibuses and diligences have adopted the use of portable gas, which is carried in a cylinder under the feet of the coachman, and communicates by means of a pipe with a lamp inside the vehicle.

Herr Ahorn, the sculptor, who executed the celebrated lion modelled by Thorwaldsen, and carved out of solid rock, at Lucerne, died recently at Constance. He was one of the most eminent artists of the day.

A case has recently occurred in England, where a party levied black mail upon an individual, threatening to charge him with crime if a certain sum was not forthcoming. A verdict of guilty was rendered, and the accused was sentenced to transportation for life.

The Russian government has arranged with the most eminent bankers of Europe, for the main lines of railroad, the whole length being over 3000 miles, and the present constituted capital being \$60,000,000, but looking to the expenditure of \$220,000,000 before completion.

The director of the Museum at Kerch has found in a small mound the catacombs of the Scythian kings, in which were discovered numerous articles in gold, silver, bronze, iron, earthenware, etc. The existence of the Necropolis of the Scythian monarch, mentioned by Herodotus, is thus found.

The patronage of the Bishop of Durham, England, is equal to £40,000 a year.

They have had dreadful freshets in Switzerland. The Rhine has been prolific of dead bodies washed into it.

Rich deposits of tin have been discovered in Australia, and large shipments of the ore have been made to England.

Jewelry to the extent of 100,000 florins was recently stolen from the Baroness de Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Russia is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England.

The library of the British Museum contains 450,000 volumes, placed on shelves which occupy fifteen miles of space!

It is said that 100,000 passengers were conveyed by railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow between the middle of August and the middle of September.

A new life of Columbus, in two volumes, by Roselly de Lorgues, compiled from original and hitherto unused documents in Italy and France, is announced.

The Royal Geographical Society of England have voted their gold medal to Dr. Kane, for discoveries in his recent Arctic explorations after Sir John Franklin.

The Ticinese Gazette states that during the first six months of the present year 1756 Swiss have emigrated to the United States, including 454 Bernese, and 306 from the Grisons.

A professor in Paris has been astonishing the natives by instantly curing the colds of prima donnas, and restoring their voices to those who had lost them.

The Sardinian government has demanded an explanation and indemnity from Tuscany, for the recent expulsion from Florence of a party of student visitors.

The cloak rooms of several of the English railway companies' stations are said to yield over £1000 a year. The charge is a penny per article for anything left there.

Of all the men and women now living in London, more than half are of external birth; upwards of a million have come from the Provinces, or Scotland and Ireland, or from abroad.

A company has been formed in England, called the Australian Auxiliary Steam Clipper Co. It has a capital of £250,000, and has already purchased three vessels.

A wrought iron cannon has been manufactured in Liverpool, England, which weighs twenty-two tons, and sends a ball of three hundred pounds weight a distance of four miles.

The following is the result of the census of the Russian Empire, taken by order of the emperor at the time of his accession to the throne: The total number of the population amounts to 63,000,000.

There are said to be in Paris two hundred and seventy-seven municipal schools, receiving fifty thousand five hundred and forty-two pupils, and entailing on the city an expense of 1,323,400 francs, yearly.

## Record of the Times.

A nugget of gold, weighing 24 pounds, was lately found in Mariposa county, California.

Self-sufficiency is the most usual impediment in the progress of the young.

At San Francisco they are trying a new pavement made of cobblestone and asphaltum.

A California jury in a suicide case "found the deceased a fool."

The whole population of Nebraska territory is set down at 10,716.

The Geneva Fireman's Journal has for its motto, "Out with the Masheen!"

A prohibitory liquor law has been postponed indefinitely in Wisconsin.

The expenditures of the city of Paris, last year, were over \$16,000,000.

Near Marysville, Cal., a pumpkin has been raised which weighed over two hundred pounds, and girths seven feet four inches.

Mrs. Thorne, of Palo Alto, Mich., lately hung herself and child because her husband refused to take her to a ball.

The Chinese sugar cane, readily grown even in the North, promises to add to the value of our products.

Virginia College, at Winchester, has been organized under the auspices of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that it is impossible to pass through the streets of that city without hearing profane language. Some of the streets of Boston are as bad.

The Romans are said to be greatly amused with the action of the fifteen mile railway to Frascati, which is the first specimen of the wonder of the age they have seen.

The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed in two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their great-great-grandmothers did.

The people of Winchester, Va., have voted in favor of the corporation of that town subscribing \$30,000 to the Alexandria, Loudoun and Hampshire Railroad.

An Ohio vine grower writes to the Journal of Commerce that there are now devoted to vineyard culture over 4000 acres in the Ohio valley, about one half of which quantity is in the vicinity of Cincinnati.

The Russian government intend to make Sebastopol a magnificent city. A letter from Constantinople says the attempt made to get up the fragments of the vessel sunk at the mouth of the harbor appears likely to prove successful.

Martin F. Tupper, of England, has given a gold medal for the encouragement of Liberian literature, to be awarded to the author of the best essay on "The Future of Africa." All competitors must be Liberian citizens.

Superior City, the new centre of population and trade, at the western extremity of Lake Superior, is said to be prospering finely. Last year it had but four hundred inhabitants—now it has a thousand.

They are making paper at Cleveland out of Lake Superior moss.

Emerson doesn't know whether Oxford University has heard of our Revolution yet.

Misfortunes are like medicines—their very bitterness cures us.

There are 100 tons of ladies' hair pins manufactured annually in this country.

Old tradition says that the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis.

A fine healthy child was born at Shrewsbury, Mass., without any eyes, recently.

"A little farm well tilled" is the motto for every good agriculturist.

Good humor has been called the clear blue sky of the soul.

Better do a little work well than half do a great quantity.

Fanny Ellsler was lately in Paris. Her hair is perfectly white.

Martin Luther said music calmed the soul and put to flight the evil one.

A high medical authority in New York forbids hoops and funnel sleeves in winter.

The great State of Illinois contains exactly one hundred counties.

The new Honolulu paper, the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser," has 568 subscribers, among whom are between 80 and 90 natives.

Leicester, Worcester county, Mass., was named in compliment to Governor Dudley, he being one of the grantees or proprietors of the township, and a descendant of Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The tea plant has been successfully cultivated at Santa Cruz, in California, from seeds found last spring in a caddy purchased for consumption.

The German newspapers in the United States are said to number two hundred and fifty, which is ten times as many as there are printed in all Germany.

Since 1838 the gross produce of the gold mines of North Carolina, as far as indicated by the mint returns, is \$4,233,336, and of Georgia, \$5,685,864—a total of \$9,918,200 for the whole period.

The Jamaica Journal says that the present year's crop of allspice—pimento—will fall far short of the ordinary average. In many parishes it has failed. On many properties that have generally realized 2000 bags they will not reap 100.

Trinity Church spire, in New York city, is 264 feet high; St. Paul's, 272 feet. The Presbyterian Church spire, in Cincinnati, 272 feet, and old St. Peter's Church, in Philadelphia, is 283 feet; St. Peter's, at Rome, 550 feet.

During the past year the precious metals coined at the eight mints of Mexico amounted to \$16,338,225 in silver, and \$956,222 in gold. It is estimated that besides this, bar silver to the value of ten millions was exported.

A short time since, at Antwerp, a child was stifled in a cradle by a cat coming into the room and lying on the child's face. The parents were asleep in the same room, but did not discover the unfortunate circumstance till morning.

## Merry Making.

What grows less tired the more it works? A carriage wheel.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? War-fare.

Simon seated beside his sweetheart fishing—"Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was bait. Lor'ee, how I'd bite!"

What relation does a pawnbroker bear to chemistry? He can be always used as a receiver, and is always ready with a retort.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

"There is a right and a wrong way in doing everything," as the Frenchman said, who wrote a book on the best way of blowing out a candle.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

A brass plate, a wife, and a night-bell, are the three first things that it is incumbent upon a medical man to procure and exhibit.—*Albert Smith.*

"Prose and Verse" is the title of one of Mark Lemon's late books. Douglas Jerrold was asked his opinion of it. "Prose and—Worse," replied the wit. Neat, but severe, that.

A man came into a printing-office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

What do not people ask editors? Somebody inquires of the Cincinnati Gazette whether there is any danger in eating butter made from the milk of a mad cow?

A country lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus: "Now, gentlemen, this here vessel is full of air, and that 'ere vessel is full of vacuum."

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror; he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we would like to know what is.

Countryman—I say, mister, do you know where Mr. Smith lives? Gent.—Which of 'em? there is a good many of that name. Countryman—Yes, I know there be, but this one's name is John.

In "Aspenwald," recently published in New York, an intellectual looking young lady asks Mrs. Derby, who has been very enthusiastic in the praise of George Sand, if George Sand is the man that makes the celebrated sarsaparilla!

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive shop for one hundred "cow catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

"How shall I take this old coat apart?" said an industrious wife to her waggish husband. "Why, you should know, my dear; you made it, you know. I should say, do it pretty much as you put it together, for as you sew so shall you rip—you know!"

Pin money—the receipts of a bowling alley.

Happiness is a pig with a greasy tail, which every one runs after, but nobody can hold.

The author always the most appreciated is he who is the author of his fortune.

Do not judge wood by the bark, nor men by their exterior.

A French woman talks much more than she thinks—the reverse of an English woman.

A child wanting to describe a snake to his aunt, said it was "a thing all tail clear up to the head."

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

"From our private correspondent," as the father said when he received a letter from a son who had enlisted as a common soldier.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time, votes you a bore the second, and quarrels with you the third.

A musical composer being asked if he had done anything lately, replied that his last work was a composition—with his creditors.

When a lady says she'll give you "a bit of her mind," do you think there's any chance of her doing so without breaking the peace?

In voting the supplies for the Bell of the Parliament clock, would it not be the Speaker who would have the casting vote?

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get mashed up by railroad collisions, or financially busted.

Mr. Wilkinson says that when our great parliamentary orators rave for hours about their love of country, they mean their love of talking.—*Punch.*

If you wish to attract attention, go into church some Sunday, after the services have begun, in a pair of new squeaking boots, and parade up the broad aisle.

"What are you looking at from the window?" said a gentleman to his son. "At two men wrestling," said the boy. "That's a try-fling affair," said the father.

Syllogism.—A sailor is not a sailor when he is a-board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard: therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

The Rochester Democrat gives the following as a certain cure for fleas on dogs: "Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

What a queer way some people have of expressing their admiration. Byron was so in raptures with Sir Walter Scott, that he said he was the only man in England that he longed to get drunk with.

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY! ☜

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# Mr. Bodsey's Toothache Experience.



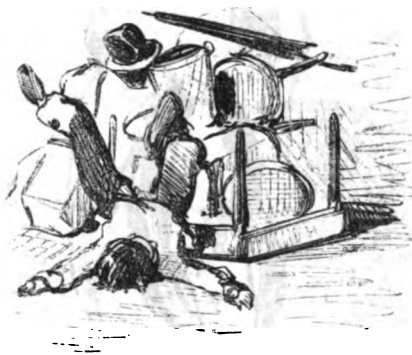
Bodsey a little disturbed.



Night—slightly restless.



Irritated beyond measure.



Gets an easy attitude.



His appearance on the tenth day.



Resolves to see a dentist.

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**Sudden cessation of pain at the doctor's door.**



**The fit comes on again.**



**The tooth his imagination sees.**



**En for it at last.**



**Allows the doctor just one look.**



**"Richard is himself again."**

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 2.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1857.

WHOLE No. 26.

[Translated expressly for Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine.]

## MONEY: —OR— THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP OF ANVERS. A REMARKABLE FLEMISH STORY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER III.

THE nervous system of the chimney-sweep had been too violently shaken by the discovery of the treasure, for him to close his eyes, fatigued and exhausted as he was. He turned and returned, stretched himself with effort, and uttered long sighs; his heart beat irregularly; it seemed to him at intervals as if a torrent of ice-water was falling on his body. He did indeed become drowsy, but it is when a man is about to pass from watching to sleeping that his nerves are most sensitive. The chimney-sweep could not pass this moment; every time slumber came to break the thread of his thoughts, he sprang up and listened with terror to certain noises which he thought he heard. And in fact, the rats were running about the garret, playing and squealing their very best, as if they were still in the house of poor people whose tranquil slumbers nothing could disturb. Nevertheless, after a long season of watchfulness, the chimney-sweep must have been at last really asleep, for he breathed very loudly. By degrees his respiration became difficult and assumed an expression of suffering, as if Master Smith were tormented with invisible spirits. The sweat of anguish stood on his brow, and his limbs were convulsively contracted. Suddenly some broken words escaped his oppressed breast, and he murmured, mournfully:

"No, no, it is not time; I have no money! Let me go! let me go!"

His wife, aroused from her slumbers, seized her husband by the arm and shook him roughly, exclaiming:

"O, Smith, what is the matter? Have you the nightmare, or are you crazy?"

The man, full of terror, cast around the chamber a terrified glance, and said, in a faint and tremulous voice:

"Where am I? I thought I was dead. Is it you, Theresa?"

"Who should it be? You are writhing and twisting like an eel on a gridiron. It is easy to see you are not accustomed to having money; that does not keep me awake, though I am very well pleased; but, you see that I am of good family."

"O, Theresa," said Smith, in a plaintive tone, wiping away the cold sweat which covered his forehead. "O, Theresa, it would be impossible to describe what I have just endured. I had hardly fallen asleep when something seemed to be lying on my breast and crushing my heart beneath its knees. It clasped my neck in its claws till I was almost strangled. At first, I could not see what it was; but it was like a wild beast with long, black hair, and it held in its claws a large knife. It tried to make me show

it the money, and because I refused, it strangled me and was about to bury the knife in my breast. I felt that I was stifling; it was only then that I could open my eyes, and I uttered a cry of horror when I saw what it was. O, Theresa, I tremble still when I think of it—it was a robber! an assassin!"

"Come, come, all this is folly," said the wife, in a tone of raillery. "Why did you go to sleep with your arm under your head? That always gives one the nightmare. It is late; try to rest a little, and do not disturb me again. Go to sleep."

A few minutes afterwards Mother Smith was again in a profound slumber. The poor chimney-sweep was not so fortunate; he did not even try to sleep again, for fear had deprived him of all desire for repose.

He remained for half an hour, with eyes wide open, gazing fixedly into the darkness, and dreamed awake of police-officers and robbers, until at last he sprang out of bed, and, without making the slightest noise, put on his clothes. Then he reached, walking on tip-toe, the spot where he knew the table was, and passed his hand over the surface of the latter as if he were searching for something. A sigh of joyous satisfaction escaped him as he discovered his wife's pocket. He took from it the key of the chest and descended the stairs with a cautious step. Arrived below, he lighted a little lamp, approached the chest, opened it, contemplated the money for several minutes with a smile of pleasure, afterwards closed the chest, and went to sit down beside the table, resting his head in his hands. A moment afterwards he said to himself:

"It is there still. Ah, to be rich! to have money! what happiness! But still it gives care and anxiety, and deprives one of rest at night. My wife is vain; she will wish to live in a great house, to wear fine clothes, to buy gold and diamonds. Paul is young; he will play the gentleman, he will spend much. They will want my poor money to the last cent. It will melt away like snow before the rain—and at last—at last, in my old age, I shall be reduced to lie on straw and perhaps to beg my daily bread."

At this thought he was seized with anguish; he pressed his forehead violently with his hands and remained for an instant pale and with his eyes fixed on vacancy. Then he resumed:

"O, it is an unfortunate thing to have a wife who cannot restrain her tongue! To-morrow morning, as soon as it is day, she will run to the neighbors, and gossip and boast everywhere that she is about to inherit property. Thousands

will not suffice her, she will talk of millions. She will fatigue everybody with her gabble; throughout the whole city they will talk of the chimney-sweep who has become rich so suddenly. Robbers will watch our house, and some night carry off our treasure! I shall become poor again! Become poor again! How many anxieties and sorrows the rich have to endure!"

After a short pause he pursued the course of his reflections:

"It is singular! I was as happy as a fish in the water; they called me John, the jester, because of my gaiety. I knew neither sorrow nor care; I was contented with all that the good God sent me; I danced, I jumped, I laughed. It seemed to me that no king was ever so happy as I was. And now! now I tremble with fear at the slightest breath; I am afraid of myself and everybody else; I cannot sleep; my heart is in my throat as if I had some terrible misfortune to fear. But that will pass away; I shall become accustomed to riches, and if I do not laugh and jump, it is very natural; a rich man should be grave; gaiety does not become him. One cannot have all good fortunes at once, and to be rich is indeed the greatest."

This last reflection seemed to console him, for he smiled and rubbed his hands, murmuring joyous words. While he was in this disposition of mind, a new thought passed through his head, and he said, in a more tranquil tone:

"When I was a poor man, I used to aid the poor widow according to my means. I had so much pity for her unfortunate children that I have often wished to be rich to be able to raise them above want. Her deceased husband was my best friend, and I promised him on his death-bed to assist his children. Now I am rich. Shall I not fulfil my promise? Ah, yes, I will do good, be compassionate, practise charity. It is now that I feel how happy I am in being rich. But what shall I give the poor widow? Fifty florins? It is too much. They would expend the sum in superfluities; and then if I go on at this rate, my money would soon be gone. Who knows if I should not make ingrates? If I should give them ten florins? It seems to me that would be enough. They have never seen so much money in their lives. It is dangerous to give too much to poor people; they are not accustomed to it, and become dainty or idle when they can easily procure resources. We must not encourage beggary."

The chimney-sweep was silent, and seemed absorbed in reflection. Very soon an expression of fear and repugnance was painted on his countenance.

"But, John, my boy," murmured he, "when you were poor and were obliged to save from your daily earnings to do it, you gave them, in little sums, much more than that. Sometimes you put in the hands of the widow the cents intended for a pint of beer, and through humanity remained on those days in the house without seeing your friends. What a frightful thought? Do riches render one miserly and pitiless? Indeed, something about that terrifies me. O, no, no, away with selfishness! I will put aside fifty florins for the widow, and will give her a part each week. Perhaps God, to recompense me, will render my wealth less burdensome, and deliver me from this unknown anxiety which makes one tremble every moment."

He rose slowly, cast around the room an inquisitive glance, and opened the chest. During several minutes he contemplated in silence the gold and silver pieces which, by the tremulous light of the lamp, glittered in his eyes like a heap of stars. He took from them seven pieces of ten florins and put them in his vest pocket, murmuring with a joyful accent:

"I will add two more; the poor widow is so unhappy, and the thought of assisting the children of my friend does me so much good!"

With his eyes fixed on the treasure, he fell into a mute reverie and seemed to be inwardly calculating the amount of the heap of money. Very soon, as if he had formed a sudden resolution, he began to take from the treasure a great number of gold pieces. After having been thus occupied for some time, he closed the chest, approached the table and counted the money which he had thus taken.

"Fifty pieces," said he thoughtfully; "fifty pieces make five hundred florins, and five hundred florins of the Netherlands make almost one thousand and forty francs. I will conceal this sum in a place where neither my wife nor son can find it. If any misfortune happens to me, if robbers or the police come, if my wife wastes the treasure in foolish expenses or useless things, this will still be left for our Paul; and when he marries Trinettes, something will remain for us to set them up housekeeping and to furnish a little shop."

He wrapped the sum in his pocket handkerchief, approached the fireplace, placed a chair before it, mounted on that and thrust his head far up the chimney. Doubtless he deposited the money on some projecting stone which he knew to be there. He re-entered the chamber and said, with a joyful smile:

"Ah, now I have a lighter heart; now I can sleep."

He was about to blow out the light and gain the stairs, but he suddenly stopped and began to tremble, a prey to sudden fear. It seemed to him that some one without was attempting to break the window opening on the street. And, in reality, a sound was heard like that of a man's hand trying to shake the panes.

While the uneasy chimney-sweep had his eye fixed in this direction and was so troubled that the lamp shook in his hand, he heard steps going away from the window and a hoarse voice crying:

"Yes, we have been drinking,  
Long at the inn!  
Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la!"

"O, the drunkard!" grumbled Father Smith. "He does not know, the vagabond, how he frightened me! There is no police. And yet it is the rich who pay the police. Why do they not watch so that the rich may sleep?"

After having listened again for some time, with his ear close to the window, he blew out the light, softly ascended the stairs, replaced the key of the chest in his wife's pocket, and threw himself, still dressed, upon the bed. At last he slept; he remained asleep during at least half an hour, without giving any other signs of agitation than convulsive movements of the limbs.

Suddenly a noise was heard in the garret as if something had fallen on the floor. The terrified chimney-sweep suddenly awoke, sprang from the bed, still half asleep, and ran so violently against a chair that he overturned it. The wife awoke and exclaimed, angrily:

"What is the matter, Smith, that you are thus groping about in the darkness? Once more, I ask you, what is the matter?"

"O, Theresa, robbers!" said he, in a faint voice. "Where is the sabre?"

"O, you are dreaming!" said the wife, in a tone of raillery. "You think, doubtless, that the robbers have smelt your money?"

"They are in the garret; listen, listen!" stammered the chimney-sweep, his hair bristling and pale with fright, pointing to the ceiling.

In fact, the heavy steps of a man resounded on the stairs, and some one knocked loudly at the door of the chamber. Beside himself with fear, Smith hastily opened the window which opened on the street and shouted with all his might:

"Help! help! robbers! assassins!"

And in order to awaken his neighbors more quickly, he added to his clamors of distress:

"Fire! fire!"

A voice full of anxiety cried at the door of the chamber:

"Father, father, open the door! Is the house on fire?"



"Madman that you are!" muttered Mother Smith. "It is Paul. Let him enter quickly; the poor boy will catch some of your fears."

"Where is it burning? where?" asked Paul, with anxiety, as soon as the door was opened.

"It is nothing—nothing. I was dreaming," stammered the father.

"What am I to think?" said the young man, in a tone of surprise and interrogation. "It would seem as if the house had been haunted all night. I have not closed my eyes. The rats have been running about the garret as if they were mad; here I have heard voices, chairs overturned, cries of murder and of fire. And when with my heart full, I ran hither, there was nothing! Do not be offended, father, but it seems as if you had been playing the fool."

The chimney-sweep had sunk into a chair, and mute, scarcely breathed beneath the weight of the emotion which had occasioned such lively terror. There was a moment of silence during which Paul awaited a reply with increasing embarrassment.

"If I am not to know anything," murmured he, "I will ask no more questions; but what will the neighbors say, father? Perhaps fifty of them may have sprang from their beds at this terrific cry of fire."

"Your father was dreaming," said Mother Smith; "the inheritance was running in his head. Return to your bed quickly, Paul."

"What do I hear?" said the chimney-sweep, with new terror.

The street shook beneath the passage of heavy wheels which approached rapidly.

"O, those are the gunners departing with their cannons for the camp of Brasschaet," said Paul. "But it is singular that they should pass through our street."

"What can it be?" exclaimed the wife. "They have stopped at our door."

Paul opened the window, cast a glance into the street, and again turning towards the interior of the room, said, laughing:

"Better and better! It is the firemen with their engines."

There was a violent knock at the street-door; every blow struck painfully to the heart of the chimney-sweep, who was so overcome with anxiety that he could not speak. Paul put his head out of the window, and, addressing those who were knocking, said:

"Who is there? Go your way and let people sleep."

"Where is the fire?" cried a voice.

"Where is the fire?" replied Paul. "Under the oven of the baker, Schramolie; it is but

eight houses off, on the right, next to the vegetable merchant's."

"I will teach you to jest with us, up there!" said the captain of the firemen, in a thundering tone. "Open immediately or I will break the door."

"Do not be angry, captain," said a fireman; "it is Paul, the laughter; he could not speak otherwise if he should try. Let me speak."

He advanced beneath the window and shouted:

"Paul, is there is a fire in your house?"

"Yes, every day, an hour before dinner."

"No joking, Paul. I was passing through the street, just now, with my comrade here; your father cried—'Fire! fire!' as if the whole street was in flames."

"Yes, my father was dreaming aloud."

The anger of the captain burst forth:

"Wait, wait!" exclaimed he; "I will teach you to mock the police! Corporal, run, seek the commissioner; we will break the door in the name of the law, and put these jokers into the watch-house."

The word commissioner had so alarmed the chimney-sweep that he sprang to the window and began to cry out, in a supplicating tone:

"O, firemen, my brave people, a moment of patience; I will open the door!"

And, followed by his son, he left the chamber. As he descended the stairs, he said, in a tremulous voice:

"Paul, my son, our house is bewitched! O, suppose all these firemen should enter here! I am more dead than alive; I shall be sick."

"But, father, the firemen will not eat us," said the young man.

"Yes, yes, you do not know, my son, all your father has to endure," said the chimney-sweep, in a sorrowful and discouraged tone. "Paul, they will wish to search the house to see where it has burned. If it cannot be otherwise, conduct them, for I can hardly stand."

The young man opened the door, while his father placed a chair against the chest where the treasure was, and, completely exhausted, dropped into this chair.

Five or six firemen entered. The captain recognized the young jester, and seized him by the shoulders with a threatening air, saying:

"Ah, insolent, you mock at the firemen! Look out, or you will be carried to the watch-house."

Paul sprang back and replied, with a frank laugh:

"Look here, Mr. Fireman, talk of the watch-house as much as you please; but I am a free man, and if you touch me with the end of your

finger, I will teach you how to fly out of my house, though I am a chimney-sweep, and do not wear a copper helmet."

Seeing that he had nothing to gain from the determined young man, the captain turned to Father Smith and asked, in a serious tone:

"Say, where was the fire?"

"My brave and worthy man, there is an error; there has been no fire here."

"Ah, you wish to conceal it in order to escape imprisonment!"

"O, no, I thank you a thousand times for the pains you have taken. But there has not been a spark here."

"And you cried 'Fire, fire!'"

"Yes, one has sometimes singular dreams!" said the chimney-sweep. "As you see, my nerves were much excited."

"Rise!" said the captain, in an imperious tone, "and show me all your chimneys."

"I cannot stand," said the chimney-sweep, in a plaintive and supplicating voice. "My limbs refuse to support me. Paul, show the gentlemen about."

The captain made a sign to the corporal to accompany the young man, then said to Father Smith:

"You keep yourself there before your chest as if you were afraid we should steal your money?"

A shudder passed over the limbs of the chimney-sweep and the sweat of anguish stood on his brow.

"You shall pay for your bad joke," resumed the captain; "you shall pay the fine."

"And nothing else?" stammered the poor, uneasy man; "impose two or three fines upon me, if you will, but leave my house."

Mother Smith, who had in the meantime dressed herself, at this moment descended, with a smiling countenance; and when a few words had explained the state of things, she said in a careless tone to the captain of the firemen:

"Sir, this is a singular affair; you must not take it in bad part, for it happened unintentionally. I will explain to you. You must know, then, that we have received news from my aunt in Holland."

The chimney-sweep extended his hands towards his wife to supplicate her to be silent, but she took no heed of it, and continued:

"We are to inherit I do not know how many florins. This news has so affected my husband that it has almost turned his head, poor man! He dreamed that our house was on fire. But, my good people, I am not willing to give you all this trouble for nothing. Drink a pint to our health and be sure that we are very grateful for your kindness."

At these words, she placed a five franc piece in the hands of one of the firemen. At this instant, Paul returned with the corporal. The latter placed himself before the captain, put his hand to his police cap, and said, in a tone of solemnity:

"Captain, there has been no fire here."

After some recommendations not to dream too loud in future, the firemen quitted the house of the chimney-sweep. The wife closed the door behind them and drew the bolt. The chimney-sweep exclaimed, raising his hands to heaven:

"If poor people knew what it is to be rich, they would never wish to become so! It is a heavy burden!"

Mother Smith took him by the shoulders, and, pushing him towards the stairs, said, in a half angry, half mocking tone:

"You have made us trouble enough! I might be angry, but I pity your childish whims. Tomorrow we will talk. Go to bed now, and if you choose to dream of robbers and fire, keep your dreams to yourself. Money has made a fine soldier of you."

Without saying a word, and truly overwhelmed and exhausted by the anxiety he had endured, the chimney-sweep with difficulty ascended the stairs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE day after the nocturnal accidents we have just recounted, Mother Smith rose early in order to go into the shop to gossip and talk about her aunt in Holland and the inheritance she was about to receive; and as the grocer's wife dared to reply to her assertions with mocking incredulity, Mother Smith, to prove the truth of what she had advanced, placed on the counter a handful of gold pieces, on which four or five gossips who were in the shop raised their arms to heaven, as if they had seen all the treasures of California. Half an hour afterwards, there was not a soul in the neighborhood but knew that John, the jester, the chimney-sweep, had inherited three tons of gold. Every one added a word to the news, so that at last it amounted to a hundred houses and twenty fine and good ships.

While Mother Smith was traversing the city to visit the most fashionable shops to be measured by a celebrated dress-maker, Paul, at her request, remained in the house, until his father, who was indisposed, should be up.

At the moment we resume our narrative, Mother Smith had been returned a quarter of an hour; she was standing before the mirror and admiring the radiant splendor of the large ear-

rings suspended to her ears. At this instant, Paul descended the stairs, and at a question from his mother, replied :

"My father is not ill ; he is disturbed and fatigued in consequence of the strange events of the night ; but he will descend in a little while."

"Look at me, Paul !" exclaimed she, triumphantly. "What do you say to these ear-rings ? Do they not become me ?"

The young man looked at his mother, but the impression produced on him by the sight of the jewels did not seem favorable, for he shrugged his shoulders with an equivocal smile, and said :

"I do not know, mother ; but the ear-rings seem to be lost under your cap-strings."

"Wait a little ; that will soon be altered," said the woman. "In a few days your mother will show you that there is not the slightest difference between herself and a lady of the Rue de la Meir ! She will wear a plumed hat, a velvet pelerine, a dress of red silk and coffee-colored boots. And then you will see me pass along the street, a little parasol in my hand, with an air so grave and imposing that every one can tell I am from a good family."

"If that must be," said Paul, sighing and shaking his head, "go and live in some other house, for it would not look well to see a lady such as you in our chimney-sweep's hole. I should not like to be pointed at and ridiculed by everybody all my life."

"Patience, patience," replied the woman, entirely absorbed in her joy. "Your father will not remove yet ; he has his reasons for that. But let the inheritance arrive ! I have my eye already on a beautiful house—a grand *porte cochère* on the market of St. James."

"Do you know what I think, mother ?" said the young man, in a tone of sadness. "I think we have all three become mad. And as for the inheritance, if I had ten good florins in my jacket pocket, I would certainly not give them for these fine eggs which are not yet laid."

"Ah, you would give ten florins ?" exclaimed the mother. "Well, here is a little specimen, incredulous Thomas !"

Paul recoiled, stupefied, with his eyes fixed on the handful of gold pieces which his mother had drawn from her pocket and held beneath his nose with a smile of triumph.

"Well, what do you say to it ?" asked she. "Did you ever see so much money in your life ? Am I full of childish whims, as your father says ?"

The young man remained silent, with his eyes fastened on the gold.

"Have you lost your tongue ?" said the moth-

er, in an ironical tone. "One would think you saw something frightful."

"O !" said the bewildered Paul, "I believe so, after having received such a blow on my head !"

"And this handful of gold is nothing at all in comparison with what we are to receive."

"But mother, dear mother, we are then rich ?"

"Rich, Paul !"

"Ah, ah ! what a life we shall lead ! And Trinette, poor girl, God knows whether she will not be crazy with joy !"

He began to jump about, singing with transport his sweep song. But his mother placed her hand on his mouth and said, in a tone of reproof :

"Fie, Paul, is that a song for rich people ? You must behave like a young man of good family."

"You are right, mother," stammered the young man, composing himself ; "I will make another song."

"No, no, it is no longer suitable for you to sing and dance. A rich man must be grave and serious."

This assertion appeared to astonish Paul.

"Then I can no longer be gay ?" asked he.

"You can assuredly be so, but in private, when you are alone ; and if you wish to take a bottle, when there are no eyes to spy you, the neighbors will say nothing. That is the way rich people do."

"When I am alone ? Do you think, mother, that I drink for the sake of the beer ? By my faith, when my friends are not present, I prefer to drink water."

"Beer ?—beer ? Rich people do not drink beer ; they drink only wine."

"But I do not like wine."

"You will soon learn to love it. But the first thing of which you must break yourself is your manner of walking in the street, and the jests which you are constantly making."

"Can I not then laugh any more ?"

"In the street ? no. You must walk with your head up, and with an air of solemnity."

"As if I were always sorrowful ?"

"No, as if you were always grave. There is nothing more vulgar than to laugh and be gay."

"This is fine business. It is hardly worth while to be rich if one cannot amuse himself with his money."

Mother Smith seated herself beside the table, as if she was preparing to say something important to her son.

"Paul," said she, "sit down ; I must speak to you about something. You will have good

sense enough to comprehend me. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' says the proverb. What would you say if you should see the son of a baron marry the daughter of a fishmonger?"

"I should think it singular."

"Do you think, Paul, now that we are very rich, that we should not be blamed if you were to marry a girl who has nothing?"

The young man, alarmed, exclaimed in a tone full of anxiety:

"Heavens, mother, what are you coming at?"

"You see, Paul, Trinette, the shoemaker's daughter, is a good and honest girl, I am pleased to acknowledge. And if we had remained poor people, you would have married her before the end of the year; but now—the whole city will laugh at us."

"Well, let them laugh!" exclaimed Paul, with his heart full. "I would rather be a chimney-sweep with Trinette, than a baron with any one else. Do not touch this chord, mother, or you will find me as obstinate as a mule."

The countenance of Mother Smith assumed a cunning expression, and she said, in a gentle and insinuating voice:

"But, Paul, do you not think that Leocadia, the daughter of the merchant yonder, is very pretty? She has black eyes and a fine form; she is always so well dressed. And then, what manners! And there is money there, Paul! If you should cast your eyes on her—"

"Leocadia!" exclaimed the young man. "That pale piece of affectation with her ribbons and curls; that vain pomatum shop! I would not have her if she were the daughter of a king. She thinks only of talking French with coxcombs! No, no, no coquette like that; if I marry I wish to be sure that the woman I espouse will be my wife."

"Are you not ashamed to attack the reputation of people who own four houses?" exclaimed the mother.

"I attack no one, mother; but I repeat that I will not hear of this fine lady."

"Well, suppose Leocadia is not to your taste; you will not marry Trinette!"

"No?"

"No!"

"Well, in that case, I do not wish to be rich."

"You will wait until we are in a position suitable to our present circumstances, and then, some lady or other—"

"A lady? I do not even know how to talk to one. No, no, none but Trinette. My father has just told me that he was about to arrange my marriage with her; and he even added that we should have a gay and joyous wedding."

"Your father will change his opinion when he shall have become accustomed to being rich. You will forget Trinette, I tell you."

"I cannot forget her, I ought not to forget her, and I will not forget her! So good a girl, who would die for her Paul, if necessary! Shall I break her heart and disdain her because we are rich? If I thought myself capable of it, I would dash my head against the wall!"

"I prohibit you from seeing her again!" exclaimed the mother.

"And my father told me to go and see her this morning, that she might not learn through any one else of our inheritance."

"Then you will arrive too late; half the village knows it already."

"But, mother," said Paul, in a gentle and supplicating tone, "you have a heart! Remember that, for perhaps five or six years, you have regarded Trinette as your own daughter. She loves you so much that we have often laughed at it; it was always 'Dear little mother here, dear little mother there;' the place where you set your foot was never good enough. If she came here to visit you, the door did not open once but she ran to shut it, for fear you would take cold; she always looked in your eyes to divine your wishes. And there is nothing surprising in it—the poor child has no mother! When you fell sick, a few months since, she wept for three whole days. She went every morning to the church to pray for you; she watched whole nights beside your bed, and when, at last, your illness became very dangerous, she wept so, and was so overcome with grief that the neighbors did not know which to pity most, you or Trinette. I loved Trinette before that; but since I have seen that she would have given her life to preserve to me my mother, another sentiment has filled my heart. I have a respect for her; and, in my eyes, all the ladies in the city are not worth my Trinette. Ah, do not punish her for her goodness! She might die—and you, mother, would have laid her in her coffin, in return for her affection for you!"

While the young man addressed to his mother this touching supplication, tears filled his eyes; he had not said half he was about to say, when Mother Smith was so affected that she bent her head to conceal her deep emotion. She replied, wiping away the tears which flowed down her cheeks:

"Paul, my son, hush, you would make a stone weep. It is very true; the poor child might take it to heart, and she has shown us only kindness and friendship. It is a pity that it should be so; she is not a suitable match; but, rich or not, we

are human. Go and see Trinette, then; fine clothes will perhaps help to give her a more fashionable air, and I will do my best to teach her good manners."

"Thanks, thanks, mother!" exclaimed Paul, with heartfelt joy. "Now do with me what you please; though I should be compelled to wear spectacles, put on yellow gloves and be laughed at by everybody, I will endure all, provided you do not grieve Trinette."

He had risen and was about to go out.

"Paul, put on your hat!" ordered the mother; "a rich man should not wear a cap. There is a silk cravat of red and blue plaid; come to the glass and I put it on you."

With whatever vexation the young sweep contemplated the bright colors of the satin, he prudently allowed the showy cravat to be put around his neck. Then he ran out, bidding his mother a joyous adieu. Mother Smith cried out, in a tone of a reproach:

"Paul, Paul, no jumping; be grave as becomes your rank!"

As the fine weather which the month of May had brought still lasted, the street was, as usual, bordered on each side with young lace-makers, embroidering in their frames, and the elder women, who were mending in the open air the garments of their children.

To please his mother, Paul had relaxed his pace and held up his head with a certain dignity. At his appearance, most of the young girls hastily rose and contemplated with great, serious eyes the young man who was approaching; one would have thought they saw something wonderful.

This great attention was annoying to Paul; the blush of confusion reddened his cheek, and he felt his skin nettled as if by little pin-thrusts. He attempted to master his emotion, and approached some young girls seated not far from the shoemaker's door, and said, in a tone apparently careless:

"Do you think me an elephant or a whale, Annemie, that you look so astonished?"

No one laughed, and several minutes elapsed before Annemie said to him, in a respectful tone and restrained manner:

"Monsieur Paul, I congratulate you, but not without pain."

"Indeed? and why?"

"It will be very dull in our street, now that the joyous Paul has become a rich gentleman and is going to live on the Place de Meir."

"Stop talking about your gentlemen; I am still Paul, the laugher, as before."

At this moment, an old man bent with years

approached; he took off his cap to Paul, uncovered his locks white as silver, and said, with an expression of entreaty:

"Monsieur Smith, can I say a word to you, if you please? Do not take my boldness with a bad heart."

The young man colored to the roots of his hair, and exclaimed, impatiently:

"Ah, Father Mieris, are you mocking me? Give me your hand, that is better! How is your health?"

The old man repaid with a grateful smile the warm grasp of the hand which Paul gave him.

"You do one too much honor, Monsieur Smith," resumed he. "Permit me to make a request of you. You know my daughter, Susanna?"

"Do I know her? She is a good and pretty girl."

"She is a laundress, Monsieur Paul, and she understands her work as well as the rest of them. I come to ask you to speak a good word to madame, your mother, that she may not forget us and enable us to earn now and then a few sous; for the times are bad and bread is so dear."

Paul was overcome; his head turned.

"Yes, yes, it is well," said he, interrupting the old man; "I will do that. Only let me alone with all your monsieurs and madames. It would seem as if the whole neighborhood had gone mad!"

Affrighted by this sortie, the old man drew back.

"Trinette is doubtless occupied in binding shoes?" asked Paul of the young girls.

"Ah, poor Trinette!" said Annemie, in a tone of pity, and sighing; "it is she who is the most to be pitied. If she does not die, it will be very fortunate!"

The chimney-sweep turned pale, and without any other remark, reached the door of the shoemaker. He found the young girl at the little window which opened upon the street. She was holding her apron to her eyes and sobbing aloud. Paul seized her hand, uttering a sorrowful cry; but the afflicted young girl withdrew her hand and concealed her face still more, while stifled sighs escaped her bosom.

"Trinette, Trinette!" exclaimed the young man, in despair, "why are you so grieved? What is the matter? Speak, ah, speak!"

The young girl uncovered her face, and, with an expression of sorrowful resignation, raised on her lover eyes red with tears, and said, in a voice full of entreaty:

"O, Paul, do not grieve; I know very well that it is not your fault. You would not have

had the cruelty to give a death-blow to poor Trinette!"

"For the love of God, what has happened?" exclaimed the young man.

"I will endure my sad fate, and though I should die of it, I will not accuse you, Paul. And I will even pray the good God to give you a wife who will love you as well as I do!"

"Ah, is it that you fear?" exclaimed the young man, joyously. "Console yourself, then, Trinette; nothing is changed between us. You are mistaken."

The young girl looked at him with a sad smile, and said:

"O, Paul, I am much too poor a girl to raise my eyes to you. You are of great family, and my father is only an honest mechanic."

Paul struck his foot impatiently, and interrupted Trinette, in a tone of vexation:

"Who says all that? The gossips of the neighborhood, doubtless. Trinette, you listen to the envious!"

"No, no," said the young girl, sighing, "your mother spoke lightly of us in the shop; she said that a cobbler's daughter should never enter her family. You must obey, Paul; leave me to my sadness. That will soon pass away—"

She added, shedding tears anew:

"When I shall lie down in the grave. And when you sometimes take a ride out of the city and see from afar the trees of the Stuirenberg, think for a moment of our friendship, Paul, and say to yourself, there lies Trinette, who died young because she loved too well."

Paul hid his eyes with his hands and trembled beneath the weight of his emotion.

"Trinette!" exclaimed he, in a tone of anguish, "you rend my heart unjustly. Though my father should become a king, you only should be my wife! My mother herself has no other wish."

"She has shown so much contempt for us, Paul!"

"Yes, but you know wealth blinds one for an instant. My mother sent me here; she loves you still as much as ever, and it is not ten minutes since she said, 'Rich or not, Trinette shall be my daughter!'"

The young girl began to tremble; she looked at the young man, her eyes humid and glittering, her bosom palpitating. At this moment the shoemaker entered the room; it was evident he had just left his work, for he still held his stirrup in his hand. He fixed a severe glance on the eyes of the young man and said:

"Monsieur Smith, I am astonished that you still dare to visit my house. We are poor, but

honest, and every one is king in his own house. It is perhaps not your fault; but that does not alter the case. Withdraw, and forget where we live, or—"

"O, my dear father, be not angry!" exclaimed the young girl; "things are not as you believe them to be!"

"Your parents are in the right," said the shoemaker, in a tone of irony. "While they were simple mechanics like us, all was suitable enough; but now that they have inherited some tons of gold, it would be a great scandal, Paul, if you were to marry the daughter of a poor shoemaker! But this shoemaker has also a heart in his breast, and he will not suffer you in future to cast your eyes on his child. Go into the fine and grand streets and choose a lady of your own condition."

"Father Dries, you are very cruel and unjust," stammered the young man, with sadness. "My mother sent me here to apologize to you on the subject of some words which she said. She had no evil intention, and entreats you to have the goodness to forget what has happened."

"No, no," replied the shoemaker, "things are not to be settled thus. She has publicly expressed her contempt for us. You, Paul, must no longer set foot in our house. We are not rich; but it shall not be said that we suffered you to walk over our heads."

"And if my mother comes here and declares that she had no evil intentions?"

"In that case, I may overlook it," said Father Dries, thoughtfully.

"Well, she will come; I will go in search of her."

"I saw her go out a moment ago," observed the shoemaker.

"Then as soon as she returns I will ask her to come and speak to you."

"No, no, not so, Paul; you cannot remain here. And you must not return unless accompanied by your mother. The neighbors are all assembled before our door. If things are as you say, all will soon be arranged; but for the present, Paul, I entreat you to return home."

The young man directed his steps towards the door, but, on leaving, said again to the young girl:

"Trinette, Trinette, fear nothing; be joyful, all will go well. I will soon return with my mother."

When Paul returned home, he found his father seated before the table. The poor man, in torture, was pale and had a downcast air; his eyes, fatigued by his nocturnal watching, were dull and inexpressive.

"Paul, why is your face so red?" asked he, a little surprised.

"Father," replied the young man, "I have been to see Trinettes; she was sobbing and crying enough to melt one's heart. The shoemaker wished to turn me out of doors, but that affair is settled. Are you indisposed again, father? you seem so pale. Shall I go for a physician?"

"No, no, it is over; it was nothing but nervous agitation. But what was the cause of Trinettes's grief? Why was the shoemaker angry with you?"

"I do not know. My mother said in the shop that Trinettes was not worthy to enter our family, and upon that the shoemaker mounted on his high horse. Now all is arranged, and when my mother returns, I will go with her to the shoemaker's to restore matters to their proper state."

"Your mother, your mother!" said the chimney-sweep, with a sigh, "she will ruin us. She cannot control her pride, and talks as if we were to receive thousands of florins."

"Three tons of gold, father. When I was returning, a moment since, from the shoemaker's, Annemie asked me from the vegetable shop, if it was true that besides the tons of gold, we were to inherit I know not how many houses and vessels."

"Mon Dieu!" said the chimney-sweep, in a plaintive voice, "we are very unfortunate. Thanks to the gossiping of your mother, it will no longer be possible for us to sleep tranquilly. All the robbers in the city will have an eye on our house! I do not know how many plots they may have made already to introduce themselves here and rob us on the first opportunity, perhaps murder us."

"It is possible, father. It seems as if the whole city were in commotion and everybody is talking of this astonishing inheritance."

"Astonishing inheritance?" repeated the chimney-sweep, passing his hand despairingly through his hair. "Ah, Paul, it is far from being so much as people say."

"There ought to be much, father," said Paul, smiling; "three tons of gold!"

"The neighbors are beside themselves."

"Perhaps there is one ton of gold?"

"No, no, there is but a small fortune, just enough, with prudence and economy, to live comfortably."

"What am I to believe? My mother talks of a great house with a *porte cochere* on the market of St. James, of a hat with plumes, of servants in livery, and of so many other things, that I thought she had found Fortunatus's purse, and that we were going to live in a golden mountain."

"Your mother will bring us to poverty!" exclaimed Father Smith, with anger and bitterness. "But I will show her that I am master, and if she does not conduct properly I will turn her out of doors. And you also? what have you got on your neck, spendthrift?"

"I had forgotten it!" exclaimed Paul, tearing off the satin cravat and throwing it far from him. "My mother put it on me by force; but I will not wear such gaudy rags."

At this moment the street-door opened, and a person entered, whose appearance cut short the words Paul was about to utter. It was a young lacquey, wearing a hat trimmed with ribbon and an old livery, which hung like a bag upon him, and whose flaps descended to his knees. He had red hair and ruddy and puffed up cheeks. Altogether his appearance was that of extraordinary stupidity. On his entrance, he looked with stupefaction around him, and said to himself:

"These city people think of nothing but making fun of one! I was mistaken, but I will ask."

"What is the meaning this?" exclaimed Paul.

"It means, my boy, that I am not where I ought to be. Those girls yonder, in the street, did not inform me correctly. I wish to go to the house of the chimney-sweep who has just inherited so many tons of gold and ships."

"It is here," replied Paul.

"Here, in this house?" stammered the lacquey. "It is impossible!"

"If you do not believe it, go your way quickly and leave us in peace."

The chimney-sweep, plunged in painful reflections, shook his head, but without saying a word; he fixed his eyes on the table with a smile of contempt.

"If it is here," said the young peasant to Paul, "I ought to tell you why I came. You must know I live with Madame Van Staen. This lady came in search of me where I was taking care of my cows, telling me that I should lead the life of a gentleman; but you would not believe me if I were to tell you how I have been treated. It was only blows here and blows there. Since I crashed in the door the tail of her pet dog, and by chance set fire to the window-curtains, she cannot endure my presence. I am called ass, imbecile, stupid peasant, and a thousand other epithets of rich people; you have doubtless experienced them as well as myself. I have heard say that your lady desires to have a domestic to ride behind her carriage, and to carry her muff and prayer-book. I can do all that, and take care of the horses besides. You are the groom, I suppose, and that may be the coachman of madame. Speak a

good word for me, both of you ; we understand each other, and will manage it so as to live well."

Paul looked at his father with an ironical smile ; but the chimney-sweep suddenly became violently angry. He sprang up, extended his fist towards the lacquey, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder :

"Out of my house, impudent rascal ! Quick, quick, or I will throw you into the middle of the street !"

And as he advanced towards the servant and made a gesture which announced the intention of putting the threat into execution, the latter recoiled towards the door, saying, with terror :

"Come, come, do not bite me, I have done you no harm. I believe these city gentlemen have all fists like sledge-hammers !"

At these words, he shut the door after him and fled. Meanwhile the door was immediately reopened. It was Mother Smith, who, on entering, cast upon her husband and son looks of indignation.

"Paul," muttered the chimney-sweep, pale with anger, "I must go up stairs ; for I feel that I must not touch that woman ; I shall do her some mischief."

So saying, he ascended the stairs in a rage.

"What is the matter now ?" asked the wife, in a sharp tone.

"O, nothing, mother," replied the young man ; "a stupid peasant who asked to be a servant here, and we sent him away. If you ever take a lacquey it will doubtless be one whom you are not ashamed to have seen."

"Is that all ?" said she. "I thought, judging from your father's face, that some terrible event had happened."

Paul seized her hand and said, in a supplicating tone :

"Mother, may I ask you to do one thing before you take off your mantle ?"

"Doubtless, my son ; whatever you please."

"Mother, I have been to see Trinettes. If you could have seen her, you would have wept ; it seemed as if the poor child would die. She entreated you to come to her father's house to tell her that you are not angry with her. And I who know your kind heart, mother, have promised that you will do so. Come, mother, come."

"Coaxer !" said the mother, smiling, "who could refuse you anything ?"

Paul went to the bottom of the stairs and cried out :

"Father, I am going with mother to the shoemaker's ; we will return in a moment !"

And, with his countenance radiant with joy, he drew his mother out of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LONE GOLDFINCH TO ITS MISTRESS.

BY FRANK FARELOVE.

Glding round and round—  
 Eternally round and round—  
 I compass the hollow world, which brings  
 Me ever round and round.  
 As swiftly on I fly,  
 My golden scalets dye  
 In deeper and dampling tones, as beams  
 On me with love thine eye.

I dream of golden skies—  
 Mosquitoes, gnats and flies ;  
 I'm dreaming how you freed me in the pond !  
 I dream of my lost mate ;  
 And sailing round, I wait—  
 I wait upon the crystalline brink—how long !  
 I dream of waters deep—  
 O, it would make thee weep,  
 Dear mistress, couldst thou fathom my deep song !

## MY DECLINE AND FALL.

### IN THREE STAGES.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

#### I.

It was a glorious spring morning, when I caught the first glimpse of the Chateau de Granville, charmingly situated on the slope of one of those immense hills you meet so often in the south of France ; beyond it, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that loveliest and mildest of seas. I left my carriage at the foot of the road which led to the gate of the principal avenue, ordering it to proceed thither and wait for me there, while I strolled up a green and flowery lane which led to the same spot. I loitered through the green lane, when I was startled by a laugh near me, then a light, quick footstep, and through an opening in the hedge, sprang a girl, dressed *en paysanne*, her hair loose over her shoulders, and a broad-rimmed straw hat with blue ribbons, in her hand, with which she was hunting a butterfly.

"*Commencez par le commencement, mon ami !*" says Pantagruel, and I owe it to the reader to comply with Pantagruel's direction. In three words then, I was at the time of which I speak, a bachelor, doing the continent more leisurely than most travellers, and imbued with many of the peccadilloes which convention has incorporated with bachelordom. Three days before, I had met in Paris, the young Count de Marini.

"Well," said he, "so you have made up your mind to abandon us, for the countries of the south. By-the-by, I have an uncle in Provence,



to whom it would afford me great pleasure to give you a letter. But no—wait—there is *la belle cousine* also. I don't know as it would be prudent!"

"I have heard of her," I replied. "Is she not very beautiful? and is she not to be *la comtesse*?"

"*Ma foi*, I know nothing about it!" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "My father suggested it before he died, my uncle desires it, she cares nothing about it, nor do I. I remember her to have been a very pretty, though a wild and romping child; but I shall never fall in love with her!"

"Why not?"

"Because I am to marry her, you know!"

"True, I forgot! but supposing somebody else should take the trouble to marry her!"

"Ha! you go and marry her, sir, and bring her to Paris, and I engage to fall in love with her!"

"Thank you!" said I; and we parted, after he had given me letters of introduction to his uncle's family. When I add, for the information of the reader, that the Chateau de Granville was the residence of Count de Marini's uncle, I shall have sufficiently complied with Pantagruel, so as to proceed with my account of the hunt of the butterfly.

The moment I confronted the young girl, according to the polite usage of the times, I instinctively took off my travelling cap; when the tired butterfly rested on my bared head, and in a moment, plump came down over it the broad-rimmed hat, blue ribbons and all. I think I must have made rather a ridiculous figure, thus decorated, for though the young lady was for a few moments the picture of astonishment and confusion, yet after gazing at me, every feeling but that of the ludicrous was overcome, and she gave way to an irrepressible fit of laughter, so joyous and uncontrollable that it was easily excusable in one so young and light-hearted.

She tried to recover her hat, but this I quietly opposed, and taking her hand prisoner, assured her that she must pay the accustomed tribute for her frolic. At this the girl's laughter ceased; she looked around in dismay, and a blush of fear and anger crimsoned her face and neck.

"Sir, I beg you will give me my hat. It was quite unintentional. I saw nothing but the butterfly. Let go my hand!"

As she spoke, I gazed with admiration, perhaps with too much freedom, on the most perfectly beautiful face I ever beheld.

"You would have good reason to laugh at me, if I let you go so easily. But I will be merciful to my lovely prisoner. Allow me to replace the hat on your head; that is all I will impose on you."

She shook back her dark and luxuriant curls,

and looked up into my face timidly and confidently, as I replaced the hat, gently and as becomingly as I could upon her head. I discovered that I was no adept in the business, for I have said already that I was a bachelor, and it took full three minutes to arrange it to my taste. They were most incorrigible blue ribbons, but the bow was finally tied, and she bounded through the hedge again, with the activity of a fawn, disappearing I could hardly tell where, or in what direction.

## II.

I introduce this stage of my decline, by a quotation from a letter of my brother, received two weeks after my arrival at the Chateau de Granville.

"What is keeping you so long in the south of France? I supposed you would have been in Lisbon long before this. I am desirous of spending the autumn with you, in which I shall certainly be disappointed, if every country through which you pass, proves as attractive as the one you are now in. I remember when I passed through the southern portions of *la belle France*, I thought of it as nothing but a thoroughfare to Spain and Portugal. As the season is so far advanced, had you not better give up Madrid and embark from the Garonne?"

What kept me so long at Granville? Two weeks had passed, and Spain, in which I had anticipated so much enjoyment, was absolutely forgotten. My horses were getting lazy and fat through want of exercise, and my coachman was audibly swearing. All my wisdom, prudence excellent resolutions, quiet and regular habits were upset, and by whom? By a wild French girl, a graceful, lovely romp—nothing less—scarcely out of the nursery. I should not increase my own estimation of myself were I to confess that it was simply this that had destroyed my equilibrium. True, Marie de Granville was a mere romp, but she was open and artless as the daylight; her temper was impatient but generous, her affections warm; the poor blessed her, and Mademoiselle Clery, her governess, said she was the plague of her life. We studied and walked together, rode and danced together.

Reason advised me to marry an Englishwoman, and not to go out of my own country, where were the most beautiful, accomplished and virtuous women in the world, for a wife. In the course of her argument, Reason was rather severe upon what she termed a giddy, spoiled, French hoyden; amiable, but excessively indulged, idle and petulant, though doted upon by everybody, to be sure.

But Passion pleaded in a different and infinitely more just and agreeable strain. Marie de Gran-

ville is sprung from a lineage ancient and noble. Few Englishwomen can rival her in beauty, none in excellence of disposition and warmth of affection. She is very young, but that is a fault which every year will cure. She is replete with talent, and has proved herself capable of continued application, and though indulged, still, thanks to the goodness of her temper, not spoiled. Her greatest faults are that she is a Frenchwoman and a Catholic, for neither of which is she responsible. Everybody commences as I did, by admiring, and ends by loving her. Be sensible, by showing yourself truthful. Let not the restraints of conventionalism keep you from being faithful to the instincts of your manhood. Reason would make you despise yourself, and seem contemptible, if she compelled you to renounce the true sentiments of your nature for prudential considerations of condition and country.

It is needless to repeat that Reason retired from the contest, routed horse and foot, and Passion rode over the field triumphant. I think this metaphor must have occurred to me at the time, for I ordered my horses saddled immediately. They were brought to the door and I went for Marie.

"Will you ride," said I "this fine morning?"

"Certainly!" she replied, closing a book from which she had been translating some passages into English. Presently she issued from her little studio, in a silk riding robe, her luxuriant tresses gathered up, and disposed curl above curl, under the most becoming riding-hat in the universe.

"I am so glad you asked me to go out!" said she, as she rode down the avenue. "I was getting tired, all alone, amid books, embroidery and half finished drawings!"

"I am glad not to have interrupted you!"

"What makes you say that? You know you never interrupt me!"

"I like to hear you say so."

"Why, when you know it?"

"Because I don't wish anything to mar the remembrance of our pleasant intercourse."

"The remembrance of it?"

"Yes, for I am afraid it will soon be merely a remembrance."

"Good Heavens! what do you mean? How pale you are!"

"Marie, I have received a letter from England. I shall have to leave you!"

"Leave me!" she repeated, as if the possibility of such an occurrence had never entered her head. "Leave me!" the reins dropped upon the pony's neck, and I thought she was going to fall, to forestall which lamentable contingency, I threw my arm around her.

"Will you go to England with me? Do you love me?"

The blood mantled over her face and neck, and tears filled her eyes, as she almost sobbed:

"Very much!"

"Will you go with me to England, and be my wife?"

"Yes, to be sure I will!"

The young lady's inclination in the saddle would certainly have ensured her fall at this time, had not my arm, as I said before, been around her, and had not her face and shoulders been sustained safely against mine.

### III.

My horses, it proved, were not to be spoiled by inaction, nor my coachman from hard swearing. They were both to be brought into action to consummate the final stage of my decline and fall. Along with the carriages of several of the neighboring gentlemen, whose daughters were invited to the wedding, mine occupied the courtyard of the Chateau de Granville, and they all contributed to give the old chateau an unusual air of hurry and bustle. It was a glorious morning. Brightly shone the sun through the blue sky, and merrily chimed the bells from the tower of an immense rough-stone church which rose behind a grove of trees, a quarter of a mile south of Granville.

All was bustle and confusion. The old marquis, Marie's father, had managed matters so well with the bishop of the diocese, that the difficulties, at that time attending a marriage between persons differing in their religious creed, were speedily removed. I will not weary the reader by describing my impatience for the appearance of Mademoiselle de Granville on that morning, my anxiety in short, to consummate my fall.

Down from her chamber, at length, came the lovely bride, attired in a white dress; her dark hair softened by the delicate veil that hung over it. Her usually animated features were now composed by modesty and sentiment. Her lips, usually parted by captivating smiles, were closed with a pensiveness still more captivating. She came down the ancient, massive staircase, surrounded by the young ladies who were to officiate as bridesmaids, tripping half reluctantly forward, her small and delicate foot encased in an embroidered white satin shoe.

The marriage ceremony took place according to the rituals of the two churches. The marquis handed his daughter for the first and last time into my carriage, we received his blessing, and were soon dashing past that green and flowery lane which had been so fatal to me, on the road to Paris.

## ROSA AND HER TRUANT BROTHER.

BY MRS. R. T. KIDDERGE.

Sailing o'er the deep blue waters,  
 Mother, watch thy darling boy;  
 By his side thy fairy daughter  
 Clings to him with childlike joy;  
 Tremble not, they're safely gilding,  
 They will need a mother's chiding;  
 See, they're landing, anxious mother,  
 Rosa and her truant brother.

See thy brave boy, proudly standing  
 In his little fragile bark;  
 See him moor her on the landing,—  
 Clouds are gathering thick and dark;  
 Joy! they're safe upon the land—  
 See them coming hand in hand;  
 Soon they'll greet thee, anxious mother,  
 Rosa and her truant brother.

See thy fairy daughter, gliding  
 By the side of thy brave boy;  
 O, how soon a mother's chiding  
 Will have power to mar their joy.  
 See them, full of life and beauty;  
 Swerve not from a mother's duty;  
 Chide them gently, anxious mother,  
 Rosa and her truant brother.

Chide them, else they may forget thee,  
 As their barks glide o'er life's ocean;  
 Chide them, and they will protect thee,  
 Mid rough storms and wild commotion.  
 Tell them that they must obey thee,  
 Do thy duty now, I pray thee;  
 They'll be grateful, anxious mother,  
 Rosa and her truant brother.

## AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

BY CHARLES M. KENDALL.

MISS SALLY STRONG was a peculiar woman. For sixty years she had retained her name, which exactly suited her hardy nature; and the man having the assurance to ask her to exchange it for his own, would have been a rare companion for Cummings in his tiger-hunt in the jungles of Africa. At least, no one in the village of B— would dare to question his manhood.

She was one of those who seemed to have been born an old maid in perspective. Before she arrived at her teens, she used to stone the boys with a malignant delight; and ere she was out of them, her contempt for the opposite sex was so strikingly manifest, that all prudent young men, if accidentally walking upon the same sidewalk, to avoid a meeting, would very quietly cross to the other side and allow her the whole of it.

Yet she was a privileged person, and people

would smile at an ill-natured remark from her as though it were a compliment. Even the young minister of the parish treated her with marked respect, although he was certain to have his last sermon wofully criticised, in answer to his kind inquiry regarding her health. The secret of all this might have been written in three words—she was rich; and even the clergyman was worldly-minded enough to desire to be on good terms with one who was the largest contributor to his support.

Aunt Sally, as the villagers universally called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities had enabled her to invest so advantageously, that she increased in wealth as she did in years, and like many other rich people well advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives who each hoped to obtain a large slice of the cake of real estate, which would be cut up in the event of her decease. Her cold gray eyes were too shrewd not to see through their eager attentions to the very selfishness of their source.

One nephew, however, did not belong to this class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was very often the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the fun of having a hot argument. Yet for any real service, she would oftener apply to him than any one else. She had even loaned him a sum sufficient to stock a fine store, but still this Frederick so often annoyed and vexed her, that public opinion—extending no further, of course, than the limits of this village—was about equally divided as to whether he would be the favorite heir, or be cut off with a shilling.

One evening, upon the meeting of the parish sewing circle at the house of the clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which he never forgot. She, unlike most maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a fashionable nuisance, but usually was present in order to indulge in her sarcastic remarks. Her nephew was there ostensibly to wait upon his aunt, but the fair Lucy, daughter of the worthy practitioner Dr. Blood, particularly allured him with her charms.

"Did it ever occur to you, girls," said the old lady, "what you are here for?"

"To be sure, aunt," answered one of her nieces: "simply to make clothing for the poor heathen."

"Where may these objects of your pity reside?"

"O, in Siam, Burmah and other like places."

"Indeed! Well, heavy woolen shirts are very

serviceable garments, upon my word, for people living under a tropical sun. They will doubtless be very grateful for clothing so suited to their climate."

"Well done, aunt!" exclaimed Frederick. "A good shot and no mistake. But these circles are grand affairs, after all."

"Grand affairs, indeed, for young men to say soft things, and silly girls to listen to them! Grand affairs to dispense the accumulated gossip of a month! Grand affairs for scandal moving, and for everything but the purpose they profess!" And Aunt Sally looked about her with a triumphant glance, as though her charges were unanswerable.

In fact, too many felt the justice of her rebuke to measure words with her. Even Frederick agreed so much with her in the abstract, that he was content to remain silent. Having achieved such a moral victory, the lady continued in unwonked good humor during the rest of the evening.

When the party broke up, as Frederick was taking leave of his young friends, with his aunt upon one arm and the fair Lucy upon the other, the old lady suddenly remembered that she had left her muff.

"O, never mind, aunt," said the young man. "I will get it and send it up to you in the morning."

"But I do mind, Fred Strong, for it is not my way to leave things about in this manner. But where can it be? I certainly left it with my bonnet and cloak."

"Where can it be?" echoed all her affectionate nieces, diving into sundry places in their eagerness to assist in the search.

"Somebody must have taken it!" cried one.

"That is impossible," answered another, "for aunt's muff is unlike all others."

"That is as true," said Fred, laughing, "as a barrel is unlike a two-gallon keg." And he gave Lucy a mischievous glance, which she interpreted to mean that he knew the whereabouts of the missing article better than any one else.

"It certainly is not with any of the ladies' things," said one of her young relations.

"O, plague upon you all!" was the kind reply. "I must hunt it up myself, I suppose."

"Deacon Gray, you haven't taken aunt's muff, by mistake—have you?" asked Fred, maliciously.

That functionary drew himself up stiffly, as though the imputation was unworthy of an answer, and stepped aside.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of the young ladies.

"Who could have done it?" added another.

"Be silent—will you?" cried the irritable maiden; "or tell me where I can find it."

"Why, it is in Deacon Gray's hat, and pressed in so tightly that we cannot remove it."

"O, fie upon you, aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower!" exclaimed the laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muff, but the hat adhered most affectionately to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry, projected by the vigorous foot of the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the terminus of its short journey, it had assumed a most questionable shape, and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

"I will pay you for this, young man."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are entirely welcome."

"You will perhaps tell me that you have had no hand in this matter?"

"No, I will tell no falsehood about it; but I intended it as a joke upon our stiff deacon, as much or more than upon yourself."

"At best, it is but an ill trick you have played upon me, and now mark my words: You shall have reason to remember this muff to the latest day of your existence."

"As you please, aunt, since you take it so seriously; but I didn't think a silly joke would have thus offended you."

Time passed on, and young Strong prospered famously in his business. He had amassed sufficient means to be enabled to repay his aunt the sum she had loaned him, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she preferred to have it remain on interest. In the meantime, he had also persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for Aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In the matters of real estate, stocks, etc., she had become a perfect alchemist, turning all to gold.

The neighbors looked on and wondered, but none ventured to remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of Squire A—, and it was rumored that she was making the final arrangements for the bestowal of her property after her decease. The affair of the muff was not forgotten, and it was current with the good villagers that Fred would have to pay dearly for that joke.

One morning the village was all action. During the night, the spirit of the redoubtable lady had quietly taken its flight. She was found dead in her arm-chair, and had died, as she had lived, alone. She had alarmed no one during

the night, nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity, of course, was intense on the subject of her will, and it was produced as soon as decency would allow. All her connections were present, and their eager, hopeful, anxious countenances would have furnished a rare subject for the pencil of an artist. The reading of the will proceeded until it was finished, except a simple codicil. Each of her relatives, excepting her nephew, had been remembered—some to a greater extent than others, but none considerably.

At all events, not one third of her fortune had been dispensed, and as the codicil only remained, all eyes were turned to Frederick Strong as the lucky one, after all. But what was their surprise, when they found it only made him the recipient of her old sable muff and contents. The word "contents" again excited their curiosity, and to satisfy them, the article was produced and found only to contain a simple paper sewed on to the lining. When detached and opened, in the bold handwriting of Aunt Sally was only found these words:

"DEAR NEPHEW:—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciated yours on a certain time you will remember. God bless you and yours. Farewell."

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady had fairly retorted upon him, and he certainly deserved nothing better at her hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's money? That was the mystery, and it became more than a "nine days' wonder" to the worthy villagers who discussed it on every occasion. She was known to have large sums of money at various banks, but all this the anxious relatives ascertained was drawn out a few days before her death. Squire A—— was consulted, who had drafted the will, but he stoutly maintained that the will covered the whole of her property, and would have nothing further to do with it.

One evening, about six months after the old lady's death, while Frederick was conversing with his wife, the subject of the muff was introduced.

"That was a costly joke of yours, dear Fred," said his wife, gaily.

"But I got the muff, at all events, Lucy, and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars which she loaned me. I feel confident that she intended to present it to me, and therefore destroyed my note."

"Let us have a look at the old relic, Fred, if the moths have not eaten it wholly up. I will return with it in a moment."

The muff was produced, and as Lucy predicted, the lining was woefully moth-eaten.

"My dear wife, you must look to this, for I prize it dearly, on good Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining and renovate the whole with camphor."

Lucy took her scissors and commenced at once upon the task.

"What can the old lady have stuffed it with, I wonder? Why, Fred, instead of cotton, she has wadded it with dirty brown paper."

"Dirty brown paper, indeed!" exclaimed her husband, springing from his chair and catching her hand, as she was about to throw a bunch of it into the grate. "Why, it is bank-notes—or I am dreaming."

The mystery of the word "contents" was now explained. Note after note was drawn out, until more than thirty thousand dollars lay upon the table before them. A letter also was found from the aunt, which stated that she always intended him for her heir. His own note also came to light, from which his name had been torn off. This new revelation of course created an immense sensation among the villagers, but Frederick and his fair wife kept on the even tenor of their way—respected by all, not for their wealth simply, but for themselves. One evening, during each year, they open their splendid mansion to all. It is a famous affair for the villagers, and is known as the anniversary of "AUNT SALLY'S MUFF."

#### A CLEAN SELL.

A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham Street, through the Jews' quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.—*New York Express*.

Even where praise is deserved, ill-nature and self-conceit, passions that rule the majority of mankind, will, with less reluctance, part with their money than their approbation.

PHILOSOPHY.

O, why with vain regrets should we  
In gloom and sorrow yine?  
Since in a world we soon must be  
Where sun doth never shine;  
Where moon nor stars to lend their light,  
Where earthly hopes and fears  
Are gone for aye—ne'er to return,  
More than our childhood's years.

Through sorrows deep, what vigils we,  
E'en from our very birth,  
What trouble take, this world to make  
A heaven and not an earth!  
O, know ye not, ye dreamers wild,  
With all your feeble care,  
That soon your forms, now full of hope,  
Will be beyond all prayer?

Soon to your mother earth, O man,  
Your earthly body yields,  
Your mortal frame will then be nought  
But dust upon the fields.  
Then fling to air all vain regrets,  
Laugh while ye have the power;  
Sorrow no more, but to the fall—  
Enjoy each fleeting hour!

J. C. W.

MARK HARDING.

A BACKWOODS SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

READER, did you ever live in the "backwoods?" and did you ever attend a "backwoods ball?" Because, if you did not, you can form no idea of how folks enjoy such things there. Now I have; and I can assure you that for having a pleasant time, making the most of the "fleet-footed hours," and finding the greatest amount of happiness capable of being experienced in a given time, we, "children of the wilderness," are far before you who "dwell in cities."

True, it might not suit your ideas of happiness, for we cannot always command such accessories as quadrille bands and gas-lights, or even the minor luxuries of ice creams, japonicas, white kid gloves and ditto satin slippers; but for all that, we can and do enjoy ourselves, and our otherwise dull winters are not a little enlivened by the annual festivals that are held in most of the backwoods settlements—or, at least, where there are young people enough within a moderate distance to make parties pleasant.

I am not going to tell you the precise locality of my present story; suffice it that it was my then place of residence—that it was a great deal nearer to the setting sun than you have probably ever been, and most certainly deserved the name of a "backwoods settlement," for the wilder-

ness was all around us—and though we considered that we had quite a number of neighbors, strangers would probably have looked on us as almost hermits.

But of the place and its character more will appear in my story; and I must now inform you that it was winter, somewhere about the middle of December, and our whole settlement was busied in preparations for the great new year's ball, the time for which was rapidly approaching.

There were several unusual features attending this ball, which made it more than commonly interesting, and caused no small amount of speculating among the young folks. And first, Squire F—— volunteered the use of his newly unfinished barn for the accommodation of the revellers—a most unusual proceeding for the squire, who had all his life set his face against music and dancing; but every one read the riddle. The old fellow had lost his wife during the past year, and all the settlement knew that he was laying strong siege to the heart of pretty little widow Thomson, who loved dancing better than anything else in the world, unless it was admiration. Now the squire knew there would be a ball, and he also knew that Widow Thomson would be there, and he rather calculated to impress her with an increased sense of his importance, if he succeeded in his plans; hence the offer of the barn, which was immediately accepted.

Another interesting circumstance was the arrival among us of a most accomplished young gentleman—a Mr. Philander Simpson, who, when it became known that he was a proficient on the violin, suddenly found himself a very hero, a prize to be kept until after the great event, at any cost.

At home, in New York, Mr. Simpson's musical talent would not have kept him from starving; but in ———, it almost caused him to die of repletion, so warmly was he welcomed as the hospitable tables of the music-loving inhabitants. The warmest seat at the fireside, the best of the good cheer from the pantry, and the prettiest girl of the party were always bestowed on the happy little fiddler; and, in return, he played untiringly for the amusement of his kind entertainers. Our country fiddlers were totally eclipsed; but they bore it well—revenging themselves by laughing at the little man's airs, and learning all his choicest tunes.

The last and most interesting circumstance attending the coming festival, was the expected appearance among us of a young lady from one of the eastern cities—a Miss Browning, who,

late in the autumn, had come to reside with one of our most prosperous farmers; on what terms, it was not known exactly, but certainly they were very favorable ones for all parties.

Miss Browning had her own rooms at Farmer Smith's, rode her own beautiful horse, and in every respect comported herself like one used to style in living; and the great mystery was, why such a person should come out into the wilderness to dwell!

True, Mrs. Smith herself had been a city girl; but then both she and her young lover were poor, and the backwoods offered inducements to them to come. Our minister's wife, likewise, had married and followed her husband's fortunes out in the "new home;" but Miss Browning apparently had no motive, and as from her dress and appearance it was certain she must be rich, the mystery was impenetrable.

In the few weeks that she had dwelt among us, scarcely any one had seen her, save at a distance; and when it became known that she would attend the ball, our young people were in a perfect flutter of excitement. Many of our fair damsels would have given half their possessions for a peep at a fashion-book, "just to know how people wore things now," and many and anxious were the discussions that attended the making up of dresses for this eventful evening.

Having long been elected to the responsible post of "chief friend and adviser," in the matter of dress, to my young friends. I was besieged for the few days before the ball with all manner of applications, and among the rest, wondered much that my little favorite Phoebe Crosby had not come as usual to consult me. At last, when within twenty-four hours of the time, she came; and by the downcast looks and trembling lip, I knew that something had gone wrong with my little friend.

"Why, Phoebe, what is it, child? You look as if something dreadful had happened."

"O, I know it is very silly for me to be so disappointed, but you know how much I expected to get a new frock to wear to the ball, and now father is not able to afford it. I have worked real hard this fall, and saved all I could, and I feel almost discouraged, Mrs. M——."

Poor child! I did not wonder at her discouragements. Work, work, work, was the order of the Crosby family, and poor Phoebe found plenty of employment for her little hands in attending to the wants of an exacting step-mother and a large family of brothers and sisters.

I know she wanted a new dress, and had fully expected it; and such a disappointment, at such

a time, was almost too much for her fortitude.—

"Never mind, little girl," I said, by way of comfort, "bring me over your old maulin, and I will do my best to make it presentable."

"O, you are real good, Mrs. M——, but I feel so disappointed, I don't think I shall go at all. Mother said she wouldn't, if she was me."

"O, never mind what 'mother' says this time. Bring your dress to me early in the morning." And so, a little consoled, I dismissed my visitor.

I felt a peculiar interest in little Phoebe, for, setting aside her many winning ways, I knew she was an object of much attraction to one near and dear to myself, and as such, likely to be closely connected to me some day. The greatest obstacle to this was presented in the person of Miss Julia Ann Starr, the gay young sister of Phoebe's step-mother, and who had laid violent siege to the heart of my extremely susceptible brother.

I was fully aware that Mrs. Crosby did not like her step-daughter, and that this plan of the ball was all of her contriving, to disappoint Phoebe and allow Miss Julia Ann an opportunity to bring matters to a climax. How to mend matters, I did not know; but trusting that something would occur in poor little Phoebe's favor, I resolved to wait patiently until morning.

It was yet early dawn, when a parcel was brought to me, which on opening, I found to contain an exceedingly pretty rose-colored dress, with the simple word "Phoebe" pinned on a scrap of paper. Who the kind donor was, or how they came to know of our trouble, neither Phoebe nor I could surmise; but we kept our own counsel, and hastened to make up for lost time.

As I knew the Crosby family would be large, I invited Phoebe to ride with us, and was gratified by Robert's look of unqualified admiration, as my little favorite came into the room with hood and cloak in hand, all ready for a start. Our ride was a pleasant one, and we soon drew up at Squire F——'s, among some dozens of assembled sleighs, some empty, some, like ourselves, just arrived, and others discharging their living cargoes.

The ball-room presented a strange aspect to unaccustomed eyes—with its festoons of evergreen hiding the rough walls, the great beams only partly hidden under the spruce boughs, and the lights gleaming out from amid the overhanging pine branches. Dancing, the great business of the evening, was carried on with a spirit and energy unknown to the listless frequenters of city balls; and if our beaux and belles lacked

in etiquette and the minutiae of the ball-room, they made up in real beauty, good humor, and warmth of feeling.

Of beauty, there was no lack; but pre-eminent among the assembled damsels, was one on whom every eye turned with admiration. It was Isabella Browning, the city stranger; and I watched with interest to see how she viewed our rustic festivities. It was apparent that she felt pleased with her new position, and from the eagerness with which her hand was sought, I judged she was a very agreeable partner. Her dress, a white muslin skirt and black velvet jacket, displayed to advantage her beautiful figure; and when the excitement brought a bright flush on her cheek, I thought I had never beheld so lovely an object.

"That ere's somethin' like a gal," said a rough voice behind me. "Why Mark, my man, what are you about, to let all them fellers be before you?"

I turned, and there stood one of our neighbors, an unpolished diamond of the first water, and he was addressing a young man who leaned somewhat wearily against the wall. The heavy black waves of hair were pushed back from his forehead, his eyes followed mechanically the motions of the dancers, and the folded arms and lounging attitude were all unlike the usual active movements of the young hunter—for such was Mark Harding, in every sense of the word. In all the country round, there was not one who could compete with him in feats of daring, in skill as a marksman, or in powers of endurance; and when, in addition to all this, which in the backwoods is considered the highest praise to bestow on a man, Mark was equally celebrated for his social qualities, it is little wonder that he was a favorite with the fair sex.

But not even the veriest gossip in all our settlement could accuse Mark of showing any partiality in his attentions; and the girls wondered, in secret, who would be the fortunate winner of the handsome hunter, and mistress of the very pretty "frame house," now standing lonely in the midst of the "clearing."

On the night of the ball, as I have said, he was unusually sad, and many were the speculations in consequence. Once only did something like a smile illumine his handsome countenance, and that was when little Phoebe Crosby came dancing up to me—the very image of delight. I saw the critical look bestowed on her pretty dress, and instantly occurred to me the fact that Mark's mother had possessed a variety of such articles, remnants of by-gone days, and that having, through some means, learned of poor

Phoebe's distress, he had taken this method of supplying it.

He probably read my thoughts in my face, for, with a deep blush he turned away—thus confirming my idea, and raising still higher my already exalted opinion of him. Having passed our dancing days, and not being favorable to late hours, myself and husband started for a pleasant ride home.

We had gone some five or six miles, when suddenly the sky became illumined with a red glare, so brilliant that even the tops of the pine trees were colored with the reflection. For an instant, we were paralyzed; and then turning about, we drove with all speed to the late scene of merriment.

A horrible picture met our gaze. The great barn, lately filled with so many forms of beauty, and resounding to the sounds of joyous revelry, was now one mass of flame, while nothing could be heard but the roaring and crackling of the burning timbers. It was never known exactly how the mischief came about, but most probably, the hay stowed in the loft above, was accidentally set fire to.

At the first alarm, so dreadful was the crash, made for the door, that many were thrown down, and trampled upon; and the flooring above giving way, the burning masses of hay fell upon the prostrate victims, suffocating and scorching them to death. Among these, I found my poor little Phoebe, so blackened and disfigured that but for a portion of her dress, I should not have been able to recognize her. It was a dreadful scene—the old farm-house crowded with the friends of the injured, the mournful wailings of those who had come to weep over the dead, and the groups of frightened girls standing with blanched lips and distended eyes watching the destruction of the late imposing looking structure.

Poor old Farmer F—— bewailed his loss in no measured terms; and not all the persuasions of his friends could induce him to come into the house, until Widow Thomson herself went for him. Her endeavors to comfort the old man were crowned with success. He learned to look with calmness on his misfortune, though always viewing it as a judgment for his sinful compliance with worldly vanities. He has convinced the fair widow (who by the way is no longer a widow), that it is improper to dance, and a new barn has long since taken the place of the one destroyed.

At the time the fire broke out, Isabella Browning was dancing, as she had been most of the night. More than once, during the evening, she had noticed the tall, commanding figure of the hand-



some young Mark passing through the crowd, and felt a little piqued that one seemingly so well known should not have come with the others for an introduction to her fair self. When others were rushing in terror from the room, she stood motionless with terror, forsaken by her partner, and quite unable to seek safety in flight.

It was at this instant, when the burning brands were falling thickly, and everything threatened destruction, that a strong arm was thrown around Isabella's waist, and she was borne in safety through the struggling crowd and carried to the farm-house. Then, when the heavy garment which had been thrown over her was taken away, and she could once more see and hear, she discovered that her preserver was none other than the handsome stranger, whose manly beauty had so forcibly attracted her attention during the evening.

Terrified at her danger, bewildered at her sudden escape, and not a little confused at the discovery of who had saved her, the young girl could only give incoherent replies to Mark's anxious inquiries after her welfare; and he, mistaking her manner, attributed it to pride and reserve. They parted then, and it was several days ere Miss Browning again saw her preserver; and when they did meet, mutual consciousness caused mutual embarrassment, which was again misunderstood. He fancied that she felt her pride hurt at the idea of owing her safety to one like him; while she was unable to fully express her thanks, on seeing how coldly he received them.

Isabella Browning was an orphan, rich and uncontrolled, but far from happy in her independence. In her early childhood, she had been petted and indulged by her over-fond parents; at the same time, forbidden to exercise those feelings which were the natural impulse of her good heart. The death of her parents consigned her to the care of a guardian, who with his wife strove unweariedly to make her what nature never intended for her, viz., a fashionable woman.

In vain were the worldly lessons repeated again and again; in vain was she lectured on the broken rules of fashionable etiquette. Her teachers relinquished the hopeless task of instructing the self-willed girl in accomplishments she cared nothing about, and her guardian with reluctance gave up a long-cherished plan of uniting his rich ward with his extravagant and dissipated son.

The winter that Isabella came of age, her city friends certainly expected she would spend with

them. But no; "the country, the country," was her cry. And to the country she came, away out into the backwoods, far from all she had been forced to live amongst all her life.

There is no accounting for the strange freaks love plays sometimes; certainly he displayed his fondness for opposites in thus bringing a fair city maiden out into the "western wilds," and causing her to win the heart of our handsome young hunter. And Mark, too, who all his life had expressed his horror of city people, and especially city girls! As I said before, there is no accounting for the freaks of that little tormentor, Cupid. And our young couple themselves acted strangely; for, so far from progressing on the acquaintanceship so suddenly begun, they became dreadfully shy of each other's society.

Farmer Smith complained of the few and short visits he received from his young favorite Mark, always hitherto as much at home in their house as his own. And yet Mark did not hunt much that winter; in fact, his taste in that way appeared daily to diminish.

Mrs. Smith had always foretold that Isabella would weary of the monotony of their life, and now the listless manner and abstracted air of their visitor gave her reason to think her prophecies had come true. But Miss Browning earnestly denied this, and more than ever declared her determination never to return to city life.

"But, my dear, you are young yet; you will think differently before you are twenty, and laugh at the idea of burying your wealth and accomplishments out here in the wilderness." Poor Mrs. Smith sighed as she thus spoke; she thought of the trials and hardships of her own early experience.

"O, you are quite wrong, dear Mrs. Smith," Isabella would laughingly reply. "My wealth is just the thing that is wanted here; and as for accomplishments, I never had any—so there is nothing to sacrifice, after all."

"Well, your beauty and delicacy then, dear! You must acknowledge that you were never fitted for our rough life. Look at those hands, and imagine them employed about the rough work of the kitchen and dairy!"

"And what better employment could they find?" the young girl would exclaim, clasping her white fingers and laughing at her friend's horror. "But there, I won't argue with you any more. You shall see that I keep my word. There is no necessity for me to marry and be a household drudge. I mean to live and die a happy old maid."

"No, that you don't; and if you did, our

young farmers would not allow it. So make no rash resolves, Miss Isabella."

The young girl dreaded Farmer Smith's raillery, possibly because she felt he guessed some of her thoughts; so putting on an indifferent air, she announced her determination of taking a long ride, as the weather was mild and fine.

"Almost too mild, Miss Bella," the farmer observed, as he glanced at the sky. "These very fine days, at this time of year, usually forebode a storm."

"O, I am not afraid of a little rain; and as I have set my mind on having a ride this afternoon, please don't spoil my pleasure."

The good-natured farmer yielded, against his better judgment; the sleek and petted steed was brought prancing to the door, and with merry laughter, his gay mistress mounted and rode away, kissing her hand to the quiet friend she saw watching her from the window.

"Don't stay long, nor ride far," shouted the farmer, as he saw the gathering clouds in the west.

"I am going to the other side of the mountain," was the answer, as the wild girl gathered up her reins and dashed gleefully off at her favorite pace.

"Surely she will not attempt anything so foolish as to cross the ford, now when it is swollen with the melted snows!" said Mrs. Smith, as she came to the door and looked at the foreboding appearance of the weather.

"I wish I had not let her go, wife. She is daring enough to do anything, and I should never forgive myself, if aught of ill befell her."

The winning ways of their young friend had completely won the hearts of the good farmer and his wife, and they could not contemplate without horror the possibility of danger threatening her.

"Well, don't fret, husband. One don't know how to refuse her anything she wants, and I guess she will come home safe."

But in spite of her seeming calmness, the good woman was anything but easy; and her husband felt equally, if not more unhappy. Restlessly he wandered to and fro through the house, watching the rising clouds with still increasing anxiety, and listening eagerly for the sound of returning steps. But hours passed! The wind rose, and the rain poured down in torrents, and still the young girl was absent. At last, the striking of the house-clock, announcing the approach of night, seemed to give the farmer an electric shock.

Springing from the chair into which he had

wearily thrown himself, he declared his intention of instantly setting out in search of the wanderer, and was in the act of opening the door, when he was met at the door by Mark, who, wet and weary, had come in for shelter from the storm. It needed few words to tell the cause of the evident distress in the usually quiet household; but it needed all the young man's self-control to hide the emotion caused by the tidings he heard. A firm compression of the pale lips, a gasping sob choked down by the strong will, a few hurried questions, asked in a low tone and with evident effort, and Mark Harding was once more in the saddle—his noble horse urged to his utmost speed, dashing boldly on, fearless of danger, heedless of storm and wind and darkness. Long ere he reached the fearful ford, the violence of the storm had abated; but the roaring of the swollen waters came like distant cannon on his ear.

It was now quite night; but the clouds breaking away, the moon gave forth a feeble light, which enabled him to see objects at some distance. The scene on reaching the ford was terrific. The wild waters rushed madly past, bearing on their foamy waves great trees, uprooted by the violence of the wind, and drawn into the surging stream by the breaking away of the soft banks.

Mark was all unused to fear; and yet his heart stood still with affright, as he pictured to himself the probable fate of the young girl, should she have attempted to cross that wild torrent. Neither was he one to feel at a loss on what to decide, and yet for some moments he sat wavering in uncertainty.

Not for many moments, however, did he meditate; for doubt, anxiety and fear were all lost in one acute sensation of horror, on beholding the object of his search on the opposite bank, apparently trying to decide where was the best place to cross. His voice was drowned by the roaring of the waters, but by signs he strove to make her understand the danger, and not to attempt to cross. As well might he have signed to the winds not to blow, or bid the torrent be still. Apparently frightened at the rapidly increasing width of the stream, she urged her frightened steed to make the fearful plunge, and in an instant horse and rider were buried amid the foamy waves.

One instant Mark sat stupefied; then taking a firmer seat in the saddle, he dashed into the boiling torrent, and with a silent prayer, resolved to rescue her or die. Isabella's horse, terrified at the wild scene, and the continual striking of the floating branches, soon became unmanageable;

and plunging madly, threw its rider just as Mark's more powerful steed carried him to her side. One moment, the dripping hat and plume was floating wildly on the waters; the next, a strong arm bore the wet and almost drowned figure from the contact of the waves, and once more in her preserver's arms, Isabella was rescued from a dreadful death.

There was a fearful doubt in Mark's mind, as he felt how violently his noble horse was struggling for life. Could they reach the bank? It was done, at last; and dismounting, he strove to bring back life and sense to the inanimate form clasped to his heart.

None heard the words addressed by Mark Harding to his companion, save she alone for whom they were intended; but in that hour of joy and terror, pride, reserve, doubts and fears were cast aside, and those two hearts confessed the long-hidden, well-kept secret.

Once possessed of the knowledge of Isabella's regard, and no longer deterred by the fear of being supposed a mercenary adventurer, Mark became quite a changed man. True, he gave up his wild wood adventures, and sought for less dangerous amusements; but the cloud that for months had shadowed his brow, vanished before the sunshine of his smiles, and once more he was the merry spirit of frolic and fun in all the gay gatherings among the young folks.

Their courtship was not of long duration, for when the bright autumn came, painting the trees around his pretty home with every variety of brilliant tint, then he claimed the hand of his betrothed and they were married. There were many among Mark's numerous acquaintances who foretold that the gay city girl would soon grow tired of her backwoods residence; but they were false prophets.

Possessed of ample means to gratify her every wish and want, it was the pride of the young wife to adorn and beautify their home, and a few months served to render it dear to her.

Years have passed since then, and the original dwelling has given place to a handsome mansion, whose surroundings and adornments equal anything of the kind to be seen within many miles of them. And yet they dwell no longer in the wilderness! The forest has almost disappeared. Towns and villages have sprung up around them, and the whole face of the country has changed.

The Hardings have not only kept pace with, but generally have been a little in advance of, the improvements around them. They have always been a happy family, rejoicing in their beautiful children, their increasing possessions, and in fact

enjoying the good things of this world to the fullest extent; and yet none envy them, none would strip them of one of their possessions, for all know that Mark Harding is a faithful steward of the wealth entrusted to his care. The kind heart and the ready hand are his; none leave his hospitable roof cold or hungry, and the poor and the distressed call him their best friend.

Isabella is no longer the gay young girl we first saw her; she has grown middle-aged and matronly. But she still has her old fondness for seeing people enjoy themselves, unrestrained by form and affectation, and she is celebrated for giving large parties to the young folks, into whose trials and troubles, love affairs, triumphs and disappointments, she enters with an interest peculiarly her own. In return, she is beloved by all her acquaintances, and with her husband is considered the greatest ornament to the society of their neighborhood.

After Phoebe Crosby's dreadful death, my brother left his western home, and Miss Starr has vainly striven to find another to occupy the vacancy there made. In spite of all Mrs. Crosby's match-making manoeuvres in her favor it is the general opinion that the fair Julia Ann will live and die an old maid.

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#### SERIOUS BUSINESS.

Dr. Magio relates that an idiot in the hospital of Salzburg, appearing to be singularly insusceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences, was made upon him as a means of putting his susceptibility to a test. It was proposed to produce to him the impression that he was with a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, had himself laid out as a corpse, and enveloped in a shroud, and the idiot was ordered to watch over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to be still; and the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which, unluckily, was within his reach, and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeit, and then, unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.—*New England Farmer.*

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#### A VILLAGE OF WOMEN.

The village of Medana, which is about sixty English miles from Ratschuld, in Wallachia, offers at the present moment a curious ethnographical singularity, having been inhabited by women only for the last thirty years. At one period this female population was two hundred. The ladies did not live like warriors, like the Amazons of old; but avoiding all intercourse with men, drove away from their territories all who appeared with matrimonial intentions. The anti-social settlement is now supposed to be on the decline; at least, no more recruits are made from the disappointed or love-crossed, and the members of the population are rapidly decreasing.—*German paper.*

## "MEMORY'S LEAVER."

*[Written in an Album having the above title]*

BY G. H. HAMMOND.

The wayside flowers, touched by the dews of morn,  
 A rich perfume exhale,  
 Refreshing sweetness, by the breezes borne,  
 The passers-by regale;  
 So "Memory's Leaves," fresh with the dews of love,  
 A pure aroma breathe,  
 Frequent with affection's incense, such as above  
 Anguish hearts bequeath.

But flowers may fade; not so these precious gems  
 Through life's dark, shadowy vale,  
 With glided radiance they shine, as when  
 Eldest friendship told her tale.  
 Time cannot bury in oblivion's shade  
 The life-scenes of our youth;  
 On "memory's" scroll their lineaments are made,  
 Fadeless as living truth.

## THE DUELLIST.

BY WILTON RICHMOND.

LATE in the fall of 1836, my business called me to ———, at that time one of the most populous and wealthy towns of the West India islands. Though I had no letters nor other passports to the hospitality of the citizens, the frank courtesy characteristic of the West Indian planter ensured me a hearty welcome. I had scarcely been there a fortnight, and there was not a family of respectability with which I was not on visiting terms. Balls, fetes, soirees, and a round of other excitements were effectual reliefs to the assiduities of business, and "wiped off the soil" of what would otherwise have been sufficiently tedious days. As the time drew nigh for my departure, my original anticipations of pleasure at what I conceived would be the conclusion of a disagreeable bartering sojourn with a strange people, were supplanted by feelings of the keenest regret.

On the day preceeding the one I had set down for my departure, I dined at the house of a merchant, in company with many hospitable friends. The ladies retired at seven, after having each been separately pledged by almost every member of the company, and the usual succession of speeches, songs and anecdotes followed. I sat at the upper end of the table, on the right of my friend the host. Directly across the board was Henri Delmont, a West Indian by birth, but a continental in tastes and education. He had spent several years in France and Germany, where he had acquired a terrible reputation as a duellist. It was well known that there

was not such a shot in the islands, and he was accordingly much caressed and honored, though one of the most despicable characters I ever knew.

Notwithstanding the excellence of our host's champagne, in about an hour song and anecdotes were at an embarrassingly low ebb, and it was proposed to return to the ladies. Delmont, however, objected, and insisted on pledging M<sup>lle</sup> Valerie, a famous danseuse, whose salutations were at that time the admiration of the fast world on the island. Nothing but copious imbibations could have prompted the toast in such a company. We all, however, touched our glasses to our lips, with the exception of Lieutenant Thomas Bell, whose glass remained filled and untouched, standing precisely where it did when Delmont rose. Lieutenant Bell had been long engaged to a most exquisite creature, daughter of one of the wealthiest planters of the place. His attachment to her was an instance of the most devoted and unselfish passion I ever witnessed. Pursuing constantly his arduous profession on the sea, he had no opportunity of blunting the open ingenuousness of his nature by experience of the conventionalities of society. When men ordinarily love with their heart only at most, he loved with heart and soul.

Delmont apparently took no notice of the lieutenant's slight, but proposed to sing a song, which we, knowing he possessed a fine voice and undoubted musical taste, delightedly acquiesced in. He had scarcely commenced, when Lieutenant Bell, saying something about the feebleness of his mother, who was among the ladies in the drawing-room, apologized to our host and abruptly left the room. Delmont's song was a tissue of the coarsest abuse of the naval profession, doubtless partially improvised for the occasion. At its conclusion, I rose with the intention of seeking the young lieutenant and informing him of the turn matters had taken. He was in the hall adjusting the cloak of his mother, who was about to return home. Taking him aside, I told him what had transpired after he had left the dining room, and advised him to take no notice of the matter, as Delmont was inebriated, and his character was too well known among gentlemen to make it discreditable for a gentleman to pass over his effrontery unnoticed.

"It is impossible, sir!" replied he; "I alas am too well acquainted with the character of that man. Even if I am disposed to disregard this insult upon the grounds you mention, he would never allow such an opportunity to wing or kill his man to slip by. He has been sadly out of practice since he returned to this island.

Delmont is a demon by nature, and a professional murderer. He excites broils for the fiendish gratification he feels in silencing them by the agency of his deadly art. His only drawback is the beastly state to which he has reduced himself, which leaves it optional with gentlemen to reject his challenges, or acknowledge his equality by accepting them. His boasts of his exploits inspire his victims with a terror which unnerves the arm and makes the best shots an easy prey. He has been known to abuse servants to provoke from his host a challengeable remark, and to decant wine upon his neighbor at table for the same worthy purpose. I am no duellist. I never was engaged in an affair, except as friend to a man I loved, and whom I saw shot down before my eyes like a beast. From that hour I made a solemn declaration never, directly nor indirectly, to be engaged in another duel. I shall not challenge Delmont upon the provocation already given, but I repeat, it is that man's nature to hunt down his adversary. It is a practice from which, during his whole career, he has never swerved the breadth of a hair. I expect no indulgence, and as a man of spirit I should ask none. Will you have the goodness to conduct my mother home? I shall return to the company. It is useless to attempt to solicit his mercy by avoiding him, or by a semblance of concession. I will meet him face to face, and when occasion requires, I trust I shall not be wanting in the courage and independence which the exigencies of my profession constantly require, and which alone make it respectable."

It was in vain that I remonstrated, and promising to return to him after my services to his mother, I left the house. Mrs. Bell was the guest of the young lady's father to whom her son was engaged. The house was not far distant, but the coachman drove against a curb stone, smashing the wheel, which occasioned a delay that detained me more than an hour.

On my return, I found an earnest crowd of gentlemen before our host's door, discussing the event of the evening. Delmont was not there, but I recognized Lieutenant Bell, as the full moonbeams fell upon his handsome and manly face.

Nothing further had transpired. On the lieutenant's return to the dining-room, the host, foreseeing trouble, had judiciously adjourned to the ladies. Everybody was preoccupied, all parties seemed dull and embarrassed, and the breaking up occurred hours before the ordinary time. The little knot of men almost obscured Lieutenant Bell, who stood quietly in the centre, listening with the utmost gentlemanly courtesy to the con-

gratulations of some, and the soothing arguments of others, though insisting that the affair was not terminated, as Delmont was never treacherous to his instincts.

His assurances were soon verified. A horse's clatter echoed over the pavements; the rider reined in at the door, and dismounted. He was dressed in dragoon uniform, wore a moustache with the most savage of curls, and a beard that reached to the fifth button of his single-breasted coat. He made a great rattle with his sword spur heels as he dismounted; a noise which he took pleasure in increasing by regular accessions as he passed over each flagstone. By the time he reached us the clatter was terrific, as was also the mien and bearing. He commenced the parley by inquiring for Lieutenant Bell, when that gentleman immediately stepped out and answered to his name.

"I have, sir, the honor," continued the formidable apparition, "to be entrusted by my friend, M. Henri Delmont, with a little matter, for which I ask the indulgence of a private interview."

"I recognize no authority in M. Delmont to send his friends to intrude upon my privacy. He can have no business with me to which these gentlemen cannot be parties."

"But, sir, it is a matter of so delicate a nature that it can only be communicated in private."

"That it never will be, and if your mission is burdened with that proviso, it will be fruitless. I repeat, your master's—I beg your pardon—your friend's business can present nothing urgent nor delicate enough to induce me to confer with you in private."

The apparition bristled.

"I had hoped, sir, to meet you alone. Too many parties to these little affairs sometimes have the effect to prevent their occurrence altogether, but I don't mean to impute such motives to you, sir, O, no"—with a sneer.

"But I mean to depart from my usual custom, by kicking an impudent puppy into the street, if he doesn't take himself off instantly," said Bell, with the utmost coolness.

Thereupon the apparition extracted something from his pocket, at the same time backing rather hastily in the direction of the gutter, where his horse was standing, Bell following.

"I shall inform my friend of this discourteous treatment, and conclude my interview by asking your attention to this note."

"And I conclude the interview," said the lieutenant, pitching the note over the horse's head into the street, "by asking your attention to this advice: Never stop your horse again before

a gentleman's door, nor approach a knot of gentlemen with a view of interrupting their conversation; for if you do, and I am among them, I shall cudgel as much of your impertinence into decency as the limited time I have for the disposal of such scoundrels as you will admit of."

The apparition was off, and Bell returned to us admirably cool. The "interview" had not turned a feather.

As my lodgings were situated not far from Bell's quarters, I accompanied him home. Notwithstanding his summary treatment of the ambassador, I could see he was not entirely at ease.

"I told you, sir," said he, "that the matter was not at an end, and it requires no prophet to see that the last hour has not facilitated its termination. I refuse to sanction and applaud the vulgarity of an inebriated blackleg; he thinks he can be insulted, and bestows in return a deliberate concoction of the basest ribaldry and abuse, and then demands my life—as if it were held simply on condition of subservience to his vile inclinations. It matters little to me how my conduct may be construed. My conscience assures me of the wickedness of any other course. I hold my life as a precious boon from my Maker. To him alone am I responsible for it; he alone has the right of disposing of it; and by standing within twelve paces of Delmont's pistol, I am giving him the disposal of it, thus putting him on an equality, in that respect, with the Giver of my life, which I regard as impiety. At all events, it is a responsibility I shall never assume!"

Alas! how soon events change the current of our thoughts and purposes! I had begun to reply. A figure sprang from the obscurity of a small passage-way, leaped across the sidewalk, gave Lieutenant Bell a fearful cut across the face, which knocked off his hat and blinded his vision, and then instantly vanished—not so soon but the hateful visage of Delmont was clearly recognized, however.

I shall never forget the expression of Bell's face. The whip had left a purple mark across an eye, the nose, and the opposite cheek. But the line could scarcely have been darker than the rest of his face, distorted and swollen with passions too deep and too fierce for utterance. For a moment I thought he was going to fall, and passed my arm across his back to support him. Entirely unaccustomed to intense emotions of this sort, it threatened at first to conquer him. With great difficulty, I dragged him to the barracks which were near by, and reaching his quarters, placed him in an arm-chair and passed him a bottle of rum to bathe his face.

He gave a laugh—such a laugh as I had never heard before nor since, nor ever wish to listen to again. Such laughing is heard on the stage, plenty of it, but if witnessed once in a man's life, he has realized horror enough for a cycle.

Presently he spoke and called me. I answered, and there was a pause of five or ten minutes. He then rose, went to a cupboard, where I knew he kept his arms, took out a pistol-case, laid it upon the table, and again called me.

"Hardy, do you think I shall be able to see by to-morrow?"

I looked at his swollen and bleeding face, and said, "most assuredly not."

"It is of no consequence," said he; "happily the absence of that sense does not interfere with my plan. I shall fight Delmont. Will you act for me?"

"Certainly."

"Then hear my proposal, and if you have no other engagement, I wish you would take it to-morrow to that intermeddling rascal who insulted me this evening—that is, if you can bring yourself to submit to a moment's conversation with the puppy."

I assured him I would do it, yet when he revealed to me his plan, it was so horrible that nothing would have induced me to assent, and I should have utterly refused to listen to him, if I had not been suddenly impressed with the conviction that it was the only means of saving the life of my friend.

"And look here, Hardy, when you get through there, come back. I have something of vital importance to myself to communicate to you!"

Stigg was the euphonious name of the individual who had so suddenly put himself on bad terms with Lieutenant Bell—"John Stigg, second lieutenant of the 30th infantry," as he loved to write himself.

Mr. Stigg was accessible, and I introduced my business without ceremony. Stigg was delighted; but I was so little pleased with his luminous style of conducting these "little affairs," as he pleasantly called them, that I soon inquired of him where Delmont could be found, intending to complete my negotiations with that gentleman personally. He replied that he had been there but a moment before, and could doubtless be speedily produced—an answer which Lieutenant Stigg's master would have highly censured had he heard it, as it betrayed to me the assurance that Stigg's lodgings had been made by the duellist his headquarters in his assault on Bell.

Stigg left the room a moment, and then returned to accompany me to Delmont. He was

sitting by a table in a perfectly unruffled manner, resting his face on his hand. I informed him briefly of the nature of my business.

"Ah, I have at length prevailed upon him to meet me. I am sorry to have been compelled to resort to such unusual measures, but really his treatment of my friend was extraordinary."

"The time and place I have arranged with Lieutenant Stigg, and it only remains to acquaint you with the terms upon which Lieutenant Bell consents to meet you."

I then detailed the plan which Bell had adopted to rid the world of a murderer at the sacrifice of his own life. Delmont turned as pale as death. He must have known that he had no ordinary antagonist to deal with, and must have anticipated extraordinary proposals from him, but so terrible an alternative had never entered his brain.

"Do you say that Lieutenant Bell is sane, and makes you the bearer of such a message?"

"I repeat that such and such only, are the terms on which Lieutenant Bell goes out with you. If you refuse them, he will brand you as a coward at every street corner. He simply restores you to an equality in the duello, to which you have long been a stranger. Do you consent?"

Delmont seemed paralyzed.

"Do I consent? Did I ever refuse? Henri Delmont refusing to fight a duel! Ha, ha! Lieutenant Stigg, you will confer a serious, I was about to say *lasting* obligation upon me, by arranging with this gentleman the other preliminaries. I will remain here during the night, with your permission. Don't let me be interrupted!"

There was nothing else to be done. The meeting was to take place two miles out of town, at a spot historical with incidents of a like nature. The time was six in the morning. Lieutenant Stigg was a man with whom I wished as little intercourse as possible, so that I was back with Bell, as he had requested, within an hour after I had left him.

"Everything is prepared," said I. "I hardly thought the villain would accept. You must order your carriage by half-past five. We must be on the ground punctually, to escape interruption."

"Thank you," he replied, in a tone scarcely audible. "I have only one thing more to do. You will pardon me for keeping you up. If I should lie down, I could not sleep—I have done with that. The near approach of disaster to myself makes me strangely selfish. You will find in that *écritoire* a locket, a bundle of letters,

and a diamond brooch. The first two belong—I need not tell you to whom, and the last is the property of my mother, or was to have been. To-morrow will be her birthday, and I intended to have presented it to her. You will conceive my wishes in regard to that. I still desire her to have it. The other two you will take to her. In telling her the story, begin with Delmont's song. Don't tell her what preceded it. It would cause her much misery, and it is not necessary. Hardy, I was to have been married in a week. I am afraid it will kill her. Comfort her—comfort her—and God will ever bless you. She knows you almost as well as me, and loves you as my friend. To no one but you would I confide this tenderest, dearest and last trust on earth. Do you accept it?"

I assured him most solemnly that I did.

"God in heaven bless you, my friend. You relieve my heart of an immense weight. But I am very weak. I sadly need rest. Alas, I shall soon have it!"

I am not ashamed to say that the scene drew tears from my eyes.

In accordance with my own intimations of duty, I remained with Bell during the rest of the night. He remained in his chair, with a handkerchief saturated with rum around his head, which his servant placed there by his directions. He seldom spoke, but when he did, it was in a calm and cheerful tone, never alluding to the subject upon which he was most deeply affected.

I snatched a little sleep at intervals during the night, and rose early to perfect the arrangements. Nothing was to be done but to dig a grave on the appointed spot, for which purpose I despatched two of the lieutenant's men by his own order.

At half-past five, I woke Bell from a slight doze, into which his exhausted feelings were subsiding, and having previously ordered the carriage, in five minutes we were on the road, and in fifteen on the spot. The other party had not yet arrived, but the grave, across which the principals were to fight, had been dug, and the ground was ready. I had no desire to intrude upon Bell's last moments, so I contented myself with examining carefully the pistols, until Delmont and his friend arrived.

As he came upon the ground, he bowed slightly to me, but took no notice of Bell, who was leaning calmly against a tree, with both arms crossed over his breast. The duellist's face looked haggard, and his eyes swollen and blood-shot. His bearing, however, was sullen and stern.

Bell presented to him the most striking and favorable contrast. Though his face was dis-

figured with that villainous cut, his features were composed, and not the twitching of a single muscle betrayed the emotions which as a man of feeling he must have experienced. He took no notice of his antagonist nor his second, but I thought I saw him look upward, as if in petition to the throne of that Being whom during his whole life he had ever revered.

With the assistance of Lieutenant Stigg, I prepared the weapons, using extraordinary precautions, as I was well aware that I was dealing with a person not above trickery and subterfuge. I handed his pistol to Lieutenant Bell. He took it, and advanced firmly to one side of the grave. Delmont took his position, and both men stood face to face, each presenting a cocked pistol, loaded with bullet, within six inches of the other's breast.

The sun was just rising in the east, and throwing long shadows "aslant the dewy earth," when these arrangements were perfected. Stigg proposed to toss up a dollar to see who should give the word to fire, to which I assented. He passed me a coin, which, though I did not look at it, I felt was employed for deception. So I passed it back to him, intending by giving him the toss, and myself the call, to outwit his treachery. I knew that the faces of the dollar were both heads, or both the reverse. In either case, by tossing it myself, I gave the issue to him, as he knew how the coin would come down; while by reserving to myself the call, I equalized the chances.

The dollar flew up in the air and fell in my favor. I have always thought that had Stigg given the word on that occasion, Lieutenant Bell would have been murdered. I think it would have been given in such a way, that Delmont would have shot him dead before he could have drawn his trigger. I may be doing Stigg injustice—Heaven knows, I hope I do—but his conduct was inexplicable.

Delmont's face was terribly pale, when he saw how the question was determined. His legs shook under him, and I saw that it required all his strength to maintain his position.

"Gentlemen," said I, "are you ready?"

The answers seemed to come from a sepulchre, so low and hollow were they.

"One!" "Two!"

I paused. From the moment I had implicated myself in the affair, I had determined that the fatal "three" should never issue from my mouth. Not that I entered upon the terrible business with the avowed intention of serving my friend, and the secret purpose of foiling him at the awful crisis—I did not view it in that

light. I suspected that at heart Delmont was not a brave man—although success had given him unbounded confidence. I knew, too, that his whole constitution was shattered by constant dissipation, and I was almost certain that at least his strength, if not his spirit, would desert him at the last moment. At all events, I was determined not to be the abettor of what I regarded as little short of murder, when I was sure my principal could be extricated honorably.

I was not deceived in my anticipations. Just before the fatal word, he glared wildly upon me, trembling and fearfully agitated. His pistol arm dropped uselessly by his side, and the weapon fell from his nerveless fingers. His teeth chattered, his whole frame quivered, and with a wild yell, he turned and fell into the grave, in which he lay writhing—a fallen, despicable and cowardly wretch. Bell continued his position for a moment, and then throwing himself upon my breast, exclaimed:

"Thank God, it is no worse, Hardy!"

We left the prostrate Delmont to the care of his friend, and entered the carriage.

I remained on the island a week longer than I had intended, for the purpose of attending my friend's wedding. Neither his betrothed nor his mother was aware of the fearful risk he had incurred, until after that happy event, when he told them the story in my presence. For several years, my business called me at intervals to the island, when I was always the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bell. Nowhere else did I experience the heartfelt cordiality which compensated entirely for the absence of my family and home. Little Bells, too, soon came tinkling round the hearth-stone, to increase its attractions and add to its endearments. Delmont left the island soon after the duel, and was never seen afterwards. He was reported to have returned to France, and to be there still using his murderous skill for his support and emolument.

#### A LIVING MOP.

A valuable poodle dog, monetarily considered, but worthless under any other consideration, disappeared from a family of whom it was the ornament, rendering its distressed owner inconsolable at its loss. She had her servants out in every direction searching for it, and called upon the police to help her in finding her woolly favorite. Their search was for a long time in vain. At last a policeman found it, and brought it back to its owner, who was delighted to receive her pet in her arms again. She was profuse with her thanks, and asked the officer where he had found the little dear. "Why," said he, "a big nigger up here a bit, had him, who had tied him to a pole and was washing windows with him." The lady immediately had him washed with cologne to remove the ignominy.—*Galaxy*.



## TO MISS HARRIET E—.

BY FRANCISCO X. AMY.

The works of God are lovely,  
 Extending broad and high;  
 Where'er I turn me, ever  
 Their beauty greets mine eye.  
 They soothe my breast with rapture  
 Beyond the power of art;  
 And a holy feeling tells me  
 I love them from my heart!

The sky above me arching,  
 Where burns the glorious sun,  
 The moon and glittering planets  
 Forever rolling on.  
 Compared to them how trifling  
 Are works of human art!  
 While pensively I watch them,  
 I love them from my heart!

The earth unevenly stretching  
 Its variegated breast;  
 The hills, the woods, the rivers,  
 The flowers in beauty dressed;  
 The little songsters' music,  
 More sweet than that of art;  
 How beautiful! how beautiful!  
 I love them from my heart!

The dark and angry ocean,  
 With mournful, solemn roar;  
 Or grandly, calmly resting,  
 The furious tempest o'er,  
 Is decked with lofty grandeur,  
 Unknown in works of art,  
 Which thrills my frame with rapture—  
 I love it from my heart!

But ah! of all things lovely,  
 The radiant queen I know;  
 Her auburn hair in ringlets  
 Falls o'er her brow of snow;  
 Her eyes are large, expressive,  
 Her soul's unknown to art;  
 O, need I say 'tis Hattie?  
 I love her from my heart!

## THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE was a great gathering of fashionable ladies at Miss Angier's show rooms, the opening of which had been announced several weeks beforehand. Many a husband had turned away from the announcement, inwardly dreading the prospective demand upon his pocket, which the wife would be sure to make; and many a wife had calculated the probable cost of Mrs. A's or Mrs. B's spring hat, resolving, if possible, to go a little beyond her.

The morning came, and some with full purses, and some with limited ones—some who had long credit on Mrs. Angier's books, and others

who had difficulty in getting even short credit; they who had taste, and they who had none, flocked eagerly to the showy and tasteful rooms, which the mistress and her attendants had sat up all the night before to arrange. The fact betrayed itself in the haggard countenances of the girls, who had not the same motive to appear bright and lively that Mrs. Angier had. She, poor woman, felt some anxiety beneath her smooth and smiling exterior, for on this day depended her success for the season. She eagerly anticipated the choice which Mrs. Lascelles would make. This lady was the criterion of taste, in the circle for which Mrs. Angier worked.

"This is a very sweet hat, Mrs. Lascelles," said the mistress of the establishment, directing her attention to a structure about the size of a bird's nest, from which was depending a large quantity of feathers, ribbon, grass, fruit and flowers, until every inch of the original fabric was completely out of sight.

A sly wink at the little handbox on an upper shelf, said as plainly as a wink could say, that there was a *real* Parisian bonnet awaiting that lady's purchase, which she could have a few dollars below actual cost, to pay for affixing the stamp of her opinion to the others. These, also, were advertised as French, but the close, dark room up stairs could have told a different story, could its walls have related the scoldings, the tears and sighs, the hands pressed on the painful side, or the head leaned down for a moment's respite on the table, to rest the weary eyes which the bright colors were constantly dazzling and weakening.

It was amusing, yet painful, to hear the items of news mixed up with the talk about the bonnets.

"O, is that you, Mrs. Pearson? How do you do? Sweet bonnets, aint they? Of course you know about poor Mr. Kirkland—died on the passage out! They say his wife is distracted. How much did you say this one is, Mrs. Angier?"

"The prices are all affixed, ma'am."

"Then the card has dropped off. It seems that he has died very poor, after all. Is not that a magnificent ribbon?"

"Poor, did you say, Mrs. Huntley? Then they will have their house and furniture sold, and I shall have a chance to buy that mirror which Mr. Kirkland imported at such high cost. It will go cheap, very likely. Mrs. Angier, I will look at the children's hats, if you please. Sissy must have a new one."

"I am going to get Maria one, too. Did you hear how unhappily Mrs. Sawyer lives with her husband, Mrs. Pearson? I heard that he came home intoxicated every night last week."

"Yes, and it is said that he is a hard gambler, too. Take off these strings, Mrs. Angier, and put on the bright cherry."

"Did you notice that girl that brought in the box of flowers just now? I declare, what airs some of these milliners' girls give themselves! She walked out of the room as though she was a born duchess. See, there she comes now with a basket."

Mrs. Huntley looked and saw a pale girl, in a plain, mourning calico dress, and her black hair combed smoothly back, and fastened in one large braid behind. Her neck was covered closely, showing only the white throat, and the sleeves were confined at the wrist; but there was a beauty and nobleness about her, which had attracted the notice even of the obtuse Mrs. Pearson. She sat down the basket and walked out of the room quickly, but gracefully.

"What an air!" said Mrs. Huntley. "Pray, Mrs. Angier, where did you pick up that proud-looking girl?"

"The one in black? O, she is an orphan girl. Her brother asked me to take her, but he does not like to have her come out of the work-room, and, indeed, neither do I, for she is my best work-woman."

"But if she were dressed tastefully, wouldn't she attract custom below, Mrs. Angier? She is prettier than any of the girls you have there, only so proud."

"I proposed it to her once, but she refused positively. She said she preferred learning the trade, and would on no account, stand in so public a place as my shop below."

"Ah! gives herself airs, does she? And her brother—who is he? Some great personage, I suppose."

"On the contrary, he is only a poor sailor; but do, Mrs. Huntley, look at this pretty child's hat. It is just the thing for little Maria. Mrs. Lascelles has ordered one for Arabella."

"Yes, I think it will do. Put it up with mine, if you please."

And Mrs. Lascelles, laughing in her sleeve, took a loving peep at the little "love of a bonnet" which was nestled away in a private drawer, for Arabella's special wear.

Mary Frothingham had heard a part of the remarks which her appearance had excited. She had often heard similar ones before. "Poor, proud and pretty," was the alliterative sentence which came from every lip.

"Am I then so proud?" she asked herself, as she slowly went back to the work-room. "Perhaps it is true—but what then? Why should it trouble these rich people so much?" She came

into the work-room with a glow upon her usually pale face that made all the girls notice her, as they were holding up the bright ribbons which one of their number had just taken from a newly opened box.

There were twenty or thirty girls in that long, dark room, which had to be lighted by four o'clock in the afternoon. No ray of sun had ever penetrated it, and its only prospect was a shed belonging to the next house, and from which there was always the sound of wet clothes flapping in the wind. The house was kept for boarding, and the poor woman who kept it, had a never-ending wash of sheets and table-cloths out all the time.

Here the girls' cheeks faded and grew pale, as plants lose their life and beauty, when shut up in a dark room. Here were aching heads, and aching sides, ay, and aching hearts, too, of which the gay people in the show-room had never dreamed.

Mrs. Angier's work-women were only machines in the eyes of the fashionable crowd who wore the tasteful products of their hands; and it was only when one like Mary Frothingham, whose beauty was so conspicuous, chanced to cross their path, that they ever thought of them.

And yet how much good could each of these rich women have accomplished, had they but sometimes thought of the poor girls whose weary work furnished out the means of their elaborate head-dresses! One there was—all honor to her name—a rich and powerful woman, the wife of a senator of the United States, a lady by birth, education and manners who, visiting Mrs. Angier's establishment, and admiring the tasteful products of her skill, asked to see the work room, and kindly pointed out to her the many improvements which a little expense would make, in light and ventilation.

"A large window at this end, Mrs. Angier, and an opening over those doors, and a cessation of fifteen minutes from labor, forenoon and afternoon, would save you those pale faces and weary looks. Try it, my good madam, and you will soon receive your reward in the additional work your young ladies will perform."

Mary Frothingham lifted her eyes to the speaker, admiringly. Mrs. Lawrenson was a fine, commanding-looking woman, of a most beautiful and serene aspect, and her voice, although sweetness itself, had a clear, ringing sound that made every one look up when she spoke, as if a trumpet rang out its music. She was instantly attracted by Mary's looks, and considered her face attentively.

"Pardon me, miss," she at length said, as

Mary's pure cheek brightened into a glow beneath her gaze, "pardon me, if I ask: is your name Frothingham?"

"It is," said Mary, coloring still deeper.

"Then I do believe that you are the sister of my son's best friend, Edward Frothingham, now on board the Macedonian."

"His twin sister, madam," said Mary, now gazing with increased pleasure at the pleasant face of Mrs. Lawrenson; "and he often writes to me of his friend, Adrian Lawrenson."

The lady drew Mary apart from the rest, and talked long to her, in a low tone.

"Are you happy, here, Miss Frothingham?" she asked. "I do not think you can be."

"My brother placed me here," she answered, and I must stay until he returns, whether happy or not."

"But your health is suffering, dear, is it not?"

"Not materially. I have always been pale, and I was with my mother when she was ill, and that, perhaps, increased my bad looks."

"But your brother will not return for nearly three years. You will not stay here all that time?"

"That was his wish, unless some situation more desirable should offer, as a teacher."

"Then you are fitted for a teacher. Forgive me, Miss Frothingham, it is not idle curiosity, but a real desire to do a service to the sister of Edward Frothingham. Did you but know, as perhaps you do, what obligations we are under to your brother, you would feel that I must seize upon the first opportunity of doing good to his sister. But I see Mrs. Angier looks impatient. When can you come to see me? I am stopping now at the United States Hotel, but shall leave town in a week."

Mary hesitated. She did not know—Mrs. Angier disliked to have the girls go out, except on Sunday. Mrs. Angier was not very clear on the subject of morals. She liked to have her girls go on Sunday, as it was her own day to visit, and if the boarders left home to spend the day, the expense of a great dinner was entirely saved. But to go out, on any pretence, on a week day, was to offend her mortally. A few minutes from work was unpardonable.

Mrs. Angier did not like Mary Frothingham. She liked her work, for it was always faithfully and tastefully done, and ready at the prescribed minute. But she often said that there was a pride about the girl that was perfectly hateful.

"One would think that she really thought herself above me and my daughters," she would say.

Not in the way that Mrs. Angier meant did Mary feel above them; but she did feel above their false and deceptive lives, their worship of the rich and prosperous, and their assumption over the poor work-women, some of whom had seen better days, and had commanded the services they now performed for others.

Mrs. Lawrenson thought she knew why she hesitated. She stepped up to Mrs. Angier herself, and asked her if she would allow Miss Frothingham to come to her that evening. She wished to converse with her upon a subject that concerned a friend of hers.

Mrs. Lawrenson was of too much importance, as Mrs. Angier well knew, to have her wishes slighted, and she consented.

"That will do," said the lady, and turning to Mary, she continued, "Be ready at five, and I will send a carriage for you."

"Five! then you will be there to tea," said one of the girls. "What shall you wear, Mary?" but Mary was off in dream-land, and did not hear her. So strange everything seemed to her about this new acquaintance; and she thought so much about it that she sewed mechanically, until the clock struck four.

Mrs. Angier looked cross and out of sorts. Some of the girls looked envious, and all things considered, Mary did not feel much elated. She came down to the work-room again, to wait for the carriage, and her dress was then fully inspected, and found to be only a change from the calico to a plain cashmere. Little Lucy Morris, the youngest of the apprentices, in the fullness of her admiration of Mary's beauty, offered to lend her a gold chain, but she declined wearing it.

Mrs. Lawrenson received her very kindly, ordered tea in her own parlor, to save her the embarrassment of going down to the table; and introduced her to Mr. Lawrenson, as the sister of Adrian's friend.

"And now," said she to her husband, "you will please leave us together, for we have many things to talk about, only be here at half-past ten to go in the carriage with Miss Frothingham. I shall not trust Edward's sister out alone at that time."

He promised, and took his leave of them.

"Now, dear, I want you to tell me everything about yourself, and how you happened to be with Mrs. Angier."

Mary told her of her mother's death, while Edward was at the Naval Academy; of his unwillingness to remain there lest she should be lonely, and of her refusal to have him come away on her account; of her unsuccessful efforts to find a situation as teacher, when she found

that their little property had been invested in an unfortunate concern; and finally, of her applying, as a last resort, to Mrs. Angier; and that Edward, pleased that she could be in the same house where she was to be employed, decided that she had better remain there until he returned from the cruise on which he was soon to sail.

"Anything was to be preferred," he had said, "to having her obliged to go out, day after day, and to go home unprotected in the evening." And although Mrs. Lawrenson divined, readily enough, that the young midshipman's pride was hurt at his sister becoming a milliner's apprentice, she was glad to find that he preferred it, to her being exposed to danger or insult. She became more and more interested in her new acquaintance. She was tempted to adopt her at once; but she wished to know more of her. She said nothing, therefore, to Mary of her wish; resolving that she would beg Mrs. Angier to allow her to pass the rest of the week with her.

Mr. Lawrenson came in at the appointed time, and rode home with Mary. He was struck with her beauty and the refined simplicity of her manners; and listened favorably, on his return, to his wife's suggestion of offering her a home.

The next day he accompanied his wife to the show rooms of Mrs. Angier, and he preferred his request that Mary should go to them during their stay in town. Mrs. Angier wondered and frowned, but Mr. Lawrenson generally carried his point, and he did so now.

That week decided Mary's fate. They would not go home without her. They had no daughter, and she must be one to them.

There was a great wonder expressed when the news reached the work-room. Some rejoiced at her good fortune, others were full of envious remarks. Mary came in to bid them good-by, and there were many tears shed by those who knew her best.

"You must do as you think best, Miss Frothingham," said Mrs. Angier; "but you well know what were your brother's wishes." She did not like to lose so faithful and efficient an assistant.

"Edward could not have anticipated this, of course, Mrs. Angier. I am sure he would approve what I am doing, or I should not leave you."

Mrs. Angier was about to make some cutting remark, if one could judge by her face; which, however, softened directly, when she saw Mrs. Lawrenson standing beside her.

"Come, Mary, Mr. Lawrenson is waiting. Good morning, Mrs. Angier; good morning, young ladies." And she led Mary away to the carriage, and they were gone.

How changed was Mary's life after this! All that wealth could procure was around her, and at her command. All was changed, except the beautiful simplicity that was a part of herself. That still remained, and Mrs. Lawrenson admired it too much to have her urged to dress more elaborately.

"How could we ever live without her!" said Mr. Lawrenson, when Mary was bustled about his wife, who was suffering from a slight illness.

"Indeed, I know not. How happy was the chance that gave her to us."

Mrs. Lawrenson had promised to tell Mary what Edward had done for her son.

Adrian, she said, was a little wild, and had got into some sad scrapes, from which he could not easily extricate himself; but upon one occasion, he had fallen into a quarrel which proved so serious, as to occasion a challenge from a fierce, high-spirited lad, and which Adrian would certainly have accepted, had not Edward arranged matters to the satisfaction of all parties. It had bound Mr. Lawrenson and herself so closely to Edward, that nothing would seem too great for them to do for him, or any one belonging to him. He had restored their son's life, or saved him from taking another's. Either way, the obligation could never be cancelled.

Three years is a long time to look forward, but it passes quickly when we are happy. Mary was perfectly so, except that Edward was not with her, but the three years had now gone by, and she, with her friends, was awaiting the arrival of the two midshipmen. The Macedonian was hourly expected. Mary, calm and peaceful as she usually was, could not help feeling excited, as day went after day, and there were no tidings. Mrs. Lawrenson remonstrated with her on this feverish impatience, and tried to interest her in other things, but in vain. A dread of something, she hardly knew what, had seized upon her heart, and she wandered restlessly round like a disturbed spirit.

The frigate arrived at last, and Mary's presentiment was fulfilled. There was sickness on board, fearful, dangerous sickness, and they were not allowed to land.

Mr. Lawrenson saw the surgeon who had boarded the frigate, and he corroborated all that had been said. The father scarcely dared to ask if his own son were well. The surgeon went on to say, that young Frothingham was very ill, and that Adrian was with him constantly. It was hard news for him to hear, but he only answered, "Thank God, my boy is doing his duty!"

Mary watched his countenance when he went home, and her heart told her that he knew some-

thing, and she besought him, with tears, to tell her the whole truth. He told her all, and then she grew calm. There was still hope. She had thought only of his death. He was alive, and might yet recover. She wept when he told her of his son's devotion to him. Dear Edward! she was thankful that he had so kind a friend.

Then the thought of Mrs. Lawrenson's anxiety would come to her, and she would feel so deeply for her that she would weep for hours. At last, nature gave way, and she was carried to her bed, insensible. She woke in a high fever, in which her delirium and excitement prevented her knowing even the kind friends whom she loved so well.

Day succeeded to day, and she grew no better, until worn out by the violence of the fever, she sank into a sort of stupor, more distressing even, than her ravings had been, lasting nearly a week.

One day she opened her eyes, and, for the first time, she recognised Mrs. Lawrenson, who sat beside her bed.

"Have I been ill?" she asked, as her friend came closer and took her hand.

"You have, dear, but be quiet now, and you will soon recover."

And the frigate. Had she arrived? She had dreamed of her, and was afraid something had happened to her.

"Ah, now I remember!" she cried; "tell me, is Edward alive?"

The door opened softly, and, from the next room, came a figure, wasted and thin, indeed but with a face beaming with love and tenderness. "Brother!" "Sister!" were all the words they could utter; and they were left alone by Mrs. Lawrenson, who felt that their emotions were too sacred for any eye to witness.

Then came Adrian, who looked wonderingly at the pale but beautiful face, and saw that it was all, and more than all that his mother had told him of Mary's beauty. The dark locks, which Mrs. Lawrenson would not have cut off, were lying in damp curls on the pillow, and the eyes were soft and melting. One thin hand rested on the quilt, the other was pressed within her brother's. Edward looked exultingly at his friend, and said: "She will live!"

"Not if you excite her sensibilities in this way," said Mrs. Lawrenson. "Go away, both of you, and don't come here again till she is able to hold up that dear head."

How lovingly and gratefully did Mary look at her friend! And then, exhausted by her emotions, she closed her eyes and slept. From that long sleep she awoke refreshed, and with her mind perfectly calm and tranquil.

She recovered rapidly, and in a few weeks, was as well as ever. No brother was ever more proud of a sister than Edward. No parents were ever more fond of a daughter than Mr. Lawrenson and his wife. And she well deserved it, for there are few prarer and more beautiful spirits than Mary Frothingham. The pride of which she was sometimes accused, was only her natural self-respect, and that she preserved always. "A perfect woman, nobly planned," she was yet:

"A spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

The dust has long since lain above the once busy head of Mrs. Angier—but her mantle has fallen upon her eldest daughter, who conducts the business on a more generous and liberal scale than her mother. She is reaping the benefit of that liberality and her judicious treatment of other work people, in the greater amount of labor which they perform. Honor to every one who seeks to benefit the laborer! Honor and great praise to Arabella Angier.

#### THE NEW KEY.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only one little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child; "aunty, it is *please*. If I ask one of the great girls in school, '*Please* show me my parsing lesson?' she says, 'O, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, *please* do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask, 'Uncle, *please*,' he says, 'Yes, if I can.' If I say, '*please*, aunty—'"

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"O, you look and *smile just like mother*, and that is best of all!" cried the little girl, throwing her arms round aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children will like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.—*Sabbath School Visitor*.

#### TALL MEN.

Byrne, a famous Irish giant, who died in London some years since, measured eight feet two inches. Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1760, measured seven feet eight inches. Edward Malone, another Irishman, was seven feet seven inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daniel Cardanus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheselden, the famous anatomist, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp near St. Albans, England, which he judged to have been eight feet four inches. Goliath of Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland, was eleven feet high, and Maximinus, the emperor, was nine feet; tall boys, all of them.—*Curious Facts*.

## MY IDOLS.

BY C. A. ROLYN.

A loving mate to me was given—  
 Forgetting how earth's ties are riven,  
 To him I yielded all my love,  
 While angels saw and wept above;  
 For my heart bowed down to a form of clay,  
 And the Spirit I grieved has called him away;  
 With wings upraised he fled to heaven—  
 Our hearts were riven—our hearts were riven.

Twin buds were laid upon my breast—  
 My heart forgot its wild unrest:  
 It seems a day—yet a year they stayed—  
 With clasping hands I begged, I prayed;  
 'Twas a lesson needed,—death has shivered  
 My idols all,—my buds are withered.  
 Deep down they're mouldering side by side—  
 Shall I tell thee why they died?  
 Forgetting still 'twas a little time  
 That I might call His treasures mine,  
 I bowed again—my buds were clay—  
 They faded away—they faded away.

'Twas months ago, yet the falling leaves  
 I count by the sighs my bosom heaves;  
 For their little graves were made in one,  
 When the first green leaves and grasses sprang.  
 Flowers and leaves—the buds I cherished  
 Are faded, dead—all, all have perished,  
 And the winds that o'er them sighing moan,  
 Awake lone echoes in the home  
 Where death its idols all have shivered,  
 And left one heart alone and withered.

## MELBOURNE FARM.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"I AM sick—heart-sick, Lizzie," said Walter Burnett to his wife, as he flung himself on the sofa, in their richly-furnished drawing-room.

"What ails you, Walter? What has happened?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Nothing uncommon, Lizzie. Don't get nervous. But O, I am so thoroughly sick of this life which I lead—never knowing whether I am worth any property or not—buying up stocks to-day which may go down to nothing to-morrow—running hither and thither to borrow money to pay up notes, knowing that by to-morrow there will be more due—urged to speculations which my better judgment condemns—and worst of all, trying to keep up an appearance of wealth, when I really do not know if I have a penny in the world, if my effects were sold and my debts paid."

"This is indeed a dark side to our usually bright and cheerful picture. You are tired, Walter. Cheer up, and rest your weary limbs, and things will not look so dark to you. Let

me ring for a cup of tea, and then you may lie still till dinner-time. You know Mr. Swift dines with us to-day."

"I know it, to my sorrow. He comes by my invitation, too, which I was obliged to give him, in order to delay the settlement of his claim until after the vexatious Wallingford Railroad business is completed. O, Lizzie, it is not my nature to be so hypocritical; but the way in which business matters are conducted now, makes knaves and cowards of us all."

"Then, why do you continue in it, Walter? Why not give up your business life altogether, and retire from these harassing trials?"

"Lizzie, if it were only for myself, I would gladly do so; but it is for you and the children, that I bear this heavy load. Could I bear to see you, so delicately brought up as you have been, reduced to part with a single luxury to which you have been accustomed? My dear wife, believe me, were I to close up my business to-day, I should not have enough left to keep you in this house another hour."

"What of that? There are other houses—are there not?"

"Yes, plenty of them. But I could not ask you to go into a common house, after inhabiting this. You would sadly miss the luxuries and conveniences you have enjoyed in this. Think, for a moment, how you could be contented in a house like Mrs. Harper's or Annie Butler's, with a single drawing-room of small dimensions, limited sleeping-room and no nursery!"

"I would do as they do—have the baby's cradle in my little snug parlor, my work-stand and writing-desk near it, and if company came in, they should have a look at Fannie's sweet face without the trouble of having her brought down two pairs of stairs, as I now have to do. Walter, I never go into Annie Butler's house, without envying her happiness. She cares nothing about the thousand little things which I have to worry my life out about. She is always neat—always ready to see company, however early in the morning, without making them wait to change her dress. Her baby is as sweet as a rose, because she washes and dresses it herself, and her husband comes in with such a quiet, composed look, so different to the anxious one which you bring home! And yet William Butler and George Harper have only a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year!"

Walter sipped his tea nervously while his wife was enumerating the advantages and pleasures of a limited income. She went on:

"Last evening, I went into Annie's, just because I was so nervous and anxious that I could

not stay at home. I had been up to the nursery, and Bridget and Jane were both cross and insolent because I had refused to let them go out for the fifth time this week. You had gone out with that horrid looking man that always frets you so about bonds and such matters. I could not settle myself to reading. Everything failed me, and to kill time, I went over to see Annie. It was just tea-time, and William came in five minutes after I did. His dressing-gown and slippers lay near a large arm-chair, and he put them on right before me. I did not care, for I knew he had no separate room for such things as you have; but wouldn't Mrs. Faraway have fainted, had she seen him? Well, the tea-table was set there too—right in that little parlor. But I wish you could have tasted that supper! We never have anything so exquisite, though it is true that there was no silver on the table, except the forks and spoons; but the bread and cake were so nice! I had supped before, but their table would have tempted anybody to a second supper—all made by Annie's own hands, too! And then there sat Charlie and Willie on the hearth-rug, waiting to drink tea with father! I wonder how many times you have seen Lullie and Albert within a month!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake, Lizzie! You will make me in love with poverty for its superior advantages over wealth. So you believe that Annie Butler is happier than you?"

"William is a happier man than you are, Walter. I believe *that*, at least; and so far as Annie is happy to see him so cheerful and contented, why she is better off than I am, isn't she? So, go to sleep, dear, and dream that you are a poor man, and that I am cooking your dinner for you."

Walter Burnett might indeed be worried and anxious. For the last two months, he had been tottering on the very brink of bankruptcy, although none knew it save himself and his confidential clerk. He had invested largely in what was justly feared to be a losing, or at least a hazardous concern, and night after night he had been closeted till a late hour with those who were also interested in its success.

He had hardly slept for a week; but overcome with weariness, and soothed by Lizzie's voice, he dropped into a profound slumber. Lizzie's last words lingered on his ear, and he dreamed that he was out in a western clearing, with an axe on his shoulder, returning from the forest—that his wife and children were coming to meet him—and that, although tired with exercise, he was feeling a peaceful joy that had not visited him since he was a boy.

He woke to the sound of the dressing-bell, with the forest echoes still ringing, and slowly rose to prepare for his guest. The dinner was *recherche*—the host and hostess polite and attentive. The wine showed long acquaintance with "cobwebs," and the fruit with hot-houses.

But on the face of Walter Burnett there was a cloud which *would* show itself behind the smile; and even when the three lovely children came in after dinner, and clamored for a seat by "dear father," he had no endearing words to utter, but sat in silent abstraction. Poor Lizzie! It was when Walter gave way to such moods as these, that she felt the inadequacy of their show and splendor. It was then that the happy scene at Annie Butler's rose up before her, and she longed to turn aside from the falseness of the life she was living, and devote herself to Walter and her children.

Annie Butler and Lizzie had been friends from childhood—had been married the same year—and although outwardly so differently situated, were still friendly and affectionate as ever. So far from Lizzie's assuming any superiority from her wealth over Annie, it was she who always deferred to her friend—trusting implicitly in her judgment, and treating her as a dear sister.

Nor had Annie ever felt, as many do, that her friend had risen above her. The mere accidental circumstance of wealth never came between her and Lizzie; and she had never thought for a moment that Walter Burnett was superior in anything to her own husband. There was therefore no jealous feeling on one side, nor assumption on the other. Annie would not go to Lizzie's large and sumptuous parties, but that did not hinder the Burnetts from taking a social cup of tea with her the very next day; and the few evenings which William allowed himself to spend at the opera, or any other place of amusement, were always in company with the Burnetts.

After Mr. Swift left them on this day, Lizzie proposed going over to Annie's. She somehow felt that the peaceful atmosphere of that house would impart itself to the troubled spirit of her husband.

"I cannot—indeed I cannot go out, Lizzie!" he answered. "Swift brought me news that will keep me awake all night. By heavens, I wish my dream of to-day were actually realized!" And he related it to her.

"I wish so too, dear," she said, "if it would but bring peace to you. But come—let us go and see Will Butler. He always has something to say that cheers you."

"You are a regular teaser, Lizzie. Well, get

your shawl, and let us go over for an hour, although you will have to do the agreeable for both of us."

They found all right there, as usual—William reading the last new publication to Annie, who said she had just been playing for the children to dance, before they went to bed. Such happy faces! No "three per cent. a month" was sowing wrinkles on William Butler's forehead! He knew just how much he could afford to spend, and took care always to live within that sum. No dun had ever found his way within his doors!—no nightly slumber had ever been disturbed by thoughts of "notes to pay" the next morning!

Of the same age as he, Walter Burnett looked twice as old. Already he showed white hairs intermixed with his handsome brown locks, while Butler's hair was as black and glossy as in early youth. He saw, as soon as Burnett entered, that he was troubled, and his friendly spirit went out to meet him at once.

"Poor fellow!" he said to himself. "Would that I could do anything to lighten that burden which is weighing upon him so heavily!"

It was so strange—the poor man pitying the rich!

The two were soon in deep conversation, and as Lizzie had hoped, Walter was gradually unfolding his whole heart to his friend. William listened with the deepest interest, grasped the whole subject in all its bearings, and saw at once through the tangled mesh in which Walter was involved. The salaried clerk had studied far deeper into business than the speculator, after all!

"And how much will free you from this?" he asked, after revolving it in his mind.

"Five thousand dollars, of which, by the most painful and almost hopeless exertion, I have raised three by a mortgage on my house. I would gladly give one on my furniture for the remainder, but every soul whom I know, is short of money. Rather vexatious—is it not?—that after making six times that amount in a single morning, I should be compelled to fail for such a sum!"

"Hash, Walter! don't speak such a word as *fail*, lest the birds of the air float it over to State Street, before we have done talking. Will this sum relieve you from more than mere temporary embarrassment?"

"It would free me altogether. These fellows have given me their word that if I raise this sum by to-morrow noon, they will not trouble me again. Their object is to get the cash to carry on their operations, and if thwarted in this, they

will injure me in the other way of which I told you, although it could bring no benefit whatever. My good name! William—although perfectly innocent of all intention to defraud, yet the fact of my being concerned with them would bring a stain upon my honor in the eyes of the world."

"I understand. I am thankful that it is in my power to help you. To-morrow morning, the money shall be in your hands."

"You! you can help me? My dear fellow, this is indeed generous! But how—how can you afford it? Pardon me, but I am so surprised."

"Saved from my salary, my good sir. Yes, you may well be astonished. It is all that little woman's doings! She urged me to lay by a certain sum from every quarter's payment, and the result is, that I can now oblige a dear friend, and the husband of *her* dear friend. The fact is, Burnett, that when I first married, I was a very extravagant fellow. I wanted to go the entire length of my chain—and, indeed, for some time I exceeded it. Annie undertook to look over my accounts one evening, and knowing my salary, she was thunderstruck at the discoveries she made of my expenses. She convinced me that cigars and oyster suppers were not among the necessities of life, and demonstrated to me how much money might be saved by abandoning them and kindred expenses. Her own self denial completed my reform, and I now have the pleasure of knowing that, through her means, I have a store for a rainy day and something to lend a friend too."

Inexpressibly relieved, Burnett now joined the ladies, while Lizzie watched the change which an hour had made in his countenance. She congratulated him aside; but he broke gaily forth with the assurance that the next day would set him free from the vexatious affair which had so painfully annoyed him, and placed him on the very verge of bankruptcy.

"And now, Lizzie, dear," he said, as they retired that night, "tell me truly if you would be willing to give up this house and its richest and most valuable adornments, and live in a quieter and smaller way—something, perhaps, as Annie lives—rather than to undergo the anxiety which we have had through this day?"

"A thousand times rather—do not doubt me, Walter! Do not think so meanly of me as to imagine I would put a fine house and its gew-gaws in competition, for a moment, with your peace of mind. Believe me—I shall not shed a tear if you sell the house to-morrow."

Walter was touched by her generous sympathy.



"There is a little farm at Melbourne," he said, "now for sale. Its products would amply support us, and something over. I can buy this with one half of what this house and furniture cost me. The other half I could invest in land in a new and thriving township. What do you say, Lizzie? Under which king—Benzonian? Speak, or—"

"You need not finish the sentence, Walter. I go for the king of the country, not of the town. Let us retire immediately to our farm, and I will show you what a farmer's wife I shall make."

And Walter thought long and deeply upon his late harassing life—so wearing to his frame and spirits—and half resolved that the next day should see him freed from his self-imposed shackles.

It was *something* that he could go forth, that dreaded next day, with the consciousness that from one of those shackles he could free himself forever; and he made a solemn vow, too, that it was the last time he would ever lend his name, directly or indirectly, openly or under cover, to an operation of which he could not see the end—at least so far as human forethought and sagacity, and confidence in all the parties concerned, could warrant.

For several days, he hovered between the pride and ambition which prompted him to go on and try to amass a fortune, and take his place among the merchant princes, or to leave this restless life altogether and devote himself to the peaceful pursuits that were inviting him. He wearied himself with trying to decide, and then resolved that he would leave the decision to Lizzie. She was not long in making her choice.

"At least, Walter," she said, "let us seek a more quiet life for a few years, and then, if you yearn for these wearing cares, it will be easy to change again."

"The farm is bought, Lizzie!" he said, when he came into dinner. "The house and furniture are bespoken for a gentleman who is going to be married—I hope he will have more comfort in it than we have had! I can pay off all my liabilities, and return Butler's generous loan, with the liberal interest which he deserves. I had a grand opportunity to dispose of the carriage, and have bought a strong, well-built family wagon and a stout horse."

Lizzie received the news gladly. It was not that she did not like the appearance of wealth—indeed she was naturally fond of show and splendor—but Walter's pale face and haggard brow had taught her, lately, how little it has to do with happiness; and she made her preparations to remove with a lightened, if not a joyful heart.

If she had any lingering regrets, they were dispelled the next morning, when, in the soft sunshine of early June, she and Annie rode over to Melbourne in the new wagon. The way was literally lined with wild roses, growing at the feet of lofty trees. Beautiful little streamlets were trickling through beds of mossy verdure, and forming miniature waterfalls over beds of rocks. The larch hung out its tassels, and the mountain ash sent forth its delicate perfume. The birds were singing gaily on every tree, and the graceful squirrels were everywhere seen, with their bright eyes peeping out from behind bush or rock, as if to dare the travellers to capture them, if they could!

Melbourne Farm was a gem. It had passed from one generation to another in the same family—each occupant adding to its worth, until the last heir had dissipated his whole fortune, and the cherished spot had fallen into the hands of strangers.

No sweeter place could have been found to restore peace to a wearied man like Walter Burnett; and when, after the dinner hour had gone by, and he and William Butler joined their wives and wandered with them over the beautiful fields, through the richly wooded forests, or climbed the hill-top overlooking them all, he could not but acknowledge that

"——if there's peace to be found in this world,  
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

Five years afterwards, William Butler and George Harper were enabled, by their prudence and economy, to purchase the farms which lay on either side of the Burnetts. If, occasionally, the friends visited the great city, it was with no feeling of longing to remain there. They appreciated its luxuries, admired its works of art, and felt the influence of its stirring enterprise; but they loved the quiet shades that seemed to take them so lovingly to their embrace. O, how true it is that

"——nature never did betray  
The heart that trusted in her."

The light returned to Walter's eye, and the peace to his heart. He delighted in the quiet occupations furnished by his rural retreat, while Lizzie prided herself upon being a farmer's wife, although, truth to tell, she does not "fit into her niche" so perfectly as does Annie Butler. Annie had not so much to learn as her more delicately bred friend; and any competition between them generally ends in throwing the balance on the side of Annie.

If one would see the perfection of country life, let him steal from the busy life of the city on some bright morning in summer, and spend the day at MELBOURNE FARM.

## TO A FALSE ONE.

*"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."*

BY J. QUINCY ADAMS.

I know thee now, but ne'er before,  
And I can be deceived no more,  
For that fond heart I once believed  
Could by no other be deceived;  
But now I find (and O, how sad!)  
That other smiles have made thee glad.  
That other charms have stolen thine  
From this fond, bleeding heart of mine.

But I'll be calm, I'll show no ill,  
Though in misery, I'll love thee still;  
For thou hast been as none could be,  
The best of friends—now lost to me.  
So fare thee well! false heart, farewell!  
The grief I feel no tongue can tell!  
Though I have lost my brightest hope,  
Yet fare thee well—I give thee up.

Go! thy false heart on one bestow,  
Who never felt the pain and woe  
Which I have felt—now feel for thee;  
Lost! lost forevermore to me!

## MR. GRAHAME'S SCRUPLES.

BY PHILIP BROMLEY.

MANY years ago, just after my arrival at Naples, I was walking with my friend Ernest Grahame, in that lovely garden which stretches along the shore of the glorious bay, forming with its bowers and shade, the most charming promenade in Europe, when my attention was attracted by an interesting group of English people which passed by us. It consisted of two young and beautiful girls of sixteen or seventeen, a lady in deep mourning, apparently a governess, and very handsome, and a square, thick-set man, with a ruddy and rough face, well bronzed by exposure to the wind and weather.

"Who are those lovely girls?" I inquired of my friend; "I never saw two sweeter faces!"

"I pardon your ignorance to the freshness of your arrival!" he replied. "Everybody knows them, but still it doesn't do for anybody to know them. They are, poor girls, in a very awkward position. That old Palinurus whom you see walking with them, seems to be the only person belonging to them. Apart from him they seem to have no friend, masculine, in Naples, and so they don't get introduced, you see. But the young ones appear to mind it not a whit. There's a laugh for you now, Harvey, clear as a bell, and soft as a lute. But pshaw! you hear them just as clear and just as soft from lips which the flat of Neapolitan conventionalism has stamped respectable!"

I interrupted Grahame's self-reproach for the inadvertent enthusiasm he had displayed, by again inquiring who they were.

"O! The Misses Wardour."

"Wardour! Wardour! A very familiar name!"

"You remember Colonel Wardour. They're his daughters. There is an ugly story, about a desertion, and duel in the East Indies, in which the colonel was killed. The family never went back to England, but have lived ever since in Naples!"

"They are charming girls!"

"You may well say that. I never saw a more beautiful face than that dimpled youngest one has. But it is an awkward story to attach to one's pedigree!"

"And who is that handsome woman in mourning, who attends them?"

"I shrewdly suspect her to be the senior Wardour, mother of those bewitching girls, and the cause of the row that brought them here, though she never appears in that character. She is as beautiful still as Diana, but as cold as an icicle in her temple at Ephesus! Her severe style of beauty, and grave, dextral manner, put men quite out, so she's not persecuted with attentions."

While we were thus talking, they turned and passed again. The young ones were laughing and chatting, as gaily as if the whole year round were a carnival. The eldest was less beautiful than her sister, but perhaps still more fascinating from her vivacity and exuberance of spirits.

"Grahame," said I, "I must and will know them!"

"Who will introduce you? They are deuced proud and shy; were it not for that, I am afraid that the youngest one's dimples would have made me waive my conventional scruples, and obtain an introduction myself, before this!—Pshaw! Hang it, no they wouldn't!" he added, drawing up and correcting himself; "that I, Ernest Grahame, resident a year and a half in Naples, and familiar with the society of the finest women in the world, should make that confession. Some Irish fortune-hunter, it is hoped, will have mercy on them, for they are well enough off!"

It is needless to assure the reader, that these several self-corrections, whenever my friend Mr. Ernest Grahame through inadvertence betrayed the true condition of his feelings, convinced me that there was a potency in dimples, and a reason also, for his taking me off on this promenade, before I had scarcely been in town an hour.

"Who is that old Palinurus, as you style him?"

"O, he is an old secretary of the colonel, very

much attached to the family, and to the Diana in black in particular, I believe! He's a savage-looking guardian for ladies so divinely beautiful."

"What are they called? How do you distinguish them?" said I, pursuing my inquiries.

"Why, Harvey, it would surprise me, if in your romance and knight errantry, you should really fall in love with one of those desolate ones. But it won't do, I assure you; nobody knows them!"

"Don't you know their names?"

"O, yes! That is—the youngest one, she with the dimples is called Eveline, the other is—well, upon my word I've forgotten; indeed, I'm not sure that I ever knew."

"I'm sorry; that was the name I was most desirous of knowing."

If I have conveyed to the reader the impression that Mr. Ernest Grahame was a coxcomb or a rone, I must hasten to clear it up, for it is entirely an incorrect one. He was a man of the world, certainly, and tinctured to some extent with the prejudices of conventionalism, but in true nobility of feeling, the peer of the worthiest. Beneath a somewhat worldly and fashionable exterior, he carried a heart true to the instincts of a generous nature, and alive to excellence, whether found among the high or low. He had been upon the continent three years at the time I met him, eighteen months of which had been spent in Naples. There was a large share of poetry in his nature, which this glorious clime had developed, and his thoughts and habits had become so much assimilated with the calm, pure air and splendid sky, that he had made his residence permanent here.

The next morning Ernest and myself set out for a ride. Half an hour brought us to the sea side. The road lay at the foot of a chain of lofty cliffs, and wound through massive fragments of rock, embellished with verdure, and enriched with small trees, which broke the view with admirable effect, and presented a series of most enchanting vistas. The beauties of the ride increased as we advanced. We were both silent, indulging doubtless in similar reflections, suggested by the beautiful picture presented by external objects, when we were startled by a rush, and a sound of horses' feet.

Presently a riderless horse, appeared and approached at a furious pace. We drew up close to the side of the road and let him pass.

"Miss Eveline Wardour rides that horse!" exclaimed Grahame, giving his animal the spur, and speaking with more energy than was habitual to him.

After galloping a mile, we found the youngest of the Misses Wardour lying in a state of insen-

sibility upon the road. Ernest alighted and lifted her. She had been lying upon her face, which, now cold and senseless, but beautiful as chiselled marble, was clotted on one side with blood. A brook ran in a little gully within a half dozen yards. He raised her in his arms and carrying her to it, washed away the gore and dust. She seemed to be dead. None of our mutual efforts seemed to have the slightest effect in resuscitating her.

"For God's sake, Harvey, ride back to town for a doctor!"

I assured him that she would certainly die if we relaxed our efforts until a physician could be procured from town. Ernest now seemed nearly frantic with excitement and apprehension. He laid his cheek to hers to warm it, and chafed her temples with his hand to restore animation. At length some feeble indication of returning life rewarded our unremitting exertions, and by degrees the young lady came wholly to herself.

At first she seemed distressingly confused, at finding herself in the arms of a stranger; but she was obliged to allow Grahame to continue to support her, as she had not sufficient strength to stand unassisted.

Presently I thought she seemed to recognize him. She looked around as if in quest of something, doubtless her runaway horse, and then turning upon Ernest a look of gratitude which I knew penetrated him to the soul, faintly articulated: "Thank you, sir! Thank Heaven, it is no worse!"

He had tied his handkerchief round the wound, becoming sensible of the pain of which, she raised her hand to her forehead, and feeling the bandage, bestowed upon Grahame another look, which ought to have taken away his senses.

She had sprained her ankle, in addition to the wound on her head. There was nothing to be done, but to place her upon one of our horses, and carry her to the nearest spot where rest and medical assistance could be obtained. This expedient Ernest immediately adopted. Indeed I must give him the credit of extraordinary presence of mind, during every phase of the adventure. He adapted himself to each crisis with wonderful facility; so much so, that I did not appear to much advantage. Miss Wardour herself apparently relied implicitly upon him, and regarded it as a matter of course, that none but he should place her in the saddle, or walk by the horse's side, with his arm lightly thrown around her to secure her in it, in default of her stirrup foot, which, as I said before, had been sprained.

Especially did I regard myself *de trop*, as I

rode slowly behind them; she resting her hand upon his shoulder, silent, and with downcast eyes, and he equally silent, but with upturned eyes, eloquent with the feelings which I had observed latent in his remarks the evening before.

We had proceeded a mile in this exceedingly interesting manner, when we reached a small, suburban cottage, half embowered in vines and shrubbery. The owner, when she understood the nature of our visit, readily offered us the hospitality of her dwelling. Immediate medical advice and assistance were requisite to Miss Wardour's safety, and entrusting the young lady to my charge, with many injunctions of care and attention to her wants, Ernest rode off to town like mad, for a doctor. In an incredibly short space, he returned with one. I perceived that the indefatigable nursing of Grahame, and the skill of the scientific gentleman, left little opportunity to me of being of service, so I made preparations for my departure. As I glanced into the little parlor, on my way to my horse, I observed Mr. Ernest Grahame, holding the lovely head of Miss Eveline Wardour in both his hands, and within a hair's breadth of his cheek, while the doctor was probing the wound in her forehead.

I did not meet Grahame for several days afterwards. The reason was obvious. He was not in Naples. When I did encounter him, it was on the same promenade where he was first introduced to the reader. I said to him:

"What a pity it wasn't some Irish fortune-hunter, instead of you, who picked Miss Wardour out of the road, the other day. He would have taken compassion upon her, and done her business at once, you know!"

"Pshaw!"

"She's so desolate, and nobody knows her! It would have been a godsend!"

"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!" quoted Grahame.

"What! I should be surprised, if in your romantic knight-errantry you should really have fallen in love with one of those forlorn ones. 'Twont do—nobody knows them."

"Who the deuce cares whether they do or not?" I thought Ernest was getting angry.

"I make it one of the conditions of a treaty of peace, that you introduce me to the other Miss Wardour!"

"With pleasure."

"Have you ascertained her name?"

Grahame fairly blushed.

"Yes, it is Florence!"

"When did you return to Naples?"

"You are pre-supposing that I have been out of Naples."

"I left you out of it!"

Grahame blushed again, but answered like a martyr: "I came back this morning."

"When-u—has the young lady recovered?"

"Perfectly. She returned to town with me!"

"I'd have staked my reputation on the skill of her physician!"

"No more banter, I pray you," said Grahame. "In three days I've been cured of the contemptible prejudices that have hung upon me through life. You may congratulate me upon the skilfulness of my physician also!"

"I prefer to congratulate the fair leech in person."

"I perceive that there is no peace for you until you have had the introduction; but I warn you, there'll be none for you after it!"

"*Nous verrons!*"

When it was ascertained that Ernest Grahame was to marry Miss Eveline Wardour, there was considerable excitement in the fashionable world. Grahame showed the true manliness of his character by frowning down all imputations made to his face, and treating with utter indifference those made at his back. I met him several years after, still in Naples, the happiest fellow on the face of the earth. While I remained there, there was always a cover for me at his dinner table, and I became very intimate with the sweetest family I ever knew. What became of the other Miss Wardour, I may tell on another occasion.

#### EASTERN STORY TELLERS.

It is a pleasure, says a late English writer, to watch a Cossack, after gathering a circle of silent listeners around him, begin his narrative of some wild feat, and warm and animate as he hurries on in the current of adventure. The tale-teller seems lost in the action; his whole soul is absorbed, and his eyes appear to gaze upon each scene which his lips endeavor to portray. When he speaks of the wild winds and the dark heavens, and the night expedition on the Dneiper, his voice drops to a whisper, lest the Turkish videttes, who are posted to watch the great iron chain across that river, should hear him and give the alarm. With their hands, he and his comrade imitate the plashing of the paddles in the water. His voice swells when the sudden storm hurls the fragile barks backward to where they had so shortly escaped the Turkish guard, and sinks again as the tempest passes over. At times, he seems to clutch anxiously at the reeds which are placed on board every tchalk, for the purpose of concealment. But when he comes to the assault, both he and the Cossacks around him spring up with a yell, as though yearning to attack again the locality mentioned in the ballad.

Those that admonish their friends, says Plutarch, should observe this rule, not to leave them with sharp expressions. Ill language destroys the force of reprehension, which should be always given with prudence and circumspection.

## THE AMBITIOUS VIOLET.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

I'm dying! O I'm dying beneath this arid sky,  
While the south wind o'er me sighing, sweeps like a siroc by.

I've outlived all my gentle race—

I've outlived all my name;

And prayed for life, that I might grace

The trumpet wreath of fame;

Now I'm dying! O I'm dying beneath this arid sky, [by.  
And the south wind o'er me sighing, sweeps like a stranger

I'm fading now! O mournfully, with no kind kindred by;  
The very Sun peers down on me with mockery in his eye.

He seems to think I've lived too long—

I've tarried here for woe;

The little birds sing taunting song,

And say 'tis time to go:

Lam dying! O I'm dying beneath this arid sky,  
And the south wind o'er me sighing, sweeps like a siroc by.

O, who may paint the pangs and woe of those who worship  
fame?

Who murmur when 'tis time to go—would tarry for a  
name!

Who wrestle the cup for others' lip—

Who mix the dulcet draught;

But drain the dregs that others sip—

The bitter's all we quaff.

Wilt minstrel! I am dying—beneath a stranger sky—  
The very Sun peers down on me with mockery in his eye.

## THE AWKWARD HUSBAND.

BY WILLIAM O. BATON.

A TERRIFIC scream announced that Philemon Stagg had planted his blundering foot on one of Mrs. Stagg's corns, for the third time that morning, and so exasperated was that lady—for she *was* a lady, notwithstanding what followed—that for the first time in her life, she raised her little foot, and gave her awkward husband a fierce kick! You might think there was a row in that family in consequence—and so it was, although Mr. Stagg was conscious of his faults, and thought that the kick was intended as a substitute for what was worse, a scolding. He was surprised, however; but he did not escape so easily as he imagined.

"Blundering, awkward creature! What have I done that you should be always treading on my feet? I declare I don't know what crime such suffering is intended for. I shall be a cripple one of these days, Philemon, as sure as you are born. O!"

"My dear Laura, it pains me as much as it does you, I assure you."

"O pshaw! Sympathy is cheap. O dear!"

"There seems to be a fatality about it," said the ashamed Stagg, hanging his head. "I could almost cut off my feet to prevent such accidents."

"I'm sure my feet are not so large that they should always be in the way," she murmured, looking with vanity at her little Chinese under-standings.

"I know it, love. The fact is, they are so small one can hardly see them."

He thought this might put her in good humor. Dead failure; it was a rebellious and revengeful corn.

"And your's are so *big* that I tremble whenever you come within a yard of me. O, my poor feet!"

It was a melancholy fact that Mr. Stagg was a rare example of blundering awkwardness. He was one of the best-natured persons alive. Clumsy animals are generally the easiest tempered. But Mrs. Stagg did not believe this to be any atonement, for whenever Stagg moved, things animate or inanimate were in jeopardy. In-doors or out, ruin and confusion marked his presence. He loved his wife dearly, and kept so near her, that her feet bore witness and paid the penalty.

That day, by way of recompense, he took her out to ride, and it would have been a very happy drive, if he had not, several times more, crushed her feet, as they were admiring the scenery. She began to cry, and her tears were only stopped by his hanging both his ponderous feet out of the vehicle. But as his peculiar fate would have it, the position was unfavorable for his driving, which at the best was miserably poor and awkward, and he began to drive against everything that came along; now on this side, now on that—clink, grate, jar, bang, jerk, crash!—executing unheard-of manœuvres, with such a want of judgment, that Mrs. Stagg at last began to implore of him:

"Take in those feet again, do, Philemon. Better to have my feet amputated than break my neck."

He obeyed, but drove worse than before; and after provoking the anger of drivers all along the road, he finally settled the question of life and death, by smashing against a heavy mail-coach, shattering and upsetting his own team, and remaining behind with his wife and the body, while the horse galloped ahead with the shafts. Happily they escaped with but few scratches and were glad to get home again.

"I'll tell you what I'll agree to, wife," said he, after a lecture; "I agree to give you the most beautiful shawl you can find in the city, if I tread upon your feet again, once, within a fortnight. I'm determined to break myself of the habit."

Singular to relate, he became so watchful dur-

ing that period, that Mrs. Stagg had no cause to complain, on *that* score, or rather *half* a score. But a certain amount of awkwardness was doomed to be his. Though he now approached her only at arm's length—she, in view of the shawl, not caring if he approached as near as usual, and gave her *one* crush—though he dared not sit beside her; and though, when they walked out, he kept continually looking down, and trembled when he felt the broadest circumference of her hoop-skirt; and notwithstanding other look-outs in proportion, Stagg was Stagg, in every other respect, and much anguish was the result.

"There he goes again!" shrieked she, next day, "tumbling down stairs. Merciful heaven, Philemon, have you broke your neck?" she cried, rushing out into the hall.

"Not much, my dear," he replied, breathlessly, picking himself up at the foot of the staircase; "but I've nearly mashed my head." And he put his hand to that erratic magazine, which was essentially bumped, and profusely bleeding.

"O, my poor Philemon! You are almost killed! Take my arm. Here, Mary! John!"

"Look out for your feet, Laura," was his prudent remark. "I'd rather not plaster my wounds with a thousand dollar shawl."

Stagg was not very seriously hurt, and was able to be out and about next day. Taking a walk together, Stagg had no less than three altercations with pedestrians, against whom his clumsy way of locomotion had precipitated himself and wife, in such a manner as to make it seem intentional. He floundered along like a great, flap-eared elephant, and it was hardly possible not to mistake his walk for an impudent swagger. Yet all was innocent in him; and in one of the disputes, where he had bounced one man against another, and that other against two ladies, both of whom were thrown down in the contact, their gallant showed fight, when Stagg stepped in with the remark that, "*I did it!*" whereupon all three pitched into him, and would have made Stagg stagger, but for the interposition of the two ladies, and the explanation of Mrs. Stagg that "he was such a clumsy creature!"

Comfortable companion, he, for a promenade! Mrs. Stagg, like every sensible woman who has a just regard for her health, was partial to going abroad to snuff the fresh air, when other duties said yes; and before the first week was ended, she trusted herself with her husband, in a sail-boat—he to manage it—he, of all men in the world!

Perhaps she was thus trusting, from the consideration that certain amphibious animals, which are awkward on land, are very graceful, expert

and *au fait* upon the water; but after she was upset, by his blundering management of the sails, and arrived home dripping wet, she didn't think Stagg was a monster of that amphibious genus, at least.

The husband prided himself upon his adroitness in the performance of little domestic chores, and when the fit was on him, you should have marked how Mrs. Stagg did shake. He raised the deuce, and broke things all around generally, with the best of intentions.

Mary being sick, and John on a visit to his Aunt Betsy, Stagg undertook the management of household affairs "for one day only," Mrs. Stagg at his heels all the time, lest he should tumble the house over, and set it on fire.

In his hurry, he poked the grate with the handle of the shovel, threw the ashes into the yard, instead of the barrel, and flinging it against the wind, nearly put out Mrs. Stagg's eyes as well as his own. He drove a nail with the bottom of a porcelain vase, and left the atoms to tell the tale. He wiped his razor on the most interesting leaf in her album—poetry written by a former lover—she vowed it was intentional. Thinking, at one time, that she approached too near, *with her feet*, he started back, and fell into a looking-glass which reached from floor to ceiling, causing a multiplication of his beautiful image, anything but satisfactory to either of them.

"Gracious heaven—Philemon—stop! Now you have done your day's work—a good many hard days' work, in half a day! Now do stop!"

"Pity, Laura, but can't be—"

Helped, he was going to say, just as he was helping himself to a glass of wine, to steady his nerves; but of course he dropped the decanter, full of port, upon the carpet, a magnificent Brussels with a white ground, and it was ruined forever.

This dampened his ardor in the cause of household work, and he desisted for the day, both he and his wife agreeing that he had done enough!

But justice must be done to Mr. Stagg's disposition. Sad accidents did not ruffle his temper, even when others were at fault, and the scoldings of his wife made no impression upon him of an unfavorable nature. He sincerely mourned over his elephantine motions, and had charity for others. And amid all his dire blunders during that terrible fortnight of probation, to Mrs. Stagg's regret, there was one blunder he did *not* make—he did not *step on her feet*.

"So I suppose I've lost my shawl, after all," she said, pettishly, at the end of the two weeks.

"I wish I hadn't made the promise," he replied, "for it was that which caused me to make

half the blunders I have committed. My mind, my dear, was continually running on your feet. Singular anomaly. Though your feet were present, my mind was always absent."

"It is nothing to joke about. It is your huge hoofs which are to blame, not my feet—ah! O!"

Philemon Stagg had trodden upon her feet once more!

"Great powers! have I begun again? Will I never stop treading on your feet? I'll get a rope and hang myself. I'll get a platoon of soldiers to charge bayonets upon me—it ought to be the 'awkward squad,' too. O, my dear, poor wife—take care of your feet—you are a martyr to my clumsiness, a—"

"Don't you say toe-martyr!" interrupted she, quickly and fiercely, a sudden idea occurring that he was making fun of her; "O, you unfeeling creature, I only wish the world knew of my sufferings with you. You *trample* upon me all the time—there's no end to it. I wish I could get a divorce. I wish you thought half as much of my feet, as you do about an old new shawl. Awkward! I wish I was born without feet!"

"I wish I had been, I solemnly declare!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg, in an outburst of desperation. "I'd have 'em sawed off now, if it would end my misery. But I suppose I should be treading on you with my stumps!"

Bad as she felt, hugging her foot, Mrs. Stagg could not control her laughter at this last remark, her husband's evident sincerity and lachrymose look exciting her mirth the more. She laughed long and loud, and finally he joined her; and the next day she had more reason to laugh, for she got the shawl; a kindness which ever since has so impressed Mrs. Stagg, that she takes care of her feet herself.

#### A STIMULANT TO PATRIOTISM.

William Lang is the name of a trumpeter lad who went to the Crimea at the age of *thirteen*. He was frightened at the whistling of cannon balls on the banks of the river Alma for the space of half an hour, but never has been afraid of them since. The night after the battle he was found by an officer lying under a bush half dead from exhaustion. He was wrapped in a horse rug and carried to the camp, where he speedily recovered. He sounded his trumpet at Balaklava, at Inkermann, and during the whole siege at Sebastopol. His comrades gave him the highest praise for his intrepidity. He would ride through a storm of shot to carry provisions to men in the trenches, and when he could be spared, he attended the sick with all the care of a Nightingale. He returns to his native town of Woolwich, decorated with the medal with four clasps, the youngest but not the least gallant hero of the war.—*English paper.*

#### SPIRIT WHISPERS.

BY L. R. GOODMAN.

Winter winds around me blow,  
Through the lanes and drifted snow,  
Clad in beggary, I go

All alone.

"Not alone—

God is ever near his own."

Once she loved me—she who bore  
This frail form from door to door;  
But in death she'll love no more—  
Nevermore!

"Evermore—

Thou an angel doth adore."

Ah, the friends in life's bright morn  
Coldly turn away in scorn;  
And I wander on forlorn,  
None to love.

"All to love—

All the holy saints above."

Rich and proud the world goes by,  
Heeding not my starving cry,  
Leaving me alone to die—

Not a friend!

"Yes, a friend,

In whose breast all virtues blend."

Louder blows the wintry storm,  
Colder grows this fragile form,  
And no home to keep me warm—  
Not a home!

"Yes, a home,

One where anguish cannot come."

Ah, 'tis done! Earth fades away,  
And my lips no more will pray;  
A poor beggar child, I lay

Down to die.

"Not to die,

But to sleep, and wake on high."

#### VILLAGE GOSSIP.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE Blandford stage took me down, on one of the hottest days of a hot July. My travelling equipments consisted of a palette, a few paints, and a small portmanteau, containing merely a change of clothes. One or two pocket volumes completed my "belongings."

As I left the dusty, crowded city, and came gradually upon cultivated fields, rich pastures and green lanes, shaded by overarching trees, I blessed the delicious coolness that stole over me, in contrast with the scorching heat I had been experiencing. Soon we entered a pine forest, where little streamlets were glittering like silver threads, among the moss-covered roots of the trees.

I abandoned myself to the peaceful scene around me, and forgot, for a little while, that I was a poor, nameless artist, without friends, wealth or position; that I had been forbidden the house of the wealthy Mr. Severns, because he thought that I was too attentive to his homely, red-haired daughter, when I had only pitied her for being neglected, and tried to make up to her for the desertion which the poor girl was always experiencing from others. I believe that I felt as happy and contented on that day, riding in a clumsy and half broken down, rickety stagecoach, as Mr. Severns in his well appointed carriage.

I arrived at sunset. I knew the place well, and had passed two or three summers there before. Farmer Manners was expecting me, for I had written for my old room to be reserved for me, and I would be down on Saturday. Mrs. Manners was waiting tea, and after I had brushed off the dust, we sat down to a delicious supper of fresh trout, cream-cakes and berries.

The July moon was shining brightly through the openings in the maples before my window, a delightful sound of running waters was in my ear as I lay down on a bed fragrant with rose leaves and lavender, and I began to think that after all, the country was the only place fit to live in. I went to sleep with the delightful consciousness that I was to enjoy it for three months to come.

Sunday, July 5.—I rose this morning refreshed and happy, and accompanied the farmer in a walk through his grounds. His is no modern model farm, with upstart pretensions to perfection, but a plain, old-fashioned country place, under good cultivation, and richly repaying all the labor he had bestowed upon it. He showed me his waving cornfields, and the noble herd of cattle which were browsing on the rich pasturage, with evident satisfaction.

The farmer has no children, no tie except his good wife, and has often intimated that I should be their heir. I love them both too well, to wish for the accomplishment of their generous purpose. I saved Mrs. Manners from the fury of a mad dog, the first summer that I spent here, by shooting the animal dead on the spot, when he was only a few paces from her; and since then, I have been all in all to them both. They urge me to live here the year round; but my artist life would never grow here. After a dozen pretty sketches of this quiet scenery, my work would be done. No, I must go to other lands and paint other and wilder scenes than the little village of Blandford can afford me. And yet, when I think and feel what a bubble fame often becomes, I almost wish to sit down in just such a quiet spot

of earth, "the few beloved—the one adored," perhaps to share it with me, and not even hear the distant hum of the great world without. Ah, Herbert Stanton! thou wert ever a dreamer, and will be so, as long as thy foot shall press this mortal shore. The one adored! I wonder who that is to be? Not Juliet Severns, though every red hair were a chain of red gold! No—but perhaps my Psyche might come to me without seeking—some being of a pure and delicate spirit, who would be careless of my poverty, and love me better that I was all unshackled by the trappings of wealth and fashion.

Evening.—I went to the quaint old church, all day, with my good friends, as is my usual custom here. The gray-haired minister, Mr. Wheatley, came down from the pulpit, after service, to welcome me, and his pretty daughter seemed very glad to see me again. Indeed, I found myself greeted by all as an old friend. I love the hearty hospitality and simple earnestness of these people.

Yes, they all looked familiar, save one. I wonder what feeling it is that prevents me from asking who was the lady in the corner pew, nearest the pulpit! I can see her now, as she sat there, quietly listening to the preacher, with her face scarcely visible through her mourning veil, and her eyes hidden by her white, ungloved hand pressed over them, as if to keep back the tears. I noticed her too, when she left the church, speaking to no one, and hastily walking up the road that leads only to an old, decayed house and garden which figure in several of my sketches. I must go up to-morrow, and see if the romantic old place is still the same.

Monday.—I took my drawing materials to day, and wandered off to the old Glen House, as they call it here. It was ever a favorite haunt of mine. The house has been deserted for years, there being some unwillingness to inhabit it on account of its lonely situation. I have visited it at all times, from early morning to midnight. All the accessories of romance are around it; the wild glen from which it has its name, the sparkling river on whose banks it stands, and the beautiful little dell beyond; while behind it, rises a mountain which still bears its unpronounceable Indian name.

The house itself looks almost like a Dutch cottage, with its rude gables and wide stoop; but in summer it is so mantled by luxuriant vines, that its deformities are all concealed. Wild roses grow in profusion about its walls, and the graceful clusters of the barberry hang thickly over the sterile part of the soil, avoiding the more cultivated and richer ground. Birds



and squirrels live here unmolested among the fine old trees, and the place has altogether an air of Sabbath stillness and repose.

As I saw no trace or indication of its being inhabited, I continued to approach the house, and seat myself on a rude stone bench, which I had always occupied when arranging my materials for drawing. I had been there but a few moments, when I heard a low, sweet voice singing:

"Tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!  
Can those who have loved forget?  
We call—and they answer not again—  
Do they love—do they love us yet?"

I listened for more, but the singer was evidently going away into some distant part of the house, for the last words had a faint, retreating sound. Presently the door opened, and a lady came out dressed in black, and wandered down towards the river. I knew it was the same that I had seen in church. She did not observe me until she came back, which she soon did, with some roses and sweetbrier in her hands. She started on seeing a stranger, but I suppose my occupation reassured her, for she courteously invited me into the house, as the sun was now hot and oppressive.

"You can get good views from the upper windows," she said, "and you need not hesitate to go all over the house if you wish."

I suppose that I looked surprised at her willingness to admit a stranger so readily into her house. She remarked this and blushed.

"I saw Mr. Wheatley's greeting to you at church, yesterday," she said, "and that was sufficient ground for me to offer you shelter from the scorching sun, and facilities for pursuing your art."

I thanked her, and entered the house. The low, wide rooms looked enchantingly cool, with their bare white floors, and the wealth of green boughs that adorned them; while the sun was excluded wholly by large, flowering plants that filled the narrow windows, as well as by the climbing woodbine outside. Water from the spring which bubbled up near the house, and fragrant strawberries covered with rich cream, were set before me, and then, with a facility most marvellous for our very recent acquaintance, we fell into conversation, beginning with my art for a subject, and taking a wide range over poetry, music and sculpture. In one particular, my new friend had the advantage of me. She had travelled, and had gathered fresh accessions to her natural good taste, at the fountain head of art.

In the course of conversation, she named her husband, and on my expressing interest, she related to me his death, and her subsequent desire for a quiet and solitary life.

"This lonely situation attracted and pleased me, and I came here to spend the summer at least, if not longer time."

"You will not surely stay here alone through the winter?" I said. "I do not think it safe, so far from the village."

"No, not alone; but I have a young woman living with me, and she will be married soon, and is willing to remain here with her husband, who is also my hired 'help.'"

I do not know why I should have felt such a thrill of satisfaction when I heard her arrangements for remaining in this wild place; but after I knew that she was to be protected and cared for here, I was rejoiced that she was not going back into society to be sought and admired.

I did not leave her until nearly noon, and I bore away with me an invitation to go there again. *Wont I go?* Ha! Herbert Stanton, the dreamer again! There you go into dream-land, with Agatha Hamilton by your side.

You will wonder how I found out her name. It was written in a large, elegant hand, in a book upon the table, "Agatha Hamilton, from her husband," and moreover, she dropped her handkerchief when she left the room, and the same name nestled prettily in one corner on a scroll borne by two doves.

Tuesday.—I did not mean to go to-day, but my feet involuntarily turn to the mountain path. Farmer Manners thinks me unusually devoted to my profession, and wonders why I do not give it up for a while. His good wife is afraid I am getting low-spirited, rambling round by myself. I must stay away from Glen House to-morrow.

Sunday.—I did not stay away that day nor the next; and, on Friday, we had a rare sail on the river—Agatha and I—I wont call her Mrs. Hamilton; it seems absurd to do so, when she looks so young and childlike. She is very beautiful—not from any symmetry of features, or beauty of complexion, but from the beautiful expression that lights up her face, which, in repose, is merely good-looking, not handsome, she has clear gray eyes, and further than that I will not describe her. I hate these anatomical descriptions of women! I do not judge them by their physical, but their mental powers. A woman like Agatha Hamilton could afford to be ugly. She did not look at me at church, to-day. I tried once to catch her eye when Mr. Wheatley was pouring out some of his touchingly simple words; but her eyes were fixed on him, and I did not seek it again. It did not displease me that she was too devotional to heed me. I waited on her home, however, and had the pleasure hearing some animadversions upon the same

just behind me, by a trio of silly girls, headed by one abominable old maid.

After tea to-night, my dear old friend, Mrs. Manners called me aside, and asking my pardon for her interference, told me that there was a great deal of talk in the parish, relative to Mrs. Hamilton; that the villagers thought it very strange that she should live in such a broken down and secluded old place; and that she had heard hints about my visiting her that made her very unhappy, very much so indeed, and would I please to break off from the Glen House directly.

I laid my hand coaxingly on the old lady's arm, and related to her how our acquaintance commenced, assured her that Mrs. Hamilton was a perfect lady, and a great deal better than those who slandered her; and when I convinced her of this, I begged her to show that she was convinced, by walking up to see her with me the next afternoon, and inviting her to take tea with her.

"Ah, Mr. Stanton," she said, "nobody can resist you when you plead so well. You should have been a lawyer; and Mr. Manners often says it is a pity you had not studied law."

Mr. Manners was her oracle upon all points, and she consulted him whether or not she should go up to see Mrs. Hamilton.

"Go! certainly! why not? Poor, pretty creature! Why haven't you done so before? Yes, and make her welcome to come here every day."

"Then you don't believe what Martha Brown says about her never being married, and passing herself off for a widow, do you, Mr. Manners?"

"Lord bless you, Alice, if you are going to believe what women say about each other, you will have enough to do—especially such women as Martha Brown and that set. Yes, make her come down to tea, and ask Mr. Wheatley and his daughters, too, and then the gossips would have more to talk about." And the good old man laughed and chuckled at the thought of "making a fuss," as he called it.

Monday night.—I have just returned from going home with Agatha. Mrs. Manners went with me, and we walked down together to Mr. Wheatley's, where he and his daughters joined us in our walk, and all passed a pleasant evening with our hospitable friends. They were all delighted with Mrs. Hamilton, and the minister invited her to meet us at his house on Wednesday, to pass the day. Poor Miss Martha! the measure of her disgust will be full.

Wednesday.—This was the day on which we were to have visited the Wheatleys. Ah, how

little can we plan for even a day's enjoyment! On Tuesday, a lady arrived from Stafford, where Mrs. Hamilton, or Agatha Reed, as she calls her, formerly lived, and corroborated to the minds of many of the villagers, the story that Miss Martha circulated. She declares that there was something very mysterious in her always; that she disappeared suddenly from town with Charles Hamilton, but that no one thought they were really married. I am too much excited to write.

Sunday.—Mr. Wheatley thought it his duty to go immediately to Mrs. Hamilton, and acquaint her with these reports. Her anguish was so great that he regretted telling her, and begged her to come down next day as if nothing had occurred. "No indeed! she would never go out again while such reports existed. It was frightful," she said, "to circulate them, now that poor Charles was gone where he could never protect her again from such injustice."

She resolutely closed her doors for several days against us all, except Mrs. Manners. Every day, as soon as breakfast was over, the old lady donned bonnet and shawl, and forbidding me to follow her, would take her way to Glen House. Miss Martha called every day, and was in agonies to find out where Mrs. Manners was gone.

"I think she has stepped over to see Mrs. Hamilton," said I, mischievously on the third time of her calling.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, her lips pursed up with spite, "well, I don't visit such people."

"Of course not, Miss Martha," I answered, "no one would suspect you of doing so."

She looked at me doubtfully, as if not knowing how to take my meaning. At length she said:

"Mr. Stanton, you are a friend to Mrs. Manners, and you ought to warn her against visiting Mrs. Hamilton."

I burst into a laugh which disconcerted the old spinster.

"I certainly will tell her what you say, but I really do not think there would be any danger in any person's visiting her. Mrs. Hamilton seems perfectly quiet now. If she has any outbreaks, Mrs. Manners will be sure to let you know."

I saw that she was completely mystified, and took her leave, with a somewhat sullen air.

"Where is Mr. Manners, Kitty?" I asked, of the presiding priestess of my landlady's kitchen.

"Shure, it's out of town he's gone, in a horse and shay, airly this mornin'. I hearn him say he'd not be back till the avening."

Mrs. Manners returned to tea, but she evaded every question I asked her.

"Never mind," said I, at last, "I will go and see her."

"Not now, Mr. Stanton, please not go now. Wait till my husband comes, and then you may go to see her if he brings the right news, or else you will stay away forever."

Pretty strong talking for the dear old lady, I thought, but I had trust enough in her to obey her, and I sat down to wait for Mr. Manners. He rode into the yard, just at ten o'clock.

We could not tell by his impenetrable countenance whether his news was good or bad. He was not a man to be hurried into telling anything before he was ready, so he put up his "horse and shay," as Kitty called it, took off his boots, and sat down to tea, before he gave any intimation that he had anything to tell. At last he took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket, and an old newspaper, and tossed them towards me. I read on one the certificate of marriage between Charles Hamilton and Agatha Beed; and in the other the death of Mr. Hamilton, stating also, that "he left a wife to mourn his loss."

"Well," said I, calmly, "what good will this do? It does not convince you nor me, for we did not need it."

"Wait and see the good it will do," he answered, rubbing his hands. "Wait and see."

The next morning, the old man walked up to the Glen House, declining the company of either his wife or myself. When he came down, he passed an hour with his good pastor. Before noon, we found that the whole parish had been invited to the minister's for the next afternoon, and I was about to refuse going, but Mr. Manners urged me so earnestly that I agreed to go with him, at least in the evening.

I went. The whole village was there before me, and after the first confusion of such a crowd was over, I saw Agatha, looking very pale, but very calm, seated between the minister's two daughters. Miss Martha sat near, and watched every motion, while her ears caught every word. When at length, the minister rose and stood in the centre of the room, all was hushed and silent, each one supposing that he was about to pray. He drew some folded papers from his vest, and remarking that he was about to perform an act of justice to one of the company; he had decided to do it in presence of them all, in order that all might have an opportunity to rejoice at the innocence of an injured party; he read the marriage certificate, and the notice of Charles Hamilton's death. I looked towards Miss Martha; she was crimson with excitement. The Stafford lady was there too, with the friends whom she was visiting. She too looked troubled and confused. Many of those present went up to Mrs. Hamilton, grasping her hand, and some asked

her pardon for listening to the village gossip. By some, it never was believed, and they had nothing to do but to congratulate her, until, unable longer to bear the scene, she retired. You may believe that she didn't go alone!

August 15.—We have been very busy, fitting up the Glen House. All our new furniture and conveniences are the gift of Mr. Manners.

"Bless you, Herbert," he said, when I tried to thank him, "you would have had it when Alice and I were gone; and we want to see you enjoy it before we go!"

We shall make a perfect little paradise of it, I think. Agatha looks very happy, and now that she has left off her sombre dress, is positively handsome.

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#### PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

It is related of Benjamin Franklin, that he formed a resolution never to give anything to a begging clergyman, and on one occasion went to hear the renowned Whitfield preach a charity sermon; with that resolution firmly fixed on his mind; but after listening to him for some time, he concluded that, as the object for which he was pleading was a good one, he would give the coppers he had in his pocket. After hearing him some time longer, he concluded that he would add the silver he had in his purse to the coppers; but when the master preacher had finished his discourse, and the plate was handed around, Franklin untied his purse, and, turning it upside down, emptied coppers, silver, gold and all, into the plate. The author of "Poor Richard" was inconsistent with his teachings for once in his life, at all events, to his own credit.—*Facts for the People.*

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#### ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

While he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in the tent.

"What are they doing?" inquired the general.

"They are praying now, but they have been singing."

"And is that a crime?" asked Jackson, with emphasis.

"The articles of war," said the officer "order punishment for any unusual noise."

"God forbid!" replied Jackson, "that singing and praying should be any unusual noise in my camp," and advised the officer to join them.—*Pennsylvanian.*

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#### DINNER OF A ROMAN EPICURE.

A dinner given by Vitellius to his brother, had, says Suetonius, portions of seven thousand most choice birds in one dish, and of two thousand equally choice fishes in another. There stood in the centre a dish, called from its enormous size, Minerva's backler; and of what composed, think ye! Of the livers of scats, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of parrots, and the bellies of lamprey eels, brought from Carpathia and the remotest parts of Spain in ships of war sent out for that purpose.—*Albion.*

## FRED FINLEY.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

"WELL, he has gone to his last account," said my Uncle Caustic, putting down the paper and wiping his specs. Poor Fred! may the green sod sit lightly on his breast; for a warmer heart never beat than Fred Finley's! I remember him, the noisiest at every debating society, the merriest at every quilting frolic—the beau-general of the girls, and the terror of every wight in the village. If on town-meeting day old Deacon Barsley's saddle-girth was found cut, people's eyes were turned inquiringly on Fred, and though he bore the scrutiny like a hero, still there were those who shook their heads suspiciously. Was an orchard robbed of its choice peaches, or a melon patch plundered over night, some one would always be found who had seen Fred's dog about the premises at a suspicious hour. Did he get up an impromptu singing-school, the stove pipe was sure to smoke, as though a board had been nailed across the chimney-top; and equally sure were the viol strings to snap midway, where they could not be repaired. Did he volunteer to bring "as many as his sleigh would hold" to the evening assembly, where "manners and dancing" were taught in the lodge-room, old Spavin was sure to become restive, first stopping, then plunging forward, and the next moment they would all be overturned in a snow-drift, much to the injury of crimped collars and ribbon fixings. Then when they had scrambled up the snow-bank, lamenting their bruised bonnets, and the damage sustained by clear starch and artificial roses, while shaking the snow off their be-draggled garments, Fred, remonstrating the while with Spavin on the impropriety of such conduct in a sensible old horse, no sooner would have the sleigh righted than the vicious old nag, as if unwilling to cease the ringing of the bells, would dart away, sleigh and all.

Here, then, was a predicament! What was to be done? The dancing school full two miles off. After a lengthened consultation, it would be agreed they should make tracks for the nearest house, there to await the return of Fred and the sleigh. At last, after a two hours' delay, they would arrive at the dancing school, the bloom of their cheeks transferred to their noses; cold, shivering, and out of humor. Such was Fred Finley.

I met him one bright, moonlit night, driving old Spavin at a brisk trot, to the widow Lingo's. He invited me to accompany him, and talked much on our way of Polly-Betsey, the youngest of four laughing, singing, romping sisters. I

saw he was already in the seventh heaven of romance, so let him rattle on; for when a boy is bent on the folly of committing matrimony, it were all in vain to tell him that in his charmer he could reasonably hope to find but one-fourth of the good humor and vocal powers that characterized the four sisters, or hope to convince him in the halcyon days of boyish courtship, that the laughing, romping Polly-Betsey could be a scold—or that the cherry lips, ever curved in a smile when he was by, gave charming evidence, *when none but the family were present*, of a capability to pout.

In the course of the evening, Fred had a dispute with Polly-Betsey—or, as the family had abbreviated it, "Pop,"—about a red scarf coquettishly displayed round her fair neck: the aforesaid flame-colored decoration having been the gift of a certain Ephraim Doolittle; and which Fred requested she would put into the fire, and the pretty Polly refusing to comply with this reasonable request, Fred left the house in a pet.

The next day Fred set out on his travels westward, and I lost sight of him for some time. The next I heard from him, he had chartered a flat-boat, and with a *venture* of western produce had floated down the Mississippi. He wrote me a long letter shortly after his arrival in New Orleans, giving a glowing picture of the queen city of the South, concluding, by saying, "You may tell Polly that I have cleared more money by my last *spec*, than Ephraim Doolittle can on his farm in two years."

For a time, Fred wrote me regularly of his plans and prospects, but by degrees our correspondence died a natural death, and I heard nothing of him for the space of two years, when I saw his name figuring in a New Orleans paper as a partner in a western commission house. When I next heard from him, he had, as he expressed it, "become rich, insensibly," being a stockholder in almost every invention got up to gull the public—such as Arcade baths, building and banking companies, gift enterprises and exchange lotteries, where merchants met to shake hands and shake each other. He had indeed become a prosperous man; he had wooed and won the only daughter of an opulent sugar planter, Althea de Vere, a peerless brunette, bright-eyed and childlike, a sweet and gentle girl.

The summer after his marriage, Fred Finley revisited our village. Great was the stir occasioned by the report of his coming; and fast and wide the news was spread that Fred Finley and his beautiful bride, the youthful heiress of a sugar plantation, and cane crops innumerable, were coming to Pilltown.

During their stay, Fred asked me one Saturday night to accompany me in a call on his old flame, Polly-Betsey. Ten years had passed since I had received a similar invitation from him. The pretty Polly Lingo had been long metamorphosed into Mrs. Ephraim Doolittle. She was altered—how sadly altered! As we approached the door, we heard a noise of crying and scolding within, so pausing at the threshold, we agreed to reconnoitre through the window before venturing to knock. There sat Ephraim in his shirt-sleeves, strapping his razor. Although it was midsummer, the tea-kettle boiled over the fire, for the purpose of scalding the little Doolittles: one of them then undergoing the miseries of Saturday night, as inflicted by the thrifty Polly, who, nothing daunted by the screams of young Ephraim, persisted in scrubbing his pug nose upwards. As soon as the suds were washed out of his eyes, and silence restored, we ventured to knock, and obtained permission by Mrs. Doolittle screaming in a cracked treble, “come in!”

In the course of our visit, she expressed her regret that Fred had married out of the village, giving it as her decided opinion that he would have done better to have married in Pilltown than in taking a *Creole*. I thought on Althea, in all her matchless beauty—a timid, gentle, loving being—and I could not help mentally contrasting her with the unthrifty, bustling, slatternly woman before me. On the floor lay boots and blacking-brushes, scraping-knife and children’s clothes, in the utmost disorder. And well I knew what was passing in Finley’s mind, as he looked on the scene of disorder before him: “What would Althea think of all this?”

After listening to an unmeaning jargon of apologies, the burden of them being the out-of-the-way circumstance of “*calling on Saturday night*,” we took our leave, Fred congratulating himself that ere long he would be back where mosquitoes and alligators were but as slight grievances compared to the Saturday night miseries he would leave behind.

Long years have elapsed since the scenes above related occurred, still does memory fondly recall the name of Fred Finley, and those two Saturday nights in our village.

It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and also of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame to his watch, he said: “You must either get another watch, or I another secretary.”

#### ANOTHER FASHIONABLE ABOMINATION.

The use of belladonna is now unblushingly advertised to “give brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye.” The announcement is heralded by a puff about its use by “the ladies of Asia”—in harems and elsewhere—which argument would be as appropriate, with a slight geographical alteration, should any enterprising jeweller seek to introduce the wearing of rings through the nose. The “brilliant eye” being due to the influence of belladonna in contracting the iris, and the enlarged pupil forming a greater contrast to the white of the sclerotic, while it allowed a larger field for the reflection of light from the lens, would necessarily require a strong light for the development of its brilliancy and powers of fascination. And a strong light, with a paralyzed iris and an enlarged pupil, is the best conceivable way to weaken and destroy the delicately beautiful action of the organ of sight. The brilliant eye would as surely be followed by dimness of sight and blindness, as the sunlight gives place to the nightshade.—*Lancet*.

#### INGENUITY OF THE WASP.

As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with his feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with his booty.

#### WHAT IS HIS NAME?

“I know a great overgrown, first-rate man in this place,” writes a correspondent, “engaged in the mercantile business, who is much troubled to recollect names, and who, one morning, with pencil in hand, and quill behind his ear, called out to his partner, ‘Billy, what is John Supplebeam’s first name?’ And he never discovered his mistake till he began to write it, when he forgot the last name; and with the same unconsciousness, sang out: ‘Excuse me, Billy, but I have forgot John Supplebeam’s last name now!’ The roar of laughter which ensued restored his memory.”—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### DISTRESS.

Horace Smith says that distress, even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative. As an illustration of this idea, he relates the following conversation: “Such is the pressure of the times in our town,” said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, “that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings.” “Pooh! that is nothing compared to London,” replied his friend, “we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!”

## MY LOVE AND I,

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

I have a sweet hope, dear to me,  
On which my thoughts and I agree;  
The hope is of a maiden fair—  
Her young years free from pain or care.

She looks on me with loving eyes,  
And in those looks my future lies;  
For lo! recorded there I see  
The love the sweet girl hath for me.

A love by common words untold;  
A love more dear than Ophir's gold;  
A love unmeasured, and for me  
As true as angel truth can be.

O, of a truth, a purer one  
No sun doth rise or set upon.  
And then, to think: of one like her  
I am the chosen worshipper.

I might be termed idolater,  
So deep the love I have for her.  
I think of her when rosy day  
Steals the dun robe of night away;

And through the white-winged, speeding hours,  
Her name has more than fairy powers;  
It calls in being hopes and fears,  
And bathes my soul in smiles or tears.

And may its magic still be mine,  
All through life's progress and decline;  
Her smile be evermore my guide,  
As down time's stormy tide I glide.

Her love a guardian all too great  
For one like me—the sport of fate;  
But evermore my heart shall be  
True to the love she hath for me.

## THE SUICIDE'S DAUGHTER.

BY CAROLINE EMERSON.

"FATHER, dear father!" spoke a little girl from her low bed in the corner. But no answer was returned; so the child continued: "Wont you speak to me? Are you awake?"

Still there came no answer, and Fanny Trescott gathered her long night dress more closely about her and crept softly from her own warm bed and went to the larger one in the opposite room. But it was tenantless—though the sheets were still warm, giving evidence that the bed had been but a few moments without an occupant. Fanny laid her thin hand on the sheet, and when she found it still contained heat, she did not stop to put on her day garments, but ran from place to place within their little tenement calling aloud for her parent. But still no response was heard, and with a wild bound she rushed up the narrow stairway that led to the attic, and as she reached the topmost stair, a

scene met her gaze that would have made a stouter heart tremble.

There hung her father struggling in the agonies of death, with a rope encircling his neck. It seemed at that moment that more than human energy was given to the child, for she uttered no shriek, but leaping forward, lifted a hatchet that lay on the floor near her, sprang to the top of an old chest, and with one blow the rope was severed from the beam, while the body of Mr. Trescott fell heavily to the floor. Fanny did not stop to weep or call for help, but urged on by love and fear, she loosened the rope from his neck, chafed it with her tiny hands, and as he did not revive, a sudden thought seemed to seize her, and she hurried below and in an instant returned with a large bottle of liquid camphor.

Leaning over the inanimate form of her father, the child attempted to bathe his head and temples, but her hand trembled too violently as she looked into his upturned, half-glazed eyes, and for a moment her fortitude forsook her. The bottle dropped from her grasp, and its contents ran down the prostrate man's neck and bosom, and a small portion between his half-closed lips. The accident accomplished what childish weakness and love could not. It caused the suicide to unclose his eyes and gaze into the face of her who so fondly watched over him. But he could not speak; and for long hours did the once strong man lay on the boards of his little attic, with no one near him but his patient child. Sometimes she urged him to let her go for the doctor that used to be so kind to her mama; but he motioned no—so she alone was his watcher and his nurse. With difficulty she raised his head from the floor and placed beneath it her own soft pillow, and then covered him with the comforter from her bed and made him some gruel.

When night began to creep on, a wild storm set in, and still Fanny was alone with her father. But he was better now; he was able to rise and walk slowly down the narrow stairway, his daughter walking by his side and preparing him a comfortable seat near the fire. Mr. Trescott seemed to receive all the care of his child with a quiet indifference, as if it mattered not whether was bestowed on him kindness or reproach. But at length, as the storm rattled louder and the night wind grew fiercer, he seemed to arouse somewhat from his lethargy, and placing his hand on Fanny's head, he said despondingly:

"Go to bed, child; you must be sleepy."

"I dare not, father," replied the child, in a half whisper; and she looked into his face with an imploring look, and then glanced up the narrow flight of stairs that led to the attic.

"I shall not go there to night," he uttered, in the same desponding tone; "no, not even to split the kindling. So don't be afraid, Fanny, but go to bed and go to sleep."

For a moment there seemed to be a struggle going on in her breast, and then bursting into tears, she threw herself into her father's arms and buried her head in his bosom. Claspings her arms tightly around his neck, she murmured:

"O father—dear father—I dare not sleep again, for fear I may have another such dream as I dreamed last night!"

"And what did you dream, child?" inquired the father, trying to appear calm.

"That you stood over me with a sharp knife and whispered I must die!—that you must be my murderer!" And Fanny clasped him tighter.

"And was that all you dreamed?" asked Mr. Trescott, with an ashen complexion.

"No, not all, father;" and the child hesitated. But after a moment's silence, she turned her large dark eyes up to his, and brushing back her tangled ringlets, said timidly: "Shall I tell you the rest, father?"

"Yes, child; go on."

Fanny laid her cheek close to her parent's cold, pale face, and said:

"Father, dear, I dreamed that just as you lifted that dreadful knife and was about to strike me, mother came and stood beside you. O, she looked so good, I thought she had turned into an angel! and she said to you: 'Don't harm her, Albert; let her live. She is all you have left now in the visible world, and she will be a great comfort to you in years to come.' And then, father, I thought she looked the same as she used to when she was with us, and so often talked to us about God and heaven and the great and beautiful hereafter. In my dream, father, you looked very pale, and then the knife dropped from your hand and you went away; but mother still stayed, and told me to be a good girl and love you, and try to make you happy, for you felt very lonely now. And I am going to do just as she used to tell me before she went to heaven, and just as she told me in my dream. In a little while she went away, and then I felt very bad—for it is pleasant to think of my darling mother even when I am sleeping—and I awoke and called for you, but—but—O, father, how could you want to die and leave me alone?"

And the child's sobs burst forth anew; but her parent pressed her closer, and kindly bade her weep no more, for she should have nothing to fear in future.

"I wish I could sleep with my arms clasped around your neck," said the little girl, artlessly,

"for I am afraid to sleep so far away from you; I might dream again."

"No you won't, darling," replied the father with a shudder, and urging her to retire. And then he added, in a half whisper: "Poor child! she little knows that a part of her dream, at least, was not a creation of her brain; for I did indeed stand over her, last night, and in my hand was clutched a weapon that in the frenzy and despair of the moment I meant should not only make me the murderer of my child, but a suicide. But a mental vision of my sainted wife was before me, and I had not the courage to strike the fatal blow. No, I could not bear the sight of blood—so I buried my knife in its sheath and thought only of self-destruction. That I should have accomplished, had not God ordered it otherwise by making my feeble child the instrument of saving me. It must have been for some wise purpose, so I will try to give way to despair no more!"

After this soliloquy, Mr. Trescott once more clasped his child to his bosom, and again and again kissed her fair forehead, bidding her fear no more, for he did not want to die now—no, he would live to make her happy.

The embrace was returned by the child, and in a few moments her cheek was pressed against the pillow, and for the first time, since the death of his wife, the father, as he leaned over the form of his daughter, wept. They were burning tears, that scalded the channels as they passed, and yet they cooled his fevered brain and brought relief to his grief-worn heart. No troubled dreams disturbed the youthful sleeper that night, but when the morning came, her premature cares returned, for the sufferings of the past had left their stamp on her father, and he was too much an invalid to rise.

We have called the little Fanny a child, and in years she was, but her mother's long sickness and the experience of the keen poverty it brought, made her old in cares; and yet she was never heard to murmur or repine that she was early kept away from the school-room. Her only thought seemed to be to promote the happiness of those she loved.

A cold, cheerless spot was the widower's home the morning after the one on which our story opens. It was dreary without, where the storm still raved, and gloomy within, where lay the dejected invalid surrounded by poverty.

"O, let me go for the doctor, father?" said Fanny, in supplicating tones, bending low over his pillow.

Mr. Trescott hesitated a moment, then said: "But you will tell him the events of yesterday."

"Never, father! Let not that disturb you." And Fanny pressed her lips to his heated forehead.

As no other objection was made, she soon threw around her her faded shawl and went out. A short time after, the good Dr. Carson stood by the bedside of the invalid, and contrary to the sick man's expectations, his inquiries concerning the cause of his illness were very few. He did not seem in a hurry to leave his patient, but gently conversed with him, giving him words of encouragement as to the future; then administering a soothing potion, he took his leave, promising to call again next day.

"Is my father very sick, sir?" said Fanny, as he attempted to pass her in the entry.

The doctor looked thoughtful a moment, and then asked if he had been sick long.

"Only since yesterday, sir."

"Ah! How was he taken?"

Fanny blushed very deeply.

"Poor child!" exclaimed the doctor. "Well, never mind about telling me now; but I want to give you a little advice: Be very cheerful, when you are with your father, and do all you can to make him happy, and never say anything to him about your poor mother. His is a disease of the mind, and not of the body; at least it was not of the body, until—until—"

Fanny looked into his face, with the crimson tide still growing deeper; but as she met his gaze, she turned her face away and burst into tears.

"There don't cry, child," said the doctor; "if you are a good girl, and take good care of him, as I know you will, he will soon be well again." Then drawing his wallet from his pocket, he handed her a small roll of bills, saying: "Take that, Fanny, and as you need it, spend only a little at a time to make you comfortable; but say nothing to your father of the gift."

At first, the child hesitated, saying she feared her parent would object if he knew of the gift; but when the doctor urged her, she dried her tears and accepted it.

When Fanny returned to the square room, her father lay with his eyes closed, and a nearer inspection convinced her that he was sleeping; so going towards the stove, she seated herself with her back towards the bed, and counted the amount of her present—her face brightening as she counted.

"How I wish my poor father was as rich as Dr. Carson!" she whispered, as she refolded the bills. "Then I would help Mrs. Richards, just as he has helped us. O dear! I do feel so sorry for her! Yes, I feel sad for everybody that

is poor. It made me almost cry when she told me that George looked for work all day yesterday, and during that time had nothing to eat! I think if the doctor knew how poor they are, he would not object to my lending them a part of this till George can get work." And Fanny glanced once more to the bed, and then out of the window to a small house opposite.

Rising, she stepped gently out of the door, closed it noiselessly, and went into the alley.

"Good morning, George," she said to a lad of fourteen, as she descended the outer steps.

"Good morning, Fanny," said the lad, the color deepening on his cheek, and looking bashfully into her face.

"Come here, George," continued the girl, with an arch look. "I have got something to say to you."

The boy did not immediately advance, but answered thoughtfully:

"Your father will scold, if he sees you speaking to me."

"He won't see you, George. He is asleep—he is sick!"

The boy crossed the alley quickly, and then the two talked in an undertone for a few moments, the expression of their faces varying alternately—the girl apparently entreating and the boy gently refusing.

"No, I can't take it, Fanny," said George, in a louder tone, "for don't you remember that your father once called me a beggar?"

In an instant the countenance of the girl changed to deep sadness; but presently she extended the money again, and resumed:

"I only want to lend it to you; when you get work, you can pay."

This time the boy received the money, and after a little more conversation, they separated. Fanny watched the lad till she saw him disappear within his own home, and then she too sought her gloomy little kitchen.

"Fanny TreScott lent me that, mother," said the boy, as he laid two bills on the table near where she sat sewing. "I did not want to take them, for I know they are poor too, and besides, her father is always so proud! Why, one day when he saw me talking to Fanny, out by the steps, he bade her go in and to think more of herself than to associate with beggars!"

"Did he speak so to you, child? Well, let it pass; you know Mr. TreScott has had a great deal of trouble, for he was once a great merchant! It is our duty to bear with the unfortunate. Perhaps he hardly knew what he said, when he called you so."

"True, mother; so I will forgive him, for dear



little Fanny's sake. But is it not strange that she should feel so for those that are poor, when, until within a short time, she has never known poverty? But tell me, mother, something of the particulars of their history; you have often promised me you would."

"All I know, my dear boy, can be soon told—though I used to be often employed in the large mansion owned by Mr. Trescott. He was at that time said to be the wealthiest merchant in Cleron Street, and no lady, far or near, was thought more of than little Fanny's mother. Everybody loved her, for she was always among the first to help the needy; but one night there was a terrible fire, and it commenced in Mr. Trescott's large store. He was known to have been there late in the evening, and people suspected that he set the fire to get the large insurance on his store—not intending that the flames should spread and reach his house also. But it seemed as if God saw him do the deed and sent the wind to fan the flames, for in a short time after the fire broke out, the wind swept it onward, and not only was Mr. Trescott's store, with most of its rich goods, in ashes, but also his house and furniture. Then he was taken up for setting the fire, and although the law could not find sufficient evidence to condemn him, still public opinion convicted him. Through some flaw in the insurance—I never knew the particulars—he did not get any pay from that source; so in the space of one short night, he was left without a home or business, and condemned by the community that all thought he had injured. For a little while his meek, Christian wife bore up under these heavy calamities, and then she gradually pined and died, surrounded by poverty, in that little tenement where Fanny and her father now live."

"But had Mr. Trescott no friends who believed him innocent, mother?—no one to step forward and help him into business again?"

"No, George. A man always has the most friends when they are least needed, and so Mr. Trescott still continues without business, seldom leaving the house—little Fanny seemingly his only friend."

At first, Mrs. Richards advised her son to return Fanny's money immediately, saying they could better withstand privations than she could; but when he related the conversation between them, and told his mother that the grieved look of the little girl decided him to take it, she accepted the loan, resolving not only to repay her, but to make herself useful to the child.

When Fanny returned to the bedside of her father, he had awoke from his short slumber.

Extending his hand, he asked in an anxious tone: "Where have you been, child?"

"In the alley, father; but I will leave you no more—I will stay by your bedside all day and do whatever you wish me to."

The invalid gazed into her face silently for a few moments, and then taking her hand, he said:

"Fanny, child, don't you remember that your mother used to always tell you to do right, and God would never forsake you?"

"I do."

"Then always strive to do as she told you to, and though I may die, you will always have a friend—a better one than I could ever be."

"O, don't die, father!" said Fanny, clasping him around the neck.

Mr. Trescott did not speak again for several minutes, and then he murmured half aloud:

"Remorse, remorse! No other pangs of life can equal it." Then after a few moments more of silence, he again turned to Fanny, saying: "I am very sick, dear, and should I not live, you will find in yonder trunk a folded paper. It is plainly written so that you can read it; and when you have done so, submit it to the flames immediately, and what you there learn, never tell to mortal, and let the words of no one make you curse the memory of your father—for perhaps had others been embarrassed and tempted like me, they too would have fallen. But it is too late to retract now! I feel that the mark of Cain is branded on my forehead—so I do not wish to live."

"But if you die," sobbed the child, "where can I go? You say that neither you nor mother have any relatives in this great city."

"True, child; but that paper will explain all."

During the day, Fanny watched and silently wept by the bed of her father. Once more, in the latter part of the day, Dr. Carson called—still recommending quiet and nourishment as the restoratives best adapted to his case. He stayed some time with his patient, and again with words of encouragement took his leave. Then Mrs. Richards called and offered her services to promote his comfort. The invalid coldly thanked her, like one whose spirit cannot be humbled, and then added that his child was able to bestow the little care he wished.

When night came, Fanny arranged all with quiet care—the bottles on the stand by the bedside, the drinks that were to last through the night—and then pressed a good night kiss on her father's lips. He pressed her more fondly than usual, and then with another kiss she went to rest, and the fatigues and cares of the day soon caused forgetfulness.

Not long did Fanny press her pillow before the invalid crept from his bed, went slowly towards the trunk he had pointed out, and unlocking it, he drew forth a paper.

"This," he murmured, "is what I wrote many weeks ago, when I thought life too great a burden to bear. Yes, I resolved to die then, but I had not the courage to leave my child without a protector. Then I attempted to take her with me, but my soul recoiled from adding to its guilt the murder of my innocent Fanny. So I leave her now, trusting that she may never have more bitter trials than she has already seen, for I cannot support this weary life." By the dim light of the lamp, he again read the paper; then folding it, he placed it once more in the trunk, murmuring to himself: "The sorrows of childhood are soon forgotten. A few years will efface all, and she will be happy, while I shall scarcely be missed in the community where once I was thought to be so necessary. Such is human glory!" he added, sarcastically. Then locking the trunk, he left the key on the floor beside it, well knowing that his child, who was ever watchful and orderly, would observe it when she awoke; then returning to his bed, he seated himself on its side, while his face assumed the color of death; and then lifting to his lips a small phial, which he had extracted from the trunk, he swallowed its contents and threw himself back heavily upon his pillow.

The sun crept into the kitchen, from over the low housetop opposite, ere Fanny awoke. When she did, she hastily looked in the direction of her father's bed, and she saw that he was there with his face turned from her. She thought him sleeping; so she quietly arose and robed herself for the day, picked up the key lying on the floor and placed it in her pocket, and then went to the little table by the bed and looked at the bottles and drinks. All was as she left it the previous evening, save the addition of the phial. Fanny looked at the few drops and sediment remaining, and a cold chill crept over her. Though she did not guess the truth, there was a feeling of awe pervaded her; and still holding the phial, she crept quietly around to the foot of the bed and looked into the face of the sleeper. With one wild shriek, she dashed the bottle from her and rushed to the widow's cottage opposite—for as she looked on the cold, distorted features, she felt that she could administer no aid now. Neighbors rushed in, and they spoke of "what a sudden death was this!" and called it a judgment; but when the good Dr. Carson came, he looked silently on. He made no comment; full well he knew the cause, for he had known the proud

merchant since early boyhood, and he had ever feared that he would succumb under his losses and disgrace.

When the body of Mr. Trescott rested in the tomb, the physician took Fanny by the hand and gave her a home at his own fireside, for he had no children. Fanny's grief was of such a character, that it was several weeks before she could trust herself to open the folded paper; but when she did so, great was her astonishment to find that she was no longer poor. Her father had made no confession of his guilt in regard to the incendiarism; but he told his child that on the night of the fire, he had in his home several thousand dollars which he saved from the flames, and had since deposited them in the — Bank, in a distant city, subject to her disposal. He had made no use of it for himself, for he knew that if he did so, he should be accused of still greater frauds, and he advised her to let the doctor know that she possessed this sum of money, but no other person, as he had before enjoined on her. When the doctor knew of the deposit, his answer was: "Let it remain where it is, till you are old enough to invest it to good advantage; you will never lack while I have a home."

Fanny again returned to school, and amid the influences of her studies and the love that was lavished on her by all who knew her, the keenness of her grief gradually subsided.

A few words about George Richards, and our tale closes. The neighborhood where he and Fanny resided were far apart, but still not a week passed but they met; and sometimes Fanny called at the widow's home, and George would show her about her studies—for he was rapidly advancing in that essential to life, a good education. He had agreed to be employed for a few years by one who was to furnish him with clothes and keep him in school during the time of his stay. Fanny would not accept of the money loaned; and so time sped by till George was old enough to think of establishing himself in some situation that would govern the future. Fanny suggested that he was calculated to follow in the path of her faithful protector, Dr. Carson. In a few months after, the young man was seen in the doctor's office—a devoted student. The youthful couple meet often now, and report says that if the course of true love ever runs smooth, the beautiful Fanny will some day, away off in the future, be the bride of the young doctor, to which her guardian will give his full consent.

The suicide's daughter kept her secret from the world, and though many guessed that Mr. Trescott was guilty of incendiarism, none thought him a suicide save his daughter and physician.

## TRIBUTE

*To the Memory of the late WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE, of  
Hartford, Conn.*

BY MARY S. ALWARD.

Thou hast left us, poet-painter,  
In thy youth and glory's bloom;  
And the autumn leaves are weaving  
Faded garlands for thy tomb.  
In this time of glorious beauty,  
When all lovely things decay,  
Gently has thy weary spirit  
Passed to realms of endless day.

Silent now thy trembling harp-strings,  
That such melody did breathe;  
Hushed the fragrant thoughts that fancy  
Twined in poetry's graceful wreath;  
Lost to earth but not to heaven,  
For thy spirit dwelleth there,  
And with thoughts more high and holy,  
Twine ambrosial garlands fair.

O, may not thy angel presence,  
Of all earthliness bereft,  
Like a precious memory linger  
In the records thou hast left.  
Glowing o'er the silent canvase,  
Speaking in the gentle word,  
Where thy hand and heart in union  
Such bright dreams of beauty stirred.

Soon the silent snows of winter  
Will repose upon thy breast,  
And the wind harp sigh a requiem  
Round thy lowly place of rest;  
But far in a glorious haven,  
Where no clouds or storms arise,  
Thy freed spirit will be dwelling,  
Poet-painter, in the skies.

## MOENA CATALLA.

## A SPANISH STORY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

THE streets of Seville reposed in a sweet, full flood of moonlight, and the stars in the dark blue above twinkled in very laziness down upon the deep tranquillity of the midnight scene. Such a night was it, when the heart of man becomes softened from gloomy thoughts, and even the swarthy brow of the assassin and robber relaxes from its wrinkled fierceness, as in awe-struck wonder he gazes up into the sky, drinking in deep draughts of its holy, wide-spread beauty.

Reclining against a pillar of the porch which supported an overhanging balcony, was the figure of a man in an attitude of deep despondency. One hand was pressed up to his forehead, while the other listlessly held a guitar which rested carelessly on the marble pavement at his feet.

His chin was sunk upon his breast, and his cloak hung partly suspended on one of his shoulders, displaying the plain dress of a student of the University of Seville.

For some time he retained the same downcast position, but at length seemed to arouse himself from his apathy, and, first throwing his broad sombrero down on the ground beside him, and shaking back a mass of waving hair from his forehead, he took the instrument into his hands and began softly to murmur one of the love ditties so common to the nation. He had advanced towards the centre of the pavement, and no longer hidden by the shadow of the walls, stood in the full flow of the moonrays, looking anxiously up to the windows of the silent mansion for some response to, or acknowledgment of, his presence.

And Jose Tonnevra, standing thus, was a picture that many a dark-eyed Spanish beauty would have loved to gaze upon, and more especially to listen, while his clear voice murmured forth in musical language the story of his passion. There was a tone of deep sadness in the words of the ballad's simple burden :

"Culpa tus hermosos ojos  
Culpa tu gracia y candor  
Ellos fueron, el origen  
De mi desgraciado amor."\*

Unlike the generality of Spanish music, in the place of the usual light and volatile strains, this was tender and pathetic. The ballad itself was a plaint of a lover for the cruelty of his mistress, and described the hopelessness of his love for one who was too cold to return its warmth and devotion, and who was the ruin of his peace of mind from the rigor with which she treated him.

The last sounds died away upon the air. His eyes were rivetted upon the windows, but nothing appeared at any one of them. No waving hand—no fluttering handkerchief! His earnest love was unrequited.

He drew his cloak around his figure, pulled his hat deeply over his troubled brows, and slowly, lingeringly departed. The pale "lady of night" alone seemed to sympathize with him in his sorrow, as he heavily trod his homeward pathway. This was the awaking from a long and blissful dream!—this the assurance that all had been nought but a painful and a cruel dream! The heart of Moena Catala, the daughter of an humble country vine-dresser, had grown cold towards the companion and

\* This may be freely translated :

"The fault—thy lovely eyes—  
The fault—thy sprightly beauty—  
Tearing my heart with sighs,  
While offering hopeless duty."

lover of former days, and now, while beating in the bosom of the city heiress, turned contemptuously from its old-time remembrances. A sudden accession to fortune and station had wrought this change in the maiden, and Jose Tonnevra turned hopelessly away from the lordly mansion which had now replaced the vine-dresser's lowly cottage.

And what did he now? Why, what many a simpleton has done before—fancied he could forget, on the field of strife, the recollection of bygone hours of happiness and peace—hours never, never to return! He enrolled himself under the banner of Wellington, whose genius at that time was leading his armies to the undisputed sway of the peninsula, and who was carving for himself a name destined to hold the highest place in his country's annals, and the deepest in her sorrowing affections.

Time rolled on, in its ceaseless round. The fair hills and valleys of the peninsula were the scenes of oft-repeated struggles; and fierce warriors rent the air that had been laden with the perfumes of the orange, the citron and the grape. Gentle verdure was trodden down by ruthless feet, and gory forms lay stretched upon the spot where once the green grass or the golden grain had reared its head in smiling, nodding beauty. On one of these plains the hostile armies met, and for hours the roar of artillery and the smoke and dust of battle filled the air around for miles. The shades of evening fell at length, and another laurel was added to the brow of the conqueror at the price of many a widow's tear and orphan's cry.

The muster-roll was called in the regiment to which Jose belonged, but no response was made when his name was uttered. It was reiterated:

"Lieutenant Jose Tonnevra!"

Again no reply.

"Did any one see him fall?" asked the commanding officer.

One, nay twenty had, fighting desperately at the head of his command.

"And no signs of his body?" again was asked.

"Apparently not, sir," replied the sergeant, saluting. "His name is not returned among the list of killed or wounded."

"Poor fellow!" said the officer. "Mark him down 'missing.' He has doubtless dragged himself from the place where he fell, and died in some obscure place, unseen by mortal eye. The last roll-call," reverently uncovering his head, "will be the only summons that can arouse him, when the Great Review takes place! Pass on to the next."

And the news was brought to her—to that proud young Spanish beauty—that the playmate of her childhood slept upon the red field of battle. She knew full well the fatal reason of his departure for the scene of strife, and she alone of mortals knew of the tears that arose from her heart, telling her that her former love was not quite dead within her breast. But they were useless now—quite useless!

Months of grief passed away, and at length she determined to seek in the silence and gloom of the cloister a balm for her broken spirit. With her wealth, having no relative living on whom to bestow it, she endowed numerous charities, and then set her face towards the lonely walls which she had determined should be her living tomb.

But "man proposes and God disposes." So hath it been since humanity first walked the earth; thus it ever is until he e'en rests quietly beneath it. The lumbering carriage of state, guarded by a handful of attendants, on its way towards the desolate convent of St. Ignasia, situated among the hills of Calabria, while defiling through a gloomy road cut through a deep ravine, was attacked by a party of banditti, headed by a famous freebooter of the period—"Garcina of the Yellow Hand." The sharp crack and whistle of a bullet close to the driver's head warned that functionary of the imminent danger of further advance. A rough hand tore open the carriage door, and in a half-fainting state the young girl was borne forth from the vehicle. A priest had accompanied the devotee, and as he stood by and saw every article of baggage taken from the carriage and rifled of its contents, his anger could not be contained and he burst forth into the fierce denunciations of the church. Addressing Garcina, who took no part in the pillage, but stood with his arms folded, looking intently at the form of the senseless girl, he cried out:

"Dost thou know that there is everlasting fire in store for thee, for pillaging one destined to a life of holiness?"

Garcina approached and laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of the priest.

"Dost thou know," imitating his words and manner with a savage smile, "that there is a poignard thrust in store for thee, if thou dost prate much longer? You do well," he continued, moving his hand and stepping back a pace to look him fiercely in the countenance, "you do well to brave the anger of Garcina of the Yellow Hand."

"Holy St. Roderick, hear him!" ejaculated the churchman; "how he threatens a father of

divinity! Why, thou villain, dost thou know that I can condemn thee to everlasting woe?"

The bandit shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply, but played menacingly with the handle of his dagger.

The priest raised his hands to utter the deep anathema of the church, and the lips of the robber grew pale, as he listened.

"A life of strife and bloodshed, and a death of violence be thine, thou daring and impious man! Mayest thou be accursed in thine eating and in thy drinking! Mayest thou be accursed in thy lying down and in thy rising up! Mayest thou be accursed—"

But the terrible malediction died upon his opened lips as the maddened robber sprang towards him. A flash of steel in the rays of the sun—a half-muttered groan—and the act of murder rested on Garcina's soul!

The young girl gave one shriek of horror, and sank lifeless beside the murdered body.

When she recovered, she found herself reclining upon a rude couch of skins beneath a low, smoke-blackened roof; the walls around her hung with a perfect armory of weapons. A handsome, swarthy woman, upon whose countenance it was easy to read her mingled genealogy of Spaniard and gipsy, turned from her occupation of applying fresh fuel to the fire, and as Moena stirred, approached towards her.

"Where am I?" asked the young girl, in a faint voice, looking with fear at the wild-looking woman who came towards her.

"You are in Garcina's house," was the reply. Then noticing the start of horror, she added: "No harm is intended you. Garcina will keep you here in safety until a ransom is sent him for your return. You have rich and powerful friends, and they must be applied to."

"Alas," returned the captive, "I am now both penniless and friendless! The wealth I did possess is no longer in my keeping. I was on my way to a convent, when brought hither by him you speak of, and all I owned in the world was in the carriage at the time it was attacked."

The gipsy looked at her fixedly.

"If this is so, he can have no motive to detain you. But he is here!" turning towards the door which opened as she spoke.

The bandit chieftain entered the chamber and stood for a moment contemplating his beautiful prisoner. She threw herself at his feet.

"You will not seek to keep me here in this dreadful place, when you know that there is nought to gain by it. I am poor and helpless. Take what you have already possessed yourself of, and let me be gone."

He still stood looking at her with rude admiration in his gaze, and kept his eyes fixed on her without replying. The gipsy woman noted this, and a flush of jealousy mounted to her dark cheek. She spoke quickly, imperatively:

"Send her away! There is nothing but the trouble of watching her to be gained by keeping her a prisoner."

"A likely story!" said the robber. "Splendid trappings to the carriage—rich liveries upon the servants—handsome silver mounted harnesses to the horses—no, no! this wont do. She must remain. She will recall some good-natured friends ere long."

"By all the saints, I tell you nought but the truth!" exclaimed the distracted girl. "The means I possessed are now distributed among various convents and churches, and now I have neither relative nor friend to interest themselves in my behalf."

And the tears rolled down her cheeks as she reverted to poor Jose Tonnevra, who was now powerless to aid her, but whose life she knew would have been gladly devoted to her rescue.

"Why should she lie to us?" broke in the woman, who had hitherto watched his countenance eagerly. "I say again, let her have her liberty."

"It must not be!" returned Garcina. "Think a moment! She would instantly denounce us as the murderers of the priest, and the fools would call it sacrilege and send an army to exterminate us. She *must* remain, for our own safety." And the bandit strode forth from the hut.

No more was said on the subject of the prisoner, who was removed from Garcina's hut and carefully guarded by one or other of the band. He came and went as usual, but Cara Garcina noted with a burning heart that she was no longer the object of his love. The Spanish maiden had usurped her place within his savage breast. She resolved upon revenge—how, she knew not, but she determined to bide her time.

It was evening, two or three days after the events just mentioned, when the figure of a woman might have been seen seated in a disconsolate attitude beneath the shade of a clump of trees, at a short distance from the encampment of the bandits. Suddenly the sound of heavy footsteps greeted her ear, together with the voices of some of the bandit gang. Cara, for she it was, started to her feet as she heard her own name pronounced by a voice she recognized full well. She drew still further into the deep shade of the trees and bent down her head to catch the subject of his conversation.

"I tell you, Tornaso, I will no longer be troubled with her humors and caprices. I am tired of her, and would get rid of her. You say you are willing to take her off my hands. If you are not afraid of the she-tiger's claws, she's thine, and much good may she do thee."

Was it of *her* he spoke? She listened with a brain that seemed on fire, whirling around within her aching head.

"Well," replied another voice—he whom Garcina had addressed—"I will give thee that Andalusian mare, and also the pair of silver-hilted pistols to which thou hast taken such a fancy. Therefore, if thou dost so agree, mine is the handsome tiger-cat, and thine the Andalusian mare and the pistols mounted with silver. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," replied the voice of the robber captain.

In a moment more, they were beyond hearing. She stood with her hands clenched tight together, her teeth grinding convulsively, and her jet black eyes rolling about in their sockets—a prey to the most horrible feelings of rage. They likened her well to a tiger-cat, for she did not look like anything, at the moment, that bore the semblance of humanity.

With the wild light still burning brilliantly in her eye, and with her black hair streaming heedlessly over her neck and shoulders, she hurried towards the hut wherein the captive maiden was confined. What she meant to do, she did not pause to ask herself, but there was evil boded forth in every motion as she strode desperately on. As she drew near the door of the hut, she paused hastily as she heard the unexpected sound of Garcina's voice. She recoiled a pace and listened—her lips pallid with emotion.

"I tell you, sweet one, you have nought to fear. The love of a brave man like Garcina is not to be lightly rejected. Am I not the chieftain of a band of brave men, and will I not lay at your feet every wish that your heart can name? Cast aside, then, all thoughts of leaving here, and with me consent to dwell, queen of these hills and valleys, and free as the eagle that builds its nest in the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains!"

That face at the door was dreadful to look upon! Pause, Garcina! You are on the brink of a precipice!

"I love none but you! I never *could* love another. For the one who has held a place at my board and hearthside, say but the word, and she is swept away from thy path forever!"

Ah! could he but have beheld that livid face! Will he *not* pause? *Must* he thus rush on to his destruction!

"Thou shalt be all in all to me! Before thee every knee shall be bent, and the magnificence of an empress shall surround thee! Only say the wished-for word, and render Garcina of the Yellow Hand thy slave forever!"

The bolt has fallen! Garcina, thou hast cast thyself upon thine own fate, and now look to the dreadful consequence! The face without the portal was no longer there!

The affrighted girl within drew further back at every word as it came hissed forth from his lips, and now had retreated into the remotest corner of the apartment. Horror, disgust were marked upon her countenance, as she replied, in spirited tones, all her proud Castilian blood boiling within her veins:

"*Thine?* The mistress of a murderer—an assassin—a priest-slayer—a robber! Sooner would I dig my own unhappy grave, and sink into its dark depth, perishing by the act of my own hand, than I would accede to such a fate! Leave me, monster! or with your poignard end the life you take such deep delight in torturing!"

He started fiercely to his feet and sprang towards her. His arms encircled her with a grip of iron, and she felt as powerless as an infant in that horrible embrace. Suddenly he uttered a wild cry, relaxed his grasp from her, and sank heavily to the earth. She had succeeded in detaching his dagger from his side, and dealt him a blow with it with all the energy of desperation. It struck him full and sharp in the side. With a wild bound, she sprang towards the door; but mustering all his expiring energies, he seized her with one hand, while with the other he applied a whistle to his lips. She looked despairingly towards the entrance of the hut, and in a moment perceived the dusky forms of several of the band blocking up the pathway.

"Harm her not," murmured the wounded man, speaking with an effort, "but see that she escapes not, on your lives." Then turning towards her, he muttered between his set teeth, "you have only escaped me for a time!" Then to the bandits—"away with her, and remember you answer for her safety with your own!"

She was dragged away and placed under the immediate supervision of a hideous old crone, who looked upon her with much the same satisfaction that a superannuated bird of the carrion breed might be expected to evince on beholding a tender fledgeling served up for her sole and undisputed repast. Here she remained in a state of mind closely bordering on insanity.

Meanwhile Garcina lay writhing with pain in his solitary hut, and wondering to himself what could have become of Cara. She alone knew

so well how to alleviate his sufferings, and who was always so ready when any sort of misfortune fell upon him!

Overcome by pain, rage and baffled love, he writhed to and fro upon his hard bed, counting the hours that intervened between then and daylight. He raised himself upon his elbow and listened intently as he fancied he could distinguish some sounds borne on the night breeze towards him. It was an undefined, undistinguishable sound that might be the mere murmuring of the wind, or as it came nearer, he could fancy it the regular tramp of soldiers on the march!

A few moments more of agonized suspense, and then—the sharp crack of a rifle from the sentinel on duty—this followed shortly by another and another—and then the sounds of a fierce and bloody struggle! O, for strength to rush out and head his men, encouraging them on with the voice of their leader! But he sank heavily back with a groan of pain as he essayed the vain attempt.

Another also listened to know the result of this struggle going on without! She was not long in suspense, for in a few seconds the door of the hut was burst in, and at the head of a small party of soldiers, a young officer stood motionless in the doorway. One glance at his face, lit up with the torches of his companions, and Moena uttered a wild shriek of unearthly joy and sprang into the arms of—*Jose Tonnevra*!

Yes, he it was indeed! Severely wounded on the day of battle, he had found shelter and kindness beneath a peasant's roof, whence after recovering from his wound, he had departed, once more to join his troop.

Long and eager were the explanations on either side, and then arm in arm they sought the cabin where the wounded bandit lay. On their entrance, Garcina uttered the most fearful oaths, and ground his teeth in very helplessness. Suddenly, like some gloomy spectre, the gipsy Cara stalked into the apartment, and folding her arms, fixed her flashing eyes upon the tortured face before her.

"Garcina, look at me!" she said at length, in tones scarcely above a whisper. "Look well at me! Time was when you loved to gaze upon this face, and when your head pillowed upon this breast, you looked up into my eyes and swore by all your soul held sacred, that you loved me and would be true to me forever. Fool that I was, I believed you! In reality, you valued me at the price of an Andalusian mare! You start? You may well do so! For you, I could have laid down my life!—the return you make is to hand me over to the first ruffian that offers to

take me from your most unwilling possession! You knew not what you did! Do you ask how I have revenged myself for this base contumely? *I have betrayed you and your gang into the hands of the soldiers!*—and for the end that I might see you perish like a dog, with the reflection at your heart that it was *I* that led you to your doom!"

"Accursed hag!" exclaimed the robber, in a yell of rage; "at least, you shall not live to see that day!"

With almost superhuman strength, he raised himself to his feet, drew a pistol from his breast, levelled it full at her and fired. The aim was too sure, and she staggered and fell heavily to the ground. Casting a glance of malignant hatred at her murderer, and laughing scornfully, she gasped forth:

"This will but render your doom more certain! And in the hour when gaping thousands are fixed upon you, watching you as you are led forth to death, recollect that *I*, the despised one—*I*, Cara the gipsy, whom you would have bartered for a horse—*I* led you to your doom! Ha, ha, ha!"

And with a laugh that sounded more like a shriek from the depths of woe, she fell back and expired. \* \* \* \* \*

The bandit chief was carried to the nearest town, and when sufficiently recovered from the wound dealt him by the hand of Moena Catala, was tried, found guilty of numberless acts of barbarity, each one of which would have ensured his death, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Jose Tonnevra and Moena Catala soon after plighted their undying faith at the altar, and though they knew that the possession of wealth was not within their grasp, yet they were well satisfied that happiness might yet be purchased without it. And the story of their long-divided loves is often told by the gossips of Seville, while seated at their doors watching the bright moon as it rises from behind the housetops, and listening to the merry sound of the guitar played by some distant lover's hand.

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CHURCH SPIRES.—A tall church spire, pointing, like a finger, heavenwards, is a beautiful object of contemplation, whether in a country or city view. There are some tall sentinels of this kind in the world. Trinity Church spire, in New York city, is 263 feet high; St. Paul's, 234 feet. The Presbyterian Church spire in Cincinnati is 272 feet, and that of the old St. Peter's Church, in Philadelphia, 233 feet. St. Peter's, at Rome, is 550 feet.

## CURLS.

BY GEORGE ATHERTON.

Golden curls, waving curls,  
Pride and beauty of the girls!  
Floating o'er a field of snow,  
Like the ringlets of the morn,  
In her golden chariot borne,  
When the swollen sun runs low.

Silken curls, glossy curls,  
Fairest ornament of girls!  
Nature's royal gift appended  
To the royal gift to man—  
Lending a charm richer than  
Art has ever yet pretended.

Flowing curls, dancing curls,  
Youthful innocence of girls!  
Wreathing maiden loveliness  
With an amulet charm,  
Efficacious to disarm  
Wrong desire or low address.

Graceful curls, Grecian curls,  
Classic imagery of girls!  
Yielding to the gentle wearer  
Magic breath, such as graced  
Pan Ligea, Dian chaste,  
Or Selene, whom none was fairer.

## THE YOUNG SHOEMAKER'S MARRIAGE.

BY EMMA CARRA.

SIMEON CARY was a shoemaker, and ever had been since he was large enough to tend the lapstone or draw a waxed end. He was a good shoemaker, for he learned the trade of one who raised his own hemp and manufactured his own thread—yes, and who worked on his farm in the summer, raised hay, grain and vegetables as well as hemp; and then in winter he built him a fire of blazing logs in the large stone fireplace in the back kitchen, where he and the boy he had bound to him, Simeon Cary, made shoes, not only for the scattered neighborhood, but the good old yeoman had many customers in the town.

Simeon stayed with his master till he was twenty-two, then he went up into the nearest village, hired him a little shop, and let the first pair of shoes he made swing from a deer's antler at the side of the door for a sign. The young shoemaker had never heard of Day & Martin, but still there was a beautiful polish on his leather, and Simeon had not been in business long before he had to be very industrious in order to supply the demand for his work. The young man could not get a boarding place very near his work, and of this he often complained to his customers, alleging that was the reason why he could not get his work done at the time appointed—it took him so long to go to his meals.

"Why don't you get married then, Simeon?" said Susan Sherman, a blue-eyed, laughter-loving little witch, who had just come in, for the third time, for a pair of shoes and been disappointed.

"Well, I will, Susan," returned the young man, gallantly, "if you will have me; and we will hire this little cottage right alongside the shop, and then there will be an end to my walking five miles a day when I ought to be at work."

"I—I—didn't mean— Hold your tongue, Simeon Gray!" said Susan, the crimson tide darkening her fair face; but Simeon didn't mind, and in a few weeks the little cottage was hired by the young shoemaker, and old Job Sherman's daughter didn't have to buy any more shoes.

Simeon's old employer shook his head and told our hero he ought to have known better than to get married so young. Simeon was silent for a few moments, and then as he dipped his dry leather in the water to prepare it for the hammer, he looked up and said, with a half bashful air: "Well, Mr. Barstow, I suppose it does seem strange to you that I got married so soon after I hired my shop, but the fact was, I was lonesome. All day Sunday I had nothing to do except to go to meeting, which takes but a few hours!"

"Why, couldn't you read, Simeon?"

"Yes, I did read when the weather was warm, but as it grew cold I had nowhere to read. If I attempted to sit by the fire in my boarding house, why, my boarding house mistress looked none of the pleasantest, always telling that the reason she liked to take men boarders better than women was because they were always out of the way; and then if I went over to the tavern and tried to stay there, this one and that were asking me to drink with them, or the landlord would be throwing out hints about people hanging around the house and not helping to support it."

"Well, why didn't you stay in your shop mornings and evenings and between meetings?"

"Well," answered Simeon, "I couldn't stay here in the cold, and it would soon have got me a bad name if people had seen smoke coming out of my shop chimney Sundays, for they would have thought I was at work."

"Well," rejoined the former employer, "it may be that your arguments are good, but we shall all see, if we live, how you will make out in the future. If you were going to get married, why didn't you look out for somebody that was a little beforehand? Why did you marry a girl as poor as yourself? There is old Job's wife, if he should die she would come on you for support, for they haven't a cent in the world."

Simeon's hands trembled so that his lapstone fell to the floor, and he felt indignant towards



his old employer; but he smothered his rage, though Mr. Barstow could but observe the large veins in his forehead, and see the crimson tide ebb and flow. When the young shoemaker calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said:

"I am young, strong and healthy, and have the same trade that Mr. Congdon worked at, and with no other income brought up a family of eight children respectably, gave them a good education, and took care of his old father and mother besides; and if Mr. Congdon could do that, I guess I can support Susan—and her mother, too, upon a pinch."

Mr. Barstow turned very red, for if there was any one that he disliked more than another it was this same Mr. Congdon, as they had been rivals in their business many winters.

After a little pause, the former employer continued, without alluding to the one of whom the young man had spoken:

"Well, there is no use in talking any more about it. Since you are married I suppose you make the best of it; but I hoped you would have waited long enough to get beforehand a little."

And then Mr. Barstow arose, adjusted under his arm a roll of leather he had purchased, and bidding Simeon good morning, went out. The young shoemaker leaned his chin on his right palm, and rested his elbow on his knee for a few moments, and then picking up his lap stone, he placed upon it the damp leather and began to ply the hammer, working and thinking. How long he worked he could not tell, but he had not breakfasted yet, and he began to wonder why Susan did not come to the door and tell him breakfast was ready. He knew it must be late, for Mr. Barstow had rode some five miles that morning and made a purchase before coming in the shop, so he threw down his implements, and was on the point of rising to go and see, when he caught a glimpse of his wife in the little, cracked looking-glass, as she stood behind him.

"Why, Simeon," she said, bursting into a silvery laugh, "don't let anybody see you look as sober as that; if they do they will be for recommending you for a deacon or some other solemn office in the church. Why! what has happened? Does any one's shoes pinch? If so, don't fret, but hand them over to me, for you know I am a good customer, and always take all the shoes nobody else wants; but, dear me! what a hubbub of a shop you keep!" And while he was preparing himself to go to breakfast, she went playfully around and hung up the various lasts, piled snugly into the corner rolls of leather, and in a few minutes the little shop wore a different look; then locking her arm in that of her

husband, both took their way across the little back garden, and were soon seated in the cottage kitchen partaking of a welcome breakfast.

The young wife chatted and laughed, bringing up topics so agreeable that Simeon for the time half forgot the words of Mr. Barstow, and as he reclined with one elbow on the table, sipping his coffee and looking into the fair face of his little wife, said, mentally, to the one of whom he learned his trade: "You just mind your own business in future; for I would not exchange this pleasant home for all the money that years of service could bring me without it."

After Simeon had eaten his breakfast, leisurely, he leaned back in his chair and reminded Susan of his favorite dish, which she agreed to prepare for the next meal, ending with the remark, "Now isn't it nice, Simeon, to have a home of your own, where you are not obliged to be subject to your landlady's taste in everything, nor allowed more than half time enough to masticate your food for fear of giving offence by remaining too long at the table?"

"Yes, dear, it is nice to have a home," answered the husband, thoughtfully, "if—if I can only support it."

Simeon commenced the sentence and proceeded too far to return before he realized what he was saying; and then, as if to make amends for the expression of doubt, he drew the youthful housekeeper nearer and lightly touched his lips to her forehead. Tears glistened in Susan's eyes, but it was only for a moment, for she forced them back into their channels, and said, half sportively and half seriously: "And am I, then, so expensive to you, that you fear we cannot maintain a home? I try to be prudent in everything."

"I know you do, darling; but—but—O dear! I believe I don't know what I'm talking about." And then again touching his lips to her forehead, he stepped out and went through the garden gate to his shop. Susan watched him from the window till he disappeared, and then returning to the chair she had left, she bowed her head on her hand, nor raised it again until the striking of the little clock on the mantel reminded her that in domestic life there was something else to do but to think; so she arose, and in a few minutes replaced her little glistening set of white dishes on their narrow shelves in the closet, brushed and wiped up the painted floor, and did various other little chores that are always so necessary in good housekeeping. Then the young wife went to her bureau and minutely scanned every article of wearing apparel belonging to herself or her husband, to see if a button was anywhere needed,

or if her needle could improve them any; but she found no work there. Closing the drawers again, she replenished the fire in the stove, drew up her rocking-chair and knit a little while, then read a little while, but she did not seem to feel happy; it appeared as if there were thoughts within her bosom to which she did not like to give utterance.

"I wish I had something to do," said Susan, half aloud. "There is poor Simeon working away from morning till night, while I don't have half enough to keep me busy. Then I need several things about the house that would make us so much more comfortable. I should like a good woollen carpet on this floor—how nice and warm it would make it here this winter! But then I don't want to say anything to him about it, for he has to pay the rent of the house and shop, and buy everything that comes into them, and one pair of hands cannot do everything. Heigho! it is a dreadful thing to be idle half the time, and feel, too, as though you would like to turn your time to some advantage; to add more furniture to the house, if nothing more. The parlor is almost empty, and I should so like to furnish it before summer comes again." And the young wife leaned her head on her hand again, and was once more lost in thought.

No one that knew Susan six months previous, with her ever buoyant spirits, chatting and laughing with the village girls, could have imagined that the little flirt, as the old folks used to call her, could have been so soon metamorphosed into the thoughtful woman, but so it was; and it was pure disinterested love for the young shoemaker that had brought about this change. Yes, Susan loved her devoted and industrious husband as every woman should love him in whom she has placed all her chances for happiness in this life; and while he had to labor so hard to meet all expenses, her mind was actively planning some method in which she, too, might make her time pass more profitably; for Susan, when away from school, had ever been used to work. But she did not wish to speak to her husband about it until she formed some decided plan, lest he might think she was dissatisfied with the living that he provided for her. The more she indulged in thought the more perplexed she became, but she resolved not to let her husband know that anything disturbed her, so at the usual hour she prepared the dinner, and after clearing away she went out to walk.

The day closed, and Simeon locked up his shop at rather a late hour in the evening, and went into the cottage. Susan had the little round stand drawn up in front of the stove, and

several books and papers were lying on it; but after reading aloud a short time, the mechanic drew his chair nearer and commenced talking to his wife about different incidents that were taking place around them.

"Did you see Miss Lovell's new sign, Simeon?" inquired Susan, archly.

"No, I did not, my dear. Pray, what kind of business has she set up?"

"Well—dress-making; and do you know I want to run her a kind of opposition? We have always been rivals in almost everything that she or I have undertaken since we were old enough to strive for the mastery. At school we were always trying to see which could get the longest and best lessons—"

"But she is not married, Susan," interrupted her husband.

"I know that, Simeon; but I wanted to convince her that getting married has not removed one iota of my energy."

"But you never learned dress-making, Susan."

"Neither did Sarah Lovell; but you see, Simeon, I am a real genius by nature. I know I never served a regular apprenticeship, but I have made a good many dresses." And then she added, with another arch glance into his serious face: "You see I shall not begin by working for the aristocracy, but I shall work for those only that wear plain clothes and know how to appreciate good sewing. So say, Simeon, are you willing that I should work at dress-making? You know it is only a little fancy of my own, and if I don't like it, I can give up." And she wound her arms about her husband's neck so coaxingly that the young shoemaker could not say no, though reluctant to say yes.

Returning her embrace, he answered:

"Well, Susan, it seems to me that you have enough to do to attend to your household affairs; but you know best."

"Pshaw!" returned Susan. "Why, I am sitting idle half of the time; you don't know yet what a smart wife you have got." And she looked into his face with such a roguish leer that Simeon could but smile, as he said:

"Well, well, my dear, do as you have a mind to; only I shall be firm in one thing—I won't have any sign out."

"Don't want any; for every dress I make will be a good advertisement," replied Susan, a smile spreading all over her face to think she had gained her point so easily; for well she knew that, though her husband was poor, he had a proud heart, and could not bear to hear it said that his wife took in work while he had health to support her.

And now Susan released her plump little arms from the young man's neck, and skipped about the room, singing merrily and making preparations for an early breakfast, and in a short time there was no lamp burning in the little cottage. Scarcely had the sun climbed up from the edge of the horizon when Mrs. Cary's breakfast table was cleared, the room swept, and all around in order. When all was completed, Susan tied on her plain straw bonnet and went out, locking the front door after her. Rapping on the shop window as she passed, she said, playfully, "Take good care of yourself, Simeon, for I have locked you out while I run down street and call in to see mother."

Susan did call to see her mother, but that was not her prime object in leaving the house. She had heard Mrs. Perley say a few days previous that she had bought a pattern of plain delaine for a dress, and she wished she knew of some one that went out dress-making that would come and fit and make it.

"How do you do, dear mother?" said Susan, stepping into her childhood's home, with cheeks all aglow from contact with the keen, frosty air.

"Good morning, darling," answered the mother, glancing through her spectacles, "why, what brought you out so early?"

"O, to see you and catch the fresh morning air. But what makes you look so pale, mother? Are you sick?"

Mrs. Sherman made no reply, but looked into her daughter's face and then across the room to the little ottoman in the corner, which was always Susan's favorite seat in times gone by. The language was mute, but the daughter understood it, for she knew that now she was gone, Charles, the youngest born, was the only one left to cheer the declining years of her parents, their eldest son being far away in the land of gold.

"O, don't be lonesome without me, mother," said Susan. "You know I am but a little way off, and Simeon and I will come and see you almost every day, and he loves you about as well as I do."

"I know it, child; but your father and I sometimes feel it hard to be here without you, after being so long accustomed to your cheerful voice. The old rooms seem silent now when the long evenings draw nigh; but never mind, dear, I suppose we shall get used to it—we must for your sake, for it is a pleasure to see you happy, though your absence makes our home dull."

"I wish I had married rich," said Susan, pained to see her parent look so sad, and feeling that she was the cause; "then you and father could live with me."

"Hush, child! you must not speak so. Simeon is a good young man, and that is better than riches."

"I know it," answered Susan, blushing. "I only meant that I wished that Simeon was rich, so that you and father might live with us."

"Well, never mind, Susan; I feel grateful to Him who rules our destinies that we are no farther removed."

Susan did not stay long, but while she did stay she told her mother how pleasant it was at the cottage, and what a nice new stove Simeon had bought her, and what a beautiful set of new dishes he had brought home the previous Saturday evening, and then ended with saying:

"Mother, I don't have work enough to keep me busy half of the time, so I am going to take in sewing. You know it is a great deal pleasanter to do anything you are not obliged to."

Mrs. Sherman smiled, and answered:

"You always had energy enough, and I have often prophesied that if it took the right direction you would accomplish some good yet."

"Thank you for your compliment, mother dear," said Susan, giving her parent a kiss, and gliding out of the door, leaving her mother much happier than she found her.

An hour later the young wife was tripping along a less public street with a large bundle neatly wrapped in paper. Entering her own home through the little garden, she deposited her bundle on the table; then divesting herself of her shawl and bonnet, she sat down to commence the work she had undertaken. "Small beginnings make great endings," she said, mentally; "I must earn a little before I earn a great deal. I wonder Simeon isn't wholly discouraged to hear a chapter of wants commenced every time he enters the house, and with it a draft on his pockets. No, I won't do it any longer; then he can buy his stock to better advantage by getting larger quantities; and who knows but we shall own this little cottage and garden yet, and then father and mother and Charley could all live with us, and father loves to work in a garden so."

It is natural for youth to be buoyant, and Susan was blessed with large hope; but in her present rambles of thought she went so far that in a few moments, as she realized her present position, she burst into a loud sweet laugh, which was not ended till she discovered the eyes of her husband peeping in between the blinds of the window, which opened into the garden, of which in connection with her somewhat aged father, she was thinking.

Three months went by, and the routine of

housework at the little cottage went on as orderly as ever; but between the hours of meal time the young wife's fingers were ever busy with her needle, for since the first dress she made for Mrs. Perley she had never lacked occupation, although no sign told of the employment within. Susan's work was now of better quality and she was better paid. Months passed away, and there was a neat woolen carpet on the kitchen floor, and one of finer texture in the parlor, besides a new set of cane-seat chairs, with various other conveniences and ornaments. These had cost Mr. Cary nothing, save a riveting of his soul's devotion to her who thus labored to make his home almost a paradise on earth. Not a moment was spent away from it, save at the little shop or where business called him, and on the Sabbath when he attended church with Susan, or in leisure hours visited her parents.

Spring had once more come and driven the frosty air to its northern home; the little blades of grass began to steal out with caution, as if they feared a return of the hard master that crushed their predecessors the previous year. Simeon had gone to the city with the fullest purse he had ever had the command of to buy stock for his business, and so his shop had to be closed in his absence. Susan's breakfast table was cleared away, and her neat little kitchen in order, and she took her accustomed seat at the work-table and threw off the white cloth that covered her sewing; but she could not work; there was an expression of anxiety on her face, and she often glanced down the street in the direction of the home of her childhood.

At length she covered her work again, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out. Arriving at the paternal door, she went quietly in, and passed on to a small bedroom.

"How do you feel this morning, dear father?" she said, hanging over his pillow, and kissing him.

"Rather poorly, child," said the old man; "I think I have not got long to stay with you."

"O, don't talk so, dear father, for you must live a great many years yet. You have worked too hard the past winter, and been too much in the cold."

"Well, I could not help it. You know we are very poor; misfortune has always seemed to attend everything I undertook to better myself."

Susan stood a few moments in silence, while the tears glistened in her eyes; then once more stooping over the bed, she again kissed the pale cheek of the invalid, and said:

"You shall work so hard no more, dear father; you, and mother, and Charley shall all live with us in the cottage."

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Sherman, who stood near her daughter, "you have a kind heart, but we do not expect that."

"Well, it shall be so, mother; you shall live with us and have that nice front chamber. You know I don't occupy it, and I have never furnished it, so you can bring all the things you need with you, and Charley can have the little bedroom over the entry. And mother, I think Charles is old enough to learn a trade, and I heard Simeon say that his work has increased so that he should take an apprentice this spring, and I know he will take Charley."

"O do, do ask him, Susan," said the boy from the other room. "I should like to learn that trade, for I see brother Simeon has plenty of money; and there is no need of my going to school any more, for the master says I can cipher almost as well as himself."

The conversation continued for half an hour longer; then the devoted daughter took her leave, and as she did so, she placed in her mother's hand a five dollar bill, saying:

"Take that, mother dear, and make father as comfortable as you can. It is the proceeds of a little bill Mrs. Austin paid me last night for work done in the winter. In the meantime I will have a good talk with Simeon this evening, and let you know the result to-morrow morning."

"Heaven bless you, child," said the mother, her lips quivering with emotion.

Evening came, and with it returned the young shoemaker, elated with the success he had met with in the city, for owing to his paying cash for his stock he had bought to the best advantage, and besides, he had made arrangements to furnish a shoe dealer a certain number of shoes within a given time at a good profit. Susan felt glad at her husband's prosperity, but the thought nearest her heart at this moment was concerning her parents, so when supper was ended, she asked him not to go to the shop, for she had something to say to him.

"Well, I guess I wont this evening, dear," he returned, "for I feel rather tired. But what is the matter, my little wife? It seems to me you look sad."

Susan did not answer immediately, for she felt something rising in her throat that prevented her utterance for a few moments; and when she did speak, she said, drawing her chair near her husband: "Do you intend to take an apprentice this spring?"

"Yes, dear. Is that why you look so solemn?"

"No, Simeon; but if you are going to take one, I wish you would take Charles. He is not only old enough to learn a trade, but father is

getting too old to support him now. In fact, father is very feeble—I wish he and mother could come and live with us.”

All the words of his old employer, that he would have the whole of them to maintain yet, flashed into the young man's mind, and he turned very red. Susan saw his confusion, and she interpreted it that he did not want her parents, and she buried her face in his bosom and burst into tears. They were the first tears that Simeon had seen his wife shed, and they smote him to the soul; for they brought to his mind how hard she toiled without a murmur, and how dependent he was on her for happiness; so he pressed her nearer, saying:

“Why, Susan darling, what makes you weep so? Of course, if you want them to live with us, I shall be glad to have them. I did not mean to deny you, but you took me by surprise, not knowing that such was your wish. Yes, if they and you wish it, they shall come, and Charles shall be my apprentice, too; and if my work increases for a month or two to come as it has in the past, I shall have to hire a man besides. But we will not board him, for there is no profit in boarders, so there will be plenty of room here for all of us.”

Simeon's kind words soon dried the tears of his wife, and in less than a week the father and mother were pleasantly situated with their daughter and son-in-law.

“Well,” said Mr. Barstow, a week later, “so you have got the old folks with you for a mill-stone. What did I tell you, young man? I expected it would be so, for I knew the old man's strength could not hold out forever, and then they would look to you for help. So you see you are just as rich now as you ever will be. I did hope when your time was out that you would prove yourself a sensible young man, but it is all over with you now.”

Had Mr. Barstow been Simeon's equal in years, the young man would have sent him into the street, with a few words of caution about ever entering there again, but now, as he observed here and there a snowy thread mingled with his dark hair, he stifled his feelings, and merely said, with emphasis:

“One thing is sure, Mr. Barstow, if I do not succeed in life, it will not be for the lack of advice from you; but you will do me a favor by never mentioning this subject again. I have taken my father and mother-in-law beneath my roof, and, in company with my wife, intend to make them as comfortable as I can. Where should a parent go for aid in the hour of need, if not to a child?”

Mr. Barstow felt the reproof, and it silenced him, and in a little while he went out.

Mr. Sherman, partaking of their united care, soon recovered his health, and Simeon saw that his income increased as fast as before; for it was Mr. Sherman's delight to take the entire charge of their little garden and a small lot back of it, which Mr. Cary hired, that they might not only have a full supply of vegetables through the summer, but enough to store away in the cellar when winter should come. When the cold weather shut off work without, the father was very handy in the shop, always looking out for Mr. Cary's interest, and helping both by counsel and labor. Susan, too, had much more time to devote to her needle now that her mother assisted in the domestic work; she was happy to have them so near her, and enjoyed hearing them converse in the evening. Charles also proved of great help in the shop, and the sun of prosperity seemed each month to shine more brightly on the industrious and kind-hearted shoemaker.

Five years more went by on the wings of time. An addition had been built to the little cottage, now the property of Simeon, and the square lot was no longer separated from the garden by a fence. It was spring again, and a little flaxen-haired boy was running up and down the garden path, and with an occasional burst of glee, he would throw seeds into the little furrows made by an old man, who leaned over with an implement of industry in his hand, covering them as they were thrown in.

“Now less go in, ganpa—mama told me to ask you to come right in. Uncle Charley and ganma, and pa and ma, all there waiting for you to come.”

Mr. Sherman (for it was he) gathered up his hoe and rake, and taking the child's dimpled hand in his, walked slowly up the path and entered Mr. Cary's cottage. Many changes have taken place in it since the reader visited it five years previous. Yes, a new wing has been added, and what was once the parlor is now the dining-room, while beyond is a room of larger dimensions, neatly furnished with many articles, not of great cost, but fashionable and useful. The village has grown in size, and half way up the main street stands a large shoe store, with a work shop at the back of it—this is owned and kept by Simeon Gray, the young shoemaker, whose industry and filial devotion have been rewarded by a golden prosperity.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

## GUITAR LAKE SONG—IMPROVISTORE.

BY LEOP. HOLM, U. S. N.

Lightly over the lake we  
 Row, boys, row;  
 North, south, land, sea—  
 Altogether, soon to be  
 Rowing on life's boundless sea;  
 Row, boys, row!

Gaily over the lake now  
 Row, boys, row;  
 The moon bares her pearly brow—  
 The sun lies low;  
 The cool breezes fan us on—  
 Our hearts beat high—  
 So pull altogether strong—  
 Pass all by!

Slowly over the lake now  
 Row, boys, row.  
 Pleasure's sail's quickly o'er,  
 And we part to nevermore  
 Altogether row the oar—  
 Slow, boys, slow!

## THE UNTOLD SORROW.

BY MARTHA M. OXNARD.

"My dear cousin, you must be lonely at Oakwood; come and stay with us this summer."

"Many thanks for your kindness. I have felt the time pass heavily enough, and have seen some dull hours at Oakwood, but that is all past and gone. I have bid adieu to a companionless home, and look forward to the future for rewarding all my sorrows."

"Why, what change can you be going to make? Have you adopted a child?" I inquired, eagerly, having particular reasons for feeling interested in my cousin Harry's movements.

"Not exactly, Mary; but I am going to be married."

"Going to be married!" I ejaculated. "Are you in earnest?—or is this one of your jokes?"

"Sober earnest, Mary, astonished as you seem. I know you have all set me down for an old bachelor, but I can't, for the life of me, find out any good reason why. On the contrary, I have discovered a thousand reasons why Oakwood should have a mistress and myself a wife."

When I came to reflect a little, I must own I was astonished how blind we (that means our family circle in general) must have been, not to have seen what must have been so evident to others, viz.: that so far from dying an old bachelor, it was most extraordinary that cousin Harry had not long before taken unto himself a wife. Rich and uncontrolled, handsome and agreeable, it was really wonderful that he should

have passed five and thirty years of his life in single-blessedness; nevertheless, I could not prevent showing some astonishment, and possibly some little annoyance, for he continued the conversation by observing, that "the change in his condition would make no difference in his intentions towards little Harry," his name-child and godson; "always provided he had no family of his own, in which case Harry must be content to share with them."

Ashamed of my selfishness, and annoyed that he should have read my feelings, I resolved to make amends by doing all in my power to assist his plans, and cordially offered my services, well knowing that without a mother or sister he would need some female friend's kind offices.

I could learn but little about the intended bride, save that, like himself, she was an orphan and alone; that she was very beautiful, and had some little property. As he volunteered no remarks about her family, I asked no questions; but in some manner I came to the conclusion that he had chosen her without regard to rank or station, and having all his life been a firm upholder of "equal marriages," "the pride of birth," and a great many other absurdities, he felt rather sensitive about what might be said of his inconsistency.

In close connection with these thoughts came the very unpleasant impression that he had been smitten with some rustic beauty, ignorant but artful, some one, in fact, whom I would find it difficult to tolerate, in spite of all my regard for my well beloved cousin Harry. So positive became this conviction that I could scarcely refrain from expressing my astonishment, when summoned to Oakwood to pass my opinion on the various arrangements and improvements he had made in his magnificent home.

"What possible use can she make of those?" I, soliloquized, as Harry proudly displayed the new harp and piano which adorned the two elegant parlors. "Most probably she is more at home in the dairy than the drawing-room, and understands more about milking than music."

True to my resolution, however, I said nothing to wound his feelings, and gave himself the praise his taste deserved—taste that had absolutely left no room for one word of disapproval.

"I was anxious to have everything look just as it ought to, for Alice is so refined and sensitive that I would not for worlds have anything strike her as out of place or not in good taste."

"There is no danger of that, Harry. Your arrangements are perfect, and your house is fit for the reception of any bride, were she a princess of the blood royal herself."

"Thanks! I have every confidence in your judgment; and now 'I am off;'" and the happy bridegroom sprang into the waiting carriage, and was soon whirled out of sight, while I repaired to the housekeeper's apartments to give some final orders to the well trained and capable domestics of the establishment.

I found Mrs. Marshall (Harry's attached old housekeeper) in a perfect flutter of excitement, her attention apparently pretty equally divided between a new brown silk gown and a gaily trimmed cap in the hands of the village milliner's apprentice, and a large tray full of "niceties," receiving their finishing touches from the hands of the very skilful cook, Harry's especial pride and the boast of the establishment.

With a look of grand importance, Dame Marshall pioneered the way into her own room, and having paid and dismissed the little apprentice proceeded to tell me some of her sentiments on the approaching change in the affairs of the household.

"You know I have been mistress here so long, Mrs. G——, that the idea of Master Harry's bringing home a young wife did not please me at all, and I had half made up my mind to leave, and told him so, when he showed me her picture, and after that I could not say any more, for to be sure it's the sweetest and beautifullest young creature in the world, and as Master Harry says she never gives herself no airs, and wont want to interfere in any of my old ways, why you see, ma'am, I thought I had better stay—especially as Master Harry felt so bad about my leaving, and gave me such a beautiful dress." And Dame Marshall eyed her brown silk with an expression that very plainly showed that time had failed to quench her youthful vanity.

"Another one striving to smooth over their inconsistency," I thought, as I listened to the dame's apology, and called to mind her solemn and oft-repeated asseverations and resolutions should "Master Harry ever be so foolish as to marry."

And he had shown the likeness of the "unknown" to pacify the angry dame, and yet never told me he possessed it! Sly Harry! but never mind, I resolved to be even with him some day.

I spent a long, uncomfortable day, and before night had become almost too nervous to receive the few and select guests invited to meet the bride. In vain I tried to recollect all the instances I had heard and read of unequal marriages turning out well and happily, Lord Burleigh and the Earl of D—— inclusive; but nothing could reconcile me to the idea of cousin

Harry, handsome, joyous cousin Harry, whom we all loved, marrying some pretty vulgar peasant girl, who would probably call us all by our Christian names; and in consequence of finding herself the wife of the richest member of the family assume airs, and treat us all with the most killing condescension.

"But hark! they come; even now the carriage is at the door. Away with all vain regrets. I must, for Harry's sake, give her a welcome;" with which thought I hastened to meet—not a pretty country girl, as I had pictured her in my own mind, nor yet the tall, showy woman my husband had imaged her, but the most perfect realization of loveliness my eyes had ever beheld.

"Good heavens! how beautiful!" exclaimed a voice behind me, recalling me to a sense of my awkwardness, and in another instant the lovely girl was in my arms; and Harry, clasping our hands together, was stammering out something about our "loving each other like sisters."

Needless request.

"She looked with such a look,  
And she spoke with such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own."

From that hour we were friends—firm, fast friends, and not a shadow of disagreement or misunderstanding has ever cooled our regard; and even now, when years have gone past, and we have both lost our youthful bloom, I love to look back to that summer evening when she came home a fair young bride, and we made her stand beneath the brilliant light of the chandelier until each one had a satisfactory look at her beautiful, blushing countenance.

And Harry, the very personification of a proud, happy bridegroom, held the little trembling hand (so lately made his own), and in his own peculiar manner introduced his young wife to those near relations who had gathered together to do her honor.

"Who is she, Harry?"

I had never asked the question before, fearing to touch on dangerous ground, but the unequalled grace, and the numerous accomplishments of the stranger, removed all my hesitation and excited my curiosity.

"Her education is so superior, her manners so refined, she is so truly the lady, and so much at home amid the elegancies and luxuries of your home, that you need not attempt to mystify me any longer. None but a lady, 'born and bred,' could possess her thousand and one excellencies."

"And yet I found her in a very humble home,

Mary; the inmate of a country physician's cottage, beloved and respected by all who knew her, but living in the most secluded manner, and surrounded by a sort of mystery, if I may so term it."

"And this mystery—what was it?" I asked.

"I know no more than yourself, save that it was some family trouble; a great grief, that caused her parents' death, she told me; but it was only by promising never to seek to discover what it was that I could win her to consent to our marriage, and I loved her too well, and am too well assured that, whatever it was, it reflected no disgrace on her, ever to allow the thought to interfere with my happiness. I am happy, Mary; so happy that at times I tremble with an undefined terror, lest something should come and snatch my cup of joy away."

This conversation took place some two months after my cousin's marriage, and while I was paying them a short visit. The young wife was all that the most fastidious could have wished her. I could not say that I had been able to discover one fault, unless loving Harry too well might come under that denomination.

She looked very young and girlish beside him, with her beautiful hair falling in heavy curls around her shoulders. She was always dressed in silk or satin of the richest texture and most delicate colors, and to gratify my cousin, wore a profusion of costly lace; but no ornaments, save his miniature in a valuable setting. This she appeared to set great store by, it having been his first gift, and more than once I surprised her gazing on it with looks of the fondest affection, the flush of emotion on her cheek, and her eyes suffused with tears.

There could be no doubt of the depth of this fair girl's love for her husband; it showed itself in a thousand quiet ways, and I wondered not at Harry's passionate devotion, though the jealousy he displayed on beholding her caress even me, rather alarmed me with fears for the future. More than once I suspected that Alice had already discovered how sensitive and suspicious he could be at times, for with all her happiness (and I doubt not that she was happy) there was a constraint, a something unnatural in her manner, and I never saw her laugh with that light-heartedness that Harry's wife ought to have displayed.

However, I had no reason to fear seriously for them, no reason to anticipate the sorrows that came all too soon, and I left Oakwood, bearing with me the remembrance of a sweet picture; the beautiful young wife and her noble husband standing together beneath the magnificent trees

from which their home derived its name, and waving adieux to her who so reluctantly left them, even though returning to her own happy home.

It was nearly three months ere I again saw my cousins. I occasionally wrote to Alice, and received one of her sweet, loving letters in return, but circumstances had prevented our meeting, and I was contemplating the propriety of once more sending them an invitation, when I was surprised by an unexpected visit from Harry himself.

Accustomed all my life to read his every thought, it needed no second glance to tell me that he was in trouble, and also that his trouble was of no common kind. My astonished remark to that effect elicited the whole story, and, with the preface that as I had always been his sister and friend he had no scruples in telling me anything, he gave me a detailed account of how affairs had progressed at Oakwood since my visit. There had always been a sort of mystery surrounding Alice, an undefinable something sufficient to betray that her mind was not quite at rest. Harry said that this had gradually deepened, that the calm repose of manner for which we had all admired the young bride, had given way to a restless unquietness, that her days were sad and her nights sleepless. His inquiries as to the cause of this change had so painfully distressed her, that he resolved to mention it no more, but watch her closely in hopes of discovering what the trouble was.

It was now that he first began to suspect that Alice did not really love him, and, worse still, that she loved another! She had fainted one morning at the breakfast table, while glancing over the columns of the morning paper, and though convinced that something she had read there was the cause of her emotion, he had in vain perused the somewhat dull collection of local news, and could fix on no one item likely to affect her.

Once, on entering her room unexpectedly, he had found her sleeping, and slightly disturbed by his bending down to gaze on her much-changed countenance, she had murmured a name—and that name was certainly not his. Last, and worst of all, he had discovered that more than once she had received letters during his absence, letters of which she had told him nothing, though always eager to tell him every little incident of her daily life.

It would be useless to describe my astonishment while listening to this sad and suspicious history, but my faith in Alice was unshaken, and I plainly told Harry that he had made him-



self the victim of unfounded jealousy; that he had better go home and confess his sins to his little wife, and ask her forgiveness for his false suspicions.

"It is no use, Mary, I would not have spoken of this even to you, were I not convinced of the truth of it. Alice no longer loves me; already I can see that she avoids my society, and so great is the distance that appears to separate us, that I cannot treat it in the manner you advise, even if I thought it the best way. To make the matter still stranger, I am forced to believe that Dame Marshall is a party concerned. She is evidently deep in my wife's confidence, and, like myself, bewitched and fascinated by her many charms—charms that have proved fatal to my happiness, and which threaten at times to drive me to distraction."

The thought of old Dame Marshall, at her time of life and with her notions of propriety and decorum, being party in such an affair as Harry would persist in believing, was too much for my gravity, and I fairly laughed at my cousin and his imaginary sorrows, heedless of his evident misery, and little dreaming how much reason he had to be suspicious.

When I now reflect on what happened afterwards, I feel the keenest sorrow to think that my idle words must have increased his anguish tenfold, and knowing how earnest and sincere his feelings were, I wonder at my own cruelty in saying much that I did. As it was impossible for me to comply with my cousin's wishes, in returning with him to Oakwood, he made us but a short visit, and departed in as unpleasant a state of mind as can well be imagined.

Three weeks passed without tidings from our relatives, and I had come to the conclusion that Harry had taken my advice and all was well, when one morning the decorum of our breakfast table was upset by the arrival of one of the servants from Oakwood, on a wearied and over-driven steed, bearing a summons from Dame Marshall to "come instantly to the assistance of her young mistress, who she believed was dead."

The wording of this epistle was so expressive of terror and dismay that I lost not a moment in asking questions, but prepared instantly to depart, not even reading an enclosure from Harry until fairly in the carriage and on my way.

His note was short, and evidently written under the influence of intense excitement. He said his "worst fears had received the most positive confirmation; not a doubt of his wife's guilt now remained, and ere I should read that, he should be far away, a broken-hearted, miserable wanderer on the face of the earth."

As his note had been written at night, and Dame Marshall's in the morning, I had no difficulty in accounting for the horrible state of affairs so incoherently described by the latter.

On arriving at Oakwood I found the household in a state of indescribable terror and confusion. The servants were gathered in groups, apparently at a loss to know what would happen next. Harry's valet—a young man to whom he had shown numberless kindnesses—met me in the hall with an expression so truly woe-begone and sorrowful, that I caught the infection, and rushed to Alice's room to hide my tears.

I found the occupants in a worse state than I could possibly have expected. Dame Marshall wringing her hands, and with the great tears rolling down her face, was walking distractedly about the floor, while Alice, pale and death-like, was lying on her couch.

At the first glance I really thought that she was dead, so cold and immovable were her features; but a closer inspection assured me that life was not extinct, that her heart beat faintly, and she still breathed. That not a moment was to be lost I felt, and finding that the old housekeeper was incapable of attending to me, I summoned another to my assistance, and despatched a messenger for a physician.

For eight hours Alice had lain speechless and insensible; the cause of her illness—Harry's farewell letter—tightly clasped in her hand. The remedy I knew not where to look for. Through unceasing application of restoratives, she had partially recovered ere the doctor's arrival, and unwilling that he or any one else should learn anything relative to her unhappiness, I received his prescriptions and allowed him to depart—a very unwise proceeding on my part, as I afterwards learned to my sorrow.

After recovering her senses, Alice sat for nearly an hour silent and seemingly in deep thought, then all at once abruptly rising, she exclaimed:

"I want to walk this fine evening; come."

As her dress was not suitable for going out, I said something about changing it, but unheeding me, she raised the window and stepped out on the lawn. For a few moments she walked quietly, but scarcely had we entered the avenue of oaks, than with a fearful shriek she fled rapidly down the now dusky path, and in an instant was out of sight.

I followed as fast as my strength would admit, once or twice catching glimpses of her white garments as she flew along under the trees, but presently I lost her altogether, and hastening on, found her lying at the foot of one of the great trees at the entrance of the avenue.

As I raised her in my arms, I saw that her white muslin wrapper was stained with blood, and a crimson stream gushed from her lips over my hands and dress. The servants, alarmed at her scream, had followed us, and now bore her gently back to her chamber, where the doctor, in obedience to a second summons, soon made his appearance also.

Late that night, while watching beside her, she suddenly opened her eyes, and in a faint voice asked if I knew "where Harry was." Uncertain as to the meaning, I thought it best to answer "Yes."

"Then write instantly and tell him to come home. He will come for you; and I must see him before I die. I am innocent, and he must know it." Her voice grew fainter, and I could scarcely catch the last words: "Tell him to come quickly."

I never could recollect what I wrote that night. I know that I was so perfectly convinced of her innocence, that I addressed Harry as I would her murderer. Mine was no gentle request to return, but an imperious command, which, on his peril, he dared not disobey.

At dawn my messenger was despatched, and for the next day and night I awaited the success of my summons with feelings too terrible to describe. I knew that her life hung on a thread, that the slightest excitement might kill her on the instant, and forced to conceal what I felt, my agony was dreadful. The powerful anodynes prescribed by the physician had failed to steep my patient's senses in slumber. I knew that she was conscious, by the occasional convulsive claspings of her hands, and the silent movements of her lips, but no word passed between us, there was nothing to hinder thought. Once more the sun rose, and now I knew that a very short time must elapse ere our fate was decided. The minutes now flew rapidly, and I dared not remove my eyes from the face of my apparently dying charge.

All at once I saw her start and make an effort to rise, and following the direction of her glance, I beheld Harry, pale and haggard, standing in the doorway. As if unable to withstand that pleading look, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms, in piteous tones, exclaiming "Alice! Alice!" It needed no second word to tell that his suspicions were not removed.

"Harry! Harry! I am innocent! You must believe me!"

That piercing tone seemingly recalled him to his senses. He attempted to unclasp her clinging arms, and with suddenly recovered composure, replied:

"I cannot doubt the evidence of my senses, Alice. Will you tell me you are innocent, when I myself beheld you with your lover alone at night; when I saw your arms around his neck? and even now he has the miniature you pretended to love so well. O Alice! you have destroyed our happiness forever; but I forgive you, and have come as you requested to see you once more." He covered his face with his hands, and trembled from head to foot.

"Harry!" There was no answer, and a bright flush rose on that fair girl's cheek. She raised herself with an effort, and snatched away his hands. "Harry, look at me—listen to me while I have strength to speak. As surely as you and I will one day stand before the judgment seat, just so certainly do I declare that I am not guilty of the wrong you charge me with. I have never been false to you, never loved another, and only sought to hide my sorrows to save myself from deeper wretchedness. The person you saw with me was no lover, but a miserable, disgraced and guilty brother, the murderer of my parents, the destroyer of myself."

There was silence for the space of half a minute—it seemed an age to me, who dared not speak or interfere—and then Harry sank fainting across the bed, while Alice, exhausted with the exertion she had made, lay motionless on her pillow. As the servants carried him from the room, she feebly pressed my hand, and whispered, "He believes me. I can die happy now." The words were half choked, for again her lips were stained with the crimson fluid, and it seemed more than probable that her words were to come true.

But the danger passed, and our fair and gentle Alice was spared to us. Long she hovered between life and death, long we watched for some sign of returning strength; but it came at last, and Harry, who had never brought himself to acknowledge the truth, or to doubt that she would recover, wept like an infant when the physician bade us be of good cheer.

I remained at Oakwood until its young mistresses were once more able to take her place in the family, and ere I left, Alice herself gave me a history of her childhood, that explained all the seeming mystery that had attended the first few months of her married life.

The daughter of General and Lady Sarah M——, she had passed a happy childhood, but for one cloud. A brother, nearly four years older than herself, the darling of his father and the pride of his mother, had been the tyrant and torment of his sister from her earliest infancy.

Lady Sarah did not want for tenderness to—

wards her little daughter, but knowing the unbending justice of her husband's nature, and the certainty that her darling Alfred's sins would be visited with well-merited punishment, she on every occasion hid his misdoings, and whenever it was practicable laid all blame on Alice, well aware that the general, strict as his notions were about the training of boys, did not feel responsible for the behaviour of the girl, and would not attempt to correct her faults.

Taught by her mother that to love and obey Alfred was the sole end of her life, she had always been his willing slave, hiding his faults, giving him her pocket-money, and sacrificing her wishes to his will. The consequences of such a training were soon apparent. General M—— found his son out in a palpable lie; his suspicions were aroused, inquiries were made, and facts came to light sufficient to fill the father's mind with horror, and determine him on taking very severe measures to reform his son.

This course was ill-advised. Alfred left his home, and for more than a year his parents had no tidings of him. When at last heard from, he was in jail under a feigned name, and accused of a heavy robbery. At a great expense, and by greater exertions, the unhappy father got him off without a trial, and once more he was at large, utterly refusing to remain at home. Three years passed, and again General M—— was called on to rescue his son from the disgraceful consequences of his depravity, but this time he was scarcely at liberty ere a crime of deeper dye consigned him to a prison, from which not even money nor interest could procure his release.

He was tried and sentenced to transportation, and in less than six weeks after his removal from the country, both parents died from grief and shame. There remained but a very small fortune for the support of the young orphan at the time of her parents' death, and as none of her near relations came forward to offer her a home, she resolved on seeking one at a distance, where she was unknown.

In the family of a village doctor Harry found her, and charmed with her beauty and talents, followed up an acquaintance ending in an offer of his heart and hand. In his generous love he forbore to press questions he could not but see distressed her, and, in direct opposition to what he had all his life advocated, married one of whose rank, connections and antecedents he absolutely knew nothing.

Three months after their marriage, Alice heard of her brother's escape from exile, and also that it was supposed he had returned to England. She never looked at a paper without dreading to

see his name mentioned, and it was the realization of this fear that caused her to faint on the morning Harry had mentioned to me. Under his plebeian cognomen he had been seen and recognized at a fair held in the neighboring market town.

A few days after this, he sent her a threatening letter for money, and Alice, distracted at the idea of his communicating with her husband—more terrified than ever lest he should discover the disgraceful connection—and hoping to get rid of her tormentor by complying with his requests, took Dame Marshall into her confidence, and entrusted the old lady with the task of delivering the sum he had demanded.

Emboldened by her ready compliance, Alfred wrote again and again, and Alice at last had no more to send. On learning this, he insisted on her meeting him, and accompanied by the old housekeeper, she one night stole out when all were supposed to be asleep in the mansion.

But Harry, under the influence of jealousy and distress, watched her enter the private gardens and meet a man, evidently disguised; saw her, after a long conversation, throw her arms around his neck in a beseeching manner; saw him remove the miniature from her dress, and, in spite of all her efforts, put it away; and then, after a hurried parting, he beheld her return weeping to the house. The remainder of the night was spent in writing to his guilty wife (as he supposed her), and after addressing a few lines to me, he made hasty preparations, and ere the family arose was far on his way to the city from whence he was to take passage for the continent.

My cousins have received a severe lesson, one they have never forgotten, and probably never will forget. Harry could scarcely find it in his heart to blame Alice for loving him so well as to endanger her happiness—to run any risk sooner than lose his affection—and he never ceased to reproach himself for keeping up the chilling reserve, which alone prevented her from throwing herself into his arms and confessing all, at the time she was suffering from Alfred's persecutions. Of that unfortunate young man they heard nothing for several years, and then a letter arrived from the captain of an Indianman, announcing the death, on the passage home, of a sailor, who, just before he expired, had told them that his right name was Alfred M——, and requested that some one would inform his relations, also giving Alice's address.

In all countries, it is the feeling of the generality of the people, that courtesy, which is the essence of honor, obliges one to consult.

## OUR JESSIE.

BY CARRIE E. PLUMMER.

She's a gentle, quiet, brown-haired girl,  
 With a heart as warm and true  
 As the tiny, blue-eyed violet  
 That sparkles in the dew;  
 And in her soul-lit eye there gleams  
 A wealth of boundless love!  
 Brighter far than yonder star,  
 Which lights the sky above.

Her voice! 'tis like the murmuring stream  
 That glides so gently by,  
 And beauty's magic pencil tints  
 Her brow so broad and high!  
 And O, her step, 'tis light and free—  
 Free as the wild gossamer,  
 When lightly bounding o'er the moor,  
 And through the shady dell.

When sunset gilds the azure sky,  
 Go ye, and gaze the while;  
 Methinks thou'lt say 'tis like unto  
 Our gentle Jessie's smile!  
 And join me in my low-breathed prayer,  
 That the beauty God has given  
 Sweet Jessie here, may yet appear  
 To shine more bright in heaven.

## —CAUGHT NAPPING.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

HERE is a case which recently came under my own observation, and it is so good that I cannot refrain from telling it:

Phil Bigbee keeps a stable not a thousand miles from here, and he is one of your keen, shrewd chaps who pride themselves on their quickness and sureness of vision. His favorite expression was, "Ye don't catch me napping." This he says every day at any rate, and often many times a day. He says it when there is no earthly need of it. In fact, he seems impressed with the idea that people labor under some dreadful suspicion of danger from his *napping*; so he keeps them easy by keeping them assured that no such dire event can possibly happen. I say he does. I should have perhaps said, he *did* do this, for within these few days back he has been rather mum on the subject, and only tells strangers now about the impossibility of his getting caught napping. Perhaps they believe it.

One bright morning, before the snow came, Phil went over to P—— to see a four-year-old colt owned by an inn-keeper there, and of which he had often heard. He could not see the animal, however, for it was off somewhere to pasture, but Brock the inn-keeper promised to bring him over the next day. Accordingly, on the fol-

lowing day, Brock came over with the horse, leading him behind his team. It was a bay gelding, only four and a half years old, and had never been used to work at all. He had been broken to harness, but never driven, so of course he must be sound. Phil looked him all over, felt his legs, joints, ribs, etc.; examined his teeth, eyes, hoofs; and then led him around by the halter. The animal made a splendid appearance, and Phil finally concluded to trade. He had a horse worth a hundred and fifty dollars—well worth it—and he offered to trade that horse for the colt and twenty-five dollars. Brock made some objections, but at length paid the twenty-five dollars and took the horse away, leaving his four-year-old instead thereof with the money.

"There," said Phil, as he put the money into his wallet, "that's what I call a trade. That horse that Brock's a leavin' off is worth just one hundred and a half, and if this colt don't bring me two hundred in the spring I'll eat him. But mind ye this," he added, with a wicked wink, "that horse is worth a hundred and a half—I say—but he'll never see his sixteenth year again. That's my opinion. Brock's got him just as his worth is changin'."

However, there were enough who knew better than that. They knew that the animal Phil had put off was not over twelve, and that for power of endurance he had no superior in the town.

Towards night, Phil concluded to ride his new colt up to the watering-trough—a drinking-place by the road side some quarter of a mile distant. So he put on the bridle, and vaulted upon his back. The animal started off with a noble movement, and Phil thought he would ride him about the yard a few moments just to let the people there assembled see him move.

"Aint them movements?" cried Phil, as he bent his head to watch the throw of the colt's legs.

Some one said, yes; but just as he spoke the colt stopped—gave one deep, hollow gasp—and then sank down like a dead horse. Here was a fix! Phil stood for a few moments like one petrified.

"What is this?" he gasped, turning pale; for the colt had now gained his feet and stood trembling and gasping like a dying roadster.

"Why—I'll tell ye," said a partial stranger, who happened to be standing in the yard. "You had that horse of Brock, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"Well—ye'll never make anything more of him."

"But he haint been used," said Phil, looking

first upon the man, and then upon the horse.

"Of course he hasn't," was the reply; "and a very good reason why: he can't be used."

"But what's the matter with him?"

"Why, his lungs are good for nothing. He's all gone with some kind of disease there. As long as ye keep him up and feed him on nothing but meal he'll look fat; but put a bridle on, with a bit in his mouth, and he's down."

"Eh, Phil? Caught napping, ha?"

"Not yet," returned Phil, with a knowing shake of the head. "Just you wait a bit. That horse trade aint finished yet; I don't call myself nappin' till I'm done to. My leg may be sprained, but taint broke. Mind that."

One thing, however, was certain—Phil had got most awfully shaved, though folks were willing to admit that if he got his face all back again the shave wouldn't amount to anything. He gained a promise from those present that they would keep mum, and then he led his colt back into the stable again.

Two days after that Thomas Cutter drove up to the stable. He lived in the town, but about five miles distant from the village. He owned a horse which Phil had long been anxious to purchase. It was a small sorrel mare, with white mane and tail, and a fast one—able to trot a mile inside of three minutes—and only seven years old. As soon as Tom came up, Phil went to his boy and bade him take the bay colt and lead him out by the back way to a distant pasture, and then return by a roundabout way.

"Tom," said Phil, at the same time feeling the ribs of the sorrel mare, "d'ye ever see that four-year-old of Brock's?"

"No," answered Tom.

"Never did? Ye ought to. It's just the handsomest piece of horse-flesh ye ever see. Comin' five next spring—smooth as a pin—fat as a cub—weights ten hundred and a half—and can trot, now I tell you."

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"I've traded for him. Traded off old Peter for him."

"Where is he?"

"Out in the pasture. Come—let's go out and see him."

Tom agreed, so Phil took a dish of oats, and a neck halter, and started off. They found the colt in the pasture, and the oats seduced him to the halter. Tom led him about—snapped him up—and liked him much; for, remember, the animal was a splendid looking one.

"Going to keep him?" asked Tom.

"He's no use to me," returned Phil, frankly.

"I dare not let him, for fear he'll tear things to

pieces. Brock recommended him for a kind horse, and safe; but he aint. I knew he'd never been used any, but I thought of course he was well broke. What motions!"

Now Tom Cutter was an expert in horsemanship, and one of the finest horse-breakers in the country. He was a small man, but full of nerve and muscle, and could subdue a wild horse as quickly as any one. Phil knew all this.

"Now I'd a thunderin' sight better give this colt away than to keep him," resumed Phil, taking the halter and leading the animal around in a small circle, "for I haint got time to break him, nor I don't believe I could if I should try."

"Is he very ugly?" asked Tom, eyeing the animal sharply, for he was "taken."

"Ugly? Not a bit of that. But he's so full of fire and spirit. Why, I should as soon think of letting a wild bull to a man as to let this thing. I'll tell ye what, Tom; Old Brock rather come it over me."

Tom felt the animal's legs thoroughly, and finally came to the conclusion that the beast was a good one.

"How'll you trade for my mare?" he asked.

"Any way. Take this thing off from my hands, and you shall have him at your own price. Blast him, I hate him!"

Tom mistrusted not a thing of Phil's real meaning. The story was so simple and plausible that he swallowed it. He could see that the animal was not yet five years old, and that he was perfectly smooth in every way and manner; and he could of course think of no disease in such a horse. So after some pondering, he said:

"Give me seventy-five dollars, and I'll trade."

"Ho—don't talk so, Tom. Now say something reasonable. I'll give ye twenty-five."

But this Tom refused. He had offered his horse for one hundred and fifty, but he wanted twenty-five more now. She was very small, weighing not over eight hundred pounds at the outside, so not so valuable as a larger, stronger horse, her speed being her only good quality above a common seventy-five or a hundred dollar beast. However, it was at length settled that Phil should pay forty-five dollars boot.

"I wonder if it's best to take him home to-night?" queried Tom.

"I guess I wouldn't," returned Phil. "He's got both hind shoes off, and he might stave his hoofs up. And then you'll want to break him in a little, too, before you try to drive right off. I tell ye what I'll do: I'll send him down in the morning and have him shod, and then I'll let my boy lead him up."

So it was settled. They returned to the stable,

where Phil paid over the forty-five dollars, and shortly afterwards Tom drove off. In the morning, according to promise, Phil had the colt shod, and then sent his boy off, giving him particular directions to lead the colt slowly, and let him carry his head down. Before noon the boy returned with the sorrel mare, and then Phil Bigbee burst.

"Now what d'ye think?" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with delight. "Caught old Phil nappin', did they? Not quite!"

Common decency would have suggested to Phil the propriety of keeping this thing to himself; but he could not. He had to tell of it to every one he met; and some days afterwards Tom, in speaking of the subject to some of his friends, said that he had got terribly taken in, but he did not blame Phil Bigbee so much for that, as he did for bragging so much about it.

"If he has put off a worthless horse upon me, he might hold his tongue and give me a chance to put him off, and not thus make the animal's worthlessness a public affair." But never a word did Tom speak to Phil about that trade.

Living near by Tom Cutter's was a man by the name of Nutting, who owned a colt that had been praised very highly. It was a dark bay colt—darker than the one Tom had shaved on to him, but about the same age. Nutting had repeatedly refused a hundred and seventy-five dollars for him. Phil had seen the horse go by his place once or twice, but he had never examined him; yet he wished very much to own him. He had heard the best judges of horse-flesh in the country pronounce it the finest animal in that section, and he was generally estimated to be worth two hundred dollars. He was not only very fast, but very stout and powerful.

Tom Cutter kept perfectly quiet about his colt, and to all questions on the subject he simply shook his head, and remarked that his colt was not such a poor one after all. He was an expert veterinarian, and he applied himself at once to the case in hand. He was not long in deciding that the case was an incurable one, but he found that he could subdue it somewhat for the time being. After working a month he got the colt so that he could drive him off four or five miles with perfect safety, but this could be done only under the effect of powerful medicines. But when the animal did trot he travelled over the ground very fast.

At length Tom concluded that he would trade. First he called in upon Sam Nutting. Sam was confined to his house by a very lame leg.

"Sam, I want to see ye my bay colt," said Tom.

"You're joking."

"No I aint. Don't you ask any questions, but do as I tell ye, and you shall know in the end. Will ye give me three cents for the bay colt?"

"Yes," returned Sam, who, "smelt" something, though he could not tell exactly what; and at the same time he pulled out his purse and handed Tom a three-cent bit. Tom took it, and gave it to Mrs. Nutting.

"Of course I may sell the colt and pocket the money!" said Tom.

"Yes."

"And may I take two hundred for him?"

"Yes, but no less."

With these instructions, Tom started off. He had now got his colt into one of his best moods, and having nicely brushed him down, and cropped his mane very carefully, he proceeded to harness him into the light wagon, only he left the bits out of his mouth. In this way he led the colt towards the village, being careful to stop when he heard any one coming, and pretend to be fixing some of the harness. In this way he led the colt to the before-mentioned watering-place. Here he stopped and sprinkled the animal with water, being careful to wet him all over; and then with a dry cloth he wiped him down. This produced two appearances: one of making the horse look two shades darker than before, and the other of making him sweat with fast travelling.

Now Tom knew very well that the colt would stand it to travel about five miles at a good speed without showing any signs of trouble; so he put the bit into the animal's mouth and started on at a slow pace; but when he reached the edge of the village he let the rein on, and went into Phil Bigbee's yard like lightning, and he holding back upon the ribbons with all his might.

"Hallo! What ye got here?" cried Phil, anxiously.

"Get Nutting's colt," answered Tom.

Just remember—Phil had never seen the Brock colt in harness; and furthermore, the sweaty appearance gave a darker color; and, the thought that that colt could have trotted down to the village in harness was not among the things of the day. Phil walked around the horse several times, and then asked Tom if he might get in and ride.

"Sartin," replied Tom. So they both got in, Tom asked Phil to take the reins. He did so, and away they went.

"Gee-crickes! don't he travel! What motions! Aint he one of 'em? By thunder, Tom, he's worth two hundred."

"He's worth three if he's worth a cent," answered Tom.

"Will two hundred take him?"

"Nutting told me this morning that I might let him go for that. He's sick, and can't go out, and he wants the money."

"By the great spoon, Tom, he's worth it. He's—he's mine!"

They returned to the stable-yard in fine style, and Phil had the colt taken out at once, and immediately paid Tom two hundred dollars. Tom left his wagon and walked home, and that night he bought Nutting's *bona fide* colt for one hundred and ninety dollars!

On the next day Phil Bigbee drove into Sam Nutting's door-yard. Tom was with Sam at the time. Phil came in looking pale and sad.

"Sam," he said, "where is your colt?"

"Which one?" asked Sam.

"Which one? Why I mean, your—*bay—colt*."

"Well—I had two yesterday morning—one that I raised, and one that I bought of Tom Cutter. The one that I had of Tom, I got him to sell for me yesterday; and the other one Tom bought of me last night."

Phil spoke not a word in reply; but shoving his hat down over his head with an emphatic motion, he left the house. He returned to the village, and people asked him if he didn't "*put that Brock colt off on to Tom Cutter!*" It made him feel badly, but his own course of remarks on the former trade kept him silent now. And in another respect was the "*biter bitten!*" He had said so much about the colt after putting him off to Tom, that everybody knew the animal now, so that he could not dispose of him.

Phil kept the colt three weeks, and at the end of that time he found the animal, one morning, dead in the stall. I believe that from that time Phil Bigbee has not flatly asserted, in the presence of those who knew him, that he could not be "*Caught Napping*."

#### MAKING ENVELOPES.

A ream of paper, or about 500 sheets, is placed under a knife of a shape corresponding with an envelope when entirely opened, which is forced down by a powerful screw press, worked by a hand lever. The pieces cut out, slightly adhering at the edges from the action of the knife, resemble a solid block of wood, until broken up. The flap is afterwards stamped, by a similar process, a boy being able to prepare 50,000 per day in this manner, taking one, two, or three envelopes at each movement of the hand. They are then taken by 100 girls seated at long tables, by whom they are folded and gummed. A single girl will apply the gum to 60,000 or 70,000 in a day, and 5000 to 7000 may be folded in the same time. In these processes the girls acquire great celerity and skill.—*London Journal*.

#### HOW I WON HER.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

In the year 184— I was returning to my native land after an absence of many, many years. It would be painful for me to tell, and for others to hear, the circumstances that drove me from the land of my birth. It is enough to say that circumstances did exist, and that they involved the happiness, not only of myself, but of those dearer to me than my own life.

When, by the decease of a single individual, the barrier had fallen which kept me out of my social paradise, I came back, rich with the experiences of travel and intercourse with the world abroad, but not much better off in worldly pelf, than when I had bidden adieu to the cloud-capped mountains of my native country, and had ventured forth, an inexperienced youth, to brave the perils of life on foreign shores.

I had kept some memories, at least, green and unfaded in my heart; the memory of my gentle mother, whose mild influence had been with me during all my wild wanderings; that of my Aunt Mary, whose pale and pensive face suggested the idea of an early and lasting disappointment, which her continuance in a single state, notwithstanding her many opportunities of changing it, fully corroborated.

Nor last, nor less cherished, was the memory of a bright and beaming face which had smiled on me from my school-boy days. In that halcyon period, my studies had been cheered, my ambition encouraged, my heart's tenderest affections matured, by the precious influence of Emma Thornton.

In foreign lands, this influence had still preserved me from evil ways. It had been my guiding star through the mazes of dissipation that were on every side of me. When the world tempted me, Emma Thornton's image, sitting like an angel in my heart, had turned upon me its sad, sweet smile, and the temptation vanished. When wealth opened to me its shining stores, and bade me freely gather its treasures, if I would but slightly thrust aside a principle or a qualm of conscience, the same fair, angelic face would come between me and the love of gain, and in every instance won the victory.

O woman! woman! did you but know your secret, silent, yet irresistible power over man, whether he be son or brother, lover or husband, you would not go tilting all over the world in search after fancied rights, while your true and unalienable rights are scorned or neglected.

Few men have died more worthy of honor than

Matthew Thornton. Throughout a long life, spent in noble and generous deeds, his integrity had remained unimpeachable, his character unsullied. Some reverses in fortune he had experienced. Life had not been all sunshine; but in the darkness, as in the light, he had kept his soul pure; and in his latter years, had been able by a stroke of good fortune, to carry out all those benevolent schemes which his noble mind was capable of projecting.

Emma was the true daughter of such a man; worthy in every way to be his child. Late in life, Matthew Thornton had married a young and beautiful girl, and Emma was the only one of three children who survived their infancy.

Poor Aunt Mary! this marriage had struck the death blow to her long and vainly cherished hopes; for it was to him that her early affections had been given, and not altogether unasked or unrequited. But Matthew Thornton, although a good and upright man, was still as stern and unyielding as possible in affairs of the heart; and a single word reflecting upon his conduct, spoken by the unthinking girl, was sufficient to make him dash her hopes forever to the ground. That word was the knell of dear old Aunt Mary's youthful prospects.

As year went after year, and Matthew did not marry, who can tell if something like hope did not linger around the heart of the fading spinster? Who indeed can tell, where the voice never utters the name, and where only the cheek, fading day by day, tells of some inward sorrow, but never blushes when that name is uttered by others?

I remembered all these things from my boyish days, for I had often heard my mother speak of it to her friends, when Aunt Mary's silent mood was too severely criticised; and I remember too, how my ire had been excited against good Matthew Thornton for making Aunt Mary unhappy, even without knowing in what his offence had consisted.

Now I had come back, a wanderer from a foreign land, and I knew not what my reception was to be. I had heard of the death of Mr. Thornton, and also of that other death which was my signal to come home. But where was Emma? and did she remember the wanderer? A sudden and undefinable dread seized me as I neared my home. I arrived just as the last gleam of daylight was shutting in—when "one star after another had shown its trembling head, like infant births of light, while slowly in the east, the half moon comes on, like a bark of pearl, in the clear, calm ocean of heaven." Another time my soul would have drunk in the sweetness

of this beautiful hour; but now, there might as well have been cloud or storm or tempest. I heeded nothing but the wild beating of my own heart.

"I came to the home of my childhood," says the eastern poet. "The friends of my youth, where are they? And Echo answered, 'where are they?'"

Ah! Echo might well answer where? My mother lived, a sad, pale woman, with the silver hair parted on her forehead, her form thin and attenuated. So much of happiness was spared me, that I could still minister to her comfort. But Aunt Mary's spirit had fled, let us hope reverently, to join him to whom all mistakes could now be made clear, all loving hearts being forgiven in that bright land, for the involuntary errors into which they fall in this world of distrust and misapprehension.

Emma Thornton was married! I know not how or when this intelligence reached me, for I was stunned and overpowered by the thought, and I cared not how it came. Her husband was one of my old school-fellows too, and the best friend I ever had in my boyish days. Had it been otherwise, had he been a bold, bad man whom I could have abused and talked about, it would have brought a sort of savage satisfaction. But no, Alfred Seymour was all that the most fastidious would approve.

Well, life seemed of poor account to me now, for in all my wanderings, I had looked forward to a tender meeting with Emma, and perhaps to a life spent by her side. That dream had melted away in a dull, hard reality, more bitter to be borne because there was no actual blame to be cast upon any one. It would have seemed some little consolation if I could have raged at another's share in it.

I would have wandered off again, had it not been for the love I bore my mother. I had left her before, it is true; but then she was surrounded by friends, and, moreover, she was younger and stronger to bear trouble. Now it would have been cruelty to leave her; so I settled myself down to a bachelor life, and tried to shut my eyes to the "might have been."

Do not think that I avoided Emma or her husband. Alfred Seymour was my friend still, and I was his. I called there soon after I returned home. I met Emma with a feeling of embarrassment which she did not share. Could it be that she had mistaken the nature of my love, and believed it only that of a friend? Had our moonlight rambles left no impression save that of a mere boy and girl liking, which could bring no blush to her cheek in remembering?



Well, then, *I* would not recall it to her mind, that she had wound her arm about my neck at parting, and that I kissed the cheek which I thought was growing pale because I was going afar off.

I made a long stay, and Emma invited me to dinner. Alfred came home and he too urged me; and after that I went often. I sobered down from love to friendship, and after a few unavailing regrets, which it would have been unnatural not to feel, I came to think of Emma only as a dear friend.

I loved my dear old mother too, and she was so happy, so altogether blessed in my love, that I sometime felt glad for her sake that no other woman was rivalling her in my affections. Two years after my return, my mother's health became so delicate that she was ordered to a warmer climate, by her physician. She was unwilling to leave her home, but my entreaties prevailed, and we spent the ensuing five years in a land which a long residence had rendered a second home to me before.

My mother was charmed with this delightful spot of earth. It almost realized her ideas of paradise, so fresh and balmy were the breezes, so beautiful the flowers, so blue the sky that bent above us. She grew strong, and almost young again, and I bore her back in triumph.

Five years! it is a long period, in which a thousand changes may take place.

"Do not expect to find all as we left them, Edward," said my mother, as we neared the haven of our home. Ah, no need to say that to me! Had I not experienced it once?

Fanny Bell, my mother's favorite maid, met us at the door of our house.

"Are all our friends well, Fanny?" said my mother, as she greeted her affectionately.

"Surely, Mrs. Aubrey, you have heard of poor Mrs. Seymour."

"Fanny! you are not going to tell me that Mrs. Seymour is dead!" exclaimed both her trembling listeners at once.

"No indeed, not she, but her husband. Mr. Seymour died some months ago."

God forgive me, if amid my regrets for Alfred Seymour, the momentary thought that Emma was again free, mingled with them. It was unworthy of me, and I banished it from my mind. But how could I meet her?

The next morning, my mother, who had complained of fatigue, said to me at breakfast:

"Edward, you must go over to Mrs. Seymour's, and I must delay my visit until the evening."

I had no reasonable excuse to make, and after breakfast, I strolled over with slow and lingering

steps, for I dreaded seeing her. As I approached the house, I saw her walking in the garden, and this would, I thought, render my call less formal. She looked sad and grief-worn, and her black dress made her look pale to perfect whiteness. When I bore my mother's message, she said she would go to her, and went to the house for her shawl.

There were curious and prying eyes that morning, that saw us walking together, and busy tongues that connected our names. Even to Emma, they carried the tale, careless of the sorrow which should have been so sacred; and she, unconscious that she was the theme of idle censure, increased it by the most perfect frankness and freedom towards my mother and myself.

I had been fortunate in business, from the time of my return home the first time; and the person to whom I have twice alluded, left my mother independent. Emma's wealth, therefore, could not be attributed by idle gossip, as a cause for my attention to her; and we continued to live in daily intercourse of friendship. I dared not speak of anything tenderer than this; but when two years had gone by, I began to dream of the realization of that which wickedly crossed my mind on the night of my return.

I do not believe that Emma had ever thought of such an event as I was dreaming of; so there was no way to do but to write her a long, serious letter, telling her of all the past, and throwing myself upon the chances of awakening in her heart a sentiment which I now felt convinced she had never experienced for me. I was candid and truthful in all my statements, and I expected the same from her. I told her that I should not see her again until her answer reached me.

She waited long before she wrote me. Then she did so, in such a calm, sweet spirit that I liked her all the more, although some would have deemed her answer not very flattering to self-love. She had never—not even in her youth, thought of me as aught but a friend. She could do no more now. A brother, a dear brother she had always, and would now always consider me; but her heart's best affections were buried in Alfred's grave, and while she lived, it must be with his memory unmingled with any other love.

I showed her letter to my mother, who mourned bitterly over it. She had cherished the hope that she should one day call Emma her daughter. I feared that it might destroy the perfect confidence between them; but I judged both wrongfully. The tenderness with which they met again, was a new proof of the superiority of both

over ordinary women. Their pleasant relations remained still uninterrupted, and Emma met me again with almost the same calmness as ever.

I had been out very late, one night, and had just returned from a long ride across the country, in pursuit of a delinquent debtor. I chid my mother for sitting up for me; but she would not leave Fanny, who had been preparing a hot supper for me; and she assured me that she was not at all tired. So by the bright fire light we sat down again and talked. My dear, dear mother! I see her now, with her pale, intellectual brow, the silver hair parted smoothly above it, and the beautiful mouth which age could not alter.

At length I rose, bidding her go to bed, lighting her chamber-candle for her, but, in my abstraction forgetting my own. I passed up the staircase in the dark. At one end of it was a window, through which I had often seen Emma's house when it had been lighted up by the moon falling upon its white walls. To-night I glanced my eye out into the darkness, to see if her lamp was still burning, as was her custom, through the night, and her chamber being on the side towards us, we could always see it. How many times, as I had looked over to that light, had I inwardly blessed the hand that placed it there.

The light was there, and I stopped to gaze upon it. Emma's house was scarcely an eighth of a mile from us, and only a single field lay between. There was another light I noticed, and that was in a lower room. Emma is ill perhaps, I thought, and I watched it longer. The light increased in size. Could any one be stirring there at two o'clock in the morning, with a great wood fire burning up so brightly?

"Good Heavens! that is no fire on the hearth! It is all over the room! I ran down the stairs, out at the door, and across the separating field, damp and clinging as was the half frozen turf, in less time than I have been writing it. The whole lower part of the house was one blaze of light, and no one to be seen. Emma was still sleeping undoubtedly, with that terrific flame creeping the stairway. I ran round the house to find some way of entrance which the fire had not reached. There was only one place that seemed to promise hope, and that was through the cellar. If I could but find that door, I felt that it would give way to my hand. All this time I was crying fire at the top of my voice.

I found the door, but it resisted me. The large cellar window, however, was more hospitable. It received me, but I fell six feet; but it was upon a treble row of cabbages, and I received no injury. I found the stairs, and found myself in a little back entry in which I knew were some

stairs leading to the chambers. In no other way could I have approached them without letting in a full current of air, and crossing the blazing rooms also.

Fortunately, Stephen, Emma's hired man, slept in a little room at the head of the stairs. He heard my loud cries, and sprang from the bed. "Show me how to get to her room," I said, and he pointed to a door in a long hall. The flames were coming up the staircase—not a moment was to be lost. She lay sleeping, when I entered the room. One corner of the room was already on fire. I raised her in my arms, tore a blanket from the bed and wrapped it around her, before she could comprehend anything. She trembled a little at first, but suddenly grew calm.

"Can we get down these stairs, Edward?" she said, as she hastily threw on a large dressing-gown of flannel, and thrust her feet into slippers. "I will call the people up stairs, and then we will try if all can get down here."

"No, come down at once, Emma, Stephen has gone for them."

She *would* wait, and it was well that she did. In half the time which it would have taken to go over the stairs, they fell with a loud crash of the heavy balustrade. I thought of the back stairway, and hurried her towards it. There, too, the fire was creeping up, but more slowly. The trembling maids were coming down with Stephen at their head.

"O, Mr. Aubrey!" they exclaimed, as they saw me dimly through the blinding smoke that was now finding its way to us, "where is Mrs. Seymour?"

"Safe!" I said, "go down instantly." And they flew down the narrow staircase like frightened birds.

Stephen waited—to his credit be it spoken—until I had taken Emma in my arms, and descended with her. We ran round the corner of the house in time to see the floor of Emma's chamber fall in, and the flames reaching to the attic. The engines had but that moment arrived, and nothing within the house could be saved. We cared not for that, so long as human life was not the sacrifice to the destroying fire.

A farmer who was going early to market, had stopped in his wagon to see the sight, and generously offered to take us all to some place of shelter; so packing the whole shivering group in the hay which covered the bottom of the vehicle, I bade Stephen take them to my mother's house, while I remained to see if I could by chance recover anything from the ruins. There was nothing to be seen of any consequence, that could be rescued; and it was not long before the

roof fell in. It was of no use to remain any longer, and leaving Stephen who had returned with the wagon, to take my place, I went home. My mother and Fanny had warmed and dressed the fugitives, and I found them at the tea-table, trying to ward off the effects of their exposure. We persuaded them to go to bed for an hour or two.

Emma rose, comparatively a poor woman. Her property had consisted mainly of her expensive house and furniture, and some money which she had received the day before, and which she was to invest on the morning following the fire. It was supposed that some one who knew of her receiving this money, set fire to the house, but failed to find the booty they were in search of.

"Emma," said I, after she had been with us a week or two, and had begun to talk of being a burden and a trouble to my mother, "you are not tired of us, surely."

"Not in the least, Edward, but you know I am poor now, and must look about me for some means of support. My dear old home! I can never rebuild it, and the land must pass into the hands of strangers."

"No Emma, I shall buy it myself, and I shall build a house exactly like yours, and you shall live in it on your own terms—I shall not be a hard landlord."

It was settled thus, and in a few months the house was rebuilt exactly as before, and Emma settled in it at a merely nominal rent. Her plan was to commence educating young ladies, as soon as possible.

"I know so many," she said, "who have supported themselves so respectably; and besides I believe sincerely that I have a talent for it too."

She said this on the day in which my mother and myself had gone to take tea with her for the first time, in her new house.

"But O, Emma," said my mother, in that pathetic, sorrowful tone, which the dear old lady is apt to use upon occasions, "how we shall miss you!"

"We shall come here very often, Emma," said I.

"No, I shall be engaged with pupils, too busy to see strangers."

"What! refuse to see your landlord? I am glad the leases are not signed yet. I shall turn you out."

Emma seemed trying that evening to appear cheerful, but she could not succeed. I waited on my mother very early home, pleading an engagement. I hurried back to Emma, and walked softly into the house without her observing me. She sat just where we left her, leaning her

head upon her hand, and I heard her sigh. I went behind her, and put my hands upon her shoulders. She started and trembled a little, but grew calm when she saw me.

"Emma," I said, "I came back to ask you if you would give up your foolish plan of a school. Will you?"

She did not answer for a moment; then she asked why she should do so.

"Because it is not fitting that you should, if you can avoid it; and because there is a heart which loves you too dearly to allow you to wear yourself out in that way. Emma, my mother is longing to call you daughter; and she shall never call another woman than yourself by that name. Will you condemn me to a lonely, unloved state, or will you be my wife?"

I cannot tell you her answer, for it was broken by sobs and tears, but she did not repulse me, and I knew that I was beloved again even as I loved. And it was thus that I won my early love.

#### THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

His mother was one of his best teachers. Her eldest son was eleven years old, when, by her deceased husband's will, she became sole guardian of the persons and large property of her children. She proved herself worthy of the trust. Endowed with direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness, and prompt decision, she governed her family strictly but kindly, exacting deference, while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite; yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood, continued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont; reading to them lessons of religion and morality, out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." The admirable maxims therein contained for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and doubtless had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life. This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character, consult its pages.—*Irving's Life of Washington.*

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

## A TALE OF OLD ROMANCE.

BY HESTER GREENE.

SEATED on a low stool at the feet of her husband, the Count Reginald de Bracey, the youthful Lady Rowenna threw her white hand, with practised sweep, over the chords of a beautiful lute with which he had presented her on their bridal morn. Looking fondly up into his deeply dark eyes, her bright lips parted in a gush of melody, as in a voice so low-pitched that its notes reached the heart rather than the ear, she sung :

"In thy strong fortalice I dwell,  
As in some sacred shrine,  
Where thy loved presence aye dispels  
All solitude and care of mine.

No courtly votaries, here, withdraw  
A thought from my loved lord's behests;  
Thy will my pleasure, as my law,  
In serving thee, my duty rests.

For thee alone, this braided tress,  
To pleasure thee, I find mine own;  
And lute, and song, and fond caress,  
Are all for thee—for thee alone."

Proud by nature, passionate, reserved and exacting, yet did the stern knight feel his heart softened as he heard the pleading tone that sought to reverberate along its chords, and a gentler light shone in his dark eyes as they rested upon her, sitting lowly there, a creature all light and life—all radiance and childish glee. When he had brought the sweet rose-bud from her father's fortress to deck his own grim tower, there had been no wooing—none of those attentions so delicate, yet flattering to woman's gentler nature, Rowenna's fair hand, according to the custom of the time, having been disposed of, by her warrior sire, like so much marketable merchandize, to the mighty chief of the de Bracey's lordly line—Count Reginald being the highest bidder.

At the time our story begins, the count was making active preparations to join Richard *Cœur de Lion*, in his expedition against the Saracens; and now, gazing down upon the fair, girlish countess, his stern heart smote him for leaving her so long in this grim, feudal pile, alone and unprotected—a few archers left to guard the old time-blackened tower, and her maidens to embroider endless hangings of tapestry, to be her sole society till his return.

"How beautiful this lute! how costly all your gifts, my princely husband!—fitter for a queen, than a simple girl like me! How can I best thank you for it, dear de Bracey?" For thus she sometimes ventured to address him—the shrinking awe with which she regarded him giving place to expressions denoting her sweet and gentle devotion.

"And is the Countess of de Bracey so very humble a personage? Methinks were my fair Rowenna seen at court, she might take precedence of the noblest there! De Bracey's banner has floated above too many stricken fields, for his *châtelaine* to rank as a simple maiden. Yet thank me always by singing to me some song of the Troubadours; let it be of war and victory. I leave to-morrow, to join the Crusaders."

Turning aside to hide the tear that trembled in her eye, she threw her hands lightly over the chords as she sang, in a low, plaintive strain, the following song:

"O, ask me not to sing to-night!  
I dare not task my feeble powers;  
Dejection casts her chilling blight,  
The harbinger of coming hours.

Sad thoughts that slumbered start to life,  
Woke by some note of olden strain,  
When morning takes you to the strife,  
When—when to meet again?

I can but count the lonely days  
Of absence, in each mournful strain,  
Then O ask not—the warrior lays  
I may not sing again!"

A low, choking sob stilled the tear-burdened song of the fair girl-bride, as she thought on the morrow's separation, for years—or it might be forever. Of a haughty and jealous temperament, the stern knight in these forebodings had no share. Convinced of the guileless purity of his young wife's affection, his only doubt was of its strength—or rather, perhaps, whether a real, unselfish love for him had ever existed—remembering only her bashful reluctance to meet him, when summoned by the Abbess of Saint Opportune, when taken to the convent by her father—her timid shrinking from his proffered salute—her very girlish modesty distorted into indifference, perhaps repugnance. Poor de Bracey! Summoning his pride to his aid, he bade her farewell the next day—commending her to the spiritual guidance and care of the abbe of the adjoining monastery—and with a boding heart set out to join the Crusaders.

A year from that time he was languishing—a fettered and hopeless captive—in an Eastern dungeon. And the Lady Rowenna? Strange rumors there were, that she had been spirited away; yet whenever the fair *châtelaine* was alluded to, would a smile of strange meaning pass over the exultant face of the Abbe of Thornwood.

Within his palace towers, the restless soul of fiery Saladin sighed for "a new sensation." A storm-boding cloud darkened his knit brows, as he moodily fingered the gem circled hilt of his glittering scimeter, and slaves trembled in his presence. The jewelled chibouque was thrown rudely aside, and the cool sherbet sparkled in

vain, untasted before him, when a low, sweet voice was heard without, singing to a lute. Saladin listened. Richard of England's prowess was forgotten. "Bring the minstrel hither," was spoken in a soft, subdued tone.

A fair-browed boy, with golden curls clustering round his blushing cheeks, was led into the dreaded presence of the lord of the East; his tasteful dress was that of a page, while the plume in his crimson velvet cap was looped up by a jewel of rare brilliance and value. "Sing to me, boy. No love ditties; something of battle-fields, if thou canst." And Saladin turned languidly on his cushions to gaze on the vision of loveliness before him, as touching the chords of his lute, with practised skill, the fair-haired boy sung in a tone soft as the murmur of the breeze sighed responsive by the wind-harp's strings:

"The knight may mount his prancing steed,  
Where banners float above  
The marshalled lists, where he goes forth  
To fight for lady's love.  
What reck I of his scarf or plume,  
What's his belt or spurs to me?  
A wanderer from my island home,  
To set my master free.

I've searched the field, where scorched and torn  
The slain of England lie;  
Trampled beneath the hoof of horse—  
Blackened beneath the sky.  
But though I've sought from morn till night,  
Since coming o'er the sea,  
I have not found the gallant knight,  
If prisoned, I would free."

"By Allah! but thou hast rare music in thy song, boy. Ask what thou wilt; Saladin is no niggard of his gifts. Hast any wish, ask it fearlessly, boy. Were it my signet ring, 'tis thine!"

Tears started to the blue eyes hidden beneath the veined waxen lids, and the smooth cheeks wore a rosier blush, as the minstrel page, bending lower over his lute, answered, "Thou hast a captive knight—the Count de Bracey. His English bride sends you a large ransom, while I, taught the way by a winged angel, we Franks call Love, came here to pray you take the offered ransom, and set the prisoner free."

"He is thine, boy, without the ransom. Here, take my signet ring; the warder will conduct thee to the prison, that yourself may release him—go."

The Count de Bracey was awakened from his unrest by hearing the bolts of his prison drawn aside, when, starting up, he saw a youthful spirit of beauty and gladness standing by his couch, and was told by the wondering guards that he was free.

On his homeward journey he saw no more of the fair-browed boy, with the sunny, clustering curls, and smile of light, save in his dreams—

this youthful minstrel remaining with the fair English queen, accompanying her to the court, while De Bracey, anxious to see the fair Rowenna, in his far-off castle, slackened not his rein till he stopped at its gate.

No sooner was his well known summons heard, and the portal lowered, than a slight girlish figure sprang through the dark jaws of the gloomy arch, and the Countess Rowenna, more beautiful than he had left her, came bounding forth to welcome him home. Imprisonment and absence had wrought a change in the knight. Pushing back the fair curls from his young wife's brow, he kissed it with a sigh, as he noted that it was less glad, and her cheek less rosy, than when he had left her for Palestine.

Some weeks after the count's arrival, on going to his wife's oratory, he was startled by seeing a suit of gaily-broidered vestments, such as was worn by pages in noble families. Fiercely clutching his dagger's hilt, he blew a shrill note on a silver whistle, when, the next moment, the rustle of long, sweeping robes startled him from his indignant reverie, and the countess stood calm and inquiring before him.

Listening with a quiet smile to his vehement accusations, her only reply was, "Let me summon the stripling. What can the poor boy have done to merit your anger?" And with a gracious bend of the proud head, she swept past, and the heavy arras curtain fell across the door of the oratory. In a few minutes it was drawn aside, and a slight, stripling page, with snowy curls, surmounted by a jaunty velvet cap, whose feather was looped up by a brilliant of great value, stood on the threshold. Gracefully raising the plumed cap from her flushed brow, the knight recognized in his Eastern boy-liberator the gentle lineaments of his own fair countess—his true-hearted Rowenna.

While yet the count besought forgiveness for his momentary injustice, the old Abbe of Thornwood entered the hall. Strangely enough, the page's costume seemed no mystery to him; and he admitted that the Lady de Bracey had left the castle shortly after her husband's departure—none knew whither; but since she had raised a ransom, in gold and jewels, before leaving—moreover, since the minstrel page of the queen had mysteriously disappeared from court on Richard's return to England—the good priest hinted that he could guess *where* the countess had gone during her lord's absence. Blessing the tried devotion of his beautiful wife, the proud count became as gentle as any carpet knight of our times, transmitting to his descendants the tale I have tried to tell of the days of old romance.

## CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY CHARLES GITHENS.

My childhood's home! rude, vine-clad cot!  
 With memories fond and bright,  
 My heart clings to that rural spot  
 Where first I saw the light.  
 Let others prize the splendid dome,  
 And wealth and grandeur seek;  
 But give to me that humble home,  
 That quiet, calm retreat!

Where birds, in joyous wood-notes wild,  
 Warble dame Nature's lays—  
 Far sweeter sounds to nature's child  
 Than those that art would raise;  
 The skies so blue, the balmy air,  
 The meadows robed in green,  
 The murmuring brook, the flowers so fair,  
 The sun's bright, cheering beam.

And when meek summer's reign is o'er,  
 And winter's chilling blast  
 Comes with the mad wind's angry roar,  
 And snow-flakes falling fast—  
 Then, round the blazing hearth we sit,  
 Fond parents on us smile;  
 While mirth, and song, and pleasant chat,  
 The fleeting hours beguile.

Yes, cherished spot! bright thoughts impress  
 My fancy as I gaze  
 On pictured scenes of loveliness  
 That childhood's visions raise.  
 Though life's rough waves around me foam,  
 And cares the brow o'ercast,  
 Fond thoughts of childhood's happy home,  
 I'll cherish to the last!

## THE STUDENT OF HAINAULT.

BY HEMAN W. FORD.

THE day was closing in at Leyden, and the inhabitants, for the most part poor but industrious citizens, congregated at the door of their houses, to smoke their pipes, or converse together on the state of the times; and a set of more phlegmatic countenances and contented spirits could not well have met together. Before an abode, the neatness of which could not conceal the evident poverty of its inmates, and which you learnt by a rude inscription on the walls, belonged to a barge-builder, sat a boy on a fallen tree. His dress was coarse in the extreme, leaving his muscular limbs fully exposed; but there was something in the proud motion of the head, as he threw back the tangled hair from his brow, and looked round with his wild, restless eyes, which at once distinguished him from the rest of his companions, and showed that thoughts incompatible with his present situation were busily at work in his young mind. Occasionally his father,

a rude, unlettered man, with a veneration for learning which has made his name respected to this day, and who now stood leaning against the door-post, with his white shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbows, and his brawny arms crossed upon his breast, would take the pipe from his lips, and address some kindly word to him, which was replied to as though the mind of the listener were far away.

It would seem as if the boy were watching the blue smoke-wreaths, as they rose up into the still air of the evening and disappeared; but it is more probable that the aspiring thoughts followed each other as rapidly, and then became likewise lost in indistinctness. He was roused at length, by a low and gentle voice, and a young girl with bare feet, and a number of small brass coins coquettishly woven in her long, braided hair, stood panting for breath by his side. She was an orphan, none ever knew from what country she came, though the starry brightness of her large dark eyes, and the sweet accents of her voice, which made music of their harsh language every time she spoke, told of the sunny south. She had been the sole survivor of a vessel which had foundered at sea, and adopted by a lone man, an iron worker of Gueldesland, who had lately come to settle at Leyden, and who loved her as if she had been his own child.

The boy looked up and smiled at her approach, but it was a dreamy smile that brightened as it met hers, as though all other thoughts melted away before its radiance; and he tried to draw her towards him that she might share his seat.

"No, no," said the girl, playfully eluding his grasp, "I cannot sit still here all this splendid evening."

"Where would you go to, Annunciata?"

"Let us dance in the sunset, or chase each other along the river; it always feels so fresh by the water."

Julius sprang up with a joyous bound, and the old barge-builder brushed the tears from his eyes, as he watched them depart, for he knew it would be but a little longer that he should have his son with him.

How merrily they danced, and laughed, and romped that night, until even the light-footed Annunciata grew weary, and following her example, Julius sat down upon the ground, and amused himself by playing with the coins in her long hair.

"Why do you wear these?" he asked, at length, "I never see any of the other children with their heads dressed after this strange fashion."

"Possibly not; but I have a dreamy recollection that they were worn thus in my own country,

and I never hear them tinkling, as I dance, without thinking of home."

"I had forgotten that you are not one of us," said Julius, looking into her beautiful face with a mixture of boyish reverence and love; "for aught any one knows to the contrary, you may be a queen."

"Ah, if I was!" exclaimed the girl, smiling joyously.

"And what would you do then, my Annunciata?"

"Buy every book that ever was written, so that you might read all day long if you chose. That would make you happy, would it not, Julius?"

"But yourself, dearest?"

"Ah! I had forgotten myself. I would have masters, and study to be wise, in order that you might love me, and never intrude upon you, except you were weary or sick, or when you sent for me."

"Silly Annunciata! Why, I should be always sending for you; even as it is, I love you better than anything else in the world."

"Except books," interrupted the girl, holding up her finger with a merry laugh. "Come, confess, Julius!"

"Well, well, except books then, if you will have it so. And yet I am not quite sure," added the young scholar, dazzled by the bewildering brightness of the dark eyes which sought his so mirthfully, "whether I shall admit any exception at all. But it grows late for you to be out, had we not better return?"

The girl sprang up that instant, and went bounding on before him like an antelope, her sweet laugh now close to his ear, while her cheek touched his, and then growing fainter in the distance, as he strove in vain to keep up with her fleet steps, and mingling with the fairy-like tinkling of her long, braided hair. As they approached the dwelling of her protector, she assumed a more demure face, and suffered herself to be overtaken.

"What a run you have led me, Annunciata!"

"Poor Julius, you do look tired;" and she parted the hair upon his flushed brow with her cool fingers, and laughed mischievously, "but you will come in and rest?"

"Not to-night, dear."

"Well, I shall see you to-morrow." And she held up her face for the accustomed kiss, which we will not take upon ourselves to swear was not given as well as received; but then they were but children.

The old harge-builder was anxiously waiting the return of his son, and that night they sat up

long, talking of the past, and yet more earnestly of the future, which their sanguine hopes made bright. The following day it was known all over Leyden, that Julius would never settle down to his father's trade, but was about, with his permission, to quit his native place and proceed to Anvers, at which university the old man had been long and secretly trying to get him admitted gratuitously among the students, and was at length successful. Some laughed at the scheme, as such people are apt to do, at what passes their comprehension; others thought it would have been better for Julius to have followed the honest calling of his forefathers, while a few read on the high brow and flashing eye of the young scholar something of the glory which he went forth to struggle for and to win; but Annunciata only wept.

There is much real kindness among the poor, whatever may be said to the contrary; and when it became generally known that Julius was going away to become a great man, as they simply but prophetically expressed it, many a trifling but most acceptable offering aided his father in the arduous task of his equipment, which, plain and frugal as it was, left him nothing but his blessing to bestow. But what do the young, the aspiring want more? Every obstacle is a fresh incentive to exertion—a fresh triumph when overcome; and they are proud with their own hands to hew out the road, and carve for themselves an everlasting niche in the temple of fame!

Annunciata was worthy of the young scholar; to the last she spoke not of herself, of her loneliness when he should be gone from her; but rather of the joy it would be to her and his father to hear of his success; the deep, self-sacrificing love of the woman mingled with the passionate fondness of the child, and made her careful to be rather the guiding star, than the meteor which might tempt him aside from the bright destiny he had chosen, and they parted at length in hope.

The University of Anvers, established by John, Duke of Brabant, and containing among its professors some of the most learned, and among its pupils the rising geniuses of the age, was a hallowed object in the eyes of the young student; and the deep feeling of reverence with which he stood for the first time before its massive walls, often made him smile to think on in later days. History proceeds to inform us how for a few successive years he toiled on in the pursuit of knowledge; but the phrase is surely incorrect. If it was a toil, let us at least call it a labor of love! What if his cheek paled, and his form withered; if his flashing eyes grew dim, and ached so at

times that he was fain to close them for very weariness, had he not got his wish? Was not the burning thirst of his aspiring spirit quenching itself in the living waters of universal knowledge? Was he not holding daily and hourly intercourse with all that makes the past great and holy, and laying up for himself a treasure of wisdom which life only could exhaust?

The more aristocratic but less talented pupils of the university had long envied the growing fame of the young student, and sought eagerly to lower him in the estimation in which he was so justly held by the professors, but for some time without success; poverty, and an intense love of study compelling Julius to a life of strict privation and frugality. At length, however, it was discovered that he invariably stole away from the university as soon as it became dark, and did not return until long past midnight, always taking one direction, and declining on various pretences the company of any of his fellow-students.

"Depend upon it, those quiet ones are always the worst," said Jan Slein; "who knows but what he may belong to one of these midnight bands, of whom the good people of Anvers tell such fearful tales?"

"Nay, his very poverty is his surety on that score," replied his companion, laughingly.

"Pshaw! a mere blind; what then can account for his regularly absenting himself at such an hour?"

"Why, grave and studious as Julius is, he may not be insensible to the witchery of some bright-eyed demoiselle, and there are plenty such in Anvers. Take my word for it, Jan, that whenever there is a mystery of this sort, a woman is always sure to be at the bottom of it."

"Well, I trust it may be no worse. Suppose we follow him to-night, and ascertain the truth at once—at least it would be something to taunt him with."

"But scarcely honorable, methinks," replied his companion, hesitatingly.

"Nay, everything is fair in love, they say, and why not in hate?" muttered Jan Slein, gnashing his teeth with rage.

"Well, let it be so then, but not to-night; there is a debate to be held in the town hall, which I must join; to-morrow I am at your service; and in the mean time, Jan, you may as well accompany me."

"With all my heart," replied the student, carelessly, "but I shall afterwards take care that Julius does not again escape me."

The debate was most eloquent, although the subject of it matters little to our history; so that we shall merely state that it terminated shortly

before midnight, and the people, after lingering to exchange greetings of a cordial good-night, separated to their various homes. The students of Anvers continued to talk loud and eagerly, as they walked, four abreast, the silent streets, occasionally breaking off in the midst of a brilliant argument, to shout and yell under the windows of some unfortunate citizen who had contrived to render himself obnoxious to them; or raise a rude chorus in honor of some chosen beauty whose dwelling lay in their road home, until they reached the church of St. Peter, one of the finest religious edifices in Holland.

It was a bright starlight night, and the streets were white and hard with the frozen snow, and still and silent as the grave, except the hollow whistling of the wind, as it moaned and sung through the porticoes of the old church. The students hushed their voices, and passed onward with a more subdued step, although none could have told why it was so.

"Stay!" exclaimed Jan Stein, hastily, "either my eyes strangely deceive me, or there is a human figure standing motionless beneath yonder lamp. No! by Heaven I am right!"

"Let us go," whispered one of his companions, shuddering with fear, "they say that evil spirits are abroad at this hour."

"Fool!" exclaimed the reckless student, shaking off his feeble grasp, and advancing towards the object of his curiosity, followed by his companions.

A lamp burned dimly in the church-porch, by the feeble light of which, a tall figure might be observed, bending eagerly over a book. The face which was thus partly illuminated, was pale but earnest, and full of a strange beauty.

"It is Julius!" exclaimed the students, with one voice, while a crimson flush passed over the high brow of him they had thus suddenly surprised, as he turned proudly towards them.

"The mystery is at length solved," said he, while his flashing eyes sought those of Jan Stein. "I was poor, too poor to purchase candles, and for months have pursued my studies here, or at the corners of streets, wherever there was a lamp by which I could see to read."

"But the cold," interrupted one of his companions; "how did you bear that? You must have been perished!"

Julius laughed wildly, as he laid his burning hand on that of Jan, who had pressed nearer to him while he spoke.

"Does this feel like cold?" he asked. "No! there is that within me which defies it, as well as your sneers and mockery!" But none dared to mock him.



The penitent Jan Stein clasped that scorching hand in both of his, and drew him gently on, while the rest followed wonderingly. From that hour, Julius and he studied together, and were like brothers; while a small sum of money, received a few weeks afterwards from an unknown hand, rendered him, in a measure, independent of his generous friend.

During at this time his intercourse with his father had been very slight, and he contented himself with occasionally hearing that he and Annunciata continued well. The kind protector of the latter, the iron-worker of Gueldeeland, above mentioned, was the usual means of communication; his business compelled him to come to Anvers once or twice a year, on which occasions he always brought some sweet message or tokens from Annunciata to the student. But now, as the time drew near for this periodical visit, Julius was observed to grow restless and melancholy, and he talked a great deal to Jan of going to Leyden in the spring, as if trying to persuade himself of the folly of some foreboding feeling of evil which pressed upon his heart.

At length the old man made his usual appearance before the gates of the university, to ask for Julius, the son of the barge-builder of Leyden. The student flung down his book, and went out eagerly to meet him; but one glance at the pale and agitated countenance of the iron-worker was sufficient to confirm his worst fears.

"Annunciata is dead!" said he, with great calmness.

"You have heard of it then?"

"Yes, I knew it! but how—when did it come to pass? Tell me all!"

"Well, one day the poor child left home without saying a word to any one, and it grew late before she returned. It was a wild, tempestuous night, and as I took off her wet cloak, and wrung the moisture from her long hair, I saw that the ornaments with which, in remembrance of her unknown home, she so delighted to deck it, were gone. At length, in answer to my repeated inquiries, she confessed that she had sold the coins to a Dutch trader."

"Did she tell you how much she got for them?" asked Julius, eagerly, and with white lips.

The iron-worker named a sum which at once confirmed all the wild doubts of the student.

"Go on," said he, in a hoarse voice.

"Well, from that hour she sickened and withered away; cheerful and hopeful to the last, she never seemed to think that she should die; but when the blow fell at length, bowed her gentle spirit meekly to the will of Heaven, and murmured not at its decrees."

"But she spoke of me, father, did she not?"

"Continually; your name was the last on her trembling lips, which grew cold in blessing thee."

The old man wept bitterly, but Julius could not shed a tear.

"You think, then," said the student, after a pause of deep emotion, "that she caught her death on that tempestuous night, when she went to sell her little treasure to the Dutch trader?"

"I am sure of it. You may remember she was always a delicate flower."

Julius said no more, but from that hour, a change came over his whole life.

The remainder of this eventful history may be gathered from the annals of his native land. How, by his own gigantic talents he raised himself to the high post of vice chancellor in that university which he had originally entered a friendless and obscure wanderer; was chosen by the Emperor Maximilian, as preceptor of his grandson, afterwards the celebrated Charles V.; presented by Ferdinand of Spain with the bishopric of Portovia; and after his death, elected co-regent with Cardinal Ximenes, finally in 1522, on the decease of Leo X., ascended the papal throne.

We are told that in after life he became singularly austere and rigid in his habits, perhaps in consequence of the struggles and privations of early years; was much given to solitary musings, and seldom seen to smile. Who shall say how often that mighty spirit, in the very triumph of its self-created greatness, looked lingeringly back to his humble home at Leyden—danced once again, in his dreams, on the banks of the Rhine, or listened to the silvery accents of a voice that never ceased to haunt him.

The only extravagance which we hear of Pope Julius indulging himself in, was a passionate love of old coins, which he spared no expense in collecting. Some brass ones in particular, of simple appearance, and wanting even the charm of antiquity, were said to have been discovered upon his body when he died, and on being submitted to antiquarian researches, found to be of very modern date.

In the life of Julius II., we have a brilliant example of the triumph that can be effected by the irresistible might of man's own mind and intellect, in spite of the accidents of birth and fortune, and a beautiful and touching illustration of the vainness of all this to make us happy. The son of the barge-builder of Leyden laughed and danced by the river. The poor student at Anvers, as he studied at the corners of the streets, or in the church-porch at midnight, was contented and even joyous; but Pope Julius never smiled.

## THE TWINS:

— OR, —

## THE DOUBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY WALTER O. DANTON.

GEORGE and Hector Moreland were the twin sons of an American gentleman of fortune, and had received an education suitable for the social sphere in which they moved. As is not unfrequently the case with twins, they were nearly the exact counterparts of each other in their personal appearance, which was eminently prepossessing, and which stock of good looks caused both no little uneasiness, since it made them the marks for the mischievous arrows of many a designing match-maker, who had some marriageable protegee ready, if not eager, for an alliance with their family. The brothers were of a noble and winning nature, and generally admired.

To admiration they were not at all averse, so long as it did not take the hue and form of female love, excepting from one quarter—their fair cousin, Emily Day, an orphan maiden of some nineteen summers, who lived beneath their father's roof, and whom each loved with a love other than that which belongs to the ties of consanguinity. It was the desire to obtain her love which thus placed an invincible barrier between them and female advances and attachments elsewhere; and it was the consciousness of each of the twins that his brother loved his cousin, which formed the sole shadow of their lives.

Emily was an affectionate girl, whose kind and grateful nature was far from insensible to the attentions of her cousins, but who did not dream of the extent to which their regard had warmed and deepened, nor were her own thoughts at all disturbed, or charmed, if you will, by any thoughts of matrimony. She was happy in their society, in all society, and moved like an embodiment of sunshine through the house, the pride of her uncle and a pleasure to everybody.

One evening Emily took a stroll, with her cousins on each side of her, through the garden—they vying with each other in little acts of kindness not untinged with a spirit of rivalry, though not a bitter one, when Emily remarked: "Flora Lee and Edith Elmer were here to see me to-day."

"I am glad they came to see you," said George.

"And I," added Hector.

"Why so?" said Emily, opening her blue eyes wide with surprise. "Edith is very partial to you, Hector, and any one can see that Flora is almost in love with George."

"I am sorry that the feeling cannot be recip-

rocated, then," said George. "And in truth, I think she has shown a superabundance of attention to me, whenever we have met. Perhaps she mistook me for Hector," he added, laughing.

"I think not, brother," returned Hector. "I can't see that we look so much alike, as people say we do, and we dress differently. Besides, I never enjoyed the felicity of any favor from her; I heartily wish, however, that I could say as much of Edith. She is a very pleasant girl, but—the fact is, she is too pleasant. She is always chatting, and forcing me to talk when I feel most like silent reflection."

"And that is—" said Emily.

"Whenever she appears."

"Fie, cousins! you are both very ungallant. I am sure they are both very loveable creatures. Everybody—everybody but you—praises them for their beauty and their accomplishments, and I am sure their manners are very agreeable."

"Tastes will differ, Emily, you know," pleaded George, a little ashamed of having shown so much feeling.

"But neither of you seem to have any taste," returned Emily, "for ladies' society. How different you are from other young men! Does it make any difference, I wonder, that you are twins?"

The simplicity of the question made the brothers laugh, in which she joined.

"Certainly," said George, with much gravity. "Didn't you never hear that twins invariably have an aversion to the opposite sex? It is always the case—isn't it singular?"

"That is perhaps because their love is spent in admiring themselves, they look so pretty," said Emily, archly; "or perhaps they have but one love—as only one resemblance—and so have but half a love for anybody else. That must be the case, I guess," exclaimed she, as they reentered the house; and the subject was dismissed.

Her words, carelessly dropped, were not without an effect.

"'Perhaps they have but one love,' she said," thought each of the brothers, when alone. "She little thought how true a thing she said in jest! 'And but half a love for anybody else!' Too true, sweet Emily. Alas, for anybody else save you, neither of us has, unhappily, but half a love!"

Time but increased the sentiment which both brothers entertained of their cousin, and with love's increase came the pains of irrepressible jealousy, and uneasy covetousness for her exclusive partiality. Love's poor sight magnified, in the judgment of each, the fondness of Emily for the rival brother, till at last their sadness became

observable to all, though unexplained, and neither would admit the true cause—far from being imagined by her. But the strange and startling revelation came at last, in as strange and startling a manner.

One morning her waiting-maid brought her a note, which she opened and read as follows :

"DEAREST EMILY,—After a long and painful struggle, I have made myself brave enough to risk the sacrifice. I have loved you long in secret, deeply, passionately, but I have not been blind to the fact that Hector also loves you, and that your preference is for him. Love him still, dearest cousin. I love him, too. I will not be the selfish bar to your happiness. Marry him, and joy and peace be with you both. I shall strive by long travel abroad to abate the poignancy of that anguish which has finally forced me to this declaration and thus suddenly to leave you. Farewell.

"Your affectionate cousin, GEORGE."

On inquiry, after having read this, Emily's astonishment was increased to learn that her cousin had taken his departure that morning, without intimation to any one. A re-perusing of the note caused her to bedew it with tears.

"Noble, devoted fellow!" thought she, in mingled wonder, grief and admiration. "It is strange I never thought how much he loved me—yes, and how much I loved him, before. I remember, now, that one day tears were in his eyes, when I placed my arm on Hector's shoulder; he thought I loved Hector better. But he was often so gloomy, I thought little of it at the time. I wish he was here again. I would marry him—indeed I would!"

Her manifest sorrow at the departure of George added much to the grief of the remaining brother, and to the regret of his father, who soon received full intimation of the cause of George's absence. But neither Mr. Moreland nor his niece gave Hector to understand the true cause, lest it should wound his feelings still more. But he divined it, and while imagining that Emily's regret was less from love than sympathy for George—she now preferring his attentions to those of any one around her—Hector's own heart resolved upon a sacrifice which should give happiness to his self-exiled brother.

"No, Emily," said Hector, in a letter written under similar circumstances to those of his absent brother, "though I feel confident of your love, and fully return it, I have refrained from declaring it, for I could not be happy, even with one so dear, knowing as I should that the possession was purchased by the ruin of my brother's peace. Like him, I fly from the temptation to be selfish. I yield your love to him. Find, from my father, where he shall be pursuing his

journey—write to him and urge him to return. He is my superior, dear cousin, and will make you happier than I would. When next we meet, if ever, I shall be rewarded for my sacrifice, I hope, by seeing him your happy husband."

And so, even as his twin brother went, went Hector Moreland, as generously sacrificing himself upon the altar of fraternal love. His father was confounded, and Emily was now made doubly miserable.

"Infatuated boys!" said he. "Whoever heard of such romantic—no, silly devotion."

"They were foolish indeed to waste a thought upon me," said Emily, coloring, and feeling a kind of self-reproach for having been loved so much. "I am doomed to bring unhappiness upon those who love me best."

"Not silly devotion to *you*, my dear," said her uncle, fondly kissing her burning forehead; "but to each other. I didn't do that way when I was young. When I loved, I spoke out, point-blank, to the purpose, and I popped the question, and married your aunt in no time. Heaven rest her soul, if I had had a twin brother, and she had loved him better, I should have wheeled to the right-about face, and fallen in love with somebody else. Here are two young men going abroad and making themselves miserable for each other's sake, and all to no purpose. Tell me now, frankly, have you any preference for either?"

"You know I love them both, uncle," said Emily, sadly.

"But you couldn't marry them both, you know. That would be twinning and sinning, with a vengeance! In fact, the dogs look so much alike, that one would be the same as both, anyhow! But to tell you the truth now, seriously, I don't believe in this marrying of cousins. And I think you will soon be of my mind. Absence is a great cooler of love. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' is an old proverb."

What further Emily might have said, in defining the nature of her love, or what admitted, in regard to her preference for either, was prevented from appearing by the sudden exit of her good-hearted but bluff old uncle, who went out to look after some cattle he had purchased, and thought little more of Emily during the day.

Let us take a trip across the Atlantic to Paris, where we find George, after the lapse of three months, at the house of a French friend, and in the society of a lady, his sister, M<sup>lle</sup> De Ville. They are speaking in French, which for the convenience of the general reader, we can easily translate into English.

"You ought to have been one of the old Ro-

mans, Monsieur Moreland—so devoted, so heroic!" said the young lady, her dark eyes illumined with a look of approbation that thrilled his heart—for he had just told his story, encouraged thereto by her frank and ardent manner and by a yearning for sympathy for his self-bereavement.

"You are too kind," replied Moreland.

"But you will return?" she said, half inquiringly.

"She has written to me to return," he said, "and had I known that I was so warmly endeared to her, I might not have left home. But I cannot recede now; and besides, I must consider still the happiness of my brother."

As they proceeded in conversation, M<sup>lle</sup> De Ville thought she did not see the usual signs, in the young American, of a disappointed lover, and rallied him upon it.

"Only three months, monsieur, and you do not seem so melancholy as when we first met! Is it the way with all Americans?—or has Paris so many charms?"

Moreland smiled. "Paris has indeed great charms for me; but they are all in one quarter of the city, and are portable ones."

"Indeed! And pray what are they, that have made so favorable a change in you?"

"Pardon me, my dear mademoiselle," said Moreland, with glowing cheeks, "but I blush to confess that they are all centred in yourself."

"You love me!" said she, gently disengaging her hand, which he had saluted as he spoke; "well, then, monsieur, know that I also love you!" and with a laugh, she kissed him. "But who shall say how long such sudden love will last!—and yours, too, so disinterested, and yet, as we see, so soon transferred!"

Without stopping to account for the caprices of love, or to compare the relative attractions of American or French women, we will only consider the fact that Moreland and his fresh love became affianced, with the assent of the family, though the marriage was not to take place for several months.

Meanwhile Emily was at home, lamenting the wretchedness she had been the unwitting cause of, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of some tidings which should herald the return of the exiles. They wrote, indeed, and with great tenderness, each inquiring with regard to his brother, but neither stating anything definite about coming home.

"Alas," often sighed she, "I fear that neither will ever come, till one hears I am married to his brother! I now almost think it would be my duty to marry the first who returned. Yet if

they speak truly, one of them would still be always unhappy; and, should I speak truly—"

Month after month—a year—a year and a half rolled by, when finally came two letters, stating that George and Hector had one day met in Paris, and would soon be on their way home again.

Old Mr. Moreland was overjoyed at this intelligence; but Emily, though at first it seemed to gladden her, became evidently uneasy.

"I shall be miserable, I know I shall!" murmured she, "after all that has passed; we can never be so free as we were before they told me that they loved me. And yet it was better to have married *neither* than *either*. But how can I see them?"

The ship which was bearing home the two brothers, also bore their *two wives*—for Hector's love, like his brother's, had adopted a foreign bosom for its abiding-place, ere he had met with George and found him married, to his great amazement. Each had deemed the other destined to possess Emily, and having absolved himself of his first love by self-sacrifice, had sought a justifiable consolation elsewhere.

Their partners were young, lovely and vivacious, knew the whole story, and during the voyage made merry at their expense—the more so because their husbands felt extremely sheepish at the thought of confronting their cousin, each with a wife on his arm!

But the meeting, which created, also put a summary end to their embarrassment—the embarrassment of all three.

"Cousin Emily, my—my—*wife*!" stammered George.

"Cousin Emily—my—wife!" gasped Hector.

"Cousins!" exclaimed Emily, starting, her pale look suddenly vanishing, as she presented a gentleman, who was standing beside a cradle in which was a sleeping infant; "cousins!" she repeated, blushing and laughing, "*my husband and child*!" \* \* \* \* \*

O Love! what an alchemist art thou!

**CHURCHES IN ROME.**—A recent estimate of the value of the churches in the Eternal City has been made, by which it would seem that the outside world has hardly yet formed any approximate judgment of the immense amount of treasures collected within the walls of these temples of Christian worship. St. Peter's, independently of its invaluable treasures of art, cost over \$50,000,000, and the annual expense of repairs is some \$31,000! There are also other churches in Rome equally magnificent in the style and splendor of their decorations, and some two or three of which would buy all the churches in Boston and New York.—*New York Mirror*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### BOOKS AND DIET.

We are glad that Dr. Hall, of New York, has entered his protest against the theory that hard study undermines a man's health. He asserts that, in most cases, the premature debility and death of students is attributable to voracious eating, and not to laborious mental habits, and he fortifies his position by referring to the German scholars, many of whom study sixteen hours a day, and a yet larger number fourteen, and yet live beyond sixty. And this, we might add, in spite of beer and pipes, to which, we believe, almost all the German students are addicted; to say nothing of stoves and sleeping between feather-beds—also a part of their social habits. But then the diet of these students is simple, and their consumption of food moderate. No man of sedentary habits, even if he has the constitution of a shark or a rhinoceros, can expect to keep up his health, if, debarred from air and exercise, he devours as much food as would suffice for a reasonable anaconda. Dr. Hall tells of Dr. Silliman, the geologist, travelling about and lecturing, and studying with the zeal and spirit of a young man, at the age of eighty; and of Colonel Benton, after a hard public life, still in harness, and still in active possession of all his faculties, mental and physical, though more than threescore years and ten. "Students and professional men," he concludes, "are not so much injured by hard study as by hard eating; nor is severe study for a life-time, of itself, incompatible with mental and bodily vigor to the full age of threescore years and ten."

The trouble with our people has been that for years they have enjoyed a plethora of the good things of this earth, and that, in consequence, we have been a nation of devourers. All classes have fared alike. The difference between the diet of poor and rich has been rather in the preparation of food than the material. The fare of one is subjected to the manipulations of a French cook, that of the other class to the simplest processes. And everybody consumes about the same quantity without regard to his or her profession or calling. It is manifest that the man of books does not require the kind and quantity of food that a bricklayer or farmer needs; and that, though "salt horse" may suit the iron di-

gestion of a whaler, it would be apt to sit hard on the stomach of a student of theology. The upshot is, that we must eat much less than we do, if we would avoid debility and premature death. We should be happier, healthier and richer, and more intelligent, if we were a little more abstemious.

### TO BE ILLUSTRATED.

After one more number of Ballou's Dollar Monthly, in which we shall complete the admirable story of "Money," we shall commence to illustrate this favorite and wonderfully successful Magazine, by a series of some *twenty-five* engravings in each number! This will be in addition to the monthly humorous series in the last part of the work. *There will be no change in the price.* The remarkable popularity and rapid increase in the circulation of Ballou's Dollar Monthly is the reason that we are enabled to make this great improvement. This will *double* the value of our Magazine, which has outstripped all competitors. We are resolved to reach a circulation, within a few months, of *one hundred thousand*, and we are fast approaching that edition at the present moment. When was such a fund of valuable reading, choice and original, and elegantly illustrated each month, offered to the world at such a price? It is only in connection with our extensive publishing business that such a thing can be done. Show your friends our Magazine, and let them know that it can be had for *one dollar* a year.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe; we can still send it complete from the first of January.

TRUTH BY ACCIDENT.—"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a fashionable woman to a bevy of guests; "I'm at home myself, and wish you all were."

A HINT.—True liberty does not consist in being able to do what we wish, but in being able to do what we ought to wish.

## A CONGRESS ON FASHIONS.

We have seen it stated that next year a world's congress will assemble in the city of Brussels for the purpose of arranging a general reform in the matter of dress, and the substitution of some more graceful and convenient modes of costume than those which at present hamper the limbs and disguise the figures of the most civilized nations of the earth. Hitherto, in the matter of fitness and beauty, Fashion has gone backward, like a crab. Our ladies have revived the absurd modes of the past century—they have taken to hoops; and may, for ought we know, yet adopt patches, hair-powder, and head-dresses three feet high. Already they sport high heels, and may come in time to stand as loftily as our great-grandmothers did in those curious, uncomfortable sandals, the uses of which some future antiquarian will be at a loss to decide. We, men, are not a whit more sensible in our attire; though we claim for paletots and Kossuths a glimmering of a national movement in the right direction.

Until recently, there were some countries that held out against the debasing progress of French and English fashions. In the picturesque and poetical East we met with flowing robes, loose trowsers and graceful head-gears. The Turks and Persians were brilliant and pleasing in their old attire. But now, forsooth! the graceful turban must give way to tasselled fez, and Abdul Medjid's soldiery must be buttoned up in tight jackets, and belted and strapped like the Coldstream Guards. All the poetry of Eastern military life is gone—and just when the French Zouaves are adopting Oriental dresses, the stupid Turks are putting on Occidental costumes: we have a great mind to write *Accidental*, for there is neither rhyme nor reason in our tailors' fashionings of the present day.

One sign of grace appears in the storied regions of Europe. The dandies of King Otho's realm have universally adopted that pretty Albanian dress of which Lord Byron was enamored in his days of Grecian adventure and enthusiasm. The day has gone by when the Frankish garb in the streets of Constantinople was the signal for the open expression of aversion and contempt. "My son," said an aged Osmanli, to his fast boy, "take heed how you go on, for if you continue to lapse from the customs of your fathers, you will in time sink to be like one of these." And he pointed out a French dandy, as we should indicate some loathsome reptile. The young Turkey chicks now despise the warnings of the old Turkey cocks.

Seriously, however, we have little faith in any thorough general dress reform. If there is one

subject on which all mankind are mad, it is fashion. Civilization produces no improvement, for the costumes of civilized people are not a whit more rational than those of men we are pleased to consider as "outside barbarians." We are enamored of the very ugliness of a fashion while it lasts, and only see its deformity when we have ceased to wear it ourselves.

## ANOTHER STICK!

People can't be too careful how they speak of their neighbors—walls have ears, and gossips are always ready to be tale-bearers. In the old days of wood-fires, there was a certain Madam Rickets in Boston, who was the centre of a very choice society. Esquire Barkins, who was a leading lawyer in those days, was once urged to go and spend the evening at Mrs. R.'s. "No, no," said he, "I can't think of it. People freeze to death in her parlor. There's never more than two sticks of wood on." A few days afterwards, however, he made a call, and when the footman announced his name, Barkins was overwhelmed by hearing the lady of the house say, in a loud clear voice, "Put another stick of wood on the fire, John!"

**QUEER MISTAKE.**—A greenhorn, who officiated as parish clerk at Mill Creek, lately, undertook to "give out a hymn" in which the word "doxology" occurred, but as he couldn't exactly get the hang of the hard word, he suggested to the congregation the propriety of singing "four verses and a sockdologer."

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.**—We are no less surprised at the remarkable cheapness of this popular Magazine, than delighted at its chaste and attractive contents. The story of "Money; or, The Chimney Sweep of Anvers," now publishing in its columns, is not only intensely interesting, but conveys a most wholesome moral. This publication is one of the wonders of the day, having reached to the marvellous circulation of rising 69,000 copies!—*New York Sentinel*.

**MODEST ASSURANCE.**—"Ladies and gentlemen," said an auctioneer, "these articles are no sham—they are genuine tapestry carpets, made by Mr. Tapestry himself."

**ORTHOGRAPHY.**—We actually saw a handbill the other day, which read: "A partents to leet enquirer withen." What's the schoolmaster?

**TO EVERYBODY.**—Read the article on the last page of the cover, and then act accordingly.

**LOVE.**—Love, in France, is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, a serious opera; and in Germany, a melodrama.

## TOYS FOR THE MILLION.

If the world itself were not a toy-shop, we should hesitate, in our ramble through Washington Street, about stopping at this toy-shop window, and flattening our nose against the glass, competing with urchins of a smaller growth for a favorable position. But here we are—and we see the very same objects offered to the patronage of the little men and women, and women in fancy frocks and continuations, that are presented to the great world of crinoline and beaver. Here's a musket gleaming in the eyes of Young America—not a tin-barrelled pea-shooter, such as we used, years ago, to purchase for a ninepence, but a genuine death-dealing weapon on a small scale. A nice plaything for a nursery!—children of six years being always prudent, never irascible, and of course likely to be satisfied that the bayonet is sharp without sticking it into their little brothers' legs.

Toy-makers leave nothing to the imagination. Give a boy of our day a six-penny wooden sword and he would fancy himself Bonaparte marching to the conquest of Italy; but now our juvenile sons of Mars and Pa's must have real arms before they can feign themselves soldiers. And here's a Noah's ark! In our boyish days, Noah's family consisted of a few discolored pegs of wood, and it was quite an interesting problem in natural history to decide what animals certain jagged little bits of pine were intended to represent. Now the patriarch and his family are quite works of art. And what have we here? An engine and tender, and railroad train, moved by clock-work and warranted to run twenty minutes without stopping. Smile not at the eagerness of that young urchin to purchase it—some of us invest in railroad speculations quite as useless and unprofitable. And here's a company of soldiers that manoeuvre on an ingenious jointed frame. What a pity we grown-up men can't have armies of similar construction. No commissariat would be required, no slaughtering of bees and pork, no ruinous contracts with army tailors, no drain on the national treasury, and no waste of precious life. A couple of nations at war might put their mechanical logger-heads against each other, and when one set of machines had knocked the other set to pieces, the owners might be declared victorious—quite as rational a way of settling international rows as the methods now in vogue in refined and pacific Christendom. In a word, a toy-shop to the philosopher is a place full of suggestive hints; with its wares and customers, it is in some degree a mirror of the world without, while it has peculiar features of its own which may be studied.

## DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

Of all tyrants the most execrable and most to be dreaded is a domestic tyrant. The public tyrant extends his cruelties only to his enemies, or those whom he esteems such; the domestic tyrant torments, with a malignancy peculiar to the human race, the gentle and inoffensive creature who honors and adores him, and whose felicity is often dependent on his smile. If the dead could speak, many a widower who walks abroad at liberty, would be denounced as a murderer; not a murderer by one sudden act of violence, but by pursuing a long course of petty tortures and domestic oppressions. When a wife torments her husband, the world blazes with his wrongs; but the world never learns anything about the social Blue Beards, who speak and look daggers, though they use none, because their gentle victims utter no complaints. For a man who can worry the soul out of his wife, as Mr. Murdstone did that of David Copperfield's mother, the tortures of the Inquisition ought to be revived—hanging is too good for him.

A BIG BOY.—A Pennsylvania farmer lately had his son arrested for running away from home. The old gentleman said the youth was only nineteen years of age, and consequently not to be trusted with the guidance of himself. The "infant," when brought into court, proved to be a likely child, six feet two inches high, and weighing 200 pounds. He was surrendered to his father, and the old yeoman went home with his "baby," rejoicing.

EQUIVOCAL PUFF.—Truth will sometimes leak out in spite of efforts to smother it. The other day we read appended to a quack advertisement of patent medicine, a letter from a relieved sufferer, who says: "If I live, I will repeat my order."

FARMING.—Good sense is indispensable to every man who engages in agriculture. A thousand acres of land will not in themselves make a wiseacre.

JUST SO.—Punch says, the reason why small services are willingly acknowledged is, because it would scarcely be worth while to be ungrateful for them.

PROFITABLE.—The net income of the Michigan Central Railroad for the past year is estimated as high as 18 per cent.

MUSICAL.—It is estimated that there are over 700,000 pianos now in use in this country.

## GRAVE AFFAIRS.

Once upon a time Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, of eccentric memory, took it into his head that he should like to go to his own funeral, or at least to see how his funeral solemnities would look. Accordingly a hearse and coaches and mourners were hired, and a procession moved through his image-crowded grounds, at a decent and decorous pace, while Lord Timothy, looking down approvingly from an upper window, was very much edified at the spectacle, and melted into tears at his own loss. Before his time men had blown their own trumpets, but whoever before heard of a man being his own mourner? Perhaps the illusion was complete—perhaps Lord Timothy entered fully into the spirit of the thing, and sincerely grieved at the bereavement, that society had met with. No more sending cargoes of warming pans to the West Indies! No more erection of painted statues on pedestals! No more of those vagaries which had set the world agape! It was certainly a queer freak of Dexter's curious noddle.

But what a melancholy thing it would be if disembodied spirits had cognizance of what passes while their mortal frames yet cumber the earth! What levity in hirelings!—what worse levity in heirs! In some cases, what indecent haste for interment—in others, what indifference to the last rites. "Wall, the Squire's gone at last," says one fellow, alluding perhaps to a hero of the Revolution, who has just breathed his last. "How the old fellow hung on! Wonder how much he left!" Strange scenes are enacted, sometimes in the very house of mourning. The snug lawyer who presses the hand of the new-made and wealthy young widow, whose aged husband is about to be committed to the tomb, contrives to convey in that silent clasp the expression not only of fraternal sympathy, but delicately insinuates a hope that a nascent affection may be rewarded by the hand he holds—a mute but eloquent *post mortem* declaration.

Stranger things have happened. When Hamlet's papa "shuffled off this mortal coil," Hamlet's mama married very soon after he was laid under the sod.

— "The funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

The young heir who sits in the blackest of sables beside the millionaire's funeral casket, thinks not of the virtues of the deceased, but of the houses and lands, the bank and railroad stock, and the shipping, that a turn of the hour-glass has made over to him. But in one thing we have certainly improved upon our ancestors. Those worthy gentlemen, impressed with the belief that sorrow

was essentially dry in its nature, and required liquid consolation, were wont to "pass the rosy" on the most mournful of occasions, and the "drop in the eye" of a red-nosed mourner was a very different sort of pearl from those that angels weep. People returning "home come you so" from a funeral, presented a sad spectacle. At least, we moderns have gained in external decency; and a man who cannot, like Lord Timothy Dexter, attend his own funeral, may at least feel that his departure will not be made the occasion of ghastly and unseemly revels.

**BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.**—We have frequently called the attention of our readers to this excellent weekly publication, the eleventh volume of which is now drawing to a close. The issue of the Pictorial involves a large expenditure of money, but is, notwithstanding, a remunerative enterprise. As evidence of its prosperity, we may mention that the proprietor, Mr. M. M. Ballou, has recently erected and owns a fine building at No. 22 Winter Street, at an expense of \$40,000, peculiarly adapted for his business. Here are issued the "Pictorial," "The Flag of our Union" (weekly), and "Ballou's Dollar Monthly," a magazine which, though but of two years' standing, circulates 68,000 copies. From the starting of the two papers, the "Pictorial" and "Flag," Mr. Ballou has been their leading spirit, actually getting out the first and last number, and enabling Mr. Gleason, the original publisher, to retire on a fortune. Mr. B. unites business and literary ability, and that rare editorial tact which, when not innate, is only acquired by long and laborious experience. Associated with him in the editorial department is Mr. Francis A. Durivage, one of our most pleasing, popular and versatile writers, and a man of manifold accomplishments. Both these gentlemen are indefatigable workers, as the amount and variety of their productions show.

The two papers above referred to are not dependent upon a transient sale, but have a list of yearly subscribers probably unequalled in this country, and are welcome friends to visitors from Maine to California, prized for their originality and the unexceptionable character of the subject matter. Many of our most popular and pleasing writers are regular contributors to these publications. The publication of the "Pictorial" especially is doing a good work in the encouragement and popularisation of art in this country. In turning over the leaves of the bound volumes, we notice a steady and continued progress in the style of illustration. The engravings at present are quite equal to those of the London Illustrated News, while the finish of the work is generally superior, reminding us of the illustrations of the French press. During the past year Mr. Ballou has given us a series of large historical engravings well worthy of preservation, from the pencil of Billings. Mr. Ballou has certainly managed his enterprise in the most popular and profitable manner, and well deserves the public encouragement he meets with. A noteworthy feature of his management is, that he always fulfils his promises to his patrons, and even caters for them more liberally than his prospectuses lead them to imagine.—*Boston Atlas*.

**FEMININE.**—Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell presided over the late Woman's Rights Convention in New York. Although married, she has ceased to wear pantaloons.

**RATHER QUEER.**—An English gentleman at a Crimean dinner, lately, gave the "health of those who lie in death with their martial cloaks around them."

**DRUNKENNESS.**—This sin caused an old man of 64, in Toronto, C. W., to murder his own son. He confessed, and was sentenced to death.



## CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

What an important question for a young man, or for his parents, to decide, is the choice of a profession—the decision shaping his whole future career. Yet how many there are who decide unwisely, and are wretched through life for mistaking their vocation. We constantly see misplaced men in the various walks of life—lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, actors without applause, who are useless to the world, from incapacity, but who might have served it well had not whim or undue influence, instead of aptitude and vocation, decided their choice of a career. Addison, who considered the question, said, "The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it; whereas, in so great an affair of life they should consider the genius and abilities of their children more than their own inclinations." Addison wrote, however, in another country, and in the days of old fogysm, when and where matters were managed very differently than with us and in our own times. The fault does not, we fancy, lie so much with parents as with children themselves, who are led astray by caprice and inclination. A blue coat and bright buttons lures many a youngster into the navy, who is no more fitted to tread the quarter-deck than an elephant is to dance the tight-rope—though, by the way, *some* elephants dance the tight-rope very cleverly. Young people ought betimes to study themselves very carefully; to consult with friends, and to ascertain how far their capacities agree with their inclinations, before they commit themselves for life to any career. Let them remember that a man is only respectable and successful when he exactly fits a place in life, and that it is not the epaulette that makes the soldier, nor the gown the divine. That an easel doesn't make a painter is very easily (easel-ly) demonstrated. "A sober, frugal person of slender parts might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his purse or protect his legal rights."

**LITERARY PROFIT.**—Sir Walter Scott received a million and a quarter of dollars for his writings. Don't everybody rush into the business; for all scribblers can't be as successful;—and, remember, that Scott died poor, after all.

**OLD BACHELORS.**—In Utah they call a man an old bachelor who has *only* a dozen wives. It was Sir Peter Teazle who said of polygamy: "The crime carries its punishment along with it."

## THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

There was much golden wisdom in the jingling rhyme we were taught to repeat when we were about "knee-high to a musketer:—"

"Labor for learning before you grow old,  
For learning is better than silver and gold;  
Silver and gold will vanish away,  
But learning once gotten will never decay."

The result of the adoption of this sage advice has given to many a gray-haired solitary comfort and satisfaction in his declining years. It has made many a matron, bereft of her youthful charms, the cynosure of an admiring circle. Sidney Smith, in his impressive way, says, "A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the graces of mind. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with affection."

**LOVE-LETTERS.**—It is said that over fifteen hundred love-letters are dropped into the Lowell post-office daily. This is mere guesswork, but the Lowell girls are pretty enough to inspire ten thousand letter-writers daily.

**"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."**—This place is the San Jose valley, California, where a gentleman has produced *one hundred and fifty pounds* of honey in a month from twenty hives of bees. Surely, this San Jose valley must be an exceedingly sweet place.

**MINNESOTA.**—This wealthy and flourishing territory will be soon knocking at the door of the Union for admission. "Come one, come all!" We care not how many bright stars sparkle on our flag!

**A HINT.**—In looking over your ledger, just bear in mind that the sums you appear to owe are as fixed and certain as fate, while those that are due to you may one half be lost.

**SYSTEM.**—Whatever your business, the adoption of some regular system saves time, temper, money and patience. An intelligent woodsawyer works on system.

**A CHEMIST'S WIFE.**—In selecting a partner for life, a chemist ought always to bind himself to an Ann Eliza (Analyser).

## FASHION—EXTRAVAGANCE.

We have long ago given up as entirely desperate all hopes of reforming the folly of fashion by railing against its vagaries. You might as well try to destroy Gibraltar by a battery of pop-guns; you might as well try to screw a subscription out of a miser for stock in a railroad to the moon. So we give up balloon skirts, and infinitesimal bonnets, and Shanghai overcoats, and high-heeled boots, and all the other monstrosities of the mode, as a bad job; for, suppose we scribblers could drive a single fashionable absurdity out of the field, something else perhaps, twice as ridiculous, would come into vogue; because fashions go on from bad to worse, and depart more and more from the legitimate principles of dress, comfort and adaptation to the human form.

But there is one point in connection with the madness of the hour that is worth serious attention—not the prevalent extravagance of design, but the extravagant cost of fashionable fripperies; extravagance of dress, extravagance of living, the worship of the gaudy and showy in social life. These things underlie the surface, and like volcanic fires, announce their action by frequent convulsions. Crashing bankruptcies, astounding frauds, coupled with fashionable extravagance, are cause and effect. Trace the history of the noted swindlers, forgers and defaulters of the day, and you will find that in almost every case their ill-gotten gains were spent in fashionable extravagances. And it is because fashion has drawn all classes into its vortex that commercial sins have become so frequent. The days of linsey-woolsey and homespun, and thread carpets, were far more honest than these days of Brussels, and tapestry, and marble, and silk, and satin, and gold, and diamonds. Folly shakes her cap and bells, and even Solomons forget their wisdom and become her obsequious courtiers. By-and-by there will come a grand crash—and then thousands will be wise too late. In the meanwhile, those who have the courage to be unfashionable should persevere in their courage and set an example to their weaker brethren. We had purposed to say something about the old Greeks and Romans, and the decay of Italy and Athens, with an historical hit at Venice, but have concluded to defer that part of our sermon to "some future fourth of July."

**FOGGY.**—The fogs in London last month were so thick that the policemen carried cheese-knives to cut it with.

**LARGE SEAS.**—The length of our five great lakes is 1584 miles; area, 90,000 square miles.

## A GENTLE HINT.

The Duke de Biron, who was also a field marshal, who had inherited all the valor of his ancestors, and who personally merited the general respect which he enjoyed, learned that some scurrilous verses were in circulation in which he was turned into ridicule. He found means of procuring a copy of them, and certain special circumstances, as well as the public humor, left no doubt in his mind that the Duke d'Ayen, whom he counted as a fast friend, was really the author. Biron repaired to his house, and in presence of a numerous company, said: "My dear duke, a very infamous diatribe against me, couched in the garb of poetry, has been set afloat, and the author is an anonymous scribbler. I am no poet, and wield only the weapons of a gentleman. You, who are equally master of the pen and sword, must do me the favor to reply to this base attack." "Very well," said D'Ayen, after pretending to read the verses for the first time, "what would you have me say to this?" "Say, my dear fellow!" said the marshal; "tell this scribbler that the man who is obliged to hide himself to attack an honest man is no gentleman, and that if ever I find him out I'll give him a sound caning. Put that into prose or verse, whichever you please. Good day to you, sir!" And the marshal retired, leaving the laughs on his side, and the Duke d'Ayen completely dumfounded.

**READING FOR THE FIRESIDE.**—The remarkable increase in the circulation of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* is a source of general remark. This work has been published but two years, and yet so popular has it become, that it forms a distinct and heavy business of itself in Mr. Ballou's large publishing establishment. Indeed it could not be afforded at such a price except in connection with the vast publishing scheme embracing "*Ballou's Pictorial*" and "*The Flag of our Union*." A large corps of excellent writers are constantly engaged upon "*Ballou's Dollar Monthly*," and it is soon to be finely illustrated, without any increase of price.—*Boston Saturday Gazette*.

**MORMONISM.**—The "Book of Mormon" has been translated into the Hawaiian language for the "benefit" of the Sandwich Islanders—poor souls!

**DELICATE.**—"A little more strength in your tea and a little less in your butter," was Doctor Quilp's bland suggestion to the lady who boarded him.

**GAME.**—The Indians of the Far West often sadly contemplate the prospect of the disappearance of the buffalo. We suppose when the buffalo goes, they will have to bear it.

**LUNACY.**—Dr. Lardner, the famous English *savant*, has just come out in support of the theory of the moon's rotation.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The poor in Germany use the blossoms of the Linden tree instead of tea.

England is on the point of becoming engaged in a Caffre war in Africa, and in a Persian war in Asia.

It is said that a new treaty of commerce is settled between Russia and Prussia, with a view of international railway communication.

The Prussian war department is gradually altering all firelocks of the army to the Minie principle.

The cost of a message by electric telegraph between the Crimea and London is said to be \$600.

The number of English and Scotch settled in Ireland is now more than double what it was but ten years ago.

Queen Victoria has presented a gold chronometer to Captain Champion, of the American ship *Victoria*, for his "generous and prompt assistance to the British barque *Rose*."

Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria, has gone to travel and study on the continent. The little royal highness is the fourth child of his parents, and is just twelve years old.

Wonderful accounts continue to be published concerning Colonel Jacob's rifle shells - tested in India. One of them has shattered a very massive box, filled with gunpowder, at a range of 1800 yards.

Prof. Drake, the Berlin sculptor, has invented a process to protect marble against all damaging influences of the weather. A liquid is employed, which the marble imbibes without hurt to its appearance.

The Paul Pinder is, perhaps, the oldest dwelling house in the city of London. It is situated in Bishopsgate, and is said to have been once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

A monument is to be erected at Sheffield to the memory of those who fell in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale has subscribed £20 for this undertaking, which will be launched by a public meeting, called by the mayor.

Rogell, trumpet major of the Prussian Artillery of the Guard, is about to celebrate in Berlin his fiftieth year of continental service. A monster concert of brass instruments is to mark the anniversary. Rogell sounded the retreat at Jena, and the advance at Leipsic and Waterloo.

The Turinese have got a new idol in place of Piccolomini—Signora Virginia Boccadadate, of Modena, youngest daughter of the late celebrated vocalist. She has achieved a great triumph in "*La Traviata*;" and midnight serenades and other noisy demonstrations are shortly expected to set in.

At the mayor's office, Clonmell, Ireland, a man was charged, in the graphic language of the constable who arrested him, with thrashing his wife, walloping his grandmother, and flogging his children. The prisoner simply defended himself by saying that he was "reasoning with them."

Another steamer, fifty feet longer than the *Persia*, is to be built by the Cunard Company.

At Funchal, Madeira, they wear white boots, and chalk them daily.

Two missionaries and their wives were lately killed by savages in the New Hebrides.

The price of meat is so high in Vienna that, on an average, 300 fewer oxen per week have been consumed this year than in preceding years.

A report on the silk produce of this year in the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom has appeared in the *Verona Gazette*: it shows, on the whole, a very deficient crop.

The Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French the sanctuary and church of St. Anne, detained by the Turks since the capture of Jerusalem by Sultan Saladin.

The Austrian government has prohibited in its dominions the work entitled "*The Austrian Dungeons*," published in English by Felice Orsini. All translations of the work are equally prohibited.

A boy, fourteen years of age, was recently arrested at Roxwell, England, for stealing an egg, valued at a half-penny, tried, convicted, and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped.

Sir Henry Young, the Governor of Tasmania, has issued a proclamation, making the gold coinage of the Sydney Mint a legal tender, being, it is believed, the first of the colonies of the Australian group that has taken that step.

The Neapolitan journals chronicle the debut of a young Irish artist, Ferdinand Glover, of Dublin, at the Teatro Nuovo. He is spoken of in the most eulogistic terms by the principal organs of opinion on musical subjects.

The mission to the Friendly Islands has been so successful that the nation is a nation of Methodists; and the whole population, from the king (who is a "local preacher") down to his meanest subject, attend the Wesleyan ministry.

Private statements are that Prussia agrees with France and Russia, in requiring that the Austrians shall evacuate the Danubian Principalities, and the English fleet shall leave the Black Sea.

The British government advertises at Lloyd's for a ship to convey some hundred immigrants to Nova Scotia, it being the intention to grant free passages to laborers and their families to that colony.

A female chimpanzee has arrived at Havre from Goree. She walks erect, has no tail, and the hands (for they are real, undoubted hands) are without hair. Her face resembles that of a negress of the ugliest kind.

A Paris letter says that a gold medal, of the value of six hundred francs, is offered by the Imperial Academy of Lyons for the best poem on the completion of the artesian well in the Sahara—Algiers.

There is a talk in Paris of a project for opening a monster cafe on the Boulevard St. Denis, which is to contain no less than eighty-six saloons, each of which has a special decoration typical of one of the departments of France.

## Record of the Times.

There are 30 newspapers published in Cuba.

Col Kinney, it is said, has settled down, a quiet farmer, on Indian River, near Greytown.

Over one hundred families were rendered houseless by the recent fire at Syracuse.

Col. John H. Wheeler has started the first corn mill ever known in Grenada.

Macaulay, the historian, is said to be a large holder of New York State stocks.

The free evening school at Lowell comprises 350 scholars.

In Connecticut no man can vote who can neither read nor write.

Africa, it is thought, can only be civilized by Africans themselves.

New silver and copper mines have been discovered in Central America.

More than 30,000,000 bricks were made in Milwaukee last year.

An iron railroad car has lately been built in Patterson, N. J.

An omnibus full of ladies looks like a cooper's shop now.

A French paper sees everywhere the *invisible* hand of Providence.

Kosuth is making large sums by his lectures in England and Scotland.

Sheridan's favorite wine was the "wine of other people," of course.

Are ladies who wear hooped skirts expected to sing staves?

The attempt of the Chicago gas works to make good gas from Illinois coal, has proved a failure.

The Philippine Islands bid fair to be as prolific in sugar and tobacco as is its sister colony of Cuba.

It is stated that the proposed City Hall in New York will cost that city not less than eight millions of dollars.

It is stated that Dr. John W. Gorham, of Boston, Mass., has been appointed U. S. Consul at Jerusalem.

The Portland Advertiser says that about five thousand of the citizens of Portland are believers in, or investigators of Spiritualism.

M. Bochsa, the late musical preceptor of Madame Anne Bishop, the cantratrice, left \$50,000 to that lady in available funds. Bochsa, it will be remembered, died in Australia last spring.

R. C. Gardiner, of Detroit, claims to have invented a sewing machine no longer than a pair of scissors, which will do the work in first rate style, and can be sold for a dollar.

At the recent term of the Johnson county circuit court, Missouri, a fine of \$300 was imposed upon a minister of the gospel for marrying a couple, the female being under age.

The man who wins fifty dollars without working for it, thinks less afterwards of every fifty dollars he ever earns, and spends it so much more freely that he very soon finds himself a pecuniary loser by his winning.

A large body of French and German immigrants have lately settled in Virginia.

A Turkish toy manufacturer lately died near Constantinople, aged 113.

It is almost certain that the Hoosac tunnel can and will be built.

They are now making seamless coats and pantaloon suits out of felt.

The new custom-house in New Orleans will cost \$3,250,000.

The orange and lemon crop of Florida was unusually good this season.

A young woman was lately arrested in England as a female horse thief.

In one year 21,775 persons died in Ireland of starvation!

Alabama signifies in the Indian language, "Here we rest."

It is stated that divorce cases are very numerous in California.

India rubber dissolved in warm spirits of turpentine makes a water-proof coating.

Half a patent right for tanning leather has been sold in New York city for \$300,000.

Queen Victoria lately travelled by railroad at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

Some ladies of Virginia have been raising silk worms successfully.

The present aggregate strength of the American army is about 19,000 men.

The British government will erect a monument to Wellington in St. Paul's, London.

The New Orleans Picayune thinks the organ grinders work hard for a living.

A gas spring has been discovered on the banks of Lake St. Clair, Michigan.

A lady in hoops may be said to move in a very extensive circle.

There are 14 paper mills in Baltimore county, Md. They used to send here for paper.

Signor Verdi has been decorated with the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus by the king of Naples.

The number of books published in Germany, it is said, averages about 9000 per year; in 1864 the number was 9221.

Exercise, air, good temper and temperance are the principal sources of growth, health and longevity.

There are between thirty and forty thousand Jews in California, and they have lately started a paper in San Francisco.

The sum of \$2,000,000 has been subscribed towards establishing a Southern University at Greensboro', Alabama.

In 1846 the population of Iowa was 78,988. The estimate of the present year is 600,000. The increase last year was 274,000.

The San Francisco Sun describes a flying machine, ten by twenty feet in diameter, which is soon to be put to test in that vicinity.

The project of establishing a cotton factory at Mansfield, La., bids fair to be successful. Three public spirited planters have already subscribed for \$30,000 worth of stock.

## Merry-Making.

"Come, get up, it's time to rise," as Mr. Squizzle said to his railroad shares.

We understand that the *dewives* are about to petition for a bill of divorce.

The spoilt children of the present age rarely turn out the great men of the next.—*Punch*.

Filling lamps is a proper work for servants, because it is a *serv-ile* business.

What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain? The word whole-some.

Promise little, that you may perform much; but if you want to perform little, you can promise as much as you like.

Last winter a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but ice creams ever since.

Among the singers at Dublin was a Miss Cheese, who, observed a punning critic, was a *my* fine performer.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

"Come, get up—you have been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

A man in the West the other day was suffocated by a piece of beef that he was too greedily swallowing. Like Cranmer, he died at the *steak*.

Porter's Spirit of the Times has an account of a dreadful old fellow, who "would rather tell a lie on six months' credit than tell the truth for cash!"

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for the consumption?" "Not at all, madam—it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

"Honesty is the best policy," said one Scotchman to another, who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," said the other; "for I have tried both sides of that question."

The ladies of Aurora, Illinois, have passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

A burial society has recently commenced in the county of Lancaster, the first printed article of which runs thus: "That whereas many persons find it difficult to bury *themselves*."

An old writer thus describes a talkative female: "I know a lady who loves talking so incessantly, that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words."

It was said of a lady who had just completed her fourth decade, and who had played very loudly on her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty.

Felix McCarthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always late." "Aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was the reply, "surely, some one must be last."

One physician is better than two, but three are fatal.

A "wise saw" is, doubtless, one that has cut its wisdom teeth.

"I didn't think you'd be so *hard* with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

Mr. Punch suggests that the new water-proof paper should be used for lining milk pails.

A Frenchman having a weakness in his chest, told the doctor he felt pain in his portmanteau.

Cheap way of fattening hogs—turn them into your neighbor's corn-field every night.

When are women fathers? When they are *sighers* (sires), which is not unfrequently the case with them.

*Parallel Reproaches*.—It is equally severe to say of a speech that it is Wordy, as of music that it is Verdi!

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

A California lover writes to his sweetheart, thus: "Leven yeres is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hav you yit, Cate."

How to ascertain the thickness of the fog—the first post you knock your head against will tell you at once how thick it is!

"Be moderate in all things," as the boy said to his schoolmaster, when the latter was whipping him.

Ye who are eating the apple dumplings and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are sucking the herring bones of poverty.

A venerable old gentleman was found a few nights since by the Philadelphia police busily engaged trying to fit his night-key in a knot hole of a board fence.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral.

A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action—as, "Peter is beaten." Now, what did Peter do? Scholar (after reflection), "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

Chesterfield having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

Muggins attended a dinner party one evening where some one read Hiawatha aloud. Being asked next day his opinion of the *re-union* of the night before, he said: "It was a savage literary feast, a kind of *Indian meal* affair, you know!"

Mrs. Harris says if she should ever be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophes in the "bay of biscuits," so that she should have something to live on. Sensible old lady, that!

A lady—she must be a relative of Mrs. Partridge—writing us from New York, and describing the characters at a private fancy ball there, says: "Among the ladies we see a Blanche of Cast steel, a catharine of Medicine, a margaret of Aunt shoe, and joan the sellebrated made of New Orleans."

# HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



Old lady crossing the street, little boy shouts out "III!"  
Old lady, though there is no cause for alarm, is greatly agitated, and imagines herself run over by an omnibus.



Poor Cockney gent, gunning, breaks through the ice  
Along comes the proprietor of the place—"Hollo, sir!—do you know that you are trespassing?"



SHARP BOY.—"Missus, what are those?"  
OLD WOMAN.—"Twopence."  
SHARP BOY.—"What a lie!—they're apples!"



Young genius, not having the fear of the broom before his eyes, indulges in drawing a "portrait of a lady."

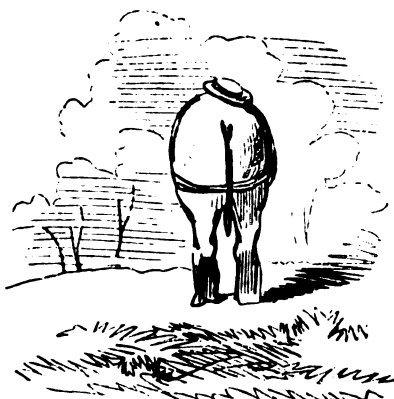


"Have a cigar, grandpa?"—"Mercy on us, no, child! I never smoked in my life."—"Ah, well, I wouldn't advise you to begin, then."



Holloo! hi! hazz! somebody! I've turned on the hot water, and I can't turn it off again!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



A back view of Barnum's Elephant!



"Has your doll had the measles, Amelia?"—"No, dear, but it has been very fractious about its teeth."



"So, Charley, you are in love with that little girl. How much do you love her—as much as pudding?"—"Yes, papa, but not so much as jelly!"



Bloomerism—"Now do, Alfred, put down that novel and go and play something on the piano."



"La, there goes Charley, and he's took his mar's parasol. What will Missus say?"



"O, do look here, mama—such a funny thing! Mr. Smith has got another forehead at the back of his head!"

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1857.

WHOLE No. 27.

[Translated expressly for Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine.]

## MONEY: —OR— THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP OF ANVERS. A REMARKABLE FLEMISH STORY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

As if the treasure discovered had been a jealous demon who had assumed this form in order to torment the chimney-sweep, the house where frank gaiety formerly reigned was transformed into a place of vexation and discord.

Madame Smith,—for so she was called by her neighbors,—had received, at the expiration of a few days, her new garments and her silk hat. She was in velvet and satin from head to foot; she wore gold in her ears, gold on her neck, gold on her bosom, gold on her hands. Dressed and adorned in this manner, she went about the city, and was not the least in the world disconcerted on seeing every one stop as she passed, with an ironical laugh, or point the finger at her. This general attention, fixed upon her, was even agreeable and flattered her pride; she supposed that people were saying to one another:

"There goes the wife of the chimney-sweep who has suddenly become immensely rich."

And this designation did not seem to her a censure; she even thought that the passer-by stopped, astonished at the majesty of her attitude and gait. Then she read in the eyes of the spectators that they said to themselves:

"There goes Madame Smith! how dignified she is! One would know by her step that she belonged to a good family."

In fact, had not the news of the wonderful inheritance been made known throughout the city, no one could have perceived the difference between her and a great lady—save that the chimney-sweep's wife was covered with clothes and jewels like a mannikin in a fashionable clothing store; that she held her head a little stiffly and turned it incessantly and on all sides, as if it were placed on a pivot; that she had large, flat feet and a masculine stride; that her face was red, and that she seemed by her looks to ask every one:

"Well—how does it seem to you? Will you still deny that Madame Smith is of good family?"

She was often seen in the neighborhood of the Bridge of Meir and the Egg Market, where the richest and most fashionable shops are situated. She bought some trifling articles, and gossiped whole hours with the lady or the shop-girls, about her aunt in Holland, and her plans of showing a house as handsome and elegant as that of the first gentlemen.

She asked every day and of everybody if they did not know a good chamber-maid, cook, coachman, groom, lacquey; she asked advice on the color of the horses she was about to buy, and thought it must be unhealthy to live in the Place de Meir, because a sewer passed under the street. For this reason, she had resolved to occupy a



house with a *porte cochere* on the Market St. James; and, as the proprietors did not wish to sell, she would only hire it until something better offered.

After having, in her promenade, exhibited her person throughout the city, she would return home; but she arranged it always in such a manner as never to return to her street twice in succession in the same direction. Thanks to this management, all the neighbors could see and admire her by turns. To each of her acquaintances she addressed, as grace and benevolent smile; she called certain women by name, promised to all her protection and favor; but she did that with so much hauteur that the objects of her notice felt their hearts overflow with bitterness at the intention of the proud and vain woman.

The chimney-sweep was the most miserable man in the world. He knew that the treasure was not inexhaustible, and stormed from morning till night on the subject of his wife's prodigality. The latter called him stingy and a miser, and asserted that he proved himself to be from a low family. Then the chimney-sweep would get angry and wish to have the key of the chest; Madame, forgetting her dignity, would overwhelm the poor man with such a deluge of abuse and threats that, with tears in his eyes, he would go up stairs growling.

Sometimes it was still worse. During whole days they would not speak a word to each other. Mother Smith was very anxious to hire the great house on the Market of St. James; her husband declared he would not move. From this perpetual difference resulted long and violent quarrels, so that the wife had already threatened to go in search of a lawyer and demand from the court a divorce.

Paul, the once joyous youth, had lost courage. These eternal altercations between his parents made him extremely sad; for however light and pleasant he was in speech, he had a gentle and loving heart. When he found himself alone with his father, he would do all in his power to console him and calm his irritability; if he was with his mother, he would attempt, by soft words, to make her understand that his father was perhaps a little too impatient, but that his economical and saving habits at least deserved that he should be excused. The good Paul gave himself useless trouble. As soon as his parents met, the avarice of one would oppose itself to the prodigality of the other, and the quarrel would commence each time with more vivacity.

The young man had yet another cause for inquietude and chagrin. His mother had, indeed,

renewed her design of separating him from Trinette; but from that moment she had not ceased to humiliate the poor child and to wound the pride of the shoemaker. If Trinette visited Mother Smith, the latter tried to teach her how to walk, to converse, to carry her head and place her feet. The patient young girl, inspired by love, gave herself complacently as a plaything for the vanity of her future mother-in-law; she even seemed to listen to her with gratitude when she made her feel what a favor it was to be associated into so good a family. When the subject was discussed in the shop or in the neighborhood, Mother Smith would talk freely of her generosity, and give as a proof, that out of pure benevolence she had consented to the marriage of her son to the daughter of a shoemaker. She even said one day to Trinette's father that it was a great honor for her to become a member of so respectable a family.

The humiliating commentaries of Mother Smith irritated the shoemaker more and more; the latter did not conceal his bitter resentment from Paul, to whom he frankly expressed his doubts of the realization of the projected marriage, and declared that he would himself oppose it if Mother Smith continued to treat his daughter as a beggar who was only to be tolerated. Although the shoemaker was but a poor mechanic, he had also his pride, and would assuredly long ago have forbidden Paul to the house; but as the young man and his father entreated him, with tears in their eyes, to be indulgent, he constantly deferred this serious determination. Nevertheless there was much bitterness in his heart, and he looked at Paul with an evil eye. Owing to these contrarieties, the two young people began to harbor serious fears, and it was not unusual, when Paul was seated beside Trinette, for silent tears to flow down their cheeks.

A week had already elapsed since the discovery of the treasure; the chimney-sweep had not left the house, except to go to church on Sunday. It was Monday, and towards night; there had been on this day a serious and violent altercation, with this difference, that this time an apparent reconciliation had followed. Mother Smith, finding herself in a more favorable disposition, tried to make her husband to comprehend that he did wrong to remain constantly in the house, and that it would be better, for his health and reason both, that he should frequent society. At his father's request, Paul had promised that he would not leave the house, and the chimney-sweep suffered himself to be persuaded to go and drink a pint of beer with his friends. His wife attempted to induce him not to go to a beer-shop

bat to a *casse* of the *Placé-Veste* or the *Placé de la Meir*, where he would drink wine. But as she was in good humor, she at last consented that her husband should take a walk to a beer-shop without the city, as had formerly been his habit.

When the chimney-sweep arrived there and found himself among his old friends, some time passed in congratulations of every kind. How sweet were the tones of their voices! What frank sympathy and cordiality in all their words! How good and warming seemed the barley-beer, amid this accustomed society! How good seemed his pipe, and in what pretty spirals the puffs of smoke ascended above the table! Father Smith found himself in another world, and, during several hours, forgot his treasure and at the same time his wife. He uttered some of his favorite jokes, and from time to time, made his friends laugh heartily.

The clock of the beer-shop struck ten, when the chimney-sweep, astonished that the time had passed so quickly, rose and said he must return home. They tried to detain him. In another shop, two butchers had laid a wager as to who would eat the most hard-boiled eggs, and they wished him to wait the issue of the bet. Father Smith, who had inadvertently remained much too late, pressed the hands of his friends, promising to come, as formerly, to enjoy their society several times during the week.

It took about half an hour to walk from the beer-shop to the Bergherout gate, and the streets were entirely deserted. The night was dark; but as the chimney-sweep had been over this route a hundred times, he walked with a sure step. He was happy at having seen his friends; his heart beat more lightly, and, in the obscurity, a pleasant smile played on his lips at the thought of the agreeable evenings he would pass at the beer-shop, during the whole spring, surrounded by his former companions. He found himself on the exterior fortifications of the city, tolerably distant from any dwelling, walking carelessly beneath the tall trees. Suddenly a stifled cry of terror escaped him. A tall fellow sprang from behind a tree and placed a poignard to the breast of the trembling chimney-sweep.

"If you cry out or call for help, you are a dead man!" said the brigand.

"Who is it? What do you wait of me?" stammered the poor man, half dead.

"Your purse or your life!" said the other, in a threatening tone.

"There is all I have; a five franc piece and a few cents—"

"You lie; you have inherited property. I must have gold, or you are lost!" said the

brigand, in a suppressed voice, and at the same time he whistled between his teeth as if to give a signal.

Two other robbers sprang from the recesses of the fortifications; one of them stuffed a handkerchief into the mouth of the chimney-sweep; the other threw him backwards and extended him on the grass. They searched all his pockets, took his silver watch, tore off his coat, and cruelly maltreated him. The poor man could not utter a cry, and felt with inexpressible anguish that he was about to stifle. Frightful words sounded in his ears:

"Kill the rascal! He has cheated us, robber that he is!"

Whether the brigands had heard the sound of persons approaching, or were convinced that they could get nothing further from their victim, they struck the chimney-sweep a few blows with their fists, kicked him and precipitated him into a fosse of the fortifications, after which they fled rapidly through the darkness.

Father Smith remained a moment on the ground as if stunned. Nevertheless, as he was not dangerously wounded, he soon came to himself, rose and pursued with tottering steps the road to the gate. He would have asked assistance at one of the nearest houses, that the robbers might be pursued; but he recognised the uselessness of the attempt, and was besides prevented from the execution of the project by the fear that the whole city, and especially the commissioner of the police, would meddle with the affair. Like a true miser as he had become, he preferred to conquer his chagrin rather than to attract the general attention on himself and the suspicious of the police on his treasure.

With palpitating heart, and still trembling with anxiety, he passed the gate of the city to regain his dwelling. Bitter reflections passed through his mind on the advantages of being rich, and he more than once cursed the treasure which had drawn upon him so many misfortunes, so many chagrins, so many perils. He regretted his former life, his poverty and his gaiety, and many times asked himself whether it would not be better to divide his treasure among his necessitous neighbors. But all these reflections vanished every time before the demon of gold, who retained his sway over him; and his soul constantly clung with anxious ardor to the gold which he possessed.

It was thus, floating between despair, terror and avarice, that he returned home and dropped into a chair, uttering a heavy sigh. His wife and son lavished upon him the most affectionate solicitude, and tremblingly listened to the recital

of his misadventure. This night also the chimney-sweep could not close his eyes. As soon as sleep overcame him, he dreamed of robbers and of assassins; and then he felt severe pain, in consequence of the blows he had received on his head and shoulders during the attack.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, the rumor suddenly spread throughout the street that Mother Smith had not inherited and could not inherit property. The advocate commissioned, during many long years, to search out her relatives, had said and assured people that Mother Smith had no family in Holland, and consequently could have no inheritance from that quarter. The mysterious conduct of the chimney-sweep gave weight to this intelligence; the envy of the neighbors and their resentment against the pride of Mother Smith made them receive the accusation joyfully, and they began to spread everywhere suspicions of every kind on the inexplicable origin of the chimney-sweep's sudden wealth.

The neighbors were confirmed in their evil thoughts when they saw three or four police agents promenading the street with apparent carelessness, but casting around them oblique glances, like birds of prey who have perceived the presence of their victim, without exactly knowing where he has taken refuge. Among other things it was related that, a week before—on the very night preceding the news of the inheritance,—a theft had been committed on a broker of the city, and that the robbers had carried off from a chest a considerable quantity of gold and silver pieces. No person was willing to affirm that the chimney-sweep was capable of wronging any one out of a cent; but the money could not have fallen from heaven, and the Smiths must know whence it came.

Paul was at the shoemaker's, seated beside Trinette, who continued to embroider, but who could scarcely intercept with her hand the tears which threatened to fall from her eyes on her work. The young man had his head down and was silent; meanwhile his countenance betrayed great inward agitation; at intervals the blush of indignation and anger would mount to his brow, then his countenance would assume an expression of discouragement, or a shudder of anguish would run through his body. He must have known the accusations which were circulated in the neighborhood against his father, for he was evidently absorbed in thoughts of despair, and tottered beneath the blow of disgrace. The young girl, out of compassion for him, sought

to suppress her own grief, and said, in a tone intended to console him:

"Paul, do not be so sad. Do not make yourself uneasy about evil tongues. What signifies the gossip of people, if your parents can prove whence they received the money?"

"The money!" murmured the young man. "Ah, my friend, the money constitutes our misfortune! My father has become as poor as a bone; he will fall sick and remain so. And my mother, my poor mother! I dare not say what I think. She still has her senses; but what will happen by-and-by? There are moments when I tremble for her reason. Then your father is angry with me! And I cannot blame him; he has been subjected to so many humiliations. Ah, Trinette, Trinette, how will it be, now that they say of my innocent father things which make my hair stand up with shame and terror! O, my friend, I tremble, I am afraid. Something tells me that we must separate—that both, during our whole lives, are to have only pains and chagrin."

The young girl hid her face in her hands.

"Trinette," resumed Paul, in a voice of deep emotion, "this morning I went secretly to the church, and prayed, for at least an hour, at the foot of the cross. I supplicated God to be so merciful as to make us poor as we were before."

The young girl raised her head and said, with eyes full of tears:

"Paul, you must not indulge thus in sad thoughts. There are so many rich people—have they all trouble?"

"I do not know, Trinette; but for us, money is only poison and bitterness. Since that unfortunate day we have had only disputes, troubles, fears and chagrins. My father was nearly assassinated last night; last night, by the poignard of murderers; to-day by defamation! O, it is too frightful! To hear it said that my father has taken the property of another, that he is a robber! And to be unable to find the serpent who was the first to throw his venom on the name of my father!"

At this moment the shoemaker entered. His countenance was pale and betrayed deep emotion; it seemed as if he had just experienced some great fright.

"Trinette," said he, hastily, "go above into your room; leave me alone with Paul, but first lock the street-door."

The young girl uttered a cry of anguish and extended towards her father supplicating hands, as if to avert some cruel decree; but an importunate look and the repetition of the order given compelled her to obedience. She left the room,

covering her eyes with both hands. The shoemaker stationed himself before the young man and asked, in an injured tone :

"Paul, where did your father get the gold pieces which your mother displays by handfals everywhere?"

The young chimney-sweep looked at him with stupefaction, but did not reply.

"Say, say, whence comes this money? It is for your sake that I ask."

"My mother has inherited some," stammered Paul.

"Has the inheritance already arrived then?"

"No, not yet?"

"Whence comes this money?"

"She has doubtless received some in advance."

"Whence? From where?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know. My poor friend Smith, what will become of him?"

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Paul, with lively terror. "You are beside yourself. What has happened? I tremble like a leaf; you make me die with anxiety!"

The chimney-sweep took him by the hand, drew him from the window, and said to him, in a confidential and sad tone :

"Paul, I have just now been summoned to take the measure for a pair of shoes for the servant of the commissioner of the police. It was a feint; the commissioner himself wished to speak to me. He questioned me about your father, the inheritance, the explanation your mother gave to the neighbors, the origin of the gold pieces she displays. I cannot tell you what the commissioner confided to me; but I pity your father, who has always been my friend, and had he done wrong, I should nevertheless pity his unhappy fate."

With fixed and glassy eye, as if he had a fever, Paul looked the shoemaker in the face.

"I pity you, Paul, and my poor Trinette, who is not to blame, any more than yourself, Paul."

"For the love of God, speak, what has happened?" exclaimed the young man, beside himself.

"Paul," stammered the shoemaker, "tell your father to flee as quick as possible, for the officers are coming to arrest him."

"To arrest him?" exclaimed Paul, with a convulsive expression of pride on his countenance; "to arrest my father? you must be jesting!"

"Believe me, Paul," repeated the shoemaker, in a tone of entreaty; "follow my advice, or your father is lost!"

And approaching his lips to the ear of the young man, he whispered :

"Money has been stolen from a broker, and your father is suspected at least of being an accomplice."

Paul began to tremble, and fixed on the shoemaker a bewildered eye.

"How?" exclaimed he, "do you have faith in such calumny? Do you think it possible that my father can be a thief?"

"No, no; but if he cannot tell whence the money came, how will he justify himself?"

"He will tell. Why do you doubt it?"

"So much the better. I have asked him often, but he always evaded a reply. Now do as you please, Paul; but you will understand that until the affair is cleared up, you cannot come here any more. Trinette has only her reputation. You would not deprive her of her sole riches?"

A cry of grief and despair escaped the young man. He rose, exclaiming :

"I will know!"

At these words he darted from the room into the street. When he entered his own home, he found his father alone, sitting in a chair. He closed the door, turned the key, drew the bolt, and said, in a troubled and hasty tone :

"My father, my beloved father, do not take offence at the question I am about to ask you; I cannot longer endure this torture; I must know!"

The chimney-sweep looked at his son with surprise.

"Tell me, father, whence came the money which my mother has shown everywhere?"

"We inherited it."

"No, no, not yet inherited it, but received it in advance—is it not so? Received it in the city perhaps, on account of the inheritance about to come?"

"Well, yes. Why should you make yourself uneasy about it?"

"From whom did you receive it? Where?" resumed the young man, with feverish impatience.

"But, Paul, what signifies this?" exclaimed the chimney-sweep, in a severe tone. "You are wanting in respect to your father, in daring to interrogate him as if you were his judge."

This last word struck the young man.

"I desire to know; I will know; I must know!" exclaimed he.

Father Smith shook his head sorrowfully, and said, sadly :

"Ah, Paul, you ask me a thing which I cannot tell you."

"Why can you not tell me?" said Paul, trembling. "Heaven!"

"What is the matter, Paul?"

"Father, father, some one has stolen a quan-

tity of money from a broker; you are suspected of being an accomplice in the crime!"

The chimney-sweep was seized with profound anxiety, but he succeeded in suppressing his emotion.

"These are evil reports spread by the envious," stammered he; "you must not believe them."

"Alas, alas, the gendarmes are coming, father, to arrest you!"

A mortal paleness spread itself over the countenance of the chimney-sweep; he uttered a cry of anguish, and was seized with a violent tremor. The sudden emotion of his father struck Paul with terror. He clasped his hands and added, in a tone full of supplication:

"For the love of God, father, tell me where and from whom you or my mother received this money?"

The chimney-sweep remained silent.

"Alas!" exclaimed Paul, in a heart-rending tone; "can the reports be true? My father dares not reveal the source of the money! Ah, I shall die of shame!"

At this accusation, uttered by his son, the chimney-sweep put his hands to his eyes and began to weep bitterly. The abundant tears which trickled through his fingers wrung the heart of the young man, and made him repent of what he had just said. He passed his arm around his father's neck, placed an affectionate kiss on his forehead, and said, weeping:

"Ah, pardon me, my dear father! I am so unhappy!"

"Accused by my son?" said the chimney-sweep, sighing. "How have I deserved this, O my God?"

"No, no," said Paul; "but I must hear you calumniated, and I cannot defend you. I am asked everywhere whence your money came? O my beloved father, tell me!"

"I cannot—I must not," repeated Father Smith.

And seeing that these words made his son turn pale again, he added:

"But be assured that your father is an honest man."

"And will you not tell the gendarmes?" exclaimed Paul.

The chimney-sweep, as if to escape all further explanation, rose, and pointing with his finger to the door, said, in an imperative tone:

"Paul, go away—leave me alone; I will!"

O, my father, my father!" said the young man, groaning and wringing his hands with despair.

"Obey me—go," repeated the chimney-sweep, with apparent anger.

Paul raised his hands to heaven and went out, uttering heart-rending cries.

During half an hour, the chimney-sweep remained entirely alone. With his eye fixed on vacancy, he reflected on all the sad emotions which the treasure had procured him, and how his dwelling had become the abode of bitterness and chagrin. During this melancholy meditation, a sentiment of hatred grew up in his heart against the fatal money which had taken away the peace and happiness of his life. The demon of avarice tried to suppress the revolt of his soul, but the thought of the accusation brought against him by his son, and the indescribable terror inspired by the threatened visit of the gendarmes, gave him strength to resist the temptation. He at last resolved, in case a legal search was made in his house, to reveal the truth frankly, even if he were to be deprived of his treasure. Thank God! in this case he would again become a chimney-sweep as before. This sudden resolution relieved his heart, and he even rejoiced in the hope of becoming gay and good-humoured as Jean, the jester, had always been.

When Mother Smith returned from her morning walk, her husband related to her what Paul had said, and added that he had formed the firm and immutable design to tell things just as they were, and even to deliver up the treasure to the officers of the law if required.

His wife knew better than he the rumors which had been circulated, and what they had to fear. She at first broke out into abuse of the shoe-maker, who, according to her, actuated by envy, had gone to the commissioner and was the cause of all. She afterwards declared and repeated in every tone that Paul should never marry Triette. Then she made her husband repent the last part of his address, and replied, ironically:

"Smith, Smith, what a milk-sop you have become! The word gendarme is sufficient to make your heart quail. Have you stolen? Have you pillaged? What can they do to you?"

"No matter; I do not wish to tell a lie."

"No, you are right; tell the truth, down that you are. You know very well that when the law takes hold of anything it is difficult to make it let go. Let the lawyers and people of Brussels grow fat on your money. And they will laugh heartily, into the bargain, at the bird who so innocently offered himself to be fleeced."

"You may say whatever you please, I will conceal nothing, and then this money is becoming burdensome to me; I wish it was still in the depths of the mountain where this accursed gold grew."

Suddenly Mother Smith became angry; and, with her fists on her sides, exclaimed:

"Is this the song you intend to sing? We will see. It is my money; your parents never possessed a farthing more than was necessary daily to keep them from dying of hunger. How? will you deliver up to justice my father's inheritance? Quick, speak! will you persist in this foolish idea?"

The poor man, troubled by the flaming looks of his wife, and fearing that she would not confine herself to words, dared not say yes, but made a sign in the affirmative.

"Robber, robber!" exclaimed the wife, "will you steal from me my money, in order to give it to strangers who have no business with it? Well, I will no longer be the wife of such a rascal. I will go in search of a lawyer; I will be divorced from you; the law permits it. You will then be free to act your pleasure and sweep chimneys—for you have poverty in your blood, it is plain."

"But, my dear wife," said the chimney-sweep, turning pale, "listen to the voice of reason."

"What reason? There has never been one grith of reason in your whole family! Speak, I tell you, will you act as I direct?"

The husband was silent.

"It is well," said she, furiously; "I will put a stop to all this; I will go away with the money and you shall never see me again as long as you live."

And as the chimney-sweep remained motionless and with his head down, her anger was still more inflamed. She darted towards the chest, and began to fill her pockets with money, muttering, in a tremulous voice:

"You shall see! Stay here, miser, and let the gendarmes hang you if they will. Adieu; I will depart for America in the first ship, and will even go farther still in order not to hear of you."

The chimney-sweep well knew that his wife would not put these insensate threats into execution; but he was worried by the idea that, louded as she was with money, she would run about among the neighbors, and make herself the object of general laughter. He reached the door with a bound, turned the key, and hid it his bosom. The woman, finding herself a prisoner, broke out into furious imprecations, and would have wrested the key from her husband by violence.

This scene of dissension lasted until the husband lost courage and promised to conduct as his wife pleased. It was resolved that if the justice or police appeared, both should assert that the money proceeded from his wife's father, and that they had preserved it since his death. There was no longer a question of an advance on the inheritance from Holland, because it would

be impossible for them to tell whence they had received it. At all events, the money should be again concealed in the beam where it had been found, and they would replace the board which covered the aperture so exactly. Mother Smith made to her husband terrible threats in case he should dare to designate, by word or look, the hiding-place of the money.

When the treasure had been transported to the garret, to the last piece, Mother Smith attempted to raise her husband's spirits and inspire him anew with the love of riches; but the chimney-sweep was overcome by the thought that he would be obliged to tell a lie before the justice. That seemed to him a guilty and dishonorable act, and indeed, at this moment he trembled like a robber on the point of being surprised. He no longer heard the words of his wife; but the slightest noise made in the street violently agitated his nervous system, as if the poor man, in his uneasiness, thought he heard in every sound the formidable voices of the gendarmes. In the rare moments of rest which his troubles afforded him, he murmured, in a heart-rending tone:

"Accursed treasure! infernal money!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

An hour afterwards, the narrow street was full of people, divided into groups and conversing with surprise on an extraordinary event. Most fixed, as they conversed, astonished looks on the door of the chimney-sweep, before which a gendarme was stationed as sentinel. Trinette, leaning against the wall of her dwelling, covered her face with her apron and wept bitterly; some young girls who surrounded her seemed to share her grief, and her friend Annemie, especially, attempted to console her; but Annemie herself could not succeed in suppressing entirely the tears which glistened in her eyes.

The most considerable assemblage of people was before the door of the chimney-sweep, and they were exchanging with vivacity remarks of all sorts on what was passing.

"It is well!" said a fish-monger; "that will teach her to play the lady. This fussing woman can go with her silk hat and satin dresses to teach the honest people in jail of what a good family she is. And if she wishes to display herself, the scaffold is high enough for that."

"She is certainly of great family this time, for she will find there are at least six or seven hundred cousins."

"But how is it possible?" said an old cabinet-maker, sighing; "I would have trusted my last cent with Jean, the jester."

"Such good people," added another, "who have never done harm or evil to any one."

"Who cared so little for money that they gave it in alms, although they had none too much."

"The most affectionate and best people in the world."

"Joy and gaiety personified. Could they have committed such a theft, by breaking open a shop in the night?"

"Yes," observed the tailor's wife, "in our days one cannot trust his own brother; there are only robbers. So much the worse for those who have anything to lose."

"Come, come, Betty," said a mason, jestingly, "it is not so terrible as you say. Because your husband takes a little of his customers' cloth with his scissors, you think there are no longer any honest people left."

"You will come to the gallows yourself," said the tailor's wife, angrily; "you are rogue enough for that."

"Thank you, good Betty," replied the mason, laughing.

"Every one must have his deserts," said the fish-monger, interrupting them. "I do not like to see people in trouble; but if this chimney-sweep's wife were to be exposed on the scaffold, I would go to the market-place to see her, if I were on my death-bed."

"Fie, slanderers that you are!" exclaimed a young girl; "I do not know how you can rejoice in the misfortunes of a neighbor. Would it do you any good to have Mother Smith put in prison?"

"Perhaps you would rather that robbers should go free?" said the fish-monger.

The young girl was about to reply; but at this moment an old woman put her head into the circle and said:

"Do you know how Jean, the jester, committed the robbery?"

All looked at her with curiosity.

"I can tell you," resumed the woman. "I have always said and say still that the law ought to forbid persons from exposing so much gold in their windows; for when a poor man stops before a broker's shop and casts his eyes on those piles of gold pieces, it is a great temptation. I am old, but nevertheless, when I pass by the broker's shop, and the money glistens in my eyes, my heart begins to beat violently, and I cannot help coveting those beautiful coins. Do you think I am the only one? There is Theresa, the rag-picker, who is always before those windows, with her children; the day before yesterday, I said to her, 'Take care, Theresa, it is the road to the scaffold!'"

"That is certain," said the cabinet-maker; "more than one has been made a villain by the sight of gold."

"When one has at home seven children who are dying with cold and hunger," muttered a laborer, "and sees mountains of useless gold, one single piece of which might make him and his children happy, one might almost forget himself."

"But, Mother Betty, go on with your story of the Smiths," said some one.

"Ah, well, it happened thus. Jean, the jester, had the bad habit of stopping before the broker's shop and looking at the gold. A week or ten days since he was summoned to sweep a chimney; it was at the broker's, and he saw there the piles of gold. The night following, he broke open the door of the broker and stole as much gold as he could carry."

"What a thief!" said the tailor's wife, with a sigh.

"He had well calculated his blow," continued the old woman, "and the crows would not have betrayed it, if his worthy wife had not hung herself by the bell-rope!"

"Do you know who I pity most?" said a young girl; "it is Trinette, the shoemaker's daughter. See her yonder, poor child! she is half dead with grief."

"I believe so," replied a voice; "Mother Smith made her think she also would become a great lady and live in a grand house on the Place de la Mair. They have driven the poor girl mad, and now all her fine castles have ended in smoke. She was to be married soon, and now she will have to wait ten or fifteen years, till her Paul has learned in prison, to make button-moulds."

"What has Paul to do with it, if a misfortune happens to his father?" stammered the young girl.

"Yes, yes, it is well!" said the old woman; "but the tracks of footsteps in the house of the broker prove that the chimney-sweep was not alone."

"Poor Paul! poor Trinette!" said the young girl, in a plaintive tone, and as if yielding to a sorrowful conviction.

"The gendarmes will not catch Paul," remarked some one. "He is the most roguish of all, and has used his legs in time. He has doubtless already passed the frontiers, and with sacks well filled."

"Robe, you are malicious," said the laborer. "I have just seen Paul on the ramparts, walking backwards and forwards like a madman."

"You see that he knows something of the affair. An innocent man has nothing to fear."

No one seemed to doubt the guilt of the chimney-sweep; most felt even a secret joy at the dishonor which had befallen his proud wife. Nevertheless many others were sad and pitied the fate of Father Smith and his son. What had passed seemed to them incredible. Could such honest people, beloved by everybody because of their gaiety, have committed a nocturnal theft? Could Jean, the jester, and Paul, the laughter, who abandoned themselves with blind confidence in the providence of God, out of thirst for gold, have committed an infamous crime? But whatever effort the chimney-sweep's friends made to find in their hearts motives for excuse, or the hope of innocency, the sight of the gendarme stationed before his door destroyed all doubt in favor of those who were suspicious.

In the front room of his house, the chimney-sweep was seated as if overwhelmed, and with his head concealed in his hands. An agent of justice was guarding him, while his wife was being interrogated in an adjoining room. There were assembled two or three persons belonging to the court, with the commissioner of police and two gendarmes. Mother Smith had been ordered to sit down before the judge who was to interrogate her. She smiled with singular composure and seemed not the least in the world discomposed.

"You say," repeated the judge, "that you have had this money in your possession for a long time, and that you inherited it from your father?"

"Yes."

"Nevertheless it is of public notoriety that your father, at his death, left no money."

"I ought to know better than any one else about that," replied the woman, without hesitation. "What he gave me during his sickness could not certainly be found after his death."

"What was the amount of the sum in your possession?"

The woman appeared to reflect.

"Tell us. If you do not know exactly, about how much was it?"

"I see plainly," said Mother Smith, "that you wish to catch me in trifles; but that is not so easy, gentlemen."

"How much?" asked the judge, in an imperative tone.

"There might have been some thousands of florins."

"But how many thousands?"

"I do not know exactly. I have it not written in a book."

"Were there ten thousand florins?"

"Yes, and more."

"How can you explain the fact that during

thirty years you have lived as poor people do by their labor, and that, all at once, you begin to run about the shops with your pockets full of gold; that you spend hundreds of florins in dresses and jewels, and even talk of hiring a house which would cost you at least four thousand francs a year?"

"Every one has his own tastes and ideas. I had learned that I should soon inherit property from my aunt in Holland, who is immensely rich. Upon that I said to myself that I need not save any longer, and that I might begin to live according to my condition."

"How much money have you still?"

"None."

"How, none? Yet last evening you showed a handful of gold pieces to the proprietor of the house in the Market St. James. What is become of this gold?"

"Suppose I had given it away and would not tell to whom?"

The judge shook his head, with a dissatisfied air, and said:

"You have recourse to feints and do not tell the truth. We shall compel you to be sincere. Your husband is about to appear before us. If you say a single word to him without orders from me, I shall send you into another room."

And, turning to a gendarme, he said:

"Bring the husband."

When the chimney-sweep appeared in the room and perceived the officers of justice, he began to tremble so violently that the gendarme was obliged to support him to the seat designed for him. He was pale as death, and seemed not to understand the first questions addressed to him by the judge. They allowed him a little time to recover himself; the officers exchanged very significant looks, as if the lively terror of the accused had inspired them with the conviction that he was really guilty.

Meanwhile, what disturbed the chimney-sweep most, was the sight of his wife, who, although she was apparently impassible, fastened her eye with penetrating severity on the eyes of her husband. Father Smith had resolved to tell the truth; but when he saw himself beneath the influence of the magic power of his wife's glance, all his courage abandoned him.

"Answer me," said the judge to him; "whence came the money which so suddenly fell into your possession?"

"My wife—my wife inherited it," stammered the chimney-sweep, in a broken voice.

"From an aunt in Holland, did she not?"

"Yes—I believe so."

Mother Smith became blue with concentrated



rage; the efforts which she made to be silent occasioned nervous contractions; but it was impossible for her to remain silent long. She exclaimed, in a hoarse voice:

"Simpleton! what are you afraid of? He is a queer man, gentlemen; his mind is like that of an infant six months old. What do you wish to ask of this poor innocent?"

"Gendarme," ordered the judge, "take this woman by the arm, and at the least word, the least sign, lead her away."

Mother Smith trembled with anger, but dared not say any more. It was probably not without a motive that they had suffered her to remain in the room; for they were watching the emotions depicted on her countenance.

"You say then," said the judge to the chimney-sweep, "that your wife inherited this money from an aunt in Holland?"

"Yes—I mean no, no, from her late father," replied the accused, in a feeble tone.

"Yes and no? Pay attention; do not mock justice. You may repent of it. Tell me clearly and without circumlocution where the money came from."

Father Smith did not reply. The judge and his assistants thought he remained silent intentionally; but they were mistaken. Anxiety had deprived the poor man of his senses, and trouble prevented him from speaking.

"Was it always thus," resumed the judge, "that you explained to your neighbors the origin of this money? Was it not as a sum which you had received in advance until the heritage should arrive?"

"Ah, sir," said Father Smith, passing his hand over his pale forehead, "I do not know. Yes, I believe it was indeed thus."

A singular smile, in which pity and scorn were mingled, passed over the countenances of the listeners.

"And the sum received was doubtless a large one? Some thousands of florins at least?"

"No, no, some hundreds."

"Not thousands?"

"I do not know."

"Tell the truth!" exclaimed the judge, raising his voice in a threatening manner. "We know all. Your wife is better inspired than you. She assured us that you had received thousands of florins."

A nervous trembling seized the chimney-sweep anew.

"It is possible," stammered he; "I do not know what I am saying. Yes, thousands."

The judge waited a few minutes; then he said, with a certain benevolence in his tone:

"You are not sincere and contradict yourself every moment. I will explain to you of what you are accused; perhaps you will then understand that you have nothing to gain by concealing the truth from us. Ten days since, on Friday or Saturday night, a quantity of gold and silver was stolen from a broker. You are suspected of having committed this theft, and all the circumstances, even your own words, testify against you. If you do not wish to be conducted to prison immediately, by the gendarmes, explain frankly whence the silver came which has been seen in the hands of your wife."

The chimney-sweep, struck dumb, fixed on the judge a bewildered look.

"So," said the latter, "you acknowledge yourself guilty and you have really committed the crime which is imputed to you?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the honest man, in terror, "I have stolen nothing."

"Can you explain to us why, on the night of the theft, you awoke your neighbors by the cry of alarm—'Fire! fire!' Was it not in order to make them believe that you had spent the whole night at home, and to conceal from justice the criminal action committed by you at the broker's?"

"I had been dreaming," said the chimney-sweep, in a voice almost inaudible, and dropping his head on his breast as if annihilated.

"We know enough," said the judge, rising; "the search of the house will furnish us more proofs."

Upon his order, the gendarmes seized Father Smith and his wife by the arms, and all who were present followed the judge. The couple were led wherever the officers of justice went; every thing was turned upside down, and they searched every corner.

Mother Smith was little disturbed and sometimes even smiled during the continuance of the search. From time to time she fixed her eyes on those of her husband, and seemed now to be encouraging him, now to be threatening him. In the garret, they broke up the floor, for the plaster with which the numerous holes had been stopped, seemed suspicious. Nevertheless, nothing was found. Whatever questions the judge asked on the subject of the missing money, he could not obtain from Mother Smith a satisfactory explanation. The chimney-sweep, almost without sensation, leaned against the wall and no longer replied. As if petrified, he kept his eyes obstinately fixed on the beam in which the treasure was concealed.

Astonished at the uselessness of the search made to discover the stolen money, which ought,

nevertheless, to be found somewhere, the judge ordered it to cease, and descended the stairs. The husband and wife were taken into the back-room, and, at a sign made them, the gendarmes displayed their cords.

When the chimney-sweep perceived these disgraceful bonds, he uttered a fearful cry, and fell on a chair, half-fainting. His wife, on the contrary, looked at these preparations with a smile of disdain, as if she saw in them only a feigned threat.

"Once more!" said the judge, in a severe tone. "Here are the cords with which your hands are to be tied behind your back. You will be conducted to prison through the city, as a villain. But this last time, I entreat you, for your own interest, tell the truth. Where did you get the gold?"

The chimney-sweep was half dead with anxiety; an icy sweat stood on his pale forehead, and, as if terror had deprived him of speech, he looked fixedly at the floor, unconscious of what was passing around him.

"Well! speak, then! Where did you get the gold?" repeated the judge, in a loud and threatening tone.

A frightful cry of distress resounded at this moment in the room adjoining, and before the judge finished his question, a young man rushed into the room. With a glance rapid as lightning, he took in all around, and he must, doubtless, have heard the question of the judge, for he fell on his knees before the chimney-sweep, extended towards him supplicating hands, and exclaimed, in a heart-rending tone:

"O, my father, my father! where did you get the money? For the love of God, speak! You steal! You a villain! Gendarmes! cords! No, no, it is impossible—it is a frightful dream!"

The deathlike paleness of the young man, his bristling hair, the ineffable earnestness of the entreaty which shone in his eyes, all these made so deep an impression on the chimney-sweep, that he suddenly burst into tears, and exclaimed, in a mournful voice:

"I have deserved it! God has punished me!"  
 "Deserved it—deserved it?" exclaimed Paul, tearing his hair in despair.

But Esther Smith rose, wiped away the tears which dimmed his eyes, and raising his son, pressed him in his arms with feverish tenderness, while he said, with the accent of joy:

"No, my son; your father has erred, but he is an honest man; he will tell all."

And, turning towards the judge, he said, in a meek tone:

"Sir, I will show you the treasure, and at the

same time inform you how it came into my possession."

Mother Smith extended towards him a threatening fist and exclaimed, with her features contracted with anger:

"If you dare, coward?"

"Gendarmes, take away this woman!" ordered the judge.

"It is useless, sir," said the chimney-sweep, "my resolution is taken. I will tell you all, as I ought to have done in the beginning. I have not stolen—I have found a treasure."

Paul fell on his knees, and exclaimed, shedding a torrent of joyful tears:

"My God! I thank thee for thy mercy!"

"Are you ready to give us a complete explanation?" asked the judge.

"Yes, yes," replied the chimney-sweep; "but I have a request to make of you, sir. Will you have the goodness to grant it?"

"We will see; yes, if it is possible."

"You see, sir, this money has rendered me miserable; it is like a pest introduced into my house. Ah, have pity on me; deliver me from this scourge; carry it away with you!"

Mother Smith began to groan and sob aloud.

"Well, show us the treasure!" said the judge.

The chimney-sweep conducted the officers of the law to the garret, showed them that the principal beam on which the roof rested was hollow on the lower side, and said:

"The money is within it. Ten days since—it was on Friday—the rats ran about the garret, making a great uproar; I pursued some of them with an old sabre which is behind my bed. By chance I struck this beam, and was astonished at the hollow sound it gave; at a second blow, a square plank became detached from it, and a bag of money fell at my feet. I can tell you nothing more, gentlemen, except that the fear of robbers and of losing the money has made me say and do a multitude of foolish things. This is the pure and simple truth."

At these words he withdrew the board from the beam and showed the cavity to the judge. The judge stooped and drew the bag from its concealment; a great quantity of gold and silver pieces rolled over the floor, as the bag, worn with age, rent for the second time. But, at the same moment, something else dropped out which the chimney-sweep had not seen. It was an old memorandum-book with a parchment cover.

Presuming that this article might contain the confirmation or denial of the explanations which had just been given him, the judge hastened to pick it up, and began to search it with particular attention.

Then he turned towards Mother Smith, who was all in tears, and asked :

"Woman, what was your father's name?"

"Vandenberg—Peter Vandenberg," said she, sobbing.

Without replying, the judge took a number of gold pieces from the bag. Then he made a sign to his companions, withdrew with them into a corner, and said, in a suppressed voice :

"This man tells the truth; there are no criminals here. In this memorandum-book are noted by the father of the woman, the sums which he has successively deposited in the beam; and he has even inscribed in formal terms that he bequeaths this treasure to his only daughter. We know that this man had the reputation of being rich and miserly, and as he died suddenly, time might have failed him to point out the place where this money was to be found. Besides, look—the treasure contains old ducats, French coins, and even coins of Brabant. These are not such coins as were stolen from the broker. We have nothing to do here."

The auditors made an affirmative sign of the head. The judge approached the chimney-sweep and said :

"My brave man, you have given yourself much useless trouble and chagrin. This money belongs to you legally."

"Ah, take it away with you!" said Father Smith, in a tone of entreaty.

"Simple man that you are," said the judge, smiling, "we have no business with it. Listen : article 716 of the Civil Code says—'The ownership of a treasure belongs to him who finds it on his own premises; if the treasure is found on the premises of another, half of it belongs to him who discovered it, and the other half to the proprietor of the premises.' This house is yours, and consequently the entire treasure belongs to you."

"And so this scourge still remains with me!" murmured the chimney-sweep, in a dissatisfied tone.

The judge said to Mother Smith, who listened with joy mingled with dissatisfaction :

"Woman, this money is a bequest from your father; consider this memorandum-book as his will. Adieu, and do both of you seek to make a good use of it."

While the officers of justice left the garret, the woman hastily and without speaking, collected the money in her apron, then ran down stairs, calling out to her husband as she ran :

"Coward! imbecile! go, I shall find you again!"

When the woman was below stairs, she placed the money in the chest, took from it a handful of

gold pieces, and, after having cleaned and locked the chest, ran into the street, where she passed with triumphant pride through the crowd, who, with open mouths, followed her with their eyes until she had disappeared round the corner of the alley.

Paul, almost beside himself with joy, in his turn descended the stairs, four steps at a time, to repair, as quickly as possible, to the house of Trinette; but, on perceiving the shoemaker and his daughter in the street, he took them by the hand and exclaimed :

"Come, come, my beloved Trinette! Father Dries, come into our house; my father will be so happy to receive your congratulations."

The multitude already knew the result of the search.

"Paul! Paul!" exclaimed the young girls, clapping their hands joyously and with sincere interest.

"Ah, call me Paul, the laughter!" said the young man, drawing towards the door of his dwelling the shoemaker and his daughter.

And long they heard resounding in the street :  
"Long live Paul, the laughter!"

Scarcely had Father Smith perceived the shoemaker, when his eyes filled with tears and he sprang to meet him with open arms.

"Dries," said he, "this is the happiest day of my life; joy makes my limbs totter. It would be impossible to tell what I have suffered in consequence of this accursed money."

"But all is over, is it not?" asked the shoemaker.

"Yes, yes; we found the money here in the house; it was the inheritance of my wife."

"God be praised, Jean! I have trembled for you as if you were my father."

"But, Dries, you are indeed as near as a brother. We will hasten to marry our children."

"But you are rich! And your wife?" said the shoemaker.

"How—rich?" exclaimed Father Smith, in a voice of gladness; "I am Jean, the jester, your friend. The song of gentlemen and ladies is ended. Now that I would not turn my hand for the money I will show you that I am master."

"I ask only to see my daughter happy," replied his friend. "It is not for money, but these children have loved each other so many years with our consent. My poor Trinette! I think, indeed, that she would have died, if—"

"Come, come, let us talk no more of those unpleasant things!" exclaimed the chimney-sweep. "Let us see, we must procure the papers, have the banns published in church, and the wedding in seven weeks! Ah, it shall be a

wedding, friend Dries! Money shall be good for something. I will invite all our neighbors and we will go, in five or six carriages, to visit the *Dille-Me* and Jean Stek.\* We will take a head with us, sing and dance—"

His voice died away, and tears suddenly burst from his eyes.

"What is the matter, Jean?" asked the shoemaker, surprised.

"Nothing, it is nothing," stammered the poor man, with emotion; "joy filled up my throat—my heart overflowed. I have suffered so much in a few days that it seems as if I had just escaped from the infernal regions!"

His voice still tremulous with emotion, he said, in a more serious tone:

"That is settled, is it not, Dries? Our children shall be married as soon as possible, without a single day's delay!"

"It is a little too soon."

"Good things can never happen too soon. The money may somehow interfere with it yet. But, Dries, I have one request to make of you. You are a little impatient and my wife has a long tongue, two things which do not go well together. She is terribly vexed with you; she thinks you were the cause of the visit of the justice. Be therefore patient, reasonable and accommodating. My wife may say some hard words; let her talk. We are the masters of our children, and have irrevocably decided that they shall marry; who has a right to prevent it?"

"True."

"So you will overlook a few hard words, or cross looks?"

"I will be both blind and deaf."

"That is wisely said. Give me your hand."

He turned towards his son and Trisette, who, hand in hand, were standing beside the window and probably heard all, for their countenances were radiant with the most lively joy, although silent tears flowed down their cheeks.

"Trisette," said the chimney-sweep, "embrace me, my daughter; in seven weeks I shall be your father!"

The young girl sprang, with a cry of happiness, to embrace the chimney-sweep. By a simultaneous movement Paul approached her father, and all four were tasting the ineffable sweetness of this affectionate embrace.

"Ho, ho! what is going on in my house?" suddenly cried a voice, in a threatening tone.

As if this voice had painfully affected all the personages of this scene, they disengaged their arms from each other and looked with surprise

in the direction of the door. On the threshold of the latter stood Mother Smith, her head high, her look disdainful.

"Better and better!" exclaimed she. "I cannot turn on my heel but my house is filled with cobblers."

The shoemaker became pale with anger.

"Yes, yes, get angry if you please, I do not care. I am the mistress here."

"But, Mother Smith," stammered the shoemaker.

"Mother—mother? I am not Mother Smith," said she, in a harsh tone. "Call me madame when you speak to me."

Paul had his eyes fixed on those of his father, for he saw the latter tremble with emotion and anger. Mother Smith pointed to the door, and said to the shoemaker, in a severe and imperative tone:

"Quick! out of my house with your good-for-nothing daughter. I do not want the visits of common people like you. It is fortunate that we are going to live in a house with a *porte cochere* on the Market St. James."

The shoemaker took his daughter by the hand, and grumbling, gained the street with her. Then the storm in the chimney-sweep's soul burst forth. He uttered incomprehensible words and attempted to rush at his wife, but Paul seized his arm and detained him with desperate energy.

"Let me go! let me go!" exclaimed he; "let me give her a good lesson!"

Paul prayed, entreated, wept and struggled with so much obstinacy that his father had time to grow more calm. After a few more threats, the chimney-sweep seemed to be conquered, and said:

"Come, Paul, come up stairs, or I shall be attacked again."

And, as usual, he hastily ascended the stairs to avoid a further altercation.

During the whole day there were in the house only quarrels and sadness. The woman would not hear Trisette spoken of, and uttered a torrent of abuse against the young girl and her father. The idea of being *Madame* filled her head even more than before. Leocadia, the shopkeeper's daughter, was already of much too vulgar origin to be received into her family.

Paul had wept much and had gained his sleeping-room early to sigh in solitude over his unhappy fate. The chimney-sweep at last in turn, retired, murmuring to himself:

"This scourge is still in my house, I see plainly. Accursed money, go! I wish it were back again in its native mountains!"

\* *Guingettes*, or public-houses, situated without the city, and much frequented by the Antwerp citizens.

## CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY the next day, when the first rays of dawn began to spread over the city, the shoemaker came out with his daughter to repair to the church; but scarcely had they quitted their dwelling when the young girl suddenly stopped in surprise before the house of the chimney-sweep and said:

"Look, father, the door of the Smiths is open and the windows still closed."

What does this signify?" said the shoemaker. "The lock of the door is broken; this has doubtless been done, during the night, by robbers. Come, Trinette, I am going to knock."

At these words he struck his foot against the door to awaken the inhabitants.

"Not so fast, father," said the young girl, trembling with emotion. "Mother Smith may be frightened. Wait a little; give them time to dress."

After a pause, the shoemaker repeated his blows; and when, a little while afterwards, he heard the people of the house descend the stairs, he entered.

"Who opened the door for you?" asked Mother Smith, casting a threatening look on her morning visitor. "Did I not tell you not to put your foot in my house?"

"Are you beginning again?" muttered the chimney-sweep. "Paul must certainly have gone to the morning mass. Father Dries could not have dropped through the roof."

"Alas, no, my friends, it is not thus," said the shoemaker; "your door has been broken open, and I fear some misfortune has happened."

"The door broken open?" exclaimed Mother Smith, the paleness of anguish on her countenance. "O, my money! my money!"

She darted with a cry of terror towards the chest and opened it. An exclamation of distress escaped her; she put her hands to her eyes and sank into a chair, weeping bitterly.

"My money! my money is no longer there!" exclaimed she. "I am robbed! robbed!"

The chimney-sweep appeared overcome by this unexpected revelation, and remained for an instant looking around him, as if asking himself whether he should laugh or cry. But very soon his mind cleared up; a smile passed over his countenance, but he immediately suppressed this expression of joy, and in order not to increase his wife's sorrow, he appeared very much struck and somewhat sad. Trinette had taken Mother Smith's hand and shed tears of sincere compassion.

"Jean," said the shoemaker, in a consoling tone, "it is a great misfortune, my friend, but

you must not despair. God gives and God takes away. I pity your sorrow."

"My sorrow?" said Father Smith, in so low a tone as not to be heard by his wife. "If you think I shall staid another over this bewitched money which has made me miserable, you are mistaken. I am sorry for my wife; otherwise I should say—God be praised that this plague is removed from my house."

"Ah!" said Mother Smith, sighing and raising her hands to heaven, "ah! my money! my money! The inheritance of my father—Vinegar! vinegar! I am sick! I shall die!"

The chimney-sweep ran so get the bottle, filled the palm of his hand from it and rubbed his wife's face; but the latter repulsed him angrily, as if she would not accept his attentions.

"Let me alone!" said she. "You are glad to what has happened; I see it plainly in your hypocritical face."

"Come, Theresa," said he, "you must not allow yourself to be so affected by this. The money is gone, it is true, but a life of bitterness, quarrels and trouble is gone with it. Come, come, wife, take courage. I will apply myself to labor with the same activity as before, and as before we will live in peace and spend our days in affection and joy."

"Ah, my mother! my mother!" exclaimed Trinette, "how unfortunate you are!"

"You alone, my child," said the woman, sobbing, "yes, you alone have pity on me. This insensible man is there to laugh. He would see the whole world die without a single word of consolation. Thanks, thanks, Trinette, that you weep for me. Ah! ah! my money! my money!"

At this moment, Paul descended the stairs, four at a time.

"What is all this?" exclaimed he, laughingly. "For once, I believe our house is bewitched. Trinette here, beside my mother? Ah, all is then adjusted."

"Silence, Paul," said the chimney-sweep; "a misfortune has happened. The robbers have carried off our money during the night."

"Blessed be God!" exclaimed Paul. "Paul, the laughter, can now become a chimney-sweep once more."

The mother, wounded by this exclamation of joy, hastily rose and exclaimed, in a threatening tone:

"You also, bad son, laugh at my grief!"

The young man, as if he had just understood the true state of things, took his mother's hand with compassion and reassured, in a gentle tone;

"I did not think of that, mother. You have wept? Indeed, you must have been grieved."

Held her back to her chair, placed himself beside her, and tenderly pressing her hand, continued:

"Console yourself, dear mother. The loss of the money must be painful to you, I know; but reflect that it did not make us happy. Since we possessed it, there have been in our house more distrusts, more vexations, more trouble than during my whole life. You and my father have always been so affectionate towards each other that we enjoyed ourselves as well as in a king's palace. From the day the money was discovered, you have not ceased to sigh and complain; my father has become poor, Trinette sorrowful, and I have not been myself. We have had only sadness and chagrin."

"Undoubtedly, Paul, but it was your father's fault!" replied the woman. "He cannot endure money; but I, who am of good family, was born to be rich."

"Every one knows that," replied Paul, in a caressing tone; "but you are my mother and you have no other child but me. And now that you know money makes both my father and myself unhappy, will not you, who are so kind-hearted, be consoled? Well you not say, since it is the will of God and it constitutes the happiness of others, I will not care?"

"To be poor—poor!" said Mother Smith, weeping.

"Come, Theresa, be reasonable," said the chimney-sweep; "there is nothing better than affection. During so long a time we have lived together and loved one another; it will be the same henceforth, and perhaps a day will come when you yourself will be glad that God has taken the troublesome money from us."

"Silence!" said she, angrily; "you have perhaps prayed that this might happen!"

"But, mother," resumed Paul, "think how it was before. My father and I were always gay; we always had something to say to make people laugh; everybody loved us. There was never an unkind word in the house, and all the inhabitants of the street and neighborhood were our friends."

He passed his arm around his mother's neck, and murmured, with the penetrating accents of tenderness:

"Do you see, mother, this beautiful and joyous life will return; my father and I may drink our pint of beer and save something to buy you from time to time a pretty dress. And when Trinette comes to live with you, you will be waited upon like a great lady; we will love and venerate you. You will find more pleasure and enjoyment in living than the money could have given you."

"But, Paul, my dear child, what will the people say when I pass along the street?" said Mother Smith, in a plaintive tone.

"What will they say? Ah, mother! I will go this very day with you and my father to take a walk; I will walk beside you and give you my arm; I will hold up my head proudly and look everybody in the face. We are honest people. Those who do not know us will see in us nothing strange, and others will say we are conspicuous people, who accept with the same heart good fortune or misfortune, as it pleases God."

The wife, half-consoled, pressed her son in her arms, shedding a few more tears, and saying:

"Let the will of God be done! Nevertheless, I shall one day be rich; if not now, at some future time. Become a chimney-sweep again, then, Paul; I am sorry, but as it cannot be otherwise and you find pleasure in it—"

She let go her son and embraced the young girl.

"Come, dear Trinette, you are the best of all, my child! Men do not know what it is to be rich; but you will soon become accustomed to it, will you not? It will come one day; be tranquil, my aunt in Holland is at least eighty!"

Paul had left the room softly and without being noticed. Suddenly Mother Smith began to tremble as if a frightful thought had passed through her mind. She hastily rose, and, stretching out her hands towards her husband, exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* Smith, there yet remains seventy-five florins to pay at the Jeweller's! O, we can never pay such a debt in all our lives! To be poor is not so terrible, but to have debts!" And she added, in a mournful tone: "There is one method of freeing ourselves; it is difficult, it is true, but it is better to accept entirely our unhappy fate than have debts. I will carry my jewels back to the merchant."

The chimney-sweep took her hand and said to her, in a joyous tone:

"No, no, dear Theresa, you need not carry them back, keep them."

"But who will pay this debt?"

"I, I, Theresa."

"You?"

"Yes, I; I had put aside a small quantity of money, in case of accident, and for the marriage of our Paul. Wait!"

He placed a chair beneath the chimney, buried his head in the latter, drew from it the handkerchief in which the money was wrapped, and, approaching the table, poured out upon it the gold pieces.

At the sight of this remnant of her inheritance, Mother Smith was deeply moved; a joyous

smile illumined her face, while, mute and with palpitating bosom, she fixed her eyes on the sparkling gold.

"Look, Theresa," said the husband, "this money belongs to you; you may dispose of it as you please. But, I entreat you, devote the greater part to the marriage of Paul with Trinette, and let us use it to furnish them a little shop."

The woman did not reply, and remained buried in profound meditation. Suddenly the cry, "Up! up!" which seemed to come out of the cellar, surprised everybody and all looked in that direction, not suspecting that it was the voice of Paul. In fact, he was soon heard singing joyously the refrain of his last song; and at the same time, he entered the room dancing. He had put on his chimney-sweep's dress, and blackened his face.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed he, "Paul, the laughter, is resuscitated! Father, mother, Trinette, how happy I am! Be gay; sorrow is afraid of a black face! Come, let us sing, let us dance, and long live joy!"

Paul took Trinette by the hand and attempted to dance with her around the room; but the young girl resisted with friendly violence. At the sight of the chimney-sweep costume which he had worn since his childhood, Father Smith felt an indescribable trouble; his eyes filled with tears and his breast swelled with emotion.

"Brave Paul! ah, that is well, my boy!" exclaimed he. "There is no trade better than that of a chimney-sweep. If it were not for your mother, I would put on my black frock also. Yea, yes, Paul, long live joy! It is my will!"

The mother made a sign to demand silence, as if she had something important to say. She turned towards the shoemaker, and, extending her hand with a friendly smile, said to him:

"Father Dries, I was much troubled yesterday. I was rude to you, I believe; will you pardon me? Shall we be good friends as we were before?"

The shoemaker pressed her hand cordially.

"All is forgiven and forgotten," replied he, with tears in his eyes. "We are both somewhat alike; we are easily vexed and easily reconciled. In fact, we were not born to be enemies, we who have played together as children, and have ever since been good neighbors."

Mother Smith turned to her son and said, pointing to the table:

"Paul, there is the money which your father put aside to furnish you a little shop;—I give it to you. Marry Trinette as soon as possible; but if you really love me, I entreat you, continue to live with me. I will love Trinette

much and teach her good manners until my inheritance comes."

"We will live with you, mother; we will remain united until death separates us," said Paul.

"Ah, yes, you will be my good mother!" said the young girl.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mother Smith, surprised and charmed. "To be poor and yet to be happy!"

"Are you not happy, mother?" asked Paul, tenderly.

"Yes, yes, my child, rejoice," replied the good woman, with emotion.

"Come, let us sing and dance like true chimney-sweeps!" exclaimed the young man. "Let us anticipate the wedding; forward, to the song of Paul, the laughter!"

And, taking his parents, Trinette and her father by the hand, he made them dance round. All began to dance gaily about the room, while the young man sang merrily, in a voice which resounded through the street, his chimney-sweep song:

"Chimney-sweep, be blithe and gay,  
Sing and dance the live-long day."

#### THE APPLE-TREE AND TULIP.

A gardener had a splendid tulip, the pride of his grounds, which he tended with parental pride. On a sudden, a violent hail-storm arose, which beat down all his plants, and destroyed, in an hour, all the promise of the year. As soon as it was over, disregarding everything else, he ran to his beloved tulip; and when he found it shattered to pieces, broke out into loud lamenting. An apple-tree, which stood near, shorn of its leaves and blossoms, overheard him, and answered, angrily, "Dost thou mourn for the loss of an empty bauble, and yet hast not tears for my ruin; I, who supplied thee with fruit, and helped to sustain thy family?"

So it is with man—to petty evils they are sensitive, to great calamities indifferent.—*Life Illustrated.*

#### MONEY NOT AN EVIL.

It is quite common to hear even well educated people quote the Bible as saying, "money is the root of all evil." The Bible says nothing of the kind; the true quotation is, "the love of money is the root of all evil." Money is the means of procuring the necessaries and conveniences of life, but the love of it as an end, instead of the means, is as silly as the tulip-mania of Holland a few hundred years ago. "Give me neither poverty nor riches" is another Bible text, and contains the true philosophy of the whole matter.—*New York Independent.*

At night, we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep; so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him, we must have light, or else be able to sound him.

## IMPROMPTU TO A SIBYL.

BY FRANK FARMLOVE.

I love thee not—I love thee not!  
And yet, I scarce can tell  
How o'er this madly beating heart  
Thou reign'st with magic spell.

'Tis not that from thy rolling eye  
There gleams the diamond's light:  
'Tis not thy beauty, bright and high,  
Thou wierdest maid of night!

I vow again—I love thee not!  
(The while—I know full well  
I ne'er can loose the Gordian knot—  
Thy dreamy, magic spell).

## TWO SIDES OF A CLOUD.

BY WALTER O. DANTON.

EDGAR DAWN left school, full of high hopes, at the age of sixteen. Though deprived of the benefit of a collegiate education, he felt confident in soon entering upon some mercantile career, which, with perseverance on his part, would result in placing him above those exigencies of fortune which had long lowered upon the family. His father had died while Edgar was an infant, but a faithful mother reared the children properly, and the sons strove hard to repay her devotion as it should be repaid. The two elder brothers were now dead; but Edgar felt as if his aid, increasing with experience, would one day restore that ample competence which, in the early days of his parents' union, they had enjoyed. They were poor now; but Edgar was ambitious, and deeming that it was reserved for him to redeem their condition, as soon as he left school he went through the city to seek "a situation."

Alas! he had little knowledge of the coldness of the world, and the obstacles which ever beset the path of a friendless youth. He had hopes of at first obtaining a clerkship, but no such chance was opened for him, though, for days together, smothering his sensitive feelings as well as he could, he made countless applications at all sorts of stores. He was eyed hard by some, gruffly answered by others, treated with mortifying indifference on this side, and disappointed on that, until the rebuffs and fruitlessness of his humble but honorable search would each day send him home, fatigued in body and sick at heart. But there the necessity of earning a livelihood staring at him constantly, impelled him forth again, and thus for a fortnight he was doomed to anguish and disappointment.

At last he lowered his ambition, and was even glad to get the situation of a youngest apprentice in a drug store, on a wharf; and there, at an almost nominal salary, he began his initiation in the mysteries of trade. He was astonished, the first day, at finding he must put on the overhauls and other accoutrements usual to the position. His pride rebelled against it, but he yielded to necessity with an aching heart, and bore up against the feeling of sheepishness, which almost overcame him, when he found he must do errands in his dirty garments, in full sight of people in the street! For weeks he felt as if every eye was looking upon him—but he thought of his poor mother, and duty conquered pride in a great degree.

Old schoolmates, more fortunate but less noble than he, would pass him, in those rude garments, affecting not to see him; or, if they stopped to speak with him, he could see that they felt ashamed to stop long. They had on their ordinary apparel, neat and tasteful, and did not care to have people think they associated with a dirty ragamuffin, as they thought he seemed to be. Such mortifying incidents nettled his proud spirit, and were a bitter mockery of his hopes when he left school. But he kept on, faithful to his post, worked hard, did all and more than was required of him, and soon won the credit, with his employers, of being a model apprentice. Therefore he was rapidly promoted and implicitly trusted.

Another and more lasting cloud did much to obscure his happiness. With the usual ardor of one of his susceptible years, Edgar loved with an attachment which sufficed to give him a deal of pain; for she whom he loved was a gay, "high-strung" girl, of about his own years, fond of show, particular in all matters pertaining to outward appearance, and palpably averse to anything ungenteel in dress or occupation.

She had long shown a partiality for Edgar, and had expected, like himself, that when he went into business it would give him at once a position of which he would feel proud. Apprenticeship, for him, she never dreamed of. She knew and appreciated his talents, education, taste and address, and it was this fact which made Edgar's disappointment the keener. He feared her pride, if she should learn his position, or see him in his apprentice's dirty rig, with a brown bundle under his arm, marching through the streets; and by an arrangement with his mother, it was so contrived that Emily Woodburn remained in ignorance of Edgar's precise duties at the wholesale drug store.

She was contented, however, to consider him



a clerk, of some sort, there, and congratulated him upon his prospects, which she believed inevitably to be realized, of his one day becoming the head of a wealthy, prosperous firm in that line of business.

"She little thinks how far I am from it now," he reflected, mournfully, as they were one evening conversing at his mother's house.

His mother saw his embarrassed look, and divining the cause, tried to cheer him up.

"Small beginnings make great endings, Edgar," said she, threading her needle. "Young folks always expect too much at first. You will soon get used to the routine of business, and so interested in it that the pleasure will shorten the years you have to live through before you become well off. But you have always been a good, steady boy, Edgar, and I prophesy you will prosper as a man."

"I shall come down to your counting-room one of these fine days, when you least expect me," said Emily, playfully, but half in earnest, "and see how you get along."

"I should be glad to have you," he replied, trembling at the idea of her ever seeing him in overhauls, "if we were not always so very busy. Besides, you know you would be likely to spoil your dress; for it is very dirty in all wholesale drug stores, and the scent of the oils and varnish would be memorials of your visit for a month to come. I assure you, you would be very disagreeably astonished if you should come."

"That only excites my curiosity; and I certainly shall come, for I admire to be astonished," replied Emily, laughing; "so please to expect me daily till you see me."

Edgar said no more on that subject, for he felt worse and worse regarding it, the more it was dwelt upon. However, Emily had sense enough to see that the visit would be unwelcome, and did not go.

"He seems distant, and not so cheerful as he used to be," mused she, when she was alone again. "I wonder what is the reason. Perhaps he is growing proud, now that he is in such a great business, and wishes to look higher than poor I. He was always ambitious. I wonder if he is changing?"

The truth was, the young people had been so long acquainted, and had exhibited such a marked preference for each other, that the general opinion was that they were engaged. They had exchanged rings, were always together at social gatherings, and all who forgot the maxim that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, would have been willing to take oath that they would yet be man and wife.

"It grieves me, mother," said Edgar to her one evening, "that my wages are so small. I could bear these other trials well enough, but I cannot afford to dress as well as other young men—and on this account I keep away from parties to which I am invited. Emily wonders at my seeming so unsociable, and attributes it to estrangement, perhaps to pride. Pride! as if it was not exactly the reverse of *pride* in my position. Of course, however, it is one kind of pride which prevents my telling her the reason."

"Have patience," sighed his mother; "we shall not always be so unfortunate in our means, I trust."

"But you cannot but see, that, by my keeping aloof from company on this account, Emily is more in the society of others; and as you know how I love her—though, really, I have never told her so—you must imagine how painful is my situation. She is fond of company, and of course seeks it; and I suppose the end of it all will be that I must give her up."

It was not long after when Emily Woodburn gave a party, the preparations for which she kept entirely secret from Edgar, that she might the more surprise him when it should take place.

One evening, on his return from his drudgery, he found a note from her, wishing him to call that evening, "as she was to entertain a few old friends." Though he did not imagine she had made any unusual preparations, Edgar was averse to going.

"My clothes are not fit to be compared with theirs, and I shall be scrutinised and made little of. I cannot go. I should be miserable." So he remained at home—unluckily for his peace of mind.

On learning that he had received the invitation, had been well, and not engaged, Emily concluded that Edgar was thoroughly estranged from her. She felt his absence as an especial slight, because for him, and him alone, had she made long and extra preparations; and every one present had expected *him*, as a matter of course. Bitter were the tears of grief and mortification which Emily Woodburn shed that night.

"He no longer cares for me!" she thought; and it being her first bite of the bitter apple of love, she imagined there was nobody else in the world half as miserable as herself.

After the first paroxysm of grief, revenge came to her aid, and she flirted with others, no longer visiting Edgar's mother, and taking care that he should hear of her apparent indifference to him.

"It was an excuse to get rid of me, that late invitation!" suspected he. "She has heard I am

only an under apprentice—perhaps has seen me in the street in my varnished and besmeared working-clothes, and—well! it may be for the best. We will part. I will return her ring.”

So the two fledgelings of love returned rings back again, imagining they could thus easily uproot all former attachment. Soon after, Edgar heard that Emily was engaged to another; and meanwhile, without a word to him, she journeyed to the West, on a visit to a relative—and there Edgar heard she was married.

“So much for her love! Mother, would you have imagined that one with so sweet a face and voice as hers, with such seeming innocence and affection, could have proved so heartless? And yet I love her, mother. I cannot forget the ideal I had made of her. I never shall love another. But she was too proud for me. If she disdained my circumstances, and thought I could not support her properly, and therefore gave me up, that mercenary feeling would have rendered us unhappy at any rate. Yet I never imagined her to be mercenary. She must have been led away by the thought of constantly moving in gay society—society such as I could not mingle in. And this, then, is the end! O Emily! If she should repent, it would now be too late! O, mother! do you not pity me?”

Edgar’s mother had seen enough of similar youthful fancies to “consider it not so deeply” as did her son. “Hot love soon grows cold,” she thought, and after a few words of consolation, using the often-quoted maxim, so disgusting to disappointed lovers, “There are as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,” she left time and other youthful faces to soothe his bitterness.

But—not to trifle with a serious subject—some love is like well-bottled pepper-sauce: the older it grows the stronger it becomes; and Edgar’s was of that genuine sort, much to his own and his mother’s sorrow.

Like a young hero, he resolved not to yield everything to his disappointment, out of deference to an aching heart, as many do, thereby often losing their souls into the bargain. Though now a deep and settled melancholy settled upon his spirit, he pursued his calling with no abatement of his energies, but rather with greater intensity of application. Even as a flask of liquor, exposed to intense cold, bears in its centre the unfrozen portion of its contents with all the strength condensed there, so Edgar, the vision of love, which had inspired him, now chilled and blank, concentrated all his powers of mind and body at one point. His whole soul became absorbed in his business—not cowed into gloomy inertness, nor maddened into dissipation.

Unlike the wagoner in the fable, he called on no Hercules to help him, but put his shoulder to the reluctant wheel of fortune himself, and ere he was twenty-two, he became the “right-hand man” of the establishment—its chief *employee*, with even a more complete knowledge of the business than was possessed by the firm themselves. His extraordinary merit, coupled with a peculiar interest which they felt in him, derived from whispers of the early and still-existing sorrow which preyed upon his heart, induced them to do far more for him than they had promised. He was now in receipt of a splendid salary, and long before his term had expired, was made a chief superintendent and agent of their affairs.

“Everything looks bright for you now, Edgar,” said his fond and proud mother to him one evening; “and if you would only mingle more in cheerful society, and pick out a good wife—”

“No, mother,” interrupted he, gravely; “it is my nature, perhaps my misfortune, not to be capable of light love. Emily’s image, as she was when first I knew her, is here still, and will ever be. I know you thought differently years ago, when we first parted; but time thus far has only riveted the burden upon my heart, and—yes! I would even rather have it so, than experience the feeling of shame which would certainly be mine were I to go into gay or frivolous society, and, like a tradesman, see where I could purchase a heart. I should then doubt if I had been worthy of better fortune, and the memory of old days would often come upon me, after marriage, and sting me with the belief that I, too, had grown selfish, and married for convenience’s sake—not from pure and holy feeling. I know not why, but though I never hear”—his voice choked for a moment as he pronounced her name—“never hear from Emily, yet I sometimes am foolish enough to imagine that she, too, is unhappy, and—”

“O, don’t believe that,” said his mother, with sudden indignation, on beholding how true a heart had been sacrificed; “rely upon it, she is a good-for-nothing wretch, a mere butterfly, incapable of anything like real love, or lasting friendship, even. No doubt she makes her husband miserable; and much as I at first regretted your separation, I now believe it was far better for you. She would have worn you into the grave with her changing ways and frivolous tastes. She was not fit to be a mate for one like you. I do hope, Edgar, and pray to God every night for it, that you will yet forget her.”

The unpleasant theme was dropped, and Edgar, who had been commissioned by the firm to

make a business tour through the West and South, soon after completed his arrangements, and taking an affectionate leave of his mother, set out upon his journey.

Let us precede him, and look in upon Emily in the new scene and round of her life. Was she happy?

Surrounded by luxury, richly dressed, and seated in the parlor of her western home, we find her in conversation with one who seems sadly solicitous regarding her.

"I fear, Emily, that life in the West does not agree with you, after all. Is there anything within my power to make you happier?"

"No, Arthur. If there is any reason for my sadness, ever, the fault is in myself."

"Perhaps the cares of business have made me seem inattentive to you at times," he continued, gazing steadfastly at her eyes, as if he would read what was passing in her mind; "but it is no lack of affection, believe me. Before you came hither, I had been aware that you were fond of society, and have endeavored always to surround you with agreeable companions; and yet I have often noticed that, in the midst of the brightest assemblies, you have shown a lurking distaste for them. You are often so abstracted, show so much apathy when all else is excitement and buoyancy, that it seems as if you pined for former scenes and friends. Tell me, candidly, is it love for some old acquaintance that makes you so? Is it a fair question?"

"It is a fair question, Arthur," she said, with a sigh, averting her face to conceal whatever emotion was expressed there, "yet a very painful one."

"I thought it must be so," continued he, still more seriously, "and was only prompted to it by a desire to know your true cause of melancholy, that, if possible, I might remove it."

"It is too late, now," she returned; "we can never recall the past, nor undo what has been done."

"You were a mere child, I know, when you came to the West, but I thought your decision would have been the same had you been a woman grown, as you are now; else, attached as I was to you, and shall ever be, I would not have tried to influence your course. I felt the more certain you would be the better reconciled to make your home here, after your parents died; but since then you have still been increasing in despondency, and this has forced me to ask you if you ever loved before."

"I will be as frank as you are," replied Emily, "though I wish you had spared me the question, since to answer it must give you pain, tea-

der as your devotion has invariably been. I did love and still love one whom fortune has now separated me from forever."

"And was your love returned?"

"At first I thought so; but I was slighted—so slighted that pride made me rash,—and I still believe that even if it had not been so, we never should have married; for he had grown proud and distant, and avoided me. His ambition had been excited, and I felt the humiliating truth that, from that time forth, he would look higher for a partner than I was!"

"God bless you, Emily!—higher! He might look higher, then, and however high, he could not find, in all the ranks of the loftiest in social position, a truer, better heart than yours! But come, I will strive to forget this disclosure—though you must be aware what anguish it gives me,—and I trust that yet you may forget the past, and be happy and content in time to come."

In the course of his journey to transact important business for the firm, Edgar Dawn was compelled to tarry much longer than he had anticipated in one of the cities he visited, a large house having become so embarrassed in their affairs as to prejudice, materially, the interests of his employers—to whom he wrote, and they approved of his decision to wait until circumstances could be brought to such an issue, as, through his presence, he anticipated.

While remaining in this city he made many friends, social and commercial, and not the least of these was a gentleman named Woodburn, who, as they met daily in business circles, became strongly impressed with the address, enterprise and moral worth of Edgar, and their acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship.

"You are a strange fellow, Mr. Dawn! Unlike most thriving young men of the present day, you seem to be divested of all inclination for what is called 'gay life'—not so gay, neither, it is true, but we follow the phantom instinctively, as a general thing. Why don't you?"

"I have no taste for it. The greatest happiness I can imagine is that, which, to my heart, would make the fireside a heaven on earth."

"Domestic love? You are right, and I find it so myself, Dawn. And now, let me ask, why don't you get married? Plenty of chances for a young man like you."

"Yes—plenty!" replied Edgar, somewhat bitterly; "but marriage without the heart in it—is it better than bachelorship?"

"Of course not; but are you too modest to think you can win a heart?"

"I am young yet—scarce past twenty-one," said Edgar, evasively.

"Never too early to do well, Dawn—never. But I am fast—perhaps, your heart is already engaged?"

Edgar cast down his eyes, without reply. A careless word had sent his thoughts back in an instant, over five melancholy years, to the image of his early love.

"Forgive me if I have unintentionally wounded your feelings, Dawn," said Woodburn, impressed by his silence. "I am so happy in the possession of my own wife that I sometimes forget that others are less fortunate than myself. I don't wish to intrude upon your private affairs, but I have such a regard for you, believe me, that I could almost convert myself, for your sake, into one of those usually detestable beings, a 'match-maker,' were I sure that your affections were not given to another."

"Thank you, Woodburn—thank you," said Edgar, warmly but sadly; "but let me tell you that the only being I ever loved, as man should love his bride, and the only one I feel I ever shall love, was long since lost to me forever. I am so far frank with you, because I believe you to be a kindred spirit."

"And is she dead?"

"Dead to me—married."

"Recently?"

"Full five years ago," sighed Dawn.

"So long! Yours, then, was an early attachment. I wonder you have not long since outgrown it. But you will yet—mark my words. I suppose that you have been such a fellow for business that you have kept aloof from society, and so escaped the snares which bright eyes and rosy lips are always setting for men's hearts. If you changed your course, rely upon it, you would soon discard this romantic sentiment, and allying yourself to something real, laugh away the folly. And she married, too! Why, Dawn, if I had loved the best woman that ever triumphed in the sacrifice of a man's heart, and she married! I'd 'whistle her off,' as Shakespeare says, as easily as I would brush a snow-flake from me, and go at once where the rose and the lily of innocence and love bloomed and shone for me alone! Don't make yourself like the hero of a lackadaisical novel, Dawn, but a hero of real life. Get a wife like mine."

Edgar liked the "out-spoken" manner of his friend, and further conversation drew from him the story of his early disappointment. When he had finished, his friend started up, and grasping his hand, shook it warmly.

"How long do you stay in town?" asked he.

"Not above a week more."

"You have never been at my house. Now I

ask it of you as a favor, while you remain, to make it your home. Come with me. Helen and I will entertain you like a brother, and we may—who knows?—show you some of our Western beauties, who will create such a flutter about your heart as will drive out all this misanthropic feeling—perhaps place an idol there who will gladden you while you live. Come."

Edgar went with his friend, but unbelievably. On arriving at the house they entered the parlor together. A lady was there, seated at a table, with her face averted from the door, so that she did not perceive them as they entered.

"I will just introduce you," whispered his friend, "and be back in a minute."

"Miss Woodburn, my friend, Mr. Edgar Dawn!" Saying this, Woodburn instantly left the room.

The lady rose and curtsied, and as Edgar returned the salutation, regarding her with an earnest gaze, she suddenly started.

The amazement was mutual—and the pain. The thoughts which followed that unexpected recognition may be imagined, as they sat there in silence for a while.

"Mrs. Woodburn!" thought Edgar. "So—Emily married one of her own name—he is a cousin, no doubt. And he says he is happy. Of course, then, she is so. But how pale she looks! But that is from embarrassment, at such an encounter, probably. Mr. Woodburn could not have known of this. I did not mention the name of the one I loved, and delicacy would have forbidden such an introduction even if I had disclosed it."

His reverie was interrupted by a well-known voice:

"Time has changed both of us, Edgar, but I should never have failed to recognize you," said Emily, vainly striving to conceal the agitation of her low tones. "Have you been long acquainted? He never told me of it. But I suppose you have told him all."

"I was in the city on business, Emily, and Mr. Woodburn and I have become warm friends, though he is utterly unaware that we ever met before. This meeting is purely accidental."

These words were a relief to her; but the well-remembered voice, so dear to her happier hours, went to her inmost heart, and stirred up long frozen fountains till she burst into tears, though she strove to repress them, with such an effort as made the veins swell in her forehead and her face turn purple.

No tears, but a deadly pallor upon his countenance, marked the anguish of Edgar. At last he spoke:

"Emily, let us consider the past no longer. These tears, too, might compromise you, should Mr. Woodburn return. I hoped that you were happy. I am sure, with such a home, and such companionship as his is, you should be so. Though I have risen from the situation of a poor boy to better worldly circumstances, and might have claimed your hand, had love remained to encourage me, there is now no alternative; and feeling it to be so, we must look on those blessed days—blessed to me—as but a dream. I must now forget the name of Emily—for should I call you so, he would wonder—and while I remain, address you as Mrs. Woodburn."

Emily heard the last remark with surprise, and looked up.

"Mrs. Woodburn? Edgar?"

"He is your cousin, is he not? And you are his wife?"

"His cousin; but I am not married!"

She had forgotten that, in her girlish freak, she had caused such a report to be sent to him, when she first went to the West. Now she remembered it, and explained it, briefly, and with shame.

"But I thought he introduced you as Mrs. Woodburn, though I now remember that he called his wife 'Helen,'" said Edgar, his heart throbbing loudly and quickly at the sudden change in the aspect of affairs.

"Not married! And are you as free as ever?"

"Perfectly so," replied Emily, in a tremulous tone; for she feared to ask what she feared to hear—whether he was married.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Edgar.

"And I, too, am free; free as we were before our long alienation had commenced; and then, though I loved you with a love which now I may confess, has never changed, I did not declare it because I was toiling in so humble a capacity. Yes, Emily, I love you still; nor would I now reveal it if I didn't judge by your manner—perhaps I am mistaken—that you—"

"Love you, Edgar!" she exclaimed; and in the next instant their ardent embrace was a witness to the fact.

And there were two other witnesses—her cousin, Arthur Woodburn, and his wife, Helen, who just then, by accident or design, as the reader pleases, happened in to the apartment.

"Ah! ah! Mr. Dawn!—ah! Emily! Familiar as that already?" cried Woodburn, laughing, as they approached. "We must have a clergyman here at once. Well, Mr. Dawn, I knew you were remarkably enterprising, and might have expected the result!"

He had expected it; for when Dawn had spoken to him of his early love, he had unwittingly mentioned the name of Emily Woodburn. The explanation of his intrigue produced one from Edgar, and never beat four happier hearts than theirs when all was told.

Thus faith and resolution brought dawn at last to hearts which had long struggled in darkness. At the altar, the cloud of their destiny now showed its golden side; and they and theirs lived many years to bless the God who had reversed it.

### ASIATIC MYSTERIES.

It is well known that East Indians have many inventions unknown to Europeans, and they possess secrets incomprehensible to us. The Chinese understood the art of printing several centuries before Western nations, and they also used gunpowder a long time before it was known in Europe. In Bengal the art of serpent-charming strikes foreigners with astonishment. In Chili the Spaniards instituted a system of rapid correspondence by means of the human voice, which, at that period, went ahead of every other mode of communication. In the kingdom of Montezuma, videttes were established at stated distances, who transmitted the orders of government and forwarded information with the utmost rapidity from one end of the kingdom to the other. It is a recognized fact in British India, that, in 1815, the governor of Bengal received notice of sudden revolt of the tribes of the interior. His informants proved that the natives had obtained information of the allies having lost the first day of Waterloo. The rebels also knew a short time subsequently, that the battle had been gained by the British and their allies. Three weeks later, the governor received official news of this event, which news had been immediately expedited to him by the Duke of Wellington, by means of a courier despatched from the battle field.—*Military Sketches.*

### SYDENHAM PALACE.

We visited Sydenham, where we were enraptured with the glories of the Crystal Palace—a work which makes all fable seem possible, except the romance of large dividends. It is a sublime idea to bring a quarter of a mile of the tropics into the raw mists of England—to rebuild Egyptian and Assyrian temples among the groves of palm and beside the pools of lotus—to restore the glittering courts of the Alhambra, and make them fragrant with their native bay and myrtle—to collect together in one dazzling company the artistic glories of all ages and the vegetable splendors of all zones. What a new world is here opened to the laboring million of London! But in England poverty is a crime, and piety helps to keep it so.—*Bayard Taylor.*

There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.

## ALL IS TRUE IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN MORAN.

O, what a transient world is this,  
Of mingled joy and sorrow;  
For hope that's born to-day in bliss,  
May fade and die to-morrow.

For I have learned, alas, to know,  
While by fate's tempest riven,  
That all is false on earth below,  
But all is true in heaven.

I've seen the rays of sparkling eyes,  
To love them seemed a duty;  
Like stars upon the morning skies,  
I saw them lose their beauty.

I've seen the strong and mighty man,  
Once buoyant as a maiden;  
With cheeks of deathlike hue so wan,  
And heart with sorrow laden.

And thus I've learned, alas, to know,  
While by fate's tempest riven,  
That all is false on earth below,  
But all is true in heaven.

## THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY BILL BRAMBLE.

ON the summit of a precipitous range of rocks, may still be seen the ruins of the Chateau de Chinon, circled by the sweeping Vienne, and on the opposite bank of the river, near its confluence with the Loire, the ruins of the old Carmelite convent, and remains of the ancient feudal fortress of Chateaubriant—celebrated by painter and poet alike, for one of the saddest events in the romance of history.

At the period when our tale begins, the white standard of France, rolling out its waltering volume on the breeze from the castle towers of Chinon, told to the surrounding village that Francis of Orleans-Valois was at his favorite abode. The court had assembled there to honor with its presence the nuptials of the aged Count of Chateaubriant with the youthful countess, Jeanne de Foix, who of no less than royal lineage, had been betrothed in her twelfth year, and remained from that time shut up in the Carmelite convent, which she was now to quit on the morrow for the gloomy fortress of the powerful lord of Chateaubriant.

And now within the tapestried halls of princely Chinon, and through its lighted galleries, moved brilliant throngs of the brave and noble, the distinguished and the beautiful. Among these, predominant for her rare loveliness, sat Claude, the young Queen of France, and near her the fair

English beauty, Anne Boleyn, and the still fairer daughter of Saint Vallier, the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, the youthful bride of the hunchback seneschal of France, Louis de Breze; while a little aloof, her dark eyes flashing haughtily in their intolerable lustre, sat the magnificent Louise of Savoy, the long-while Regent of France, and near her, Margaret of Valois, the affianced bride of Navarre's young soldier, Henry d'Albret—yet though the white hand of the duchess was promised to the brave and chivalrous Navarre, still did she now look with a flutter of expectation for the arrival of the poet Clement Marot, regardless of all else, of great or gifted, around.

While the fair Valois was looking to the grand entrance for the coming of the "Last of the Troubadours," her indulgent yet unprincipled mother, the no less beautiful Louise of Savoy, gazed too on the bright throng passing by, for the cross and star and towering form of her princely admirer, Charles, Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France. And now the tall form, with erect military gait, approached; the cross and star flashed in the flambeaux' light, and the next moment the fair hand of the imperious duchess was claimed by the favorite and favored Bourbon.

At the same moment, the slight, graceful figure of the young troubadour Clement Marot entered the room. Polished and affable, the young poet was courteously received by all. Gallant in the field, as he was gaudy in the royal bower, he was on the eve of joining the unfortunate expedition to Pavia. With the genius of a poet, Marot was addicted to all the license ascribed to genius.

"Now may Cupid fail me, if I'm not perplexed how to choose!" said the puzzled poet to Admiral Bonnevét, as the magnificent Poitiers dropped her bouquet just as the fair fiancée of Navarre beckoned him to approach. But with a graceful inclination, the flowers were restored to the beautiful duchess, while with a bow and smile he passed to where his regal mistress awaited his attendance.

"Ah, cruel! and so you go to Pavia and leave me, Clement?"

Such was the inquiry addressed by the beautiful Margaret of Valois to the poet an hour after, as the two walked in an unfrequented gallery.

"I have no choice. You will wed that lucky young soldier, d'Albret, and I may not then, Margaret, be welcome to your court of Navarre."

The beautiful woman turned her dark eyes to his, as if to read his meaning; then, though her well-trained countenance was calm, and her smile sweet, she suddenly disengaged her hand,

turning abruptly away to meet the young monarch, Henry of Navarre.

At the same hour, winding over the crags to where rose the peaceful walls of the Carmelite convent, a youthful cavalier emerged from the tall woods' shade, who, on gaining the gate opening into the path before described, produced a key that turning noiselessly in the lock of the door, opened inward on its hinges, admitting him into the convent garden. Raising a small call or whistle to his lips, he blew a soft musical note, when a door opened cautiously in the old pile, and a young and beautiful girl, habited in the costume of the cloister, sprang joyously into his arms.

Tremblingly the young girl clung to him, asking in low, faltering tones: "Why do you not influence my guardian to release me from this hated marriage?"

The young man clasped the trembling form still closer to his breast; she looked up trustingly to meet the admiring gaze bent fondly down on her own sweet face, and never did a fairer, lovelier, meet a lover's gaze, than that of the young Ianthe, Countess de Foix, and he to whom the young girl clung so fondly. On his noble brow was plainly estampé pride and love of power; and the character of the proud lineaments was not belied by the young Duke of Orleans, Count of Angouleme, Francis of Valois.

The next day, Francis himself conducted the young Countess de Foix to the altar, where the aged and decrepid bridegroom awaited his young and beautiful bride. The ceremony was over, and the aged seneschal bent forward to raise the slight form that still knelt leaning against the altar rails; but she slid from his touch, and fell cold and lifeless on the pavement at his feet. Pushing hastily past him, Francis raised the fragile form from the earth, and bent over the lifeless girl with lips pale and cold as her own, that spoke a name unheard by any in the bright throng gathered there, so lowly spoken, unheard by the ear now cold and deaf to even love's whispered tone—"Ianthe."

Eloquent in the council, undaunted in the field, elegant in person, graceful in manners, "the very mould of form," high-spirited and impetuous, with the Valois fiery blood careering rapidly in his veins, Francis could ill brook imprisonment in a Castilian fortress. Debarred all healthful exercise, he whose life had been all activity, found when too late that his own liberal sentiments met no corresponding chord in the selfish bosom of his captor, Charles of Spain. Solemnly protesting against solitary confinement,

and the means used to induce him to sign a treaty by which he gave his two sons as hostages to Charles Quint, he was liberated just one year and twenty-two days from the date of his capture at the unfortunate battle of Pavia.

As the time of liberation drew near, the old don, to whose custody he had been given, grew more punctilious and restrictive. By his orders, a boat was moored in the centre of the river Anday, which separates France from Spain, and just as he left the Spanish banks of the river, Marshal Lautrec left the opposite bank, bringing the king's two sons as hostages, the Dauphin and Duke of Orleans. They met in an empty boat moored in the stream, when an exchange was instantly effected, and in a few minutes Francis had landed on the shores of France, where tens of thousands joined in the loud acclaim to welcome his return.

A Malay slave held his charger, Sultan. Francis sprang into the saddle, and waving his plumed cap above his head, cried out exultingly, "I am a king again!" when, accompanied by the Malay, he dashed on at headlong speed, nor slackened rein until he reached the little village of Chinon.

Ianthe, shut up in her old fortalice, had heard of the rejoicings on his return. She had grieved, during his captivity, as only those can who have enshrined an image, entwined among their heart-strings, forming the sole light and music of an else stagnant existence. Ere the more fortunate circumstanced women of our own happier day condemn the erring child-wife of a stern and haughty lord, let them bless God that their lot was cast in a happier time, when their girlhood was not made over to the custody of a stern guardian who considered them but a marketable property to be disposed of to the highest bidder. And now a light seemed to dawn on her long lone spirit, as the royal standard, streaming from Chinon's towers, told that Francis was at the chateau; and while she looked, the olden signal-light streamed forth! and the next moment she descried, through the falling darkness, a skiff skimming the waters with the speed of a sea-bird.

A moment sufficed to chain the boat, and the next saw the low door in the wall flung open, and Francis of Orleans-Valois, when thousands were shouting his name around the rejoicing Louvre, stood in the presence of the timid, shrinking young Countess of Chateaubriant. "Francis!" was all her quivering lip could utter; but it was enough. Its music tone awoke the long slumbering spirit in the breast of Valois, and he responded in the low, thrilling tone that won her love in former days.

A week from that time, the Count de Chateaubriant was summoned to court. Honors vast and beyond his wildest hope had been offered by the returned monarch to lure him there, but he came without the young countess, whom he had left behind among the rocks and bats of the dark old chateau in Bayonne. Francis reproached him for immuring her thus, remarking :

"She was but fourteen when you took her, a mere child, from the convent to your old rookery, two years ago, where you have kept her a prisoner ever since. Unless you bring your fair countess to court, the gallants will say you are jealous."

"And so they might, unless she could count the years and attractions of the witch that conjured up Saul of old!" was the unhesitating reply of the prompt and decided count, who threw up all his late conferred dignities, and gave his failing health as the excuse for quitting Paris and the court—returning to Bayonne, where he watched over his young and inoffending wife with a more savage jealousy.

Some time after, Francis visited Chinon, his favorite hunting-seat, when at night he put off in his boat, attended by his faithful Malay. The night was dark and stormy, and his frail skiff, borne like a nut-shell on the waves, floated long, rising and falling with each foam-crested undulation, when suddenly by a violent shock in the darkness, he was aware that the keel of his boat had been driven with great force into the sand.

Jumping out and wading knee deep through the surf, he succeeded in climbing the bank just in time to see three muffled figures emerging by the path through the woods leading from the old Carmelite convent to the chateau of the count.

With the bravest men, physical influences operate powerfully upon mental impressions; and although Francis was dauntless and intrepid in conflict, yet he was not free from the superstition of the time, and when guided by a flickering light, he followed the three figures through the woods until they disappeared behind the projecting rocks, on whose summit the fortress was built, it was with a feeling akin to fear. But this momentary weakness passed, to climb the rude steps leading to the fortalice—to blow his own well-known blast and be admitted—occupied less time than to relate it. He then ordered one of the men loitering in the court to light him to the countess's presence.

His limbs trembling, his heart beating violently, Francis entered the still chamber yet redolent of life—the flowers he gave still in their vase unblighted—while on the bed lay a woman's slight form plainly defined beneath the silken

covers spread above it. Casting a wild glance at the rigid outlines, with lips livid and cheek blanched almost as white as the victim he was about to look upon, Valois advanced and lifted the sheet from the face. Was he in a dream—or under a spell? There, white as the snowy covering spread on her breast, lay the young countess—dead!

His strength gave way before the sight; the blow fell heavy on his heart as though a bolt from heaven had fallen there, and he leaned against the wall for support—he who had stood on many a battlefield, the young embodied spirit of the fight, now reeled against the wall, gazing with dilated eyes on the murdered girl lying in her last long sleep, so calm and fair in that rude old chamber. A moment, and he started; dashing the tears from his eyes and moisture from his brow, he spoke to the mute Malay in words not understood by those around, but from the clear and ringing tone, and fire that lit his eye and stern knit brow, the trembling vassals knew that he issued the orders for their lord's arrest. It was too late; even as he had entered the castle gate, did a skiff put out from the bank near the Vienne's confluence with a Loire, and hailing a fishing-boat, the cold-blooded murderer escaped, and after many mishaps and delays, reached England, taking refuge with Henry VIII.

Though Francis knew that the young victim had died to expiate her love for him, he never knew the full barbarity of the atrocious deed. According to Guicciardini, and the gifted writer of the "Queens of France," on returning from court, the Count of Chateaubriant had imprisoned the youthful countess in a lone turret of the chateau, bitterly reproaching her for Valois's regard, and asking her if she could bear her immurement without a feeling of resentment.

"Resentment? O, no! Is he not brave, gentle, illustrious, kind? how can I feel resentment against him?"

"Then die! either swear to enter the convent for life, forgetting Francis, or else die!"

Tearfully the young victim replied:

"Standing so near the Source of everlasting truth, you will consider my word entitled to belief. I have ever been an obedient, faithful wife, and if the fear of offending God had no restraining power to save, why should I by promises burden my soul with added sin? Rather than ask me to make such, by entering the convent, let me die!"

"Then die, and have your wish!" And beckoning to two hired assassins, Bohemians, they each produced a small bodkin, or dagger, and approached the countess.



Pale—very pale—yet was that gentle being so resolutely firm; and though her ashy hue and quivering lip told her dread of death, still even death could not appall as had her solitary confinement, and with a firmness such as Roman heroine never knew, she cheerfully submitted her veins to the executioner.

After her death, a sense of utter loneliness came over Francis, who never ceased upbraiding himself for being the cause of her death. When, years after, clouds and darkness had gathered round his own troubled pathway to the grave, he met the adversity sent with humble resignation, evincing a penitent joy in the hope that her last beseeching prayer for him to regain her was about to be fulfilled. Composing his mind, he gazed fixedly on the cross-guard of his sword, lying near. A calm serenity stole over his features, as his gaze turned in a fixed look upward, and his arms, stretched forward, fell heavily on his breast—still, forevermore! Those near bent forward to catch the last sound that trembled on his lips; they did not know that the name spoken as the spirit took its flight, showed the dying man's last thought had flown to her in youth loved so well when state policy compelled him to wed another—*Janthe*.

Men have wondered at the deeds of daring that caused Francis to be knighted, where conflicting nations met, by the *accolade* of Bayard; women, only, give a sigh to the sad page in the romance of his history.

#### PATCHES OF WISDOM.

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy bazaar—nothing but silver.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house, it is well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were to be taken ill in the middle of the night!

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being that you dye your whiskers.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."—*New York Mirror*.

**SUICIDES.**—The mania for suicide appears to be fearfully increasing. The most trivial causes lead to self-destruction. It is thought that the leniency with which this crime is regarded has contributed to its increase. Our fathers treated the suicide as a murderer, and his body was buried at the meeting of two roads, with a stake through the heart as a "sign and testimony."

#### A RURAL CHARACTER.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

YEARS ago, when the old Lamb Tavern on Washington Street was a place of great resort, particularly for country people, you could hardly happen in there without meeting some odd specimens of the "human speechee." A few of these oddities were representatives of the "Great and General Court," for they liked to "lie down with the Lamb," but the major part were country traders, speculators and itinerant peddlers.

One evening a large company were assembled round the huge stove in the bar-room. Nearest to the fire was a pair of cowhide boots with marvellous soles, and in those boots a pair of feet of generous dimensions, following up which through intermediate stations of gray pantaloons, green waistcoat and brown coat with large silver-plated buttons, and halting for repose a moment at a red bandanna handkerchief knotted round a gnarly throat, you arrived at a red face, with a pug nose, irregular teeth, goggle gooseberry eyes, and gingerbread-colored whiskers and hair, the texture of the skin being a cross between hickory-bark and a nutmeg-grater. The proprietor of these sublimated attractions wore a low-crowned, gray felt hat on his head, and a number of rings (gold or brass) on his knobby fingers. Tilting back in his chair, he rocked himself to and fro, apparently unconscious of the attention he attracted, and then deliberately taking a blue cotton handkerchief out of his pocket, burst into tears. This exhibition of emotion stimulated the curiosity of the spectators to the highest point. Questions as to the causes of his affliction, and suggestions of remedies for supposed maladies, were showered upon him.

"What's the matter?" "Lost a friend?" "Connexion fit?" "Toothache?" "Take some peppermint." "Gin and sugar." Camphire and sperrits."

"Narry one!" said the wretched individual, wiping his eyes perfectly dry with his blue pocket-handkerchief, and then rolling them round the room in the most diabolical manner.

"What's the matter?" asked the landlord. "You act as if you'd lost all your friends."

"Nabors," said the stranger, "you're too kind! And that's the trouble with me. I look around me, an' I see on every side tokens of the most affectionate sympathy—like as if every one of you was my brother, or my father at the very least. That's the trouble with me—allers was and allers will be. Folks persists in killin' me with kindness. Ef I could only git anybody to

hate me, I should be 'bleeged to 'em. But the fact is, gentlemen, I'm the most popular man in the county. Thar's dogs up in our village—cards of 'em—some on 'em mastiffs and some on 'em tarryers—in fact, all kinds. Wall, they're all so fond of me, that I never can't walk without heavin' half a hundred of 'em follerin' along arter, wagging their tails. No use to stun 'em—they like me all the better. Same thing with horned cattle, tew, gentlemen. I've gone to meetin' Sunday with droves arter me. They break out o' paster to git at me. Can't 'tend to no business, on account of the redikerious affection of all sorts o' dumb critters. Took up for hoss-stealin' once cause a gray meer chased me as much as twenty mile. One night jest 'cause I said, kind o' careless, 'poor pusey' tew a tom-cat, he went off an' fetched down about twenty theousan' of his friends to serahnade me. Terrible—wasn't it? I was put up hog-reve once, and old chaps that hedn't never voted for twenty years, and lived six mile off, come to the polls, and there was sich a crowd that they got to fightin' way up thar in that ere peaceable village, and upost the ballad-boxes, an' I was declared illegally elected and took up for a corn-spirator. Dreadful—wasn't it?"

Here he paused for breath, when a little man in pepper-and-salt coat and green goggles, who had been looking at him over his glasses, remarked:

"Well, neighbor, there's one thing that you needn't be afraid on. With that there figger-head of yours and them are onaccountable feet, the gals never'll trouble you."

"Gals!" said the orator, bursting into tears again. "Gals! there, 'squire, you tech me in the tenderest pint—on the raw, as I may say. They're wuss than chickens, pigs, hosses and horned cattle. I can't go to no quiltin' party but what they're all recomd me, and ready to eat me. At singin'-skule, they all want me to go hum with 'em. They watch for me in the street in the steepest and most meountaneous kind o' manner. There's half a dozen of the most splendid critters that ever sot fire to the heart of a bachelore, gentlemen, up whar I live, but I wont marry narry one. 'Cause the rest on 'em would kill her stun dead, jest as sure as fate. I hain down to Boston to git rid of my trouble—but it's in me. It isn't a lokil popperlarity—it's univarsal. I've tried to make folks hate me, but I can't."

Here the orator again burst into tears, and plastered his handkerchief over his face, as if he was taking a cast of it in blue cotton. While he was thus sobbing under a ninepenny cloud, an individual in a drab coat, with a thick rosewood

stick in his hand and a rusty beaver on his head, bustled into the room, and after sharply glancing at the company, touched the weeper on the shoulder. The "most pop'lar man in the county" instantly furled his handkerchief and stared on his new friend.

"Who be you?" he asked.

"Is your name Judas Barker?"

"Y-a-a-s," drawled the rustic sentimentalist.

"Then you're my prisoner."

"What for?"

"Debt. You must come with me."

"Anywhere!" cried the "character," starting to his feet. "Lock me up out o' sight, where nobody can't see me. Give us your arm. Gentlemen, good night! You see even the sheriff has an *attachement* for me!"

As he marched off, everybody laughed, except the man in the pepper-and-salt coat, who was one of those persons who can't take a joke, if it's shot at them out of a gun.

We never heard of Judas Barker afterwards.

#### SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

This ancient edifice, which was finished 600 years ago, has a spruce and modern air, and its spire is the highest in England. I had been more struck with one of no fame at Coventry, which rises 300 feet from the ground with the lightness of a mullein-plant, and not at all implicated with the church. Salisbury is now esteemed the culmination of the Gothic art in England, as the buttresses are fully unmasked, and honestly detailed from the sides of the pile. The interior of the cathedral is obstructed by the organ in the middle, acting like a screen. I know not why, in real architecture, the hunger of the eye for a length of line is so rarely gratified. The rule of art is that a colonnade is more beautiful, the longer it is, and that *ad infinitum*. And the nave of a church is seldom so long that it need be divided by a screen.—Emerson.

#### THE MAN WITH THE SACK.

Day after day, for weeks, have we seen a man dressed in very ordinary garb, traversing the streets of our city with a coarse sack hanging over his shoulder, and oftentimes half filled with something, we know not what. Recently we had the curiosity to ask him what he had in the sack. The answer was: "Old tin cans. I melt off the tin, which I sell at a price that enables me, disabled as I am from other work by a broken arm, to obtain a living." And thus we found a man, though afflicted by a misfortune that would have disheartened many a one, clothed in a rough exterior, and engaged in certainly a humble occupation possessing a soul more truly noble than scores can boast of who sneer at him as he passes.—Placerville American.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offence, rather than at the time.

## SHE LOOKS ON ME AGAIN.

BY M. POTTER, JR.

She looks on me again—smilingly her glance  
 Rests now and then upon my face;  
 Each ray of sunlight falling to enhance  
 Her gentle beauty, adds a newer grace.  
 Why turn I from that look—that kindly gaze—  
 That beauty I was wont to prize?  
 Why droops my head, when others raise  
 To her their ardent eyes?

She loved me once—gave all her loving heart—  
 A woman's faith—most holy, precious gem:  
 I gave her back of mine a part—  
 A blighted flower from a drooping stem.  
 Her trusting, girlish heart, so pure, so light,  
 Was given unto me: I prized it not;  
 And now with boded storm, averted sight,  
 I stand within her presence most forgot.

A coldness numbs my aching brain,  
 I cannot think that she is near;  
 I raise mine eyes again—again  
 To meet that look unconscious clear.  
 Joy in her heart, she's free—and I  
 Must bear the burden she has borne;  
 Joyless existence passes by—  
 Some other's life she will adorn.

## THE DESERTER.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

BY WILLIAM O. BATON.

It was one of those delightful evenings of which travellers in Nicaragua are invariably enamored, and which have so often been described by letter-writers from the army of General Walker, in connection with the romantic character of the landscapes, and the almost fabulous variety and richness of the productions of the soil, when an officer in Walker's camp might have been seen slowly pacing before an old dwelling, fronting the grand plaza in the city of Granada. It was but one night previous to the meditated attack upon Massaya; and as Lieutenant Anthony Dair strode up and down, in his silent and solitary walk, it was evident that his musings were of no pleasant caste, from the deep sighs which ever and anon escaped him. But his thoughts were not upon the battle-field, upon dangers past or to come; they were far away in the State of his nativity, from which three years before he had departed, resolved never to return, and seeking death rather as a boon than as an event to be shunned.

While thus walking, absorbed in melancholy brooding, he was startled by a sudden cry of pain, and looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he saw, some twenty rods

from where he stood, two men in a struggle, to which he hastened to put an end. Rushing between them, in the twilight darkness, he effected his object, but not before one of them had received a wound from the uplifted dagger of the other. The face of the latter, who fled at this juncture across the plaza, he recognized as that of one Stephen Gould, a private in the army. The name of the other was Richard Bray, also a private whom he knew.

"You have saved my life," said Bray, feeling of his left arm, which had received but a trivial cut. "I wish I could have seen the rascal's face, but he came at me from behind, and in the struggle and excitement of the moment, I did not observe his features. Did you?"

"I did," observed Dair, "but I shall not name him, for if he were exposed, he would be shot at once; and I am ignorant of what prompted the act, and opposed to summary punishment at such a crisis, when we need every man we have. If you have quarrelled with any comrade, you will be likely to know the cause, and the author of the assault, and should go prepared for such an emergency. As I have saved your life, I ask in return that you will not call upon me as a witness of this affair."

"I promise," replied Bray, sullenly; "but it is hard that a man's life should be exposed in this way to nobody knows who. I cannot single out the man, for quarrels are frequent among us, there are so many cut-throats in the army; and so I don't know who to be on my guard against. Since you won't tell, I can only say this—that should any danger threaten you, I shall not forewarn you of it."

"Very well," said Dair, abruptly, and turned from him, each proceeding to his quarters.

"So much for interfering in what did not especially concern me. I have now probably made two enemies by this attempt to save both of their lives. Well, what should I expect but ingratitude, since one whom I loved with all my soul, deeming her an angel in purity and goodness, has herself proved ungrateful, and given me misery in exchange for the happiness with which I surrounded her?"

On his entering the tenement before which he had been promenading, he was accosted by a brother lieutenant, who had joined Walker's forces immediately after the battles of Rivas City and Virgin Bay.

"Prowling about, as usual, hey, Anthony?" said he, jocularly. "You take this hap-hazard sort of life to heart, it seems to me. Why not be a philosopher, as I am? 'The valiant never taste of death but once,' Shakspeare says."

"It is not the fear of death that makes me thoughtful," replied Dair.

"O, I know that well enough," rejoined the other. "Walker, himself, has told me of your behaviour in action. I only wanted to draw you out a little. They say you are the most gloomy man in the army, and the most reserved—and that you think more of stealing away from the camp and mixing with the natives here, than you do of talking of our plans against them. This habit will stand in the way of your preferment, if you continue it. You know there are plenty of jealous and envious fellows among us, who would not scruple to cast suspicion upon your movements, if it would advance themselves."

"Preferment?" replied Dair, with a tone and look of bitterness. "I want no preferment! I did not come with him, from San Francisco, for either gain or honor. I was actuated by but two motives. The first was a desire for death, which I have by no means shrunk from; the second was the wish to do something, if ever so little, should I live, to promote the liberties, peace and civilization of this unfortunate people of Nicaragua—the prey of contending factions whose leaders have no aim but self-aggrandizement, like those of Spain, of Mexico and of Cuba. Something to such an end has been accomplished, thank Heaven, in spite of so many obstacles here and misrepresentations in the United States; and I firmly believe that Nicaragua is destined soon to be fully developed in her rich resources through Anglo-Saxon agency and the final co-operation of her enfranchised people. But as for me, Irving, pshaw! When you talk of ambition, of preferment, you greatly mistake me. I am utterly divested of any desire for fame, office or emolument of any sort."

"That may all be," replied Irving, "and yet others may not believe it."

"Do you doubt it?" said Dair, sharply.

"Not a bit—not a bit. But you may think me inquisitive if I say that I should like to know the real reasons why you are indifferent to life, and to the means by which life is made happy."

"I am *not* indifferent, Irving, to that which would have made life happy to me."

"Ah, I understand your case, Dair, I think! You got shot in the heart, before you went to San Francisco. To tell the truth, something of that sort happened to me, before I concluded to join Walker. But I got over it. Now all I care for is enough glory to entitle me to a handsome estate here, then peace, and then I'll marry the handsomest young Nicaraguan I can find, and settle down and grow richer, fatter, older and happier till I die."

"A very pleasant prospect," said Dair, smiling.

"No more than what you might have, if you chose."

"Yes, Irving, much more," replied Dair, his sad aspect returning. "And as you seem interested in my history, I will recount a part of it briefly: I came, as I have told you, from a northern State. My father is a merchant of wealth. About a year before I left home for California, I had become acquainted with a tradesman, a man past the prime of life, whose affairs had been brought to bankruptcy by ill-luck and mismanagement. I knew him to be a man of integrity, and enlisting my father's sympathies in his behalf, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him once more free from pecuniary embarrassments, and he as prosperous as ever."

"My friendly agency led to an acquaintance with his daughter Helen, an only child. The acquaintance ripened into an affection which I thought mutual—her own words and manner towards me inducing the happy belief—until I was one day suddenly undeceived and taught to curse my own folly and her ingratitude and hypocrisy. When her father's fortunes was at the lowest ebb, he had resolved upon her wedding with a man she vowed she never could love, but whose wealth offered a bribe for the sacrifice. My intervention had saved Helen, and she was constantly reminding me of how much she felt indebted to me. I believed in her protestations very naturally; but it so happened that a clerk in her father's employ, named Howland, one day assured me that I was the victim of a cruel delusion, and he begged of me, as I valued my future happiness, to convince myself of the fact before matters had gone too far."

"I accompanied him in the evening to her father's house, and having enjoined upon me, as a condition of the disclosure he was about to make, that I should not interfere, nor make myself known, he bade me wait in an adjoining apartment to that in which he was about to meet Helen, the rooms being separated by a glass door, which he left ajar. The room in which he bade me listen and behold, was dark; and my scruples of playing the eaves-dropper were soon overcome by his earnest assurance that I would thank him for it."

"Helen had told me, two days previous, that she and her father would be absent from the city on the ensuing day, and for a week, and this increased my indignation at her falsity, when she entered the next room and bade Howland a warm welcome, with a kiss, and called him her 'dear, dear Albert!' My astonishment and horror were augmented, as you may imagine, by the

interview which followed, in the course of which Howland adroitly drew from her a confession that she loved him and him alone, and that though several others had seemed to infer, from her cordiality, that they had won her affections, she was ready at any hour to undeceive them, by accepting his hand in marriage!

"I waited to hear no more. Bound by my promise, I could not at once upbraid her for her perfidy as I wished, but left the house silently and forever, and having made hasty arrangements, within three days I took my departure for California, where I eventually became acquainted with Walker, and made one of the fifty-six with whom he first landed at Realejo.

"From the hour when I thus became informed of the ingratitude and deceit of Helen, I have felt more like one, in a dream than like my former self, and the wound has been such as to poison all confidence in the truth of woman, and almost of man."

"Did you not acquaint her of your discovery," inquired Irving, "before you left?"

"I did, and left the note in the hands of Howland himself, thanking him for undeceiving me—though I assured him I did not envy him the attachment of one who could prove so capricious. He smiled, but made no answer regarding her, though he said he thought I would soon find a substitute, and that perhaps his disposition would better assimilate with hers, than mine."

"But how can you still regret such a creature?"

"You never saw her form or face, nor heard her voice—or you would not ask me that."

"Well, Dair, I can only say I'm sorry for you. I have seen men in this way before, and I know it's of no use to argue with you. The memory of that woman will always be a millstone about your neck."

A deep sigh was Dair's only response.

"Does Walker know anything of this?" continued Irving.

"Nothing. The camp is no place for sympathy in such cases; nor should I now have told you, only that, should I fall and you survive, it was my wish that you should tell her of my fate—and here is her address."

His comrade received the paper upon which he wrote, and promised to do as desired.

On the following morning, as Dair was sauntering through one of the streets of Granada, he was accosted by a Nicaraguan, who presented him with a letter and hastily retired. Dair opened it and read as follows, in Spanish:

"PRESERVER OF MY LIFE.—I have just arrived at Massaya and learned of your whereabouts. Contrive some means to meet me

there, or at Leon, as speedily as possible. The alliance you have sought is by no means impossible. The most important person is already here, and the most important steps have been taken. You once saved me from death at the hands of perfidy. I swore to reward you, should I ever possess the power. Leave the cause in which you are engaged for one which promises the rapid attainment of happiness, peace and honor. You may guess my meaning. Come at once. Destroy this. I will look for you every hour. Your devoted friend,

"JUAN CHAMORRO."

A gleam of wonder lit up the sad face of Dair, but was quickly dispelled by an increased gloom, as he shook his head, unconvinced by the message.

"Should this note be found upon me, it would be almost a sure warrant for my death. Walker's suspicions are constantly aroused, and of late I have not been admitted to his councils. This from young Chamorro would easily be construed against me, and if I have any enemies—which is likely enough—who are interested in putting me out of the way, it would further their wishes materially; so I had better destroy it at once. Let me read it once more, though."

While engaged in its re-perusal, a noise at the corner of the street attracted his attention. Looking up, he saw the man who had brought him the missive, under arrest, and brought along by a party of soldiers, among whom were Bray and Gould, in whose quarrel he had interfered the night before. Hastily concealing the letter, he approached the party and inquired the cause of the man's arrest.

"I am ordered to arrest you also, lieutenant," said an officer, advancing, "and you can learn the cause when before the general."

Dair bowed, and without word delivered his sword, and they were soon in the presence of General Walker and several subordinate officers, who had hastily formed a court-martial.

"The army is full of rumors against you," said Walker, in reply to Dair's demand to know the reason of his own arrest.

"With what am I charged?"

"With conspiring against the State and in behalf of the revolting factions and their allies. You have long been watched. Your solitary walks from the camp, your mingling with the natives at times and places which would have been perilous to any but their known friends, all go to prove your connection with their cause to a certain extent, unsafe to our interests, and still more unsafe to yourself. The confession of this man corroborates our suspicions. He has but this day brought you a message from Massaya, and from a near relative of the dead tyrant,

"Chamorro, that arch foe of the republic. Have you that letter about you?"

It was useless to deny the fact. Dair, undecided how to act, remained silent. He was accordingly searched and the letter produced.

"Enough!" said Walker, with an indignant and menacing glance. "This man is a spy, and you are a traitor! The language of that letter is unmistakable, though it reveals no plan. Gentlemen, I ask your judgment."

The decision of the court-martial, such as it was, was in accordance with that of Walker, and Dair, merely protesting his innocence, but indignantly refusing any explanation—having given, as he deemed, sufficient proof of his integrity in his repeated exposures of his life in active service—was sentenced to be shot on the following morning. The messenger was not allowed even so short a respite, but was at once led out, and sent into eternity—a victim to a summary system of punishment, which, notwithstanding the abuses of which it is admissible, is deemed indispensable to that condition of things which has so long prevailed in Nicaragua.

Irving in vain sought an interview with Dair. None were allowed to communicate with him. It so chanced, however, that the two sentinels who were required to keep constant watch upon the prisoner, were no other than Bray and Gould—the latter the intended assassin of the other, but yet ignorant whether Dair had disclosed the truth to him. He was a miscreant, however, who would have joyed in the jeopardy of a thousand lives rather than have risked the just peril his private malice had incurred; and he did not conceal the satisfaction he felt that the morrow's sun would shine upon the corpse of the witness he feared. Much of the time he whistled lively airs, or amused himself by absurd capering about the apartment, and making uncouth grimaces.

"Rascal!" exclaimed Dair, finally exasperated; "have you no more feeling than to make merry in the presence of one condemned to die?"

"You're a traitor, I s'pose you know!"

"You are an assassin—at least in heart," replied Dair, "and I am a witness to your attempt to murder Bray, there—"

"Hush!" interrupted Gould. "Have you told him?"

"I will not say—at least until you inform me to whom I am indebted for my arrest this morning, and the death of that poor Nicaraguan."

"It was he, and nobody else. I heard him swear he would follow you till he could obtain some information against you. He did so, and saw you talking with the man, and at once gave

notice of it. You may think of me what you please, but I'm not a circumstance, in point of malice, to Dick Bray. You may thank yourself for your arrest. Had you not interfered to save his life last night, I should have satisfied an old grudge and he wouldn't have lived to cause your death. What grudge had he against you?"

"Nothing that I am aware of, unless it was my refusal to tell him who attacked him. He is still ignorant."

"And why did you conceal the truth?"

"To save your life, which would have been forfeited."

"Upon your honor?" asked Gould, drawing near and looking steadfastly at him.

"On my honor."

"You keep it a secret, and I will do what I can, in return, to serve you."

"As for my life, I do not wish to keep it; and if I did, you could not assist me."

"You are doomed to die, it is true; but you are the first man who has done me a favor since I came to this cursed country, and I will do what I can for you. I will see who are to be detailed to fire upon you, and will endeavor to get them to shoot over your head—for the men are not over-much in favor of these executions, not knowing how soon they may be called upon to make a short shrift for themselves; and to make it still more sure, I will contrive that they shall use blank cartridges. You can fall as if dead, and must trust to chance for the rest."

Walker's plans for the attack upon the enemy at Massaya were all completed, and the march begun. He had left with those in charge of Granada the painful task of Anthony Dair's execution; and at sunrise the prisoner was marched forth, bade farewell to a few around him, suffered his eyes to be bandaged, and knelt for the impending death. The men, of whom Bray was one, were drawn up for the fatal work, and at the word, the volley was discharged—and the helpless lieutenant fell, bleeding, to the earth.

As if the merciless deed was the object of immediate Divine vengeance, at this instant was heard the cry of "*The enemy! the enemy!*" and the nearing shots, faster and louder, announced to the remaining inhabitants of Granada that a besieging party from Massaya were upon them.

Rushing to the proper points for repelling the unexpected assault, the spectators who had assembled to witness the execution of Dair, left the body entirely uncared for, save by one,—and that was Gould, who, now free from observation in the general alarm, lifted Dair to his feet, and hastily addressed him:

"That accursed Bray! He must have sus-

pected the plan, and changed his cartridge again. I watched, and it was he alone who levelled directly at you."

"It is only a flesh wound, I believe," said Dair, with a smile. "Thanks for your service! In the confusion I will escape, if possible. Farewell. Say nothing of my preservation to any one, and if you ever get another chance at Bray, why, knock him on the head on my account, as well as your own."

"I will that!" chuckled Gomkl. "If not, and he ever leaves these parts, who knows but your ghost may appear to him, some time! But away! You have no time to lose."

Familiar with the country between Granada and Massaya, Anthony Dair set out at once for the latter place, and notwithstanding the sudden return of Walker's troops, who were hastening back to the relief of Granada, he reached his destination in safety, and demanding to be conducted to young Chamorro, he soon learned of him the particulars of Walker's successful attack, the full fruits of which he could not remain to reap. Dair related his story in brief, and his friend pressed him to his heart.

"You saved my life from an assassin's hand in San Francisco; and notwithstanding your joining the Walker enterprise, I still determined to serve you some day, if I could. Fortunately, you made me acquainted with the secret of your heart, and not long after you left, chance made me acquainted with Helen Morton."

"Helen Morton! and in San Francisco?"

"Even so, my friend. She had been the victim of a plot, and learning of your father's whither you had gone, she at last concluded to follow you. Under my protection, she came hither. Even now she is in the next room, and you can imagine what has been her agony and terror during the assault, not knowing whether she should ever meet with you alive. She will explain all; but let your interview be as brief as may be, for we must lose no time, but haste at once to Leon, whence I will provide you with a passage out of the country."

Obedient to the obvious necessity of Chamorro's injunctions, Anthony Dair held at once the interview which was to settle all his doubts of Helen's integrity and affection forever. It was a strange interview, thus held in a foreign land, amid such thrilling scenes, and the result of such an extraordinary cause!

For the first time, Dair now learned that the lady with whom he had seen Howland, and who had declared her love for him alone, was not Helen Morton, but a cousin who bore a close resemblance to her, and Dair's agitation at the

time had prevented his detection of the fraud. Not long after the departure of Dair, Howland, falling dangerously ill, confessed that he had adopted the ruse that he might thus be rid of a rival for the hand of Helen, whose inheritance was all he aimed at. The mystery of Anthony Dair's absence was thus explained, and Helen had at last resolved on following him, notwithstanding all dissuasion, and the doubt and dangers attending the romantic adventure.

"Had you known how much I suffered, hourly," concluded Helen, "under the thought of the cruel suspicion which I knew you must entertain, you would not wonder at what others termed my insanity and desperation."

"All's well that ends well, dearest!" exclaimed Dair, pressing her to his heart. "And to you I will relate my story, while we journey away from these scenes as fast as fortune will let us. Come, for dangers still beset us."

Through the faithful friendship of the grateful Chamorro, the two wandering lovers were not long in obtaining safe conduct through the country, and embarked with joyous hearts for their native land, where, on the day after their recent wedding, they despatched a full account of the deserter's escape to General Walker, who will doubtless feel perfectly satisfied that his old comrade was no traitor, and glad that he did not fall a victim to unfounded suspicion and a too hasty judgment.

#### HARD TIMES.

It is a noticeable fact that whenever times are hard, places of amusement flourish best, and merchants' and traders' wives are most sumptuously attired. At such times the brilliant balls begin to rattle at night-fall, the marble tables of restaurants are thronged with epicures discussing the costliest dishes, and the theatrical managers grin as they run over their cash receipts. Somebody says, "the very desperation of skinning and borrowing makes people more extravagant when the day's work is done; and the wives and daughters of merchants find them to be most liberal when they can least afford to be. The parties themselves may not be aware of the true reason of this; but it is a desire to impose upon them an appearance of greater prosperity than they are enjoying."

**A QUIET REPROOF.**—A silent reproof generally makes a deeper impression than a noisy rebuff. When the Duke of Wellington was in the British Ministry, he found the chief clerk of the Colonial Office had not arrived at his post at nine in the morning, and administered a gentle hint by leaving his card on his desk.

## ALONE.

BY L. ALFRED WILKINS.

I am lonely, I am weary,  
Weary of the hours that bring  
No relief to break the dreary  
Chains that round my spirit cling.  
There was once a fairy spirit  
Smiling on the path I trod,  
Wooing onward, wooing near it,  
Till ambition grew a god!

Ah, those moments! I remember  
How they thrilled me to the core!  
How, like west winds in September,  
They were laden with a store  
Of perfume, and thought, and passion,  
Centered in life's idol star,—  
In a star whose flecked orbits  
Wandered off in regions far!

Fears of sadness, years of sorrow,  
How they burn into my heart!  
Glad I seem, but every morrow  
Lends new pangs to every smart!  
Clouds and storms hang ever o'er me,  
In the throry way I go;  
And the fates still hold before me  
Their intensest cup of woe!

Yet the sunshine and the feeling  
Of the young, the fair, and gay,  
O'er my spirit will come stealing  
Sometimes, like the light of day  
In a cavern, whose uncertain  
Vapors cloak in dark and gloom—  
Lifting up the murky curtain  
Of my spirit's withered bloom!

'Tis but the flashing of the setting  
Sun, ere he sinks to rest  
In his couch of splendor, fretting  
All the hangings in the west;  
Yet a hope, like sunbeams, flashes  
Now and then across the sea,  
And, amid the storm that crashes,  
Whispers sweetest words to me!

## THE WIFE:

—OR,—

## TEMPTATION AND FORGIVENESS.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

At an open window of a fine old mansion on the banks of the Hudson, a young girl sat looking out upon the glory of the sunset. Summer's bright ministers were weaving a beautiful robe for the rejoicing earth, and the genial air was laden with freshness and perfume. Yet amid all this brightness and surpassing beauty, young Annie Earle was very sad, and her dark eyes seemed looking beyond the scenes of outward mæure, striving to pierce the thick veil which shrouded the future.

Not faultless in form and feature was Annie, but she was very lovely, with her pure white brow, above which the brown hair lay in wavy masses, and her soul-full eyes of darkest hazel. Many would have passed by a picture of such quiet, unpretending grace, to gaze upon more brilliant gems; but those who knew her, and appreciated the excellence and purity of her character, loved her very dearly. To them she was beautiful, and her loving smile and gentle words had ever a more potent charm than mere symmetry of person can bestow.

Twelve months had been numbered with those already recorded with the past, since Annie met and loved Henry Browning, and the days had glided by so full of blessedness that the sweet joys of this life seemed to her young heart almost a fitting foretaste of the bliss to come. But now three weeks had passed since her lover left her, on pressing business, as he said, which could not be delayed, and she had received but one brief message from him. The morrow was to have witnessed their bridal. Need we wonder that deep sadness stole into the young girl's soul, as she mused upon these things? She has not a thought of doubt of her lover's truth and honor, to darken her peace, but a weight seemed pressing upon her heart, which she tried in vain to reason away. The sun went down, and the soft twilight lent a mystic beauty to the quiet scene; and yet Annie sat at the window, motionless and still. But now the hot tears were falling fast upon the slender hands which were clasped listlessly before her, and the bright head was bowed upon her breast. Just then there came a low tap at the door, and an elderly lady entered, and advancing to the window, threw a letter into Annie's lap.

"Cheer up, darling!—joy cometh in the morning," said the lady, and stooping, she drew her towards her, and pressed a fond kiss upon the maiden's brow.

"O, mother dear, you always bring me joy!" cried Annie, rapturously, as she gazed upon the superscription of the letter, in the dear handwriting which she knew so well.

The note ran thus:

"DEAREST ANNIE,—I will be with you in the morning, and will then explain everything. Till then, when I can call you my own, and even, I am your devoted  
HENRY."

The morning dawned in brightness, and Annie, with all her forebodings forgotten, moved lightly about, with her own hands perfecting every arrangement for the reception of her lover, and the momentous event which was to follow. A few hours, and a happy wife, she gazed into her young husband's face with a look of confiding



tenderness and perfect love, which told how truly she had given to his care the keeping of her happiness for life. And as he folded her to his bosom, and called her his own, Henry Browning felt that few men were so blest as he, and that earth held not a richer treasure than his darling Annie.

The young couple were blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and as they commenced their new life in the beautiful home which had been their bridal gift from Mr. Earle, the future smiled before them with a cloudless sky. One long summer-day of happiness and love seemed to have dawned upon them, and they thought not that clouds might gather in the sunny sky, and wintry storms succeed the joyous summer. O, blessed trust that lives in the present, confiding in love for the future! Blessed indeed is it, when of its fulness strength is born within the soul, to go forward unshrinkingly should the storms come, waiting in patient hope till the sunlight shines again. Weeks and months passed, and still the love-light in Annie Browning's house was undimmed, and nightly, on bended knees, she thanked the Giver for her full cup of joy, and prayed that she might worthily fulfil a wife's sweet duties. And to Henry Browning, "the dearest spot of earth" was home, and his gentle wife, the presiding genius there, was to him the embodiment of something purer and holier than he had known in life before.

"Annie, darling, I am almost provoked," said the young husband, as he entered Annie's room one bright day in the early spring.

She looked up wonderingly into his face, as she inquired what had happened to distress him.

"Nothing, only that our Paradise is to be intruded upon. Read that." And he handed her a letter, and stood watching the varying expression of her countenance, as she read.

It was a delicately folded and perfumed epistle, written in a fine, lady-like hand, and announced the intention of the writer to do herself the pleasure of visiting cousin Henry and his wife. It was signed "Irene Cadell."

"And who is this lady?" asked Annie, as she folded and returned the letter. "I never knew that you had relatives of that name."

"Nor I, either, for that matter, Annie; but Irene always insisted that there was a distant relationship between the families that entitled her to call me cousin. Some venerable great-uncle of hers was fourth cousin to my great-aunt, I suppose, or something of that sort. Mr. Cadell owns one of the finest estates in Virginia, and I have often been at his house."

"But why should his daughter, uninvited, pay us a visit?" inquired Annie.

"I am sure I cannot tell, unless it may be that she is to accompany her father on one of his business tours to the North, and thinks it may be more agreeable to pass the time with us than in the city. You will join me in writing to welcome her, will you not, Annie? It will not be for long, and then we shall so much the more enjoy being left to ourselves again."

"Certainly, Henry: any friend of yours will be welcome to my home," replied his wife.

The letter of invitation and welcome was written and despatched, and in due time Miss Cadell arrived at "Browning Hall," as Annie had playfully christened their home.

It was a lovely evening in May, and the young moon looked down in quiet beauty, while the stars were taking their allotted stations in the heavens, and the balmy air seemed laden with messages of rest and peace to soul and body. It was just such an evening as we have all experienced, when the extreme beauty of outward nature thrills to the inmost core of our being, and we feel it a joy to live, that Annie stood at her window and watched the graceful movements of Miss Cadell, as she advanced up the broad avenue which led to the house. Henry had met their guest at the station, and the uncommon loveliness of the night had tempted them to walk home. The lady had removed her hat as they approached the house, and the sweet moonlight rested like a glory upon her head, and lent additional lustre to eyes of the deepest midnight hue. Annie thought she had never looked upon so beautiful a creature, and when a light, silvery laugh rang out upon the clear air, and a sweet voice exclaimed, "Where is cousin Annie?—I am impatient to meet her," she forgot her natural timidity, and bounding down the steps, she clasped her in her arms, and kissed her ripe lips with as much enthusiasm as even a lover of the sterner sex could have done.

"Well done! little wife," laughingly exclaimed her husband; "you have entirely superseded the necessity of a formal introduction. However, it must be done. Miss Irene Cadell, allow me to present to you my dearly beloved wife, Annie Browning, and may the star of your friendship never wane." And so, gaily laughing and chatting, they entered the house.

"Henry, why did you not tell me that Irene was so very beautiful?" asked Annie, as she and her husband awaited the appearance of Miss Cadell, in the breakfast parlor, the next morning.

"Because, little wife," answered he, as he placed his arm about her waist, and drew her to

him; "because I never thought of it. And then she is not so very beautiful, after all."

"O, Henry!" exclaimed the young wife, with a look of astonishment; "not beautiful! I think she is really splendid. What magnificent hair and eyes she has!—and her complexion is so rich and clear; and her teeth so white. In short, I think her the most regally beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Why, little wife, how enthusiastic you are. I believe you have actually fallen in love with Irene, at first sight. But to me, Annie darling, one glance of love from your pure eyes is more precious, one smile from you more beautiful and lovely, than all her charms. I suppose she is a fine-looking woman, but hers is not the style of loveliness to win my admiration. I could never love such a woman as Miss Cadell. Give me my darling Annie!" And he pressed a fond kiss upon the pure white forehead of his wife, whose gentle loveliness appeared so much more attractive from contrast with their brilliant guest.

Irene Cadell stood just without the open door, and listened to this conversation. Not a word of the wife's encomiums or the husband's criticisms had been lost, and in the brief moment which passed ere she presented herself before them, her plans were laid. But not a trace of annoyance or unusual emotion was visible upon her features, as she gave and received the morning greetings, and the breakfast passed pleasantly, Annie each moment discovering something new to love and admire in her beautiful guest.

In truth, Irene Cadell was a glorious creature, in outward seeming, but the inner life was as a waste desert, or rather an untended garden, where grew, not sweet, fresh flowers, but noxious weeds and plants, whose poisonous aroma might diffuse pain and death. Self-willed and vain, she had long looked upon herself as being perfect in beauty and attractiveness, and in her own home, her word was law. Her mother was as haughty and imperious as herself, but they never came in collision, for Irene was Mrs. Cadell's idol, and she even felt a kind of pride in gratifying her every wish, whatever it might be.

Mr. Cadell was at heart a just and true man, but long before Irene arrived at womanhood, he had learned that to submit to the requirements of his greedy wife was his only safe course, if he would not have his home a scene of constant brawls. "I brought you your fortune, Mr. Cadell; I made you what you are," had been rung in his ears too often for him to doubt that in his own home he was looked upon as a necessary encumbrance, rather than loved and respected as a husband.

So the years passed, and his locks whitened, while the one arrow was eating ever at his heart. But Irene's love should be his solace, and in some measure repay him for her mother's harshness, so he reasoned. But the lovely child expanded into the brilliant woman, and still the old man's heart thirsted in vain for appreciation from those of his own household. All too little of his gentle spirit had been given to his child, and in the evening of his days, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that his hopes were but as dust.

Against her father's wishes, Irene had determined to visit the home of Henry Browning; but he could not prevent it, and so had accompanied her to the city, where he had business to transact, and seen her safely on board the train which in a few hours would take her to her destination. We have seen her safe arrival there, and the impression which her brilliant beauty made upon young Annie Browning. And now to resume our story.

Immediately after breakfast was over, Irene excused herself and retired to her room. Anger and pain were struggling in her heart, and disappointed vanity and self-love urged on the contest, until unwomanly rage was the victor, and she vowed to be revenged upon him who had wounded her.

Two years before, she had first met Henry Browning, and with all the fierce passion of her ungoverned nature, she loved him. He was pleased with the lovely Virginian, and perhaps a little flattered by the preference which the proud belle showed for him; but his heart was untouched. Yet with the blind wilfulness of her great self-love, Irene would not believe that his attentions to her were only prompted by the inherent politeness and gallantry of a gentleman; but he must love her—he *should* love her. So, through her wily schemings, her father contracted business relations with Browning, who in consequence became a frequent visitor at her home. Here, he only saw her in her gentler moods, when love for him, and a desire to please, made her seem the personification of womanly goodness as well as beauty. But his heart was away with gentle Annie, and Irene was to him no more than any other lively and brilliant woman of his acquaintance.

But even when the tidings of his marriage reached her, Irene would still believe that his heart was hers, and acting upon this absorbing thought, she forgot her maidenly delicacy, and invited herself to his home, that she might dwell once more in the light of his presence. No thought was there in her heart of the dark

shadow she might bring upon that home, no pity for the wife who lived but in her fond husband's smiles.

"He shall be mine! I swear it by all the ministers of sweet revenge!" she hissed between her closed teeth, as with hands tightly clasped, she paced the floor of her apartment. "He shall be mine! He shall love me yet, in spite of that milk-faced baby, whom he calls his wife! He shall feel the fierce strivings of a passion as deep as mine! He shall acknowledge the power of the beauty which now he scorns, and sue at my feet for the love he has rejected. Courage, Irene Cadell! You never yet were foiled, and Henry Browning shall be yours!"

O, woman! O, lowly fallen and debased! For thee the joys of Paradise were lost; for thee the depths of infamy are dared, and reached. O, woman! O, loving, suffering, true woman—my mother's holy name,—for thee the gates of heaven are opened, and man aspires to gain them!

The fiery storm of passion spent its force, and Irene stood before her mirror, arranging her magnificent hair, calm and lovely, as if no whirlwind of rage had swept over and distorted her beautiful features. Tall and erect she stood, a very queen in her regal beauty, as she completed her toilet, and surveyed herself with a proud smile of satisfaction.

"I dare the consequences," she said, as she turned away. "He cannot resist me, and I will yet drink a long, sweet draught of love, such as Annie Browning never even dreamed of."

Descending to the parlor, she entered noiselessly, and stealing up behind Annie, put her arm round her and kissed her, laughing the while at Annie's start of surprise; then drawing her to the mirror, she exclaimed:

"See here, cousin, I have a fancy that you and I look very much alike. Don't you think so?" Then turning to Henry, still keeping Annie close at her side, she said, exultingly, as she met his look of admiration: "How is it, Cousin Henry, will you flatter my vanity by agreeing with me?"

The artful girl knew well that Annie's quiet, graceful loveliness could bear no comparison with her own splendid beauty, and she wished to draw Mr. Browning's attention to the fact in such a manner that he could not be indifferent to it; but he only drew his wife to his side, and gazed lovingly into her blushing face, as he replied:

"Annie is my delicate lily, my sweet forget-me-not, my white rose, which I love and cherish the dearest of all flowers. You, Irene, are the

lofty and splendid dahlia, the regal flower which overlooks the lowlier ones, and challenges the admiration of every passer-by."

"Thanks, my gallant cavalier! You have made mine not an enviable fate, for none love the towering dahlia, though all admire its brilliant hues. Far rather would I be like the prairie rose, which clings to the object which supports its delicate branches and spreads abroad its fragrant blossoms, till the whole air is redolent of perfume, and we love the beauty which blesses us."

Her eyes were filled with a soft, humid light, like unshed tears, as she spoke, and to Henry Browning, a new beauty in Irene was that moment revealed.

"I will observe her," he thought; "she will be an interesting study."

Sighing audibly, Irene turned away and seated herself at the piano. Lightly running her white fingers over the keys, she touched a few minor chords, then her rich voice blended with the tones, and she sung a wild and plaintive melody. But even as the despairing wailing of a forsaken, broken heart died on the air, her matchless voice rang out a thrilling, joyous strain, and the pealing notes of gladness and triumph swelled upward till the room seemed filled with clarion voices.

"Annie, dear," she said, abruptly, as she turned from the instrument, "I feel in a strange, wild mood to-day. A fleet canter across the park would do me good. Have you a fancy for riding?"

"Yes, dear Irene; if you would like it, we will go immediately. It will be delightful this bright morning."

"Indeed, ladies, this is a very fine arrangement," said Henry, laughing, "to leave me out entirely. Am I not to be permitted to accompany you?"

"O, yes, Henry," said Annie, eagerly. "You know I am but a novice as yet in horsemanship, and I must not ride without my teacher."

"No, little wife, I cannot quite trust you yet," he returned, gazing fondly into the sweet face of his young wife. "Bat away with you, ladies, and prepare for the ride, while I order the horses."

The ladies were soon ready, and the horses awaited them at the door.

"Irene," said Browning, as he joined them, "which will you ride?—my wild, dashing Omar, or Whitefoot the gentle? Both are full of spirit, but Omar has a spice of the tiger in him, which makes him sometimes difficult for a lady to manage."

"O, let me have Omar, if you please," cried Irene. "Perhaps I can subdue the tiger. At all events, I should like to try."

"My noble Selim for me," said Annie, as her husband assisted her into the saddle. "I can trust him, and I have none of Irene's ambition to train a tiger."

"Or to conquer a world," said Irene, laughing, as she sprang lightly to her seat.

One touch of her whip and Omar's fore feet were reared high in the air.

"Loosen the reins, for heaven's sake! or he will fall on you," cried Henry, excitedly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Irene. "I have seen horses before, sir knight, and I prefer that this one shall play the biped for a moment longer, at least."

Curbing him with a strong and practised hand, she kept the proud animal rearing aloft, while she retained her graceful seat, with perfect coolness and self-possession.

Annie, in an agony of fear, begged her to desist before he killed her, but Henry looked on in undisguised admiration. He saw that the bold girl held the horse in perfect subjection, and he was struck with the magnificent beauty of the picture which they presented.

Omar's glossy black coat was flecked with foam from his galled mouth, and his large eyes gleamed with a savage brightness; while Irene sat motionless as a statue upon his back, an exultant smile upon her lips, with a steady hand keeping the fretted animal in his unnatural position. Her hair, black as the darkest night, lay in soft, wavy masses above her forehead, beneath which her beautiful eyes shot forth beams of starry light. The rich blood mantled her cheek with a warm glowing hue, and between the full red lips, slightly parted, gleamed the white, even teeth.

Henry Browning sat motionless upon his horse, fascinated by her brilliant beauty, which had never before impressed him as now. Irene's quick perception noted the effect of her artful arrangement, and she was satisfied. "Twice this morning I have moved him," thought she. "Bravo! Irene Cadell, you will succeed."

Giving her horse the rein, and touching him lightly with the whip, the chafed and excited animal bounded away like the wild steed of the desert.

"Catch me if you can," Irene shouted, while a silvery laugh rang out upon the morning air.

"Come, Annie, that wild girl will get her neck broken," said Henry. "We must overtake her."

But Annie was not a practised horsewoman, and Selim's rapid motion was exceedingly irk-

some to her. She turned pale, and checked her horse.

"Henry, I cannot ride so fast," she said; "but if it is necessary, you can leave me and find Irene."

"I do not like to leave you, Annie," replied her husband, but his impatience was illy concealed, and Annie urged him not to mind her, as she could do very well until he came back. "Well, good-by, then." And waving his hand to her, he dashed away and was soon out of sight.

Annie Browning was too pure-minded herself, to suspect that all was not quite as it should be, but a pang did shoot through her heart when she saw her husband for the first time willingly leave her to join another. But all other feelings were forgotten in her love for him and her rejoicing pride, when, in a few moments, she saw the run-aways returning, flushed with the exercise of their rapid ride. Henry seemed so happy and buoyant in spirits, and Annie thought she had never seen him look so handsome.

Leisurely the party preceded on their ride about the grounds, laughing and chatting in the gayest spirits, until at length Irene challenged Annie to a trial of speed, saying that it froze her blood to ride at that snail's pace.

"Nay, Irene, I am but in the rudiments of horsemanship as yet; I cannot compete successfully with so accomplished an equestrian as yourself," replied Annie.

"Well, then, I will not be strenuous; but have you no gallant knight who will take up the glove in your behalf?"

"Your most obedient, lady," said Henry, bowing low. "If fair Annie will allow me, I will enter the lists in her behalf."

"As you please, Henry," said his wife, and the next moment she was alone.

The fleet horses seemed almost to fly, as they spurned the earth beneath their feet, and the white plumes of Irene's hat floated out like banners on the air. Yet a moment Annie gazed, and then only the soft green sward, the over-arching trees and the silent sky, met her view. A strange sensation of sadness came over her spirit, as she rode slowly along amid the stillness, but she drove it resolutely away, and followed on in the path the riders had taken, thinking she should soon meet them returning for her. But when she came to the gate which opened into the public road, and saw fresh tracks of horses' feet, and the gate swinging open, she turned her horse's head, and retraced her steps towards home.

Two hours passed before Irene and Henry

returned. Irene, having the fleet horse, had led him a long distance into the country before she suffered him to overtake her, and then, fascinated by her witty and brilliant conversation, he forgot the wife who was waiting his coming at home, and kept on until Irene, herself, proposed returning. "For," said she, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, and a curl of the rosy lip, "you, pattern husband as you are, must not be caught displeasing your wife, as you will be sure to do if you are not soon at home."

There was a triumphant gleam in Irene's eyes, that made Henry color as he met her glance, when Annie met them at the door, and anxiously inquired the cause of their detention.

"Ha! ha! don't let him slip away from you again, Cousin Annie," she laughed; "he may get lost if he ventures so far without you." And lightly kissing her hand to them, she passed on to her room.

Secure from observation, she threw herself into a chair, and gave free vent to her feelings.

"So, so—the heaven works," she said. "My task will be an easier one than I supposed. Twice to-day I have taken him from her side, and soon he shall come as my lightest bidding. He thinks he loves her, but I will teach him what it is to love. I will cause the fierce lava stream of passion to flow over his soul as now it scorches mine. The eagle mates not with the dove, and only Irene Cadell is fitted to be the mate of Henry Browning. Away remorse—I will not feel it. He shall be mine."

Day after day passed, and still, silently and surely, the temptress was weaving her toils about the heart of the man whom she had sworn to bring to her feet. At first, Annie accompanied them in their daily rides, as Henry desired it, but they always left her to return alone, and soon any slight pretext was a sufficient excuse to them for her remaining at home. Irene was very affectionate in her deportment towards her, but now the young wife shrank with a secret dread from her caresses, and felt as if one hour of uninterrupted communication with her husband—such as she used to enjoy—would ease the weary pain at her heart more than all things else.

But even that was denied her; for when Irene was not present, Henry seemed moody and sad, so utterly unlike his former self, that the little time Annie passed alone with him only increased her suffering. She begged of him to tell her what troubled him; if she had in any way offended him;—but he turned from her with impatient words that deeply wounded her gentle spirit, and she dared not again approach him.

The summer was wearing away, and still Irene

Cadell remained at Browning Hall. But the fulfilment of her schemes and hopes was rapidly approaching; she knew that Henry Browning loved her, though in words he had never told her so. But even this last barrier of silence must be broken, and she resolved to hasten the crisis. Day by day young Annie Browning was fading before her eyes; day by day her step grew slower, and her sweet eyes heavier with tears; but the proud woman's purpose faltered not.

It was an evening lovely as those we sometimes dream of when good angels watch about us—the anniversary of the night when Henry Browning had first said to sweet Annie Earle, "I love you," and gathered her bright head for the first time to his bosom. Annie had retired, suffering from a violent headache, the consequence of many a sleepless night and anxious, suffering day.

Alone in the spacious parlor, by the open window, sat the master of that beautiful home, looking out upon the sparkling, glancing waters of the Hudson, as they hurried on beneath the moonlit sky. He was trying to think, but amid all his reveries, only one impression was distinct. A radiant form seemed throned within his inmost heart, and flashing, glorious eyes from shrub and tree, and singing wave, looked deep into his own.

"Henry!"

He turned at the low-spoken name, and Irene stood before him. Never had she looked so radiantly beautiful as now, when her deep eyes met his own, with passion-kindled glances, and the splendid head seemed crowned with a diadem of light, as the pale moon kissed the shining braids of her hair.

"Irene!" he said, eagerly, extending his hand, "I have not seen you before to-day. Why have you kept yourself so secluded?"

"I stayed in my room, that I might complete my preparations for departure. To-morrow, with the dawn, I leave Browning Hall."

"Irene, why such haste? Surely, you are but jesting."

"Why such haste, Henry?" And her voice was low and thrilling, as she spoke. "Surely it is a useless question. Better for my own peace would it have been had I never set foot within these walls; better for me had I never seen your face!"

She covered her face with her hands, and leaned against the window for support, her whole frame quivering with suppressed emotion. It was the last movement in the desperate game, and if she failed!—the thought sent an icy shiver through her frame.

"Irene! Irene!" He laid his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke, and his face grew white in the moonlight. Honor and duty were struggling with the unholy passion which he had admitted into his bosom, and the fierce conflict raged like a consuming fire.

"I go from you," she said, at length, in broken tones, "because I can no longer stay; your dwelling must henceforth be a forbidden place to me. Henry Browning, I came to say 'farewell,'—we part forever!"

"Irene! Irene! it must not be; we never part again! And thus I seal the pledge!"

Throwing his arms about her yielding form, he drew her to him, and covered cheeks, lips and brow with burning kisses.

"It is done, Irene; the long struggle is over; I love you deeply—passionately; I cannot live without you."

Hours passed, and still she lay in his arms, with but the silent night about them, and the watching stars above.

She had triumphed! All else was forgotten in this one brief, guilty dream of bliss, till the waning hours warned them that action was necessary, and then Irene's strong will prevailed, and he promised, for her sake, to leave home and country, and seek in other lands for that unclouded happiness which they could not hope to enjoy in this.

A week later and Henry Browning's arrangements were perfected, and when night's veil was shrouding nature, he and his guilty partner left Browning Hall.

And did no thought of the tender flower he had blighted bring remorse to his spirit? It may be; but he was like one in a wild delirium, conscious only of his engrossing passion for Irene, whose imperious nature overcame every objection, and left him but one course to pursue, if he would hope to possess her.

When Annie arose the following morning, she found a note addressed to her upon the dressing-table. Such were its contents:

"When you read this, Annie, I shall be far away. I am going with Irene where we shall be at liberty to enjoy our mutual love undisturbed. I am sorry to cause you pain, but you do not, you cannot love me as deeply as Irene does, and I cannot live without her. You have been a good wife to me, Annie, and perhaps sometime you will pray for him who was your husband. I leave a large part of my property subject to your disposal, and you will never want. There will be no obstacle in the way of your obtaining a divorce from  
HENRY BROWNING."

Not a sigh nor a groan escaped the young creature's lips as she comprehended this evidence of

her cruel desertion, but white and statue-like she sat, as if frozen, or turned to marble. At length, when hours had passed, she rose and went mechanically about her duties; but she often pressed her hand to her head, and there was a strange expression in her eyes, which indicated that reason was tottering upon her throne. So the long day passed.

At evening a messenger came in haste to convey to Mrs. Browning tidings that her husband had been thrown from his carriage and dangerously injured. Then came the hot, gushing tears, and her reason was saved. But no precious time was wasted in vain lamentations. Sending up from her crushed heart a prayer that God would sustain her in her hour of bitter agony, she went quietly about the house, making the few needful preparations for departure, and in an hour's time she was ready to accompany the messenger who had been sent for her.

Ere the morning dawned she stood beside the bed of him upon whose face she had thought she might never look again. But he was totally unconscious of her presence, and raved continually of his darling wife, who, in his wild imaginings, seemed threatened with some great danger, which even his love could not avert. Then he would beg of Irene to forgive him the great wrong he had meditated against her, and part from him in peace. The guilty sufferer knew not that in the next room lay the mutilated remains of the peerless Irene, whose soul had been so suddenly released from its clayey tenement.

On the night of their flight, when about thirty miles from Browning Hall, their horses had taken flight, and becoming unmanageable, had overturned the carriage, and thrown its occupants to the ground with such terrible force that Irene never spoke again. Both were taken up as dead, by some countrymen passing, and Henry only recovered from his stupor, some hours later, to rave in the wildest delirium. It was by the merest accident that the persons about him learned the name of the wounded man, and thus Annie was apprised of his situation.

Not a trace of the brilliant beauty—for the possession of which Browning had so fearfully sinned—remained when the form of Irene was prepared for burial. Her face was so terribly cut and bruised that even her own mother could discover no resemblance to her idolized child, in the swollen and discolored lineaments which met her agonized gaze, and she exclaimed, in grief, "Bury my dead away from my sight!"

For many weary days Henry Browning's life seemed suspended by a single thread, which every moment threatened to snap asunder. But

the crisis of that fearful brain fever passed, and the physician confidently predicted that he would recover. Then for the first time did that devoted wife take an hour's time for rest. She had been constantly at his side, with her own hands administering and applying every remedy, till exhausted nature almost gave way. But love, strong and imperishable, sustained her through the hours of that dread vigil, and love was her reward.

"Annie—my wife!" They were the first words he had spoken since consciousness returned, and she bent her head close to his face to listen, for he was feeble as an infant. "I have had a fearful dream, my darling. I shudder even to think of it!"

"Sleep now, dear Henry, and do not let it trouble you. You will be stronger when you wake." And kissing his eyelids as they closed wearily, she held his hand in hers until he slept a peaceful, healthy sleep.

After some hours he awoke, stronger in body, and with clearer perceptions.

"It was no dream, Annie," he groaned, as she stooped to press a kiss upon his brow. "May God forgive me! I dare not ask your forgiveness, my cruelly injured wife. O that I had died ere I awoke to consciousness of my sin and shame!" And the miserable man wept and groaned in his sore agony.

Low and soothing were the words sweet Annie Browning uttered, as she bent above her suffering, repentant husband, and pressed soft kisses on his brow.

"You have indeed sinned against God, my Henry; but he is merciful, and ready to forgive. O let us pray to him to blot out the transgressions of the past, and grant us renewed strength that we fall not in the future. Look up, my husband!—look deep into my eyes, and read there my truth, when I say that I do forgive you, freely and entirely, and I will help you to forget the past. Fearfully have you suffered, and God will accept the sacrifice of a contrite heart."

"My wife!—my angel!" burst from Henry Browning's full heart, as he clasped his recovered treasure to his bosom, while the tears rained over his face. "I thought you would spurn me from you—for I deserve even that—but you take me to your heart again, and forgive the bitter wrong I have done you. My God, I thank thee! Help me to be worthy of such love."

Gently, in reply to his remorseful inquiries, Annie told her husband of Irene's fearful fate. The fevered dream of his passion for her had passed away in the light of his wife's pure, self-forgetting love, and he sorrowed for her only as

he would have done for any erring child of humanity, to whose wrong-doing he had been accessory. The secret of his connection with her was known only to himself and his faithful wife, and so he had nothing to fear from public opinion, when, after weeks of suffering, he returned to his home.

Years have passed since the occurrence of the events which I have recorded, but Henry Browning is still the lover-husband, still is his sweet Annie the pride and joy of his heart.

And is she happy? As happy as mortal woman may be, when loving and respecting him with her whole heart and judgment, she feels that she is the star of her husband's life.

### JUMPERS.

A good high jumper will clear five feet, a first-rate one, five and a half, an out-and-outer among the first-rate, six feet. The late Mr. Ingleby, of Lancaster, we have seen clear a stick held six feet two inches high, springing off the turnpike road, and with a run of about five yards. What Ireland could do without the spring board we know not—probably not two inches more than Mr. Ingleby. Mr. Ingleby despised perpendicularity, swayed himself over almost horizontally with singular grace and facility. Twelve feet is a good standing single jump on level ground; fourteen is a job for two or three in the country; twenty feet on level ground is a first-rate running single jump, but has been done often; twenty-one is something very extraordinary, but nohow apocryphal; and twenty-two is, we believe, accomplished about once every twenty years, and that almost always by an Irishman. With a run and a leap, on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard, we have seen twenty-three feet done in great style, and measured to a nicety; but the man who did it (aged twenty-one, and eleven stone weight) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) the best far-leaper of his day in England.—*Professor Wilson.*

### FORTUNE AND THE DREAM.

A dream flitted past the cavern where Fortune was sleeping, and awoke her from her slumber.

"Whence comest thou?" asked the goddess.

"From a maiden," said her aerial visitor, "over whose pillow I have hovered all night. I wore the shape of a lover of rank and wealth, with horses and equipages, and a train of liveried servants. I kneeled and kissed her hand, and had just won her constant to be mine, when day broke, and I vanished. But the good child will think of me all day long, and be happy."

"My fate is not so happy a one as thine," replied Fortune. "'Twas but lately I visited a merchant, and made him prosperous and rich. While I remained with him, he was contented, but yesterday I turned away my face from him, and he hung himself. Why should those whom thou visitedst feel thy disappearance less? Am not I, too, a dream?"—*The New Yorker.*

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

## LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED.

BY HILLY WARREN.

Long years have passed since last I saw  
That form I loved so well;  
Since last we wandered side by side,  
In the fragrant "Flower Dell."  
Or, seated near the "Violet Springs,"  
By the murmuring Brookway,  
With nature for companionship,  
We passed each summer day.

Do you ever think of those pleasant days,  
Or the friend who shared with these  
The pleasures of our childhood home  
'Neath the sheltered greenwood tree:  
If so, then list to the song of mine,  
It comes from a heart that's true,—  
It's for want of time that I cease to write;  
And now, dear friend, adieu.

## IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

JOHN PETERS had just graduated from the mercantile college in New York, and with a recommendation and a diploma in his pocket, was now in search of a situation. He was a good looking young man of twenty-three: had earned with his own hands the money Professor Ferdinand Costello de Guer had received in exchange for his education. If we mistake not, John Peters was a native of a small town in Connecticut, which, from some oversight on the part of previous compilers, has had the misfortune to be entirely overlooked by the great Mr. Brookes in his universal scrutiny of that State.

For fear of rendering the town classical, as being the birthplace of our hero, we shall refrain from further mention of it, satisfied that the curiosity we have already excited, will induce future compilers to be more accurate in their researches, and thus, in course of time, it may come to be awarded to the aforesaid town, in spite of its present isolation and obscurity, its due share of geographical importance.

In what part of the city John Peters resided, or where he happened to be on the morning to which we refer, is a point not clearly shown. I am sorry, however, because the locality of John Peters might tend to strengthen the identity of John Peters, and prevent him (had this fact with some other important items been clearly established in the mind of the wealthy and influential Joshua Meirs) from entrapping the pretty bird which policy and worldly calculation had already beat into the bush for John Peters the second.

That John Peters had been looking over the morning papers, cannot be doubted, from the

fact that precisely nine o'clock A. M. found him standing at the door of Mr. Joshua Meirs's counting-room; Mr. Joshua Meirs having advertised that morning for a book-keeper.

"Mr. Meirs! I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Joshua Meirs?" said John Peters, touching his hat and bowing profoundly in the direction indicated.

"The same!" responded Mr. Meirs, with a frigidly dignified nod. "Can I be of any service to you? Please proceed!"

John Peters hesitated, and glanced about the room; the presence of Mr. Meirs was recognizable in every object.

"What shall I do? If there was only a hole somewhere," thought John. But there was no hole, and our hero proceeded.

"My name is Peters—John Peters!"

Mr. Meirs sprang from his arm-chair, as though he had received a shock from some invisible battery.

"John Peters? By all that's gracious!" cried Mr. Meirs, embracing him. "And here, like an old simpleton have I been treating you, thinking you a stranger all the while, according to the most frigid rules of etiquette. I deserve to be blowed for ever having studied Count de Orsay's Treatise. But how is your father?—how stupid in me—I can see him in every feature of your face—in good spirits, I reckon!—yes, I see, no matter about the answer—arrived in the morning train—all tired out, no doubt? Yes, of course, how could I expect you to be otherwise!—rode all night, I see! Perfectly unexpected, though—didn't dream of your coming before the expiration of another week—think your father said in his letter a week from Friday—to-day, let me see, is Wednesday—which would leave it a week from day after to-morrow. But no matter; you are just as welcome!—ah, here comes the omnibus; it will take us within two minutes' walk of my residence, and Bella is at home this morning. She can't help but be delighted—come!" And Mr. Meirs caught the arm of John and started in the direction of the street.

"I fear there is a slight misunderstanding somewhere," faltered John, attempting to withdraw his arm; "it is true my name is John Peters—"

"Of course! and my name is Joshua Meirs, and you are to marry my daughter Bella. I can see no cause of misunderstanding in the matter. Hallo!" he shouted, at the same time beckoning to the driver of the "bus," and renewing his hold upon John Peters's arm. "Hallo, there, two fares this way!"

The driver held up, and Mr. Meirs, in spite of



the half-formed remonstrance of the bewildered John Peters, hurried him into the "bus," and in five minutes more they were ascending the marble steps of the merchant's residence.

"Is Bella at home?" inquired Mr. Meirs, of the servant on the landing.

"Truth, and I think it was the young mistress's voice I was after hearing just now in the *pezeny-room*!"

Mr. Meirs led the way in the direction indicated, while John, much embarrassed, followed. He felt it was high time some explanation was offered. But Mr. Meirs was too much pre-occupied with the one idea—the identity of John Peters, and his proposed connection with the Meirs family—to heed the confused and broken sentences of our hero, and the next moment found him face to face with the most bewitchingly beautiful creature he had ever seen.

"This is Bella!" said Mr. Meirs, with some pride; "you doubtless remember her. This is your Cousin John, I hope you haven't forgotten him. What in the world makes you stare so, hussey? I told you his hair would be as dark as your own, by this time, but you didn't believe it." Here Mr. Meirs consulted his watch, and said, "But I must be in Wall Street by ten; so I shall be obliged to trust you to your own government till dinner!"

With this Mr. Meirs departed, leaving our hero indecisibly confused. No sooner was he gone, than Bella burst into a ringing laugh, and exclaimed: "How funny!"

Merriment is said to be contagious. John Peters laughed a response to Bella, and he had a most beautiful way of doing it, which Bella, in spite of the novelty of their situations, readily acknowledged with a blush.

"There has been a great mistake made," said John Peters, bowing sorrowfully, as though he would "a tale unfold."

"I see," said Bella, "you are trying to cover up your red hair with a wig. I hate red hair, and the change makes you look funny—it does indeed!"

"It is all a mistake," persisted John, reddening; "I never wore a wig in my life!"

"Then you must have colored it, for it was red ten years ago, and I used to laugh at you when I was angry, and advise you to keep one eye open when you slept, lest it set the bed-curtains afire."

"What an awkward situation!" cried John, desperately. "It is true, I am John Peters, but not the John Peters you take me for, and as for having red hair, I never had that honor, I assure you!"

It was now Bella's turn to look surprised.

"And who are you then," cried Bella, "you are not John Peters, of Baltimore?"

"On the contrary, I am John Peters of Connecticut, a graduate from the mercantile college; and at present, in search of a situation. I am not your cousin, and never saw you, to my knowledge, before to-day. Though I must confess you are the prettiest girl I ever did see, and I begin to envy the genuine John Peters, your cousin, for I can't help liking you a great deal already."

"You do? Indeed, how funny! Then you are not my cousin from Baltimore, and what is better still, my father thinks you are. I detest a cousin for a husband, and above all a red-haired husband, whether he be cousin or no. But how did it all happen that papa should make such an odd mistake? Tell me all about it."

"Well, the fact is, the whole thing was a mistake from beginning to end, and was attributable to an advertisement in the morning paper. Your father wanted a book-keeper, and advertised. I saw the advertisement, and applied directly for the situation. Before stating my business, I introduced myself as John Peters, whereupon your father, forgetting there might be another John Peters in the world, bundled me into an omnibus, and hurried me here before I could offer any explanation!"

"How odd!" exclaimed Bella. "And you are not my cousin, then, after all? but I rather like you, and am not a little pleased with the adventure, because we can both laugh together over father's mistake, and the absent John Peters's red hair."

"But I must explain the matter immediately, though I confess I dislike the idea of giving you up to the absent John Peters," answered our hero, with the same winning smile; "especially as you have a natural antipathy to cousins with red hair."

"I don't see the use in explaining. Supposing we both keep quiet and let it go for granted you are Cousin John—what harm?"

"And then supposing that he, thinking me Cousin John, should insist on our being married before the genuine John Peters comes?"

"O, it would be delightful! I do so hate to marry my cousin; besides, I like you a thousand times better. There isn't the least romance in marrying one's cousin, especially such a cousin as John Peters of Baltimore."

Here Bella laid her pretty white hand on John's arm and said: "But you don't care for me; of course you wouldn't like to be married to please me. I don't blame you, either, for I wouldn't

marry my Cousin John if I could help it."

"On the contrary," cried John, clasping the little hand warmly, "I would give the world for that happy privilege!"

"Then you must promise me to keep still and let the matter rest as it is. You will, wont you?"

"Most certainly," answered John, "if it pleases you. I should be a brute to object, shouldn't I?"

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On his return, and to his no little delight, Mr. Meirs found Bertha deeply interested in Cousin John. "I thought you would come round," said he. "These girls are always perverse when their lovers are out of sight, but mighty warm-hearted and agreeable when they have once got together. Howbeit, I fancy there is a slight vein of duplicity in the best of them, I do!"

"O, no, papa, you should not be so hasty in your conclusions, for haven't I told you all along, that Cousin John's hair was red, and that my principal objection was based upon that fact. But you see there is a slight mistake somewhere, for his hair (pointing to the counterfeited cousin's) is quite dark and glossy. I must really confess, papa, that I like John very much; a great deal better than I expected. I do, indeed!"

"Then," said Mr. Meirs, exultingly, "if I were in John's place, I would just take the liberty to strike while the iron is hot. There is nothing gained by delays, and a week hence you might be as far off the handle, as you were a week ago."

"O no, I am not so fickle; but I will leave the whole matter with you and John. Whatever you and he think proper, I will submit to. I must confess I like him a great deal better than I expected."

"There, Bella, you talk like a sensible girl," cried Mr. Meirs. "I knew you would. I like your resolution. There is nothing so rare in this world as a sensible girl at your time of life. John is no fop nor profligate. He will make you a good husband; will look after your interests, and, I think, will be worthy of you. As for the wedding, John, it shall be left entirely with you to say. Bella is willing, and I can see nothing to prevent its taking place right away."

To say that our hero was perfectly unaffected by these remarks, would be presuming too much.

"I think whatever you think proper," said John. "Any arrangement agreeable to you, will be equally so to me. I have a great respect and affection for Miss Meirs, and if I can be so far forgiven for my presumption, I can safely say, that to be the husband of your daughter, this moment, or at any future time, would be to me the choicest gift of Heaven to bestow."

"Very sensible remarks," said Mr. Meirs, joy-

fully; "and as you are obliging enough to leave the matter to my direction, I shall say a week from Friday, that being the day on which I had first anticipated your coming. This will give Bella ample time for all necessary preparations, and you, also, to apprise your father, and such other friends from Baltimore, as you propose to invite."

"If I might be allowed my preference in this respect," answered our hero, glancing at Bella for encouragement, "I would much rather not mention it to my father and friends till afterwards, and thus give them an agreeable surprise. In fact, before I saw you this morning, I had not even dreamed of such sudden good fortune."

"And besides," interposed Bella, earnestly, "your father might not feel much like journeying so soon after an attack of gout. As for me, I would much prefer a quiet wedding, with only a few friends present. Besides, I would a great deal rather give the money away which would be spent on such an occasion, to some of the poor families who are starving in this city."

"Nobly spoken!" cried Mr. Meirs, with enthusiasm, and glancing at Bella with a world of pride and affection. "Nobly spoken, my daughter. With such prudence, and such charitable feelings, you will make your Cousin John a pattern of a wife. I heartily agree with you in this respect, and you shall have it all your own way."

Our hero, who in truth, independent of her charms of person, had looked upon Bella as somewhat frivolous, was equally charmed by her remark; and, had the occasion warranted, would have pressed a kiss of approbation upon her lips.

During the time which elapsed between this and the day set for the marriage of his daughter, Mr. Meirs seemed overflowing with good humor and enjoyment. He made several presents to the poor of his acquaintance, and even gave Bella the sum of five hundred dollars to be used, if she chose, for the same purpose.

In the meantime, our hero was living in the greatest possible intimacy with Bella. Every day they walked, rode, or sung together, while the merchant looked on, and entered into their plans with increasing satisfaction.

At length the long anticipated Friday arrived, and a few chosen guests were assembled at the residence of Mr. Meirs, to witness the nuptials.

John Peters had exhausted his last dollar in remunerating the tailor who had furnished him his wedding coat, and by the assistance of the barber, who had trimmed his moustache, cut and curled his hair after the most approved style, our hero was really as fine a looking fellow, as could be found anywhere within the precincts of the

city; and Mr. Meirs and Bella were not a little proud of introducing him among their aristocratic friends. The pastor who presided over the church with which Mr. Meirs was connected, had already arrived, accompanied by a clerical acquaintance; while Bella, attired in a dress of white satin, with a white veil surmounted by a crown of flowers, had just entered, resting on the arm of the bride's maid. During the sensation created by the entrance of the bride, another door had opened, and a young man, some five feet four inches in height, with dusty garments and very red hair, was pushed in by the servant, and with much amazement depicted on his freckled, unprepossessing features, sank down into the nearest chair, without attracting any particular observation at the time, from the rest of the company assembled.

As the ceremony progressed, and the question was asked by the clergyman if any one objected to the banns, he of the red hair and freckles rose up and said: "I object, Mr. Clergyman, most decidedly object—"

"What?" cried Mr. Meirs, springing forward and confronting the excited young man of the red hair and freckles. "And who are you that dare to object to my daughter's marriage with her cousin? Will you explain yourself, sir?" cried the enraged Mr. Meirs, shaking his fist in the face of the terrified intruder. "Speak! or by my faith, I will bundle you headforemost into the street!"

"I can't, sir," cried the proprietor of the hair, "while you continue so excited!"

"Then, by my soul," cried the merchant, still more excited in his tone, "I'll just give you to understand that you have no right to dictate in my own house!" And suiting the action to the word, he seized the unlucky intruder by the shoulder, and forced him out of the room.

"Now," cried Mr. Meirs, turning to the clergyman, "please proceed with the ceremony!"

Agreeably with Mr. Meirs's request the ceremony proceeded, and in less time than it takes us to relate it, John and Bella were indissolubly united in the bonds of wedlock.

No sooner was the ceremony over, than Bella, clasping her husband's hand, knelt before her father and said: "Forgive us, dear father, for the deception we have practised upon you. This is not Cousin John of Baltimore!"

"Then who under the sun is he?" cried Mr. Meirs, glancing about the room in the most bewildered manner.

"It is John Peters, but not Cousin John. My dear husband came in the first place to you, in search of a situation, and you, forgetting that there might be another John Peters in the world,

beside your nephew John, have very innocently assisted us in carrying out the deception. Therefore you must forgive him, dear father, for he is far less to blame in the matter than either of us, for you in the first place being deceived by the name, and we in the second place having the misfortune to be greatly pleased with one another, it was quite natural for us to yield to the temptation!"

"I see," answered Mr. Meirs, with much apparent chagrin, "I have just had the honor of turning your cousin out of doors, which makes a compound blunder on my part. To tell you the truth, Bella, I am far more vexed at my own stupidity, than with any one else. As for John Peters," added Mr. Meirs, in a half humorous, half sarcastic tone, "I think I must forgive him for his name's sake, if nothing more. As for you, hussy, I shan't say to-night whether I shall forgive you or not. It will depend mainly on how we succeed in pacifying your Cousin John."

Suffice it to say, for the final gratification of the reader, that John Peters of Baltimore was readily pacified, after a suitable explanation and apology being tendered him by his cousins, on the following day, and, what is still further avowed, did actually laugh over the circumstance so heartily, that for a moment his face grew redder than his hair. And still further, by those who have a right to know, it has been affirmed that John Peters of Connecticut became, not only a model husband to Bella, but a model assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to business.

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#### ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought upon its brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft: but no eye has yet reached the top of the great over-arching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lampblack, and he hears a wild, mournful melody of water, the wailing of the brook for the green and sunny channel left in the upper world never more to be revisited. Down goes a rock tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of the opinion that folks come here to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash! it has reached the bottom. No—hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer.—*Home Journal.*

## CONTENTMENT.

BY W. LEIGHTON, JR.

Contentment! 'Tis thy gentle charm to bind  
 With pleasing chains the soft and pliant mind;  
 'Tis thine to spread before thy votary's feet  
 The blissful presence of a joy complete;  
 'Tis thine to make life's journeying seem  
 The real existence of an unreal dream;  
 Thy flowery garlands twined around our way,  
 With fragrant blossoms perfume all the day;  
 Thy gentle softness o'er the bosom steals,  
 And moulds each thought that subject bosom feels;  
 As the mild moon looks down with chastened light,  
 And twines her robe of beauty round the night,  
 So thy soft veil, around our life entwined,  
 Soothes all the passions that disturb the mind.

Thus would we live—but ah! thy charms so fair  
 Oft fly our presence—visions of the air—  
 In vain we pray, in vain pursue the prize,  
 An air-born shadow flits before our eyes;  
 Naught, naught rewards our long and weary chase;  
 We spread our arms, but nothing we embrace.  
 In wild excitement's rage, and maddest hour,  
 We seek for Pleasure in her inmost tower;  
 Before the reckless hand her bright veil flies—  
 A grisly horror stands before our eyes;  
 We gaze affrighted on the phantom dread,  
 Then fly its presence, as before it fled;  
 But as we fly, the phantom stalks before  
 Our grim attendant now forever more.

## POLITICS VERSUS LOVE.

BY M. T. MUNROE.

I HAD received an invitation to a wedding, and as it is not every day such a great event happens to me, I determined to accept it. Accordingly, the afternoon previous to the appointed evening, found me busy in cleaning up my white kids, which had already once gone through that operation which makes old gloves "almost as good as new," and which I thought, to use one of my Irish girl's expressions, "might do me another turn." I looked over my not extensive wardrobe and found it not at all difficult to decide what I should wear, for when one has but one wedding garment, there can be no uncertainty as to one's apparel.

I made myself look as well as I could, although fully persuaded that none but the bride would attract attention. I sat waiting in state full half an hour before the arrival of the carriage hired for the occasion. It matters not to tell the little incidents and accidents of getting to that wedding, for they have nothing to do with my story; the fact that the horse, with which we started, proved to be lame, and we were obliged to drive to the stable for an able one to go on four legs, and not on *pas fore* legs and one hind

leg—the appalling conviction, when half way there, that I had left my carefully cleaned gloves behind, are not at all essential to the main thread of my simple narrative. Neither is it particularly necessary to tell how large the number was at the wedding, how the bride looked, nor how the bridegroom went through his part of the ceremony; suffice it to say, it was a pleasant gathering, the bride looked pretty, the bridegroom's behaviour was all that could have been desired.

The minister performed the ceremony after the most approved manner. He bade them join right hands; then by legal power vested in him, pronounced them husband and wife; then followed a short prayer, and it was over. Then all the company saluted the bride, and the most daring—those not afraid of a *hair-lip*—the bridegroom, and when this ceremony was happily got through with, the company adjourned to the supper-room, and over the good things provided, grew talkative and merry.

There were many beautiful young ladies present, but I saw none more brilliant than the bridesmaid, the betrothed of the bridegroom's brother, my young friend Lucy Sanders. Robert Merton, her lover, was the gayest of the party; he said the wittiest things, and was the cause of a great deal of merriment and good humor.

Lucy was a girl of character and decision, and I liked her well. She was, too, remarkably handsome. She had the most brilliant complexion I ever saw; her eyes were bright and sparkling—her figure graceful.

Political feeling ran high at this time, extending itself into all circles, and ladies were not wholly uninterested listeners to discussions. Even the wedding-party was not secure from its innovations. A joke or two between differing persons was followed soon by serious words, and ere we were aware, a hot disputation was going on. The lady of the house looked worried, and signed to her husband to change the subject, which he tried in vain to do. The pretty bride looked anxious, and thought it too bad to have politics introduced at such a time. The bridegroom at first treated the subject lightly, but he, too, finally grew interested and joined in the discussion.

Foremost in the list of disputants, was Robert. He had a natural gift for speaking, and although my opinion did not coincide with his, I could but admire the manner in which he handled his subject. I glanced at Lucy, and found she was listening with eager attention; but by the look with which she regarded Robert, I saw that she did not think with him. She was standing close by me, with one hand resting on my shoulder. The

voices grew louder, the dispute more earnest. Robert's face was flushed, and I saw he was getting unconscious of the force of his assertions. At last, wishing to show how far he was willing to go in support of his principles, he said, loudly:

"If I were going to be married to-morrow, and the girl to whom I was engaged should say she differed from me in opinion, I would not marry her!" And he brought his clenched hand down upon the table, so as to give force to his assertion.

"Take care, Robert; be careful what you say," said his brother.

"It is true," said he, looking round upon the company. "I repeat it; did she differ from me, I would not marry her, so help—"

He did not finish the sentence. A hand was laid upon his mouth, and a stern voice said:

"Robert, hold your tongue—you are making a fool of yourself."

I felt a heavy weight upon my shoulder, and I knew well whose hand rested there; and glancing up to the face, I found it was white as marble. This strong assertion of Robert's seemed to have brought the dispute to a climax, and, as by common consent, the subject was dropped.

I was to leave the company at an early hour, and on being told that the carriage was waiting for me, I left the room to go up stairs. As I passed through the entry, I met Robert, looking very much flushed and disturbed, and I felt very uneasy, which uneasiness was increased when, on entering the chamber for my hood and shawl, I found Lucy there alone, looking very excited.

"Lucy," said I, "what is the matter? I met Robert, and he looked strangely, and here you are with a flushed face and all of a tremble;" and I took her hand, which was cold as stone. "What is the matter, child?"

"Nothing in particular. You heard Robert's remark; I differ from him in opinion, and you know the consequence."

"Nonsense, Lucy," said I; "you are not going to treasure up that rash, thoughtless speech."

She looked at me with her clear, searching gaze, and I knew in a moment that quick, passionate words had passed between the two, and I was grieved.

"Lucy, you should not look upon it so seriously. Remember, your happiness ought not to be cast away for such a trifle."

"Trifle?" said she, stopping in her quick walk across the chamber; "it is no trifle! Robert is passionate and exacting. He thinks I must pin my faith on his sleeve; I shall not do it—I have a right to my own opinion. It is better that we part."

And they did part! The engagement was broken off. I must say I was sorry all this had happened, for I knew that Lucy loved Robert well. True, he was a little opinionated, but still he was a fine young man, had good principles, was doing a brisk business, and I knew nothing to prevent their being very happy together. I had in my imagination already married them, and it was hard for me to witness the ruin of this castle of my own building; however, there it was—all demolished.

Well, Robert grew more rabid, as the political campaign progressed. He gave up his business for politics, he made political speeches, and in the report of every meeting of his party, his name was sure to be mentioned. He left no stone unturned that could secure the interest of his party; he seemed to live, breathe and move in politics alone.

With what interest I watched the progress of this campaign, sitting snugly in my own home, reading the papers, watching the movements of the different parties, giving my good wishes for what I deemed the right, which was all that I, woman that I am, could do. The end came at last. The great day came—the great day passed. All Robert's efforts were over—his party was defeated! The excitement was over, the world settled down again to its everyday life, the State went on as before, and the day after this great excitement differed not outwardly from other days. I have wondered since how Robert ever lived through the terrible reaction that day must have brought; indeed, he did barely survive it.

The day after election, I sat at my window watching in vain for Robert to pass. I think no one saw him that day. The next morning, news came that he was dangerously ill of a brain fever. I went to see him. The poor fellow was in a delirious state, and did not know me. All day long he made political speeches, counted votes, or disputed with some imaginary opponent. Poor Robert! the campaign had been too much for him. He lay for some time sick night unto death, and when at length the fever left him, and he began to recover, he was not at all like himself, but silent and gloomy. We never heard his jovial laugh, and his merry jests were all gone. Politics he never mentioned, the newspapers he never touched, and when he was well enough to go out, he carefully avoided his companions with whom he had of late been so familiar; he went silently about his work, and sought companionship with none.

Occasionally he came in of an evening to sit with me, for my home was quiet and he seemed

to like it. Often we had a game of chess, of which he was extremely fond. If he did not seem inclined to talk, I said nothing, but just let him follow his own bent. I thought this gloom would pass away, after a while, but as it did not, I began to be alarmed and to fear that his disappointment in politics and love was too much for him, and that he was settling down into a gloomy, morbid state of mind, terrible in one so young. What was to be done?

Lucy also visited me often, and I had sometimes asked myself the question—what if she should chance to come in while Robert was with me? I never told her how often he visited me, for I feared she might not come so freely, did she know it; and I had, I must own it, a woman's curiosity to know how the two would meet—for I don't think they had seen each other since the night of the wedding—and although I would of course not plan a meeting unknown to them, still my heart always fluttered when Robert was with me, if I heard a footfall at the door.

Well, one night Robert came in, and he seemed gloomier than ever—and it made me feel very sad to see him sit there gazing into the fire with such a hopeless look upon his handsome face. I thought it would perhaps divert his mind to have a game of chess, and accordingly made the proposition. He consented; and I brought out the table, placed the men, and we were soon deep in the game. Robert played well; I was an indifferent player. The game, as usual, went on in silence. By-and-by, I heard a ring at the door. My heart was all in a flutter, and not knowing what I did, I made a wrong move and was pronounced in check.

At that instant, I heard a step in the entry which I well knew. The door opened; Robert's back was towards it. He did not look around, and she came close up to the fire before she recognized him.

"Good evening, Lucy," said I.

She returned the salutation in a brisk, pleasant voice. I glanced at Robert; he was looking down upon the table, but I saw that his face was pale and that he was all of a tremble.

"O dear!" thought I; "what is to be done? what will she say?"

Lucy was a girl of remarkable self-possession. She never yet got into a dilemma, but that she extricated herself with infinite credit and tact; and I need not have given myself the least uneasiness now, for in the most natural, easy way in the world, she said:

"Good morning, Mr. Merton—it is long since I have seen you."

Robert looked up, and unconsciously—for I

knew he had not the least idea what he was doing—he rose from his seat, and to my utter surprise, held out his hand, and—could I believe my eyes?—the two actually shook hands!

Lucy drew a chair to the fire and sat down, and Robert resumed his seat.

"I am sorry to have interrupted your game," said Lucy.

"It is not much interruption," I replied; "if I remember right, I am in check."

"And if I do not mistake, checkmated," said Robert, in such an altered tone that I scarcely knew it. "Do you play chess, Miss Saunders?" said he, turning to Lucy.

Could I believe my eyes and ears? Could he have forgotten? I remembered having heard of people afflicted with diseases of the brain—forgetting everything which had happened for years previous.

"Will you take my place, Lucy," said I, "and have a game with Mr. Merton? But be on your guard, for he is a fine player."

"As he has just checkmated you, it is well for you to make the assertion," she replied, gayly.

Well, the two sat down in the most peaceable way in the world to play a game of chess, and I looked on with open-eyed wonder. I knew Robert was a good player, but soon found he had now his match. I fancied his face grew dark, as he saw Lucy had decidedly the advantage of him. In vain he tried to retrieve himself; she had the game in her own hands, and most unrelentingly she pushed her advantage, and finally pronounced him checkmated.

"I cannot give up so," said Robert, placing the men again upon the board.

Lucy smiled very quietly, as she made the first move. This time Robert had the advantage, and it was soon his turn to say "checkmate" to his opponent.

"Now for the rabber," said he, elated with his success.

They were both in earnest, and bent all their energies upon the game. I watched them in breathless interest; they moved cautiously, and the game went on slowly. I saw Robert was intent upon a well-laid plan—so intent that he did not see that his opponent had the start of him, till surprised by the startling intelligence of "checkmated in four moves!"

"No!" said he.

"Yes," said she, quietly; "do you not see it? And in a few words she convinced him of the fact.

"It is true," said he; "I give up beaten. I think you must have practised, of late?"

"Yes," said she, "I have a friend with whom I play nearly every night."

"Ah!" said Robert; and then he was silent.

"Clara," said I, "is it not?" for I had no idea of Robert's being deceived.

"Yes," said she. "We are well matched; she beats me regularly every other game."

Well, it was getting late—and what was to be done? My servant generally went home with Lucy, when she visited me of an evening; but Lucy betrayed no inclination to start. She was determined Robert should start first, while he was determined to do no such thing—and so they both sat still. As the house was my own, and it was high time for all young folks to be at home, I thought it best to put an end to the matter by saying:

"Lucy, I don't wish to hurry you, but I suppose Katy is waiting to go home with you, and as she has been hard at work to-day, I dislike keeping her up any longer."

"I will get ready instantly," she said, rising.

Robert rose on the moment.

"If," said he, "Miss Saunders would accept me for an escort, I should be most happy to see her safe at home."

Lucy bowed with all the grace of a queen, and I said:

"In that case you need not hurry, as it was on Katy's account alone I spoke."

But they were evidently bent on going now, and accordingly went away together, while I was left alone in a state of amazement and wonder. The event I had hoped for—and yet dreaded—had happened and passed over without the least bit of a scene, and yet in a manner most wonderful to behold. I could hardly sleep all night, and was impatient for morning; and all the day I could hardly keep quiet, so eager was I to have Lucy come in and satisfy my curiosity. Well, in the afternoon she came.

"Well, Lucy," said I, "what is it? tell me all about it;" and I pulled her down upon the sofa and sat down to enjoy all she had to tell me. "How provokingly cool and self-possessed you are," I continued; "when I was looking for you last night either to faint or go into a towering passion, you merely said, as coolly as possible, 'Good evening, Mr. Morton.'"

"Well, what else could I do? In the first place, I wasn't alarmed nor sick, and could not faint; in the next place, I wasn't angry, so I could not get into a passion."

"Never mind," said I, "tell me what he said, and what you said, for I am dying of curiosity."

"Well," said she, "we went along a while in silence, and I began to think he never was going

to speak, and was considering what subject I should introduce—whether the moon, the stars, or something terrestrial would be most interesting, for I felt that something must be done—when all at once, so suddenly I fairly started, he said: 'Lucy!'

"'Well,' said I, as coolly as I could—and I don't doubt but it was coolly enough.

"'I was very foolish once.'

"'Ah!' said I. I wasn't going to give way one inch.

"'I have suffered for it,' said he; 'yet I never expected to say this to any one—least of all to you—but something impels me to speak now. Can you overlook the past, and look upon me again as your friend?'

"Of course I had no objection, and told him so, and then there was another pause. After a while—'Lucy!' said he again."

"'Didn't he say 'dear Lucy' this time?'

She blushed, and went on.

"'Well,' said I.

"'I love you still,' said he.

"That was coming to the point at once, thought I, but I said very calmly:

"'My political opinions are still unchanged.' I was determined to stand upon my dignity.

"'I don't care what your opinions are,' said he; 'if you will only say you love me, you may vote for whom you please.'

"'Provided,' said I, 'I could have that right.'

"'He didn't seem to pay much attention to that.'

"'I have been very unhappy,' said he.

"'Could you not find happiness in politics?'

"'I have had enough of politics,' he replied; 'they do for a short run, but for a long campaign, love is the only candidate that will stand the test,' and so—"

"And so," said I, "I suppose you settled the little affair amicably, kissed and made up, and matters commence just where they left off before the quarrel."

Alas, how prosaically such matters are settled in this nineteenth century! Once there would have been material enough for a romance of three volumes, and now it hardly suffices for the four columns of a newspaper.

"Well," said Lucy, the rich color mounting to her cheek, "what can I do?'

"Nothing. Only be as happy as you can till the next political campaign, and then—beware!

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What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

MEMORY.

BY "OLD PRECIOUS."

When night's dark mantle o'er the earth  
Is thrown a sable veil,  
When daylight's stirring scenes are o'er,  
On mountain, hill and dale;  
When "starlets" gem the heavens' blue dome,  
The moon shines bright and clear,  
Then memory-loves to backward turn,  
To scan both loved and dear.

Scenes that are cherished fond and true,  
While the heart's tablets last—  
When time sped like a fairy spell;  
Bright record of the past,  
O, tell me, are there any scenes  
That our heart-throbs can tell,  
Round which does not fond memory cling,  
So lovingly and well?

Of hearts, home treasures, O how dear!  
Bright dewdrops sparkling o'er—  
The leaves of memory's casket open  
Trembling with tales of yore;  
Of friends round whom our hearts did cling,  
Its tendrils all entwine,  
When Hope her psalm notes did sing.  
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"MAY I introduce young Floyd to your ladyship? He is very anxious to become acquainted with the 'beautiful heiress,' as he calls you."

"You may not, Theodore. I have more than once told you my opinion of Mr. Floyd, and it is still the same. He is not one I should wish to number in the list of my acquaintances."

"O, you are too particular, Constance. Floyd is no worse than many others—not half so bad as some. Why, if every one noticed trifles as you do, what would become of society! We should live like hermits."

"I am not going to argue with you, Theodore. I do not wish for Floyd's acquaintance, nor do I feel pleased with you for attempting to force it on me. I should be much better satisfied if I saw you less in his company."

"Would you, my dear little prudent cousin? Well, I am sorry I cannot gratify your wishes; but being under some obligations to him, and also having a very great liking for his most agreeable society, I do not feel able to make such a sacrifice, even to please your most charming ladyship." And with a low bow, and a smile that failed to hide his annoyance, the young gentleman turned away, while his place was instantly filled by several others, anxious to

secure the hand of the lady in the next dance. —But Constance Loudon danced no more that night, and though the music swelled louder and higher, and the gay assemblage, yielding to its influence, gave themselves up to mirth and merriment, she alone sat pale and thoughtful, her mind evidently intent on some thought unconnected with the scene before her.

"My child, you must rouse yourself; this will never do," whispered her father, at her side. "Already your unusual sadness has been commented upon, and should the cause be suspected, you dream not of the mischief it might do. Now smile your sweetest, for I am about to introduce you to a young friend of mine you have never seen. He is very wealthy, and nothing would please me better than for you to secure him; so look your loveliest,—but that is needless advice—you always look lovely."

Constance Loudon blushed at her father's compliment, but the color grew still deeper on her cheek when she, in a few moments, beheld a stranger before her, in whose dark eyes the sentiment seemed echoed. The introduction was soon over, and Franklin Reynolds found himself seated beside and in deep conversation with the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, before he had recovered from his first surprise.

And while they spoke of Spain and Italy (for the gentleman had been a wanderer), he mechanically answered her questions; for his thoughts were not returning to the beauties he had seen in other lands, but were fixed on the surpassing loveliness that had thus greeted his return, in the person of his young countrywoman. And not even his fastidious taste could find the least fault with either the dress or person of the beautiful girl at his side. Her robe of pale blue satin suited well the fair complexion and light brown hair; and the pearls woven in with the bright tresses looked pure and delicate as herself. Pearls also were on her neck and arms, and her companion could not help, in his own mind, comparing her to one herself. "A pearl she is, precious, inestimable; or a dewdrop, rather—so fresh, so bright, so delicate!" There is no knowing how many more adjectives he would have bestowed on her, had not his thoughts been rudely interrupted by the approach of Miss Maria Howe, the sister of the Theodore we have already seen.

"Why Constance!" she exclaimed, seizing both her hands, "what on earth are you hiding here for? I have looked all over the room for you, and when I asked Theodore, he would not tell me where you was; but he said you was sulky about Charley Floyd. Why don't you let



him introduce you? You don't know what a charming fellow Charley is."

"And I do not wish to know, Maria," said Miss Loudon, a little haughtily, at the same time withdrawing her hands from the rough clasp.

"Well, don't be cross, my dear creature; I am all the better pleased if you don't like him. How magnificently your pearls look! I must coax papa for a set just like them for my next birthday." Then lowering her voice to a loud whisper: "Who is that splendid, handsome man? Do introduce him, like a darling?"

"Who is Maria dancing with?" asked Mrs. Howe of her eldest daughter, as they stood together a few minutes after the introduction had taken place.

"I don't know who he is, but you may feel quite easy about it; I saw Uncle Loudon introduce him to Constance, and we all know he would not do that if he was not 'an unexceptionable.' I could not help laughing to see how cleverly Maria went and took him away just now."

"What can make Constance so dull this evening, Sophia?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I think if I had such a splendid set of pearls, and that dress, fit for a queen, I would not sit in a corner and hide it all."

"Constance is growing very handsome, Sophia. I heard several persons say to-night that she is the loveliest woman in the room."

"They had not much taste, then, that's all. A little, light-haired, pale-faced thing, too proud or too sulky to speak to a person half the time. I hope her pride will have a fall some day."

"Your uncle is very rich, Sophia, and that alone is sufficient to make people admire Constance. Your father told me just now that those pearls cost more than both yours and Maria's dresses."

"With all her airs and riches, I don't believe she will ever get married," said Miss Howe, spitefully. "Would you believe it—she actually refused to let Theodore introduce Charles Floyd to her, about an hour ago; and Charles is so hurt he has not danced since."

That Charles Floyd was hurt at Miss Loudon's pointed dislike, and that, too, he was also deeply enraged, no one could doubt who had seen him meet young Howe, after the latter returned from his unsuccessful mission.

"By heaven! I will make her repent this insult!" he exclaimed, his black eyes flashing, and his countenance distorted with rage. "She little thinks that it is in my power to humble her pride to the dust; to make her weep tears of

bitter shame, and to turn all these flattering fools into cold-hearted strangers. But it shall be done; and this very night, too!"

"I hope you don't blame me, Charley. You know I did the best I could for you," said Theodore Howe, humbly.

He was evidently frightened at the anger of his friend.

"Blame you!—no, indeed. I am not such a fool as to think you would play me false, when you know I have you bound body and soul. O no, Master Theodore, I don't blame you; you may rest quite contented."

The young man shrunk away and turned pale under the piercing look of his friend, and soon made an excuse to follow one of his sisters across the room.

Half an hour later, Mr. Loudon was leading his daughter to his carriage, when some one whispered a few words in his ear. Turning deadly pale, he answered, "I will be with you in an instant," at the same time looking eagerly round.

Franklin Reynolds was leaning against the doorway, watching the ever-moving crowd that filled the rooms, and in an instant he answered Mr. Loudon's look by springing to his side.

"Take her safe home; I cannot come yet." And before Constance had time to say a word, her father was gone, and her hand closely clasped in that of her new friend.

"Do not be frightened," he whispered, seeing how pale she looked; "do not be at all alarmed. Probably some business affair he wished to talk over with a friend has detained him."

Poor Constance! it was a sad ride for her. In vain her companion tried to cheer her, in vain he held the little trembling hand in his own, and talked about the party they had left, the gaieties that were to come—nothing interested her; and strive as he might, Franklin Reynolds could not banish from his own mind the recollection of her father's blanched and almost paralyzed features as he last saw them.

"I will go back and look for him," he said, as he held her hand for an instant ere they parted. "He must come home directly, for you are ill, I am afraid."

"Go! go! Do not lose a minute! O my father!" And with a heart-rending cry, she fell senseless at his feet.

He raised her from the ground, and bore her into the magnificent mansion she called "home." Gently as a woman he laid her on a sofa, and kneeling beside her, removed the down-lined hood, the velvet mantle, the numerous wrappings that had shielded her from the night air, and

then as she still laid pale and insensible before him, he clasped her hands in his own, called her name again and again, and then bent down and touched her cheek with his lips.

It was not until he saw life and sense returning, that he summoned other assistance; then consigning her to the care of her servants, he rushed from the house and sprang into the carriage, still waiting to convey him to the scene of the evening's amusement. Something cold on the seat touched his hand; he raised it to the light and beheld one of the beautiful pearl bracelets Constance had worn on her arms that night.

"I will return it to her to-morrow," he said, as he held it almost reverently in his hand. "Bright, beautiful girl, would that I could banish the cloud from that fair brow!"

It is well we know not what grief the future may have in store for us. Franklin Reynolds dreamed a happy dream of the future, as he wished it to be, all unconscious that months of anxious sorrow would pass for both ere he again met his lovely acquaintance of an hour.

It was the day after the ball. Mrs. Howe and her daughters were in deep consultation on the important subject of dresses to be worn at an affair of the same kind to come off on the succeeding evening. The ladies looked the worse for the past night's dissipation, especially Sophia, who, being very dark, lost all her good looks when deprived of the flush given to her cheek by excitement.

"I wish I knew what Constance intends wearing," exclaimed Maria. "I am half inclined to go and consult her, she has such excellent taste."

"O, don't do anything of the kind," peevishly interrupted her sister, "She is vain enough now, goodness knows; and don't let us help to flatter her any more."

"What do I care for her vanity!" exclaimed Maria, in her loud, vulgar tones. "Beautiful as Miss Loudon thinks herself, I took that handsome young Reynolds away from her all the evening; and if she thinks it interesting to sit still at a party and look so disconsolate, all the better for us; perhaps she will find out by-and-by, that people are not fond of sitting in a corner talking to a little pale-faced girl, even if she does wear satin and pearls. But I care more about my dress than I do about her; so do tell me something, mama. What shall it be trimmed with? How shall the sleeves be made? What shall I wear in my hair? This is the largest assembly yet this year, and I have set my heart on looking my best."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Howe, as he

entered the room where his wife and daughters were sitting.

"Why, papa! what is the matter? How pale you look!" exclaimed the girls.

"Mr. Howe, tell me, quick. You know my nerves cannot bear suspense." And Mrs. Howe herself turned pale at the evident consternation expressed in her husband's countenance.

"My dear, it is very sad news. Your brother is dead!"

"Uncle London dead!" exclaimed Sophia, remembering with some little feeling of remorse the ill-wishes she had bestowed on her cousin within the past twenty-four hours.

"My brother dead! O dear, how will my nerves ever be able to go through so much! I am quite confident I shall not be able to go near the house." And the delicate lady lifted her hand to her eyes and sighed heavily.

"No going to the ball now, I suppose!" Maria exclaimed, in a tone of angry impatience, as she tossed the gay silk dress on to the carpet, and pushed it from her with her foot. "I never set my mind on anything yet that I was not disappointed in it. The idea of wearing black, and not going to any more parties all this winter! But do tell us what was the matter, papa. Uncle seemed well enough last night."

"I cannot tell you, indeed," said Mr. Howe, seeing that they were all waiting for an answer.

"He was found dead in his room this morning. But that is not all. It seems his affairs are in a dreadful state, rich as all thought him. His debts cannot possibly be paid unless Douglas and Constance give up their mother's property that was settled on them. But of course they won't do that. They will probably stay where they are, and the rents of the other houses will be more than enough to maintain them comfortably."

"I am very glad she won't want to come here, for I could not bear to have her forever lecturing me," said Miss Sophia; "and we should never be able to make her know her place in the house."

"Sad business this of London's," said Mr. Chipman to his friend, Mr. Brews, as he entered the office of the latter some days after the death of the merchant.

"Yes, very sad business—particularly to those who will lose by his carelessness."

Mr. Brown was decidedly out of humor.

"Are you one of them?" quietly asked Mr. Chipman. "I thought the children had given up their property to satisfy the creditors."

"So they have; but I still lost some hundreds."

It is too bad that people should be so deceived. I never dreamed that London was speculating so deeply."

"Who first found out that he was so involved? It seems there is a great mystery about the cause of his death; and Caleb Smith told me yesterday that if he had lived a few weeks longer, he would have realized an immense fortune."

"I know nothing about that," said Mr. Brown, impatiently. "Young Floyd told me the night of the assembly that London was out of his depth, and to look sharp after him, and I lost no time in taking his advice; but I was not the only one that came upon him that night."

"Good morning, Mr. Brown. I am very sorry indeed for your losses." And with a strange smile on his countenance, the old gentleman walked off.

"That young London is a fine fellow. I think I must do something for him. There are not many lads now-a-days that would give up such a fine property to pay their fathers' debts. Yes, I must help him. Of course, the Howes will take care of his sister."

"Don't fear for me, Douglass; you have no idea how skilful I am with my needle. And then you know, at the worst, I could go out as a governess. But I will maintain my freedom as long as I can," she added, laughing.

"But it will be so long before I can send you anything, or even hear from you. I feel half inclined sometimes to refuse Mr. Chipman's offer, and try what I can do here in the city."

"My dear brother, you will do nothing of the kind. Mr. Chipman is a kind friend, and you must not displease him. I tell you again, don't fear for me."

The fond brother looked doubtfully at the little white hands clasping his own; and as he twined his fingers in her soft curls and kissed her cheek, he would fain have tried to persuade her to consent to his remaining; but girlish as Constance London looked, and young as she was in reality, there were more firmness and good sense in that pretty head than many gave her credit for, and Douglass yielded to her arguments.

The parting was hard, but she bravely struggled with her sorrow and talked gaily of the time when he would return.

"Two years are not much when they are passed, you know, Douglass; and I shall be all the time thinking of those beautiful birds you promised to bring me. They shall help to adorn that beautiful little cottage we are to have when you return; and be sure you don't forget to make plans of all the pretty pagodas and tem-

ples you see, for my garden is to be laid out after the most approved Eastern fashion."

"Could you not give me something more for these, Mrs. M——? They have double the work in them that the last had."

"No, miss, I cannot afford to give you any more for them. I can get plenty of young women who would be glad to do them at that price."

There was a great contrast in the speakers. The first, a fair, delicate girl, exquisitely beautiful, with large blue eyes and bright curls clustering beneath the plain mourning bonnet. She blushed deeply as her employer laid the paltry sum on the counter before her, and there were heavy drops in the blue eyes; but the lady was gazing at the snowy little hand gathering up the coin, and did not watch the effect of her words.

"Do you wish to have some more, miss, at that price?"

"Yes; I can do no better, I suppose."

There was a very hopeless sound in those words. Poor Constance! The very sight of the vulgar, showy Mrs. M—— made her heart sink. Both wore mourning, but the contrast was great between the costly garments of the one, and the plain and rather shabby attire of the other, as great as between the blue eyes of the girl and the sharp black ones of her companion. Constance always thought there was some connection between those eyes and the glittering black beads that adorned Mrs. M——'s rich head-dress.

"O, Mrs. M——, what have you got new to show us this morning?"

There could be but one such voice in New York, and Constance turned and found herself face to face with her cousins.

Scornfully they glanced at her from head to foot, and passed on to the end of the store; and just as proudly she returned their looks and stepped out on to the pavement. A carriage stood before the door—an elegant carriage—even the rich Mr. Howe's,—and lounging listlessly on the soft cushions was a figure she recognized at a glance.

Don't hurry away with such bitter thoughts in your heart, beautiful Constance! One glance from you, one whisper that you were near, and that handsome face would no longer wear its weary, indifferent expression. Gladly, thankfully would the occupant of that carriage have supported your trembling steps to your humble home, even though your dress is shabby, your gloves not new, and your bonnet so plain. Fondly would he wrap that magnificent velvet cloak around your slender, ill-clad form, and,

safely sheltered in his arms, bear you far from the sneers and scorn of cold-hearted relatives.

"Who is that girl, Mrs. M——?" asked Sophia Howe, in her most disdainful tone. "She looks as if she thought herself very pretty."

"She is one of my embroiderers, miss. How do you like this collar? It is something quite new, I can assure you."

"It is very pretty indeed; but I wish you would tell me who that girl is. I feel quite amused at the recollection of her stately air—quite queenly, I declare."

"I only know she is a poor girl that works for a living, and I am sure she has no reason to give herself airs."

"O, I did not know but you might know something of her.—I will take that collar and sleeves, Mrs. M——, and those two handkerchiefs; and you can put it all down to papa's account."

"Didn't I question her nicely?" whispered Sophia to her sister, as they went towards the shop door.

"Yes; but who would have thought of meeting her here? I hope she did not see her from the carriage. We won't say anything about it at home. Mama would want to have her advertised if she thought she was in the city."

Little did they think that the cunning Mrs. M—— had guessed their secret.

"I thought I knew that girl's face, and now I remember it is that rich Miss Loudon, that used to drive past in her father's splendid carriage. She was always a proud thing, and it serves her right to have a fall."

"Dear heart, miss, you will spoil your pretty eyes if you sit there crying so." And the kind-hearted Englishwoman, who had taken a great fancy to her pretty boarder, almost cried from sympathy.

Poor Constance had stitched away for several hours, vainly trying to drive away the sad thoughts occasioned by the events of the morning; and at last, sickened at the sight of the glossy cotton fabric, the bright silken threads and the flowers her skilful fingers had created, she covered her face with her hands and wept bitter tears of sorrow and wounded feelings.

It was something unusual for Mrs. Simmons to see her quiet boarder so dreadfully agitated, and she attempted to console her in her own fashion.

"Don't cry, there's a dear—there be something good in store for 'ee yet." And then in her rough but kind-hearted way, she informed the young girl that her husband's sister, who was married and settled in a little country village, a

"long way off," had come on a visit to her, and that said sister had told her they needed a teacher in the place where she came from, and both had decided that it would be worth while for her to return with Mrs. Baker, who very kindly offered to defray her expenses on the way.

It was too good an offer to be refused, and the next day saw Constance on her way to P——, in company with the good-natured old lady, who felt no little pride at having brought a teacher, and such a teacher, all the way from the city. It was not without a pang that she bade farewell to the home of her youth, that, unconsciously, had become dearer to her than ever lately; but stifling all regrets, she bravely kept on her way.

"Why should I think of him?" she asked herself. "Why feel sorrowful at leaving the place where he dwells?—Long since has he forgotten the acquaintance of a night, nor would I have him see me now, to pass me by unrecognized, or with the cold look that others have adopted."

And yet as they drove down that great thoroughfare, on their way to take the cars, Constance could not avoid casting anxious glances at the passing crowds, and once drew back ashamed, as a figure appeared at a distance, somewhat resembling the one she sought. Again, when seated in the cars, she eagerly watched the crowds of people passing to and fro, but the whistle blew, the bell rang, and with one last despairing look, she leaned back on the seat, and they were off.

"Reynolds, I have come to bid you good-by; I leave New York in an hour," exclaimed Theodore Howe, as he abruptly entered his friend's sitting-room at the fashionable hotel where he boarded.

"Leave New York! Why, what has caused that sudden resolution?" said Frank, as he threw down the book he had been reading, and advancing to the young man, took his hands in his, and looked searchingly in his pale and troubled countenance.

"Don't ask me, Frank—don't look at me—don't speak to me! I am ruined, and another day here would see me in a prison."

"My poor fellow, you are ill; you cannot travel with such a pulse as this; you had better let me prescribe for you, and then tell me what the trouble is."

"It is too late, Frank. I have often longed to tell you what a tangled net I was in; but you cannot help me now. I am ruined! Yes—do not start—ruined body and soul; and Charles

Floyd has done it! You must go to the house and tell them I am gone away; but say no more."

"And your mother—what shall I say to her?"

"Don't speak of her!—don't! don't!" And the wretched young man groaned aloud, and sank heavily on the sofa.

"Look up here, Theodore; don't give way. Is it absolutely necessary that you should leave the city at once?"

"Yes—at once—this minute!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet, and brushing away the tears that fond recollections had occasioned.

"Very well, then, I will go with you. It matters little to me where I spend this spring and summer, and we may as well journey together. You can tell me at your leisure what it is you fear, and perhaps we can get you out of the scrape."

The good folks of P— were not a little surprised, and some of them not very well pleased, at the appearance of the new teacher, for the teacher she was; the trustees of the school having eagerly caught at the chance of securing the services of one blessed with so superior an education. Some of the farmers' wives thought she was too young and giddy to take charge of so many children; some found fault with her delicate hands and lady-like appearance, prophesying that she would set the girls all crazy after the fashions, while a few rejoiced that their children would at last have a competent teacher. Among the latter was sturdy old farmer Morris, who, shaking Constance heartily by the hand, said:

"We want a teacher real bad, ma'am. The youngsters is running wild all over the district; and if you will stay and train 'em a little, we'll do all we can for you."

And so in a few days our heroine found herself installed mistress of the pretty little willow-shaded school house, surrounded by twenty or thirty rosy, country children, and in a fair way to find employment for her leisure hours.

It was not long in becoming known in the village that the new mistress was a skilful milliner, and anxious to make her gains as large as possible, she worked almost day and night. But it was foreign to her nature to make such exertions, and the pale cheek grew paler, the heavy eyelids drooped lower, the little hands became yet more transparent; still she murmured not.

There resided at P— a family by the name of Wiswell, and having seen Constance at meeting, they were much pleased with her appearance, and invited her to their home. They were people above the ordinary class of society in the place, and a warm friendship grew up between

them and the lonely orphan girl, who, they felt, was not in her own sphere.

The tears rushed to Mrs. Wiswell's eyes, as she beheld the eager delight with which Constance opened the piano—the first she had beheld since her father died—and touched the keys, like old friends.

"You play beautifully, my dear," said the kind lady, coming and laying her hand upon the soft curls that fell over the black dress of her young acquaintance, almost to her waist. "No one has touched the instrument since my daughter married and went to Washington; but you must come every day and amuse yourself. Your life is a hard one, for one so young and fair, and I would fain do all in my power to render it pleasanter for you."

The friendship thus begun increased to the warmest regard, as time unfolded the character of the parties, and Constance repaid the sympathy bestowed on her by striving to supply the places of the absent son and daughter—the one, a rising young lawyer, the other, the wife of a wealthy Southerner, but both residing in Washington, far from their old home.

"We could not refuse to let them go, nor could we give up the dear old place for the discomforts of a city life; so in the winter we pay them a visit at my daughter's elegant city residence, and when summer comes they spend a month with us. They always bring a party of friends with them, and this time there is a little stranger added to the number. 'A little beauty' my daughter writes she is, 'and the very image of grandma'."

"Not dead?" screamed Mrs. Howe. "Don't tell me that! It cannot be. O, my boy! my boy!" And the poor weak nerves gave way at last, and the mother fell insensible to the ground.

"Better dead than disgraced," said the father, in his bitter agony.

He alone knew the extent of his boy's shame; he alone had read the words of repentance and farewell.

"God forgive me, but I cannot, will not pardon that treacherous villain who has murdered him!"

And long in after years, when steeped in crime and shame, did the remembrance of the unfortunate youth he had led away and destroyed rise up to overwhelm Charles Floyd with remorse and horror. He saw him as the lively, easily-deceived boy, taking his first lessons in iniquity; at first startled and afraid, then gradually becoming familiar with sin, one by one committing deeds that placed him slowly and surely in the

power of his destroyer. Lastly came the criminal act that had driven him from his home and friends, to die of sorrow, anxiety and shame in a distant city, with no mother near to bless her penitent child, no father to whisper forgiveness to his erring son. Yet not alone did Theodore Howe spend the last few days of suffering that terminated his ill-spent life. There was one, unconnected, save by ties of pity and friendship, who never left him night or day, and who, when all was over, faithfully performed the last requests of the unfortunate young man.

"Send to my mother my watch, my rings, and my likeness. Poor mother! she will shed bitter tears over the last gifts of her unworthy son. And Frank, when I am gone, and you once more go out into the society you have abandoned for my sake, promise me that you will try to find Constance. We have ill-used and neglected her, and I have insulted her more than once. But Constance is good—not worldly and hard-hearted like my own poor sisters; and I feel that she bears me no malice. It has grieved me sometimes to think that she might be in poverty and distress, without a friend to comfort her; but, Frank, if you ever find her and Douglass, you will be kind to them for my sake. Give her my desk and the letter that is in it, and ask her to grant the forgiveness I have begged."

"My dear, how happy you look. Has Farmer Morris sent you another complimentary letter—or have you received half a dozen new scholars?"

"O, neither one, dear Mrs. Wiswell; not any thing about the school," exclaimed Constance, as she threw herself on the sofa, and her hat on the floor. "But O, I am so happy!" And to prove it, she burst into tears.

"My dear child, this is a strange way to convince me of your happiness, and I feel half inclined to scold you for walking so fast this warm day."

"Scold me as much as you like, dear Mrs. Wiswell—I deserve it all for crying when I have received such good news from my darling brother. A long, long letter; and the first one, too."

"And I have news for you, dear," said the lady, after she had congratulated her young friend on the joyful surprise she had received. "My son and daughter are coming home next week, and as your holidays commence on Monday, we wish you to come and spend the time with us. It will be much pleasanter than passing your time at your dull boarding-house, as they bring a large party with them; and I also want to show them that I don't find P—— such a desert as they seem to imagine I must."

Three days after, Constance was told she was the owner of a beautiful little room, where everything that could please or amuse her had been carefully placed. Pictures were hung on the delicately papered walls, books in profusion were on the table and in the cases. Within the large window on either side were the flowers she had loved best—not choice and costly exotics, but mignonette, heliotrope, and sweet-smelling geraniums. Very delicate and beautiful were the lace curtains that draped the one large window, and outside bloomed a profusion of garden flowers, filling the air with fragrance.

"Here you are to feel yourself at home," said her kind hostess; "and the room is yours as long as you please to call it such. But come," she continued, seeing the tears rising in the young girl's eyes, at the sight of a chamber recalling memories of her early days; "come, I have not shown you half my preparations." And in the inspection of the good lady's hospitable preparations, her painful emotions passed away.

The following evening the guests arrived, and Mrs. Wiswell, guessing something of her young favorite's state of mind, stole a few minutes from the parlor to seek her.

"Not to-night, dear friend; not to-night," Constance pleaded, when her hostess wished her to come and see the strangers. "I do not feel able to see them to-night."

"As you wish, my darling," was her answer, as she cast an admiring glance on the lovely girl, looking more beautiful than usual in her black crape dress, without adorning or ornament. "I will not ask you to come out among us this night, but I cannot prevent my daughter coming to see her 'new sister,' as she calls you."

"No, mama, it is too late to do that," said a sweet, musical voice, and a richly dressed and very stylish looking lady entered the room. "You must pardon my intrusion, Miss Loudon; but so great was my anxiety to behold the new daughter mama says she has found, that I could not wait for an invitation. This is only a flying visit, for our friends are missing me, but I know we shall love each other by the look of your eyes. I will let you stay here this one evening, but to-morrow you must help me cheer up a very low-spirited young gentleman, who is of our party; and my dear brother is as impatient as myself to behold you, and I don't know but half inclined to fall in love with the subject of so many rapturous praises from mama." The gay young stranger kissed her cheek, and then with a laughing adieu, hurried away.

"O, you don't know what an angel mama's

protege is," exclaimed the same lady the next morning, as the party assembled in the cool pleasant breakfast room. "But here she comes, and you can judge for yourselves." And the door opened to admit Mrs. Wiswell and Constance.

One glance told Constance that a large party was assembled; and then all others passed from her sight, and she saw but one, while dizzy with surprise and pleasure, she was scarcely conscious that he had sprung forward and caught her hand in his own, and was speaking hurried words of mingled delight and astonishment.

"I said you must help me to cheer and enliven Mr. Reynolds's gloomy brow, and you have done so already," laughed the gay young wife, when the unexpected scene was explained, and the party seated at the breakfast table.

"I fear all my nice little plans for securing you for my sister will be dreadfully disarranged by this unfortunate meeting," she whispered to Constance, as a few hours afterwards they were all wandering about the gardens. "Even now I can see the change your presence has made in him; and look! here he comes to seek you."

It was part of Constance's nature to be painfully sensitive to ridicule or remark, and she shrank with horror from the idea of having strangers comment on her thoughts or actions. This feeling, joined to the remarks of her companion, induced her to abruptly turn away, and leave the garden by a different path, and also to avoid being alone with Mr. Reynolds for the next three days.

At the end of that time, hurt at her shyness, and resolved to know the cause of it, he watched until she left the house in company with Mrs. Wiswell and her little grand-daughter, and then instantly joined them, as if to share their daily walk. But ere Constance was aware of it, they were alone, and walking under the shadow of the "grand old trees," the pride and beauty of the place, and Reynolds was questioning her very anxiously and earnestly as to the cause of her coolness.

Useless was it for Constance to plead propriety as her excuse; equally useless was it for her to plead her poverty as a reason for refusing his offer of heart and hand.

"I am rich, dearest—rich as the utmost ambition could desire; and I need some kind adviser to enable me to be a faithful steward of the wealth committed to my charge. But, Constance, my wealth is valueless in my eyes, if you refuse to share it with me. For months this has been my hope; for months I have shrined you in my heart as some fair saint, and day and night have looked forward to this hour. Constance,

that one evening we spent together, was the making or marring of my happiness in this world."

Need we tell the fair girl's answer; the joy of her faithful admirer, who had so steadily loved and kept her in remembrance; or her happiness when, clasped to his heart, she heard herself called in fondest tones "his own," "his betrothed," and knew that henceforth her path through life would be smoothed and made pleasant by his love?

"Do you remember these, Constance?" asked her lover, one morning, as he unclasped a rich case and displayed a set of pearls of great beauty and value.

"My dear father's last gift!" she exclaimed. "How many recollections they recall!" And tears, purer and brighter than the jewels themselves, filled the blue eyes. "How did they come in your possession? And where was my missing bracelet found?"

"The necklace and one bracelet I saw at a jeweller's one day, and recognized as the mates of the one I had." And the story was told, carefully and tenderly, of how and when he had gained possession of it. "I bought them immediately, and have kept them ever since to return to you."

"Many sad remembrances are connected with these beautiful pearls—my poor father having bought them for me to wear that night, to give his friends a false idea of the state of his affairs; but I will banish all unpleasant ideas about them, and henceforth view them only as precious tokens of your love and kindness."

It created quite a sensation in P—— when the good people heard that their pretty young teacher was engaged to a wealthy young gentleman from New York, and that she was to be married early in the ensuing winter. Franklin had pleaded for an earlier day, but Constance was immovable, and Mrs. Wiswell argued for her.

Autumn passed and winter came, and when the new year arrived with its gaieties and festivities, Franklin Reynolds and his young wife welcomed their friends to the abode of happiness and splendor they called their own, and all united in acknowledging that the lover-husband had provided a magnificent setting for his "beautiful pearl," as she had been called in her girlish days.

Donglass Loudon on learning the happy destiny of his sister, concluded to remain for some years in the East, and when at last he returned to his native land, a dark-eyed maiden consented to become the bride of the stranger, to return with him over the seas and share the wealth he had accumulated among her people.

## THE WINTER OF THE YEAR.

BY JOHN W. ALLEN.

Loud the wintry wind is blowing—  
Lo! I hear a plaintive wail,  
Coming over mead and woodland,  
Borne upon the piercing gale—  
'Tis a cry of bitter anguish,  
Borne upon the piercing gale,  
And it fills my heart with sadness,  
For it tells a woeful tale.

Still it cometh nearer, nearer,  
And the warm tear dims my eye!  
Thoughts are in my heart uprising,  
As I hear that plaintive cry—  
Thoughts of sorrow—stricken thousands,  
Joining in the plaintive cry,  
Who are nightly unprotected,  
While the shrieking gale goes by:

And I ask of Him who ever  
Kindly lends a listening ear  
To his supplicating children,  
When they to his throne draw near,  
To lift up the sorrow-stricken,  
When grim poverty is near,  
And supply them from his fullness,  
In this winter of the year.

## FAST AND SLOW.

BY RALPH TRYON.

ALFRED JENKINS and John Marshall boarded in the same family, were fellow-clerks in a large store, and both received a salary of six hundred a year. The former, a dashing young man was one year the senior of his companion, who, although twenty, and considered very active and promising, had not achieved the title of "fast" as his friend had done.

John did not enjoy the luxury of being in debt, for he had, what Alfred termed, a very foolish habit of paying upon the purchase, which his friend further declared no sort of a way to establish one's credit in the future. And John also had a will of his own, and obstinately adhered to this old-fashioned practice, setting at naught all of Alfred's eloquent endeavors to persuade him to the contrary.

Jenkins perhaps made the most brilliant salesman, but Marshall the most careful. If the former effected the greatest sales, the latter effected the largest profits, so that each about equally enjoyed the favor of their employer. Neither could be called dissipated, but Alfred was rather too fond of fast horses, and John perhaps, of the retirement of his own apartment and seclusion from society.

In the matter of dress—an important point in

the debate of manhood—each remained true to his own characteristics. The elder followed fashion to the extreme. The younger, though less gaudily attired, was always tastefully if not elegantly dressed. Alfred prided himself upon being considered a "ladies' man," but John was no less a man for the ladies. Both admired Kate Gingham, the beautiful daughter of their employer, the one openly, the other scarcely dared to whisper this secret to his own heart.

"Well, Jack," said Alfred, one evening, bouncing into the room, "you know I am twenty-one to-day, and what do you think Gingham has done for me?"

"Something handsome I dare say."

"Yes, rather. You know he invited me to call on him this evening?"

"I thought I heard something to that effect."

"Well, old honesty, what do you think of this?" and Jenkins held up a fine gold hunter watch with chain attached.

"A splendid present."

"Not a bad affair, I must say; but there is something I would have greatly preferred to this and the old shrewd one, I fancy, knew it all the time."

"I can think of nothing that would have suited you better, unless perhaps, a fast horse."

"But I can, and that is his daughter."

"You saw Kate—that is, Miss Gingham?"

"Confound the pretty jade, yes, and alone. I made up my mind to disclose all my attachment this evening, but just as often as I grew sentimental, the gipsy would ask what new dress-patterns we had in, or about laces and other odious stuffs of the shop."

"She proved a little too coy for you then?"

"Say sharp, rather. She knew well enough what I was about, but kept me off at arm's length, just as far as you please. I was obliged to answer all sorts of questions about you. By Jupiter, I thought the girl wished me to understand that she was more than half in love with you."

"With me, nonsense, Alfred!" exclaimed John, fairly blushing, and looking more pleased than he was aware.

"I agree with you, Jack, for the girl that I could not manage, would prove too hard for you, I fancy. Confound it, how dull I feel to-night; but I want you to do me a favor."

"Certainly, Alfred, if in my power."

"Then loan me ten dollars."

The young man drew forth a well filled pocket-book, and handed him the required amount.

"Thank you, Jack, I will repay you in a few days. I am going to give a champagne supper to a few friends, and hadn't quite enough of the



needful. Of course, you will not refuse to be one of us on this occasion."

"But I must, though, as you know I always do."

"Make this an exception, then."

"I cannot, Alfred, and you know my reasons."

"I know you are as moral as a Methodist, and wish I had your secret for always keeping a well-filled purse."

"If you gave no champagne suppers, you would soon find it out."

"Pshaw! they only cost a trifle."

"A number of trifles make up quite a large amount."

"You pay as much board as I do, wear as good clothes, although you persist in having them cut in a villanous fashion, and then, to offset my riding and supper bills, you have your French and music master. How you keep out of debt and always have money on hand, is more than I can fathom."

"One reason is, that I pay as I go, which enables me to buy at much better bargains. Now what did that suit of yours cost you?"

"To tell the truth, it is not paid for yet, but let me see. Twenty-seven dollars for the coat, ten for the pants, ten for the vest, and ten more, I believe, for a set of fancy vest buttons."

"Precisely fifty-seven dollars. Now you have observed mine, and will own, setting the cut aside, that the material is equally as good as yours, and yet it only cost me thirty-eight dollars!"

"Whew! nineteen dollars difference. Pray how did you manage it?"

"Why, I bought the cloth of a friend who keeps in a wholesale house, and he let me have it at a small advance from the original cost. The buttons I got of a friendly jeweller, at the expense of six dollars."

"But I never have the spare cash for these operations."

"You would if you pursued my course."

"Hang it, that would be no easy matter for me. My credit is tolerably good, and I manage to come out at the end of the year pretty well, by drawing on my rural old governor rather freely."

"I have no father to call upon in case I get into debt, so that prudence becomes a necessity with me."

"Well, each one to his taste, Jack. You will be a rich man in the course of time, but at a snail's pace; while I mean to make a bold push and achieve a fortune before I am too old to enjoy it."

"We shall see, Alfred, which is the best as well as the shortest road to success. You will

probably remain another year with Mr. Gingham, and so shall I. You will then start in business upon your plan, and so will I on mine, and leave it to time to show the result."

"It is a bargain, and this, by-the-by, reminds me that Mr. Gingham has raised our salaries another hundred this year."

"This is good news indeed."

"I dare say you will save it clear."

"Yes, and two hundred besides."

"What, three out of seven? Come, Jack, that is almost too strong for me to believe."

"I have five hundred safe in the bank already."

"Zounds, what a miser! Why at that rate you will have nearly a thousand to commence business with. Well, my governor shall advance me a like sum, so we will start fair. But I must be off. I suppose it is useless to urge you to go with me?"

"The friends parted, the one taking the preliminary measures for a restless night and a prospective morning headache, the other calmly settling to his books, or indulging in quiet dreams of the future, in which the form of the fair Kate would contrive almost always to be present."

One year soon passes away, and during this interval the young men had not changed their habits. Alfred had got more deeply into debt, and John had grown surprisingly in his employer's confidence. Kate, too, had shown him no ordinary marks of favor, and Jenkins saw, with many jealous twinges, that if John happened to praise a piece of goods in the hearing of Kate, she was sure to have a dress from it.

When his twenty-first birthday arrived, Marshall was invited, as his friend had been, to wait upon Mr. Gingham in the evening. But in this case his present did not consist of a watch. His employer, who was a shrewd observer of persons and things, hit exactly upon the gift most acceptable to his clerk, and tendered him a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. Kate also added a splendid bead purse, knit by her own fair hands.

The sum which he thus received, together with what he had previously saved, and the interest which had accrued, amounted fully to one thousand dollars. Alfred having obtained from his father a like amount, both soon started in business. As they were considered promising young men, they found among their wholesale friends those who were willing to trust them for considerable amounts, but John determined to adhere to his cash principle, and consequently took a small store, stocking it only so far as his capital went.

Alfred, true to his nature, took a more imposing one, and managed to open with a stock amounting to nearly eight thousand dollars. He hired a number of clerks, and issued flaming handbills. Marshall, on the contrary, engaged the services of only one good salesman, and from day to day increased his stock as his sales enabled him. Jenkins took a room at the Tremont, but his friend retained his own humble apartment.

Alfred for a time flourished famously, and often laughed at his friend for being contented with such a humble sphere. He managed to get through the year without any serious difficulty, although he was obliged to get many of his notes renewed. Being a faithful believer in the credit system, he thought it a poor rule that would not work both ways, and therefore trusted his customers freely. In the street he was a frequent borrower, but as he managed to pay promptly, he was quite successful in this respect.

But a monetary crisis was at hand, and he had heavy notes to pay. Renewal was out of the question, and borrowing had become dry, repulsive business. One day he rushed into John's store, haggard and worn with anxiety and exertion, with that stereotyped inquiry:

"Have you anything over to-day?"

"I am sorry, Alfred, to say that I have not; but the fact is, I have been this morning taking advantage of these tight times to lay in a thousand dollars' worth of stock, which I purchased at an exceedingly low figure."

"These are deuced hard times."

"Hard indeed; but have you much to make up?"

"The tune of five thousand dollars."

"Monstrous! Do you think you can accomplish it?"

"I must accomplish it, or become a ruined man."

"It cannot be so serious as that."

"You can judge for yourself. It is now past twelve o'clock, and I haven't raised one fourth of the sum."

"Can you not borrow it?"

"Everybody seems in the same fix, and the banks won't hear of the word 'discount.'"

"Have you applied to Mr. Gingham?"

"To tell the truth, I owe him eight hundred dollars already, and he has too much to manage to assist me further; but I must be stirring. If I can get through this terrible day, you won't catch me again in such a fix."

Down the street he started as fast as his weary feet could carry him, but everywhere he met anxious faces and persons on similar errands as

himself. At half-past one he had not added a dollar to his amount; still his hopeful nature would not allow him yet to despair, and he redoubled his exertions to save his sinking fortunes. It was only when the bell of the Old South struck the ominous hour of two, that he fully awoke to the consciousness that he was a bankrupt beyond hope.

Mr. Gingham had watched the career of the young men with an anxious eye, for he was deeply interested in the welfare of both. The one who had commenced so auspiciously had miserably failed; the other, who started so humbly, had achieved a proud success. The crisis passed, and business men once more breathed freely; but Mr. Gingham felt his health failing him, and was aware that, unassisted, the cares of his business were too much for him.

After weighing the matter thoroughly in his mind, he sent for young Marshall and offered him an equal interest in his splendid store, placing his own capital as an offset to the youth and ability of his former clerk. John was astounded at the brilliant prospect thus offered him, and expressed his gratitude in the most earnest manner; but, true to his cool nature, he requested his late employer to allow him the night to think of it, and he would wait on him in the morning.

Meanwhile Jenkins's affairs were in such a state that he was obliged to enter into insolvency, and his assets did not promise twenty cents on the dollar. Crushed and humiliated, the same day that John had received the proposal from Mr. Gingham, he applied to his young friend to give him a simple clerkship. Marshall treated him with great kindness, and bade him call on the morrow and he would see if he could not do something for him.

John of course accepted Mr. Gingham's proposition, making his own store and stock the property of a new firm. Alfred's position was then discussed, and it was decided that he should be allowed to carry on that store as their agent; and if he proved judicious and became cured of his former follies, in a short time they would trust him with the whole stock and allow him to try his fortune once more. Their offer was gratefully accepted, and his conduct was so satisfactory that in a short time he was entrusted with full possession.

After the lapse of a year, Kate entered into something more than a business co-partnership with Marshall. Alfred, too, has married, and is a rigid believer in the cash principle which has made him a successful man. Many of our fair lady readers purchase goods of both, without ever dreaming that they are the subjects of our sketch.

## SILENTLY IS EVENING CLOSING.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.\*

Silently is evening closing  
 Over all we love below,  
 Where fair nature is reposing  
 From the sun's refulgent glow;  
 Star by star shines out in glory,  
 With a pale and silvery light—  
 Constellations famed in story,  
 Blazoned on the shield of night.

Softly beams with purest lustre  
 Night's fair queen of silver hue,  
 Round her bright attendants clusters,  
 Floating through the fields of blue;  
 Naught below exceeds the glory  
 Which now greets the longing sight,  
 Radiant stars long famed in story—  
 Blazoned on the shield of night.

\* Now deceased.

## MY JEWEL OF THE SEA.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

I HAD spent the winter in the city, in the midst of its engrossing pleasures and amusements, until they had more than begun to pall upon my over-excited mind and senses. I do not mean to say that I had plunged into dissipation, that is, of a low or sensual kind; but I have found that there is another kind of dissipation, which as effectually breaks in upon the high and exalted tone that our character ought to exhibit, and which, at all events, is not a healthy atmosphere for the spirit to dwell in constantly. We forget the glorious stars, and the "moon walking in majesty," when our evenings are all spent in the glare of gas lights; and the glister of ball rooms, the attractions of the stage, the exciting music of the opera, flashing jewels, bright dresses, and beautiful women, are somewhat liable to draw away our hearts from companionship with Nature and her worshippers.

Better sometimes to err on the other side, and become dreamy and melancholy, if, by so doing, we may bathe our spirits in that heavenly light, without which earth grows dark and dim to us indeed.

But the beautiful summer was coming with its wealth of lovely blossoms, and the song of birds whose notes put to shame the vocalists of theatres and operas; and the heart grows strong again under the nobler influences of our new surroundings. We forget the false and unhealthy excitement of the past season, and lend our whole souls to the new and more perfect consciousness which comes upon us, that: "Dear Nature is the kindest mother still."

The summer, then, was before me; and I had only to choose between the woody scenery of the back country, the grandeur of the mountains, or the still grander glory of the sea-side. My choice was soon made. From my childhood, I had "loved the ocean," and its white cliffs and rocky shores. My breath came freer and easier by its side, even when the salt spray touched my forehead, or the dim fogs rolled towards the shore. I liked the careless life and habits of the fishermen, their unselfishness, and the absence of all desire for gain, such as swallows up all other feelings in many others. Whatever sin it may be against the cold maxims of economy and prudence, I confess to a liking for that free, ungrudging spirit with which these dwellers by the sea scatter their hard earnings broadcast, and the beautiful trust which they place in the element, that, thus far, may have fed them from her broad bosom, and which it is a part of their creed, will ever do so.

Shunning the fashionable hotels which stand so thickly about the shores, and which are often thronged by those who know and care little for the grand and actual beauty of the sea, I selected my home in the house of a respectable fisherman, whom I had long known and liked as one of the best specimens of his class. The dwelling stood on a rocky height, just where the waters laved its foundations at high tide; and they kindly gave me a chamber from which I had a most beautiful view of the ocean, and where, in clear days, the bay lay before me, studded with islands, and spreading out to the opposite shore, with its moving wealth of snowy sails, from the tiny boats of the fishers to the heavily freighted merchantmen, the graceful packet ships, and the noble European steamers.

Then I had fine opportunities for watching the grand spectacle of the ocean storms, and its magnificent appearance when it had gone by, and only the proud swelling of the billows showed where it had passed. And again, when all is calm on its surface, and the moonlight leaves a track of glorious radiance across the waves, then, too, the deepest and holiest emotions of my soul found utterance.

Come to the sea-side, when the deepest quiver  
 Of the bright sails that o'er the waters rove,  
 Is, to your ear, scarce louder than the shiver  
 Of the frail aspen which the light winds move.

Stephen Brian's cottage afforded me thus, all that compensated me most truly for the want of luxury or mere personal gratification. Stephen and his two oldest sons were, for the most part of the time, on the wave; but the youngest boy, a bright, smart lad of thirteen, and little Alice, who

was only eight, and whose beautifully curling head it was my delight to plunge under the water, were my companions both in my seaside walks and my boating excursions. The strong good sense of Alick, and the childish prattle of Alice, joined to the perfect good manners which both children exhibited, and their attachment to myself, all combined to make their companionship as desirable as I could wish for.

Mrs. Brian was the very perfection of neatness. Nothing was in her house that did not bear the stamp of this, her crowning excellence; and unlike some very neat women, who neglect their own persons for the sake of furnishing their houses, she was always fit to appear before any one. Her table, too, would have tempted the daintiest appetite; and I doubt whether the most famous hotel on the seashore could furnish such delicately cooked fish, or such exquisite corn cakes, as my good landlady set before me at every meal.

When not at school, Alick assisted me in catching the most delicious fish, while little Alice sat by and watched us from the rocks, where her broad hat protected her from the sun. In truth, the child was a lovely picture. Her hair, as I have said, was long, black and curling. Her skin betrayed its acquaintance with the sea-side, but it was clear and smooth; and her eyes were like twin stars, full of a glorious beauty. What ever was put on the child in the shape of a garment, seemed most especially becoming, though frequently it was but a scanty frock. Her little feet were almost always bare, but white, and shining in the water like pearls. The sun did not seem to darken them as it had done her face and neck; but had it not been for those feet, and the white forehead that gleamed out from her curls, and the still whiter shoulder that peeped out from the loosening strap that confined it, she might have been taken for one of the gipsy tribe.

Her devotion to Alick was beyond measure. She would have laid down her little life to please this darling brother; and he was equally fond of the little fairy. Every beautiful shell or piece of shining moss that he collected, went to Alice, and already she possessed a valuable cabinet of sea treasures.

She sang, too—this child of the sea, as I loved to call her. Her sweet voice was like that of a bird. I have heard the best and most distinguished vocalists. Their cultivation of voice and manner was great, and commanded admiration; but for natural tones, unimproved by art, I have heard no voice like that of little Alice Brian.

For hours I have listened, as that voice came to me from the shore, where she sat contentedly

watching Alick and myself, as we brought up the shining treasures of the deep, and cast out our lines again from the boat's side. I caught its tones, as one would try to catch the melody of heaven, so soft and sweet it came to me across the wave.

Even then, there was a mysterious tie between me, a grown man of twenty-four, and the child Alice. I called her my little wife, and the grave, matronly air with which she responded, was too earnest and sincere to laugh at or ridicule.

"Do men as tall as you are, ever marry little girls like me?" she said, one day, with true childish naivete.

"No, Alice, but little girls like you sometimes make tall men wait for them; and I am thinking, little fairy, that I shall be silly enough to do so for you."

"Silly! would it be very silly, Horace?" for so I had taught her to call me. It sounded sweeter from her lips than Mr. Newton.

"Not very silly, dear. But we won't talk of that for ten years to come. Time enough when you grow to be a woman. I won't grow any older than I am now."

She turned away, and talked about something else, as if that subject were all settled, and there was no more to be said about it. But she remembered it, and years afterwards she reminded me of it, saying how deep was the impression it made. How truthful ought we to be with children, receiving as they do, every impress from those whom they love and reverence!

When not engaged out of door, it was my delight to read Mary Howitt to little Alice. She had a retentive memory which appropriated every one of those sweet ballads, which are like household music, and I loved to hear her clear voice repeating them by the waves, above whose murmur it could be heard distinctly; and then, as Mary Howitt says of Beatrice:

"How I sit and hold my breath,  
When the air is winging  
From some far-off pleasant room,  
Breathings of thy singing!"

The delight of Alice was great, when I would take her into the ocean to bathe. She was a perfect little sea-nymph, and would only return to me, when her mother's shrieks from the beach would drive her back to my arms.

One day she got away from me, and in her fearless, daring way, she said, "Now Alice is going down deep—you won't see her again." I made several attempts to reach her, but she eluded me, and my feet getting entangled, as I stood, in some branching sea weed, I found it impossible to move.

"Come to me, Alice," I said, sternly, "you will be drowned."

She laughed, danced merrily in the water, and began to sing. The long, wet hair hung round her little figure, and she looked like a mermaid. What was my horror to see her fall forward into the water, apparently faint and dizzy! Down she went, while I stood struggling, with my serpent-like enemy twining closely about my feet. I tore one foot from the clasping tendrils, and then the other, at the expense of a goodly portion of flesh; then darting forward, I tried to catch at her hair, which lay floating on the wave.

I could not reach it! and before I could get nearer, she had sunk. Twice she rose, and twice I lost my hold of her. I suppose I was too eager. The last time I was calm, but it was the calmness of despair; still it better enabled me to grasp her, than my previous frenzied state had done. I took her in my arms and waded to the shore. I stopped not for cry nor call, but ran up the hill, my feet torn and bleeding at every step, and laid her on the bed in the warm kitchen, where Mrs. Brian was cooking the fish for our dinner. I snatched one piece after another of the hot fish, wrapped it in a cloth, and applied one to each of the little feet; while her mother, instinctively understanding the whole, turned out a large kettle of water into a tub, and wringing out a blanket from the hot liquid, rolled the child very thoroughly in its folds, without uttering a single word.

A spoonful or two of some restorative was then forced down; and after a gentle rubbing of the whole body, the dark eyes began to unclose. A few sobbing sounds were heard, and then she looked up into my face, as she had looked when on the bosom of the waters, only that the roguish expression had vanished. Her mother turned aside and wept convulsively, although hitherto she had shed no tear. In a few hours Alice was able to sit up in bed. Mrs. Brian had bandaged my feet, which Alice now noticed and inquired about.

"And you hurt them for me?" she inquired, weepingly.

"For you, little darling. I would do more than that for you, Alice," I answered.

She had a vivid recollection of her sensations in the water; described the beautiful things which she saw in the sand, and the trees and forest where she was walking. It seemed an easy and tranquil death from which I had rescued her.

"Now, Alice, I am going to leave you to-morrow," I said to her one day, at the very last of October, for I had staid thus long to shoot sea fowl.

She looked at me with a grave thoughtfulness. "I suppose I must try to bear it, as mother says when father goes out in the boat," she answered, "but it will be very hard. O, *don't* go, Horace," she continued. "I think Alice will die, if you leave her." When much excited, she always spoke of herself, in the third person.

I was going early in the morning, and I charged Mrs. Brian not to wake her. It was a useless precaution, for she was dressed and waiting for me when I went down, and her dark eyes were suffused with tears. She sat down with me to breakfast, but she tasted nothing.

"I want Alice to be very happy when I go away," said I. "I shall love her better than if she cries."

The tears were wiped away instantly.

"Now, my darling, one more kiss." She sprang to my arms, and in a moment after I was descending the hill.

In January following I went to New Orleans to engage there in business. I saw no other part of the United States for eight years. Then we established a house in New York, and I was the one of the four partners, to whose lot it fell to be at its head. I went, with every prospect of mercantile prosperity, fell into the best circles quite naturally, and enjoyed my first winter there with a zest that I never before experienced in fashionable society. For it was fashionable society, although just at that time, it was the rage to introduce something of a literary character into the highest circles.

The belle of that season was a Miss Adelaide Sutton, and if beauty makes the right, she was well entitled to that distinction. She was brilliantly handsome, and with a winning grace, too, about every movement that completed what her beauty began. Altogether she was charming. Her manner of receiving the homage that was poured out like water at her feet, was singularly calm and graceful. It was not indifference, for her reception of it marked her appreciation; but she seemed to have no consciousness that she was distinguished above other ladies.

Every man in the sphere in which she moved was bowing at the shrine of Adelaide Sutton; and of course Horace Newton went down upon his knees, also, before this new divinity. It was not only my senses that knelt before her. My heart and my mind were equally engaged. She had the rare gift of discerning the ruling passion of each of her admirers, and addressing all her powers of intellect or of sentiment, to suit each one. To my quiet ways, she lent herself with a subdued manner which flattered me because it was so different to her appearance towards others.

I flattered myself, too—it is not much to my credit, this blindness of mine, and I pray you not to set it down as such—I flattered myself that I was the chosen one among so many, forgetting that she had the same opportunities for dispensing her smiles to others as to me.

But if Adelaide Sutton was really false in her expressions towards me, it was the very perfection of acting. I cannot now, even at this distance of time, when one can generally judge better than while events are passing around them, I cannot now perceive any discrepancy in her conduct towards me, until its unexpected *finale*.

She had exhibited towards me an interest and sympathy in my pursuits, a love of the same books, she possessed the same tastes, and further still, she showed a positive tenderness for me in return for that which, thus encouraged, I poured out into her reluctant ear. We walked by moonlight, we sat, with clasped hands, in the shaded boudoir, which was lighted by a single lamp, half concealed behind her beautiful flowering plants, we drove out together, without any other companions; and, in short, had our engagement been publicly declared, she could not have been more open in acknowledging it by her actions.

But I was away from her side, necessarily, for a great portion of the time; and I did not then know that, in all these tender relations, others bore a part not less distinguished than my own. It was only on the very night on which I pressed her to declare our engagement, and to name the day for our union, then she professed to be astonished at what she called my presumption.

"Presumption, Miss Sutton! Have I not had reason to think that you loved me?"

"None. I have given you no reason."

"Not when you have received my devoted attention? not when you have allowed me to hold your hand—even to press your lips?"

"Hush, hush," she said, laying her hand on my arm, and looking up bewitchingly—hang the gipsy! I see her now!—into my face, "that was mere girlish friendship; a sisterly regard which I shall always have for you, Horace. Don't be vexed that I can be nothing more."

I said not another word. I could not. It was the deepest mortification that ever assailed my pride. I took up my hat, and left the room. As my hand was on the latch, I thought I saw a convulsive movement on her part, as if she would precipitate herself towards me. I would not look back; but I saw her shadow on the wall, and it rocked backwards and forwards like that of one in great pain. "She little knows me, if she thinks to lure me back," said I, to myself.

The next day I saw her driving out with Edward Sefton. As they passed me, I saw a bright color spring to her cheek. I raised my hat, and made her a very low bow; and I gave also a pitying glance at poor Sefton, who, I doubted not, was making a fool of himself, even as I had done.

I went after that, more constantly than ever, to every place where I thought I should meet Adelaide. I even treated her nearly as formerly; only that I would not profane again the name of love, by bestowing the same tenderness upon her. But I laughed, jested and chatted on different subjects, with a nonchalance that must have surprised, and perhaps irritated her, for she truly seemed less amiable than I had known her before.

I felt all the love which I had once experienced for her gradually dying out of my heart. She never looked beautiful to me afterwards.

She sang and played songs, of which I knew the meaning pointed directly at myself; directly at the circumstances which had taken place between us. They told of return, of forgiveness, of penitence for error, and of renewed love and confidence. It was as if a grasshopper had tried to sing the song with which the nightingale had charmed me. I was deaf to the voice. She did not know Horace Newton, if she thought such claptrap would bring him back to her feet.

But though loving her no longer, there was a painful void in the heart, which wore upon my health. I became low spirited and heartily sick of society. I longed to quit New York, its business and its pleasures. I longed for some simple, inartificial kind of life, that would not require this constant and heavy strain upon the nerves and spirits. I called in Dr. Morris, and he advised me to quit all business, and go into the country, or down to the sea-side, or I should soon be carried away to Greenwood.

"No," thought I, "Adelaide Sutton shall never have the pleasure of thinking that I died for her. I will obey the doctor's commands, and go."

To the sea-side! A thought came over me that—to my shame be it spoken—I had not entertained for years. I had suffered the dear good Brians to consider me the most ungrateful, neglectful, forgetful creature in the world. I had not even sent little Alice the waxen doll I had promised her, nor the case of fishing apparatus to Alick. I would buy them both that very day, and send them off by express.

I bought the fishing gear and the doll, a large wax doll with pink cheeks and beady eyes, and lips of unmistakable vermilion; and the express had been gone several hours before I remembered

that Alice must have grown too large for doll play. —But Dolly was far on her "winding way," and I tried to think that little Alice must be little Alice still; and as I thought of her as little Alice, my heart experienced a strange yearning to see her once more, and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, I packed my valise, and took the first train. The next day saw me walking up the hill before Stephen Brian's door.

I saw a head and face at the window, which I could have sworn to anywhere, as that which I had rescued from the wild waves. The same long curls shaded the exquisite profile, the same white forehead gleamed out from the dark tresses, and the same sunburnt cheek. It was Alice herself. I entered without knocking, and then Alice rose from her chair, and appeared before me, a tall, graceful girl, radiant as a sunbeam, and gentle as radiant.

"Do you know me, Alice?" I asked.

"I would not think you would ask *that*, Mr. Newton. I remember you perfectly. I should have known you anywhere. Besides," she added, laughing, and drawing herself up to her full height, "besides, did you not send me a doll last week? It would be very ungrateful not to know you, after that piece of munificence."

The little gipsy! was she laughing at me? I declare to you, that I never had felt half so abashed before the assembled beauty of New York, as I did now, before this little, simple fisher's daughter, with her graceful bantering, and the exquisite loveliness she had grown into.

Mrs. Brian came in from the garden with some fine asparagus. She let it fall, in her surprise. I picked it up and told her it was just what the doctor had ordered for me.

"Are you sick, Mr. Newton?"

"Very," I answered, "I have come for you and Alice to nurse me. Nothing short of that, combined with milk, and greens, and sea air, he says, will ever make me well. He has ordered me to keep sick till October."

She looked thoughtful, but catching my eye, she laughed till the tears came.

"Ah, you were always a jester, Mr. Newton. Now, then, go to your chamber, and I will bring you hot water and towels directly."

My chamber, as she called it, was newly furnished with every comfort and convenience. I drew this inference, that Stephen was better off than he was some years ago. There was evident improvement everywhere. I was glad of his prosperity, glad of his renewed health, for he had been somewhat ill for several years; glad, most of all, that I was fixed there for one more summer at least.

I "settled down" at once. I came to stay, and I did stay. I plucked the June roses with Alice, piled up the July hay with Stephen, shook down the August fruit with Alice, shot wild pigeons with Jemmie in September, and husked the corn with them all, in October, and still I lingered.

"Alice, dear," I said to her, one night, when an unusually warm air had tempted us out upon the beach, and which Stephen had said, portended a storm, "Alice, do you remember when I drew you from these waves, and brought you home in my arms?"

She shuddered, but answered yes.

"Well, then, do you know that thus I would, if possible, draw you from every wave of trouble that might threaten you through life, and bear you in my arms towards that home in the Heavenly Land, to which I trust you will not refuse to go with me by your side; and Alice, don't weep so, but hearken to me, and say that when I go away from hence, it shall not be *alone*."

She was weeping, but whether from joy or pain I could not at first determine; but she put her hand in mine, and said:

"Horace, if you are serious in this, let me ask you how you would bear to have a wife like me, simple, uneducated, knowing nothing of the great world—of *your* world, Horace?"

"You have named the very thing for which I choose you, Alice. These very objections which you raise up, form your best charm with me."

Looking into her sweet face, I continued:

"I like you, dearest, just as you are, a sweet, hopeful, loving, affectionate woman; simple in your tastes and pleasures, truthful in your words, gentle and kind in your manners. Will you go with me?"

She did not dissemble her joy at all. She had been dreading our separation for weeks, and had made up her mind to be thoroughly miserable when I was gone.

My bright jewel of the sea! I carried her off from her weeping father and mother, and amidst the tears of her stout, hardy brothers, who would have kept her from my loving arms forever, rather than send her so far away.

We have a *home*—not a palace where people may flock to criticise, and admire, or condemn, but a home where peace and love sit smilingly within. We have many dear friends, who love my wife for the sweet simplicity of her manners, to which the simplicity of her dress always corresponds. Unspoiled by fashion, she retains still the perfect modesty which gave the charm to her childish beauty; and she is my own sweet Alice still.

## LOVE'S FIRST SIGHT.

BY ROBERT E. MCAT.

Bright was the day, and blissful the hour,  
 Blest were the moments, when love's silent power  
 Stole on my senses in transports of pleasure,  
 Waking my soul to its first wondrous measure.  
 Pure was the being, whose love did come o'er me,  
 Rich in her beauty, she rose up before me;  
 Drove away troubles, whose shadows were casting  
 Gloom on my path, for joys that were lasting.

Dark were her eyes, as the wing of the raven,  
 Beaming with truth, from its deep-seated haven;  
 Rosy her cheeks, as the blushes of morning  
 Kissing the clouds, at the sun's tinted dawning.  
 Smooth was her hair, revealing no sorrow—  
 Joy for the day, and hopes for the morrow—  
 Woven together, in richness descending,  
 Showers like snow, with the beautiful blending.

Sweet was her voice, as the low-rippling water,  
 Silver-like notes from the earth's fairest daughter;  
 Drawn from the wells of life's deepest treasure,  
 Fell on my ear in a rapture of pleasure.  
 Full was her lip, where beauty surrounded  
 Dimples that played when laughter it sounded;  
 Thus she did rise in her fairness before me,  
 Thus did her beauty transcendent come o'er me.

O, when shall I gain her, so beauteous, forever?  
 To call her my own, that no power can sever?  
 Or will she depart, so my way it be rendered  
 Dark as the day when the light it has ended?  
 Will she not enter, where love would receive her?  
 Will she not come where affection would weave her  
 Peace for each day in a long, blissful union,  
 Hearts to be happy through silent communion.

## THE MASKED LADY.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

I HAD pursued my journey alone through Provence, Dauphiny and Savoy, and was approaching the Catholic canton of the Valois. At this point, I joined by invitation the party of an Englishman, who was travelling, accompanied only by his servant, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. His name was Cameron. A year previously, he had married at Paris an heiress from the south of France, and taken her to his home in England. She was a beautiful and lively French girl, who had been excessively indulged by a doting father—though, thanks to an excellent disposition, not spoiled. She had been unsuccessfully wooed by her cousin before her marriage, who followed her to England, and as a relative, was admitted into great intimacy with Mr. Cameron's family. Suspicions arose on the part of the Englishman; who was well aware of the relations which had subsisted between his wife and her cousin before his marriage—suspi-

cions as unworthy of himself as groundless in respect to her. A duel ensued, in which Cameron had the misfortune to injure his adversary fatally. Assured too late by the dying man of the utter groundlessness of his apprehensions, he returned to his home to find it desolated—his wife, whom he loved better than life, gone, the French servants dispersed, and not a mark left by which to trace the course she had taken in her flight.

From that day, with unwearied watchfulness, he had been traversing France, particularly the southeast portion of it, in search of his lost wife, and he was still upon this errand when I joined him. The gloomy hopelessness which began to settle on his mind, produced a morbid state of feverish anxiety, which made some other companion than an ignorant, though trusty servant, almost indispensable.

We arrived at a beautiful secluded vale in the Valois, environed by lofty mountains, watered by a broad, clear stream, and rich in vegetation. There was no regular village, but the cottages were scattered here and there, surrounded by pretty gardens and orchards laden with fruit. In glancing over it from the eminence round which wound the principal road, three buildings, more striking and larger than the rest, immediately met the eye. One was the parish church, with its light spire springing up from amidst the dense foliage which surrounded it; the second was the inn, a large, irregular building, with stables, out-houses, courts, poultry yards and kitchen gardens; and the third, a long, low range of buildings, whose neat, white walls and green lattices peeped through the trellis-work festooned with flowers and the curling vine. It stood apparently in the centre of a highly-cultivated garden. On inquiring of a peasant whom I met in the road, I was told that it was the residence of the Charity Sisters of this district.

"Yonder inn looks for all the world like a country one in England," said my travelling companion. "I should be exceedingly glad to rest here a few days, and recover a little from my fatigue!"

"You have only forestalled me!" I answered. "The same thought struck me when I beheld this secluded and romantic valley!"

We arrived at the inn, and were received by a shrewd, bustling landlady, who in answer to the inquiry of the Englishman's servant whether we could have accommodations, showed us into the best parlor, freshly washed and sanded, furnished with a dark, polished round table, white dimity curtains, a bird-cage at each of the two windows, and a portrait of William Tell worked in



worsted. I heard William, the servant, while our supper was preparing, impressing upon the landlady that we were great *Gentilhommes Anglais*, travelling *incog.*, as indeed his master was. In half an hour, I doubt not, the news was caught up and re-echoed from one end of the little valley to the other.

I never slumbered half so soundly as on that night. My companion, on the contrary, rose late the next morning, and looked feverish and unrefreshed. He ate little of the fresh eggs and butter, fine preserves, rich cream, and well made coffee, which constituted our breakfast, and which I relished so highly. We were attended by an intelligent and pretty girl about ten years old.

"Whose child are you?" I asked.

"The landlady's, sir!" dropping a curtesy.

"And what is your name?"

"Rosalie!"

"Have you learned to read and write, Rosalie?"

"Yes, sir. Sister Marie teaches me."

"And who is Sister Marie?"

"Have you never heard of Sister Marie, the lady in the mask, who does so much good?"

"The lady in the mask?" exclaimed Cameron, his attention roused in an instant. "Why does she wear a mask?"

At this moment, the landlady entered and answered his question.

"Because she is under a vow always to wear one?"

Vows of a similar nature were then frequent. I had occasionally been surprised by mysteries of this sort before.

"Is it known who she is?" inquired Cameron.

"No, sir. No one knows who she is, except that she is an angel, and has done more good herabouts than any one else ever did, be they lady or nun, priest or layman!"

"How long has she been with you?"

"Ten years this midsummer, sir. She came about the time my little Rosalie was born!"

"Ten years!" said Cameron, with a groan of bitter disappointment at the destruction of the hopes that had been started.

After breakfast, we ordered our horses and rode out. At the outskirts of the little village we stopped at a cottage and asked for water, for Cameron was feverish and thirsty. An old blind woman sat on a bench outside the door, and beside her stood a little girl extending to her a basket of fruit and flowers.

"My good dame, here is something for you!"

"I heard you coming and I smelled the fruit and flowers, and I know whom they come from!"

"From Sister Marie!" said the little girl.

"From *Saint Marie*!" said the blind woman.

"This Marie—this masked charity sister, haunts me!" said Cameron, as we pursued our ride. "I must and will see her! And yet she has been here ten years, and it is impossible! Still there may be an explanation!" He was often in the habit of meditating, as he rode, and I never interrupted him.

That night, on going to bed, Cameron took a small quantity of laudanum. It proved injurious in its effects. His fever increased, a light-headed doze came on, and the next morning he was unable to rise, so that medical assistance was immediately procured. The doctor having prescribed, ordered Sister Marie to be sent for.

"Still Sister Marie!" said the patient.

I sat by his bedside until the charity sister, who had been sent for, appeared. Her mask was a domino, not covering the mouth and lower part of the face, but over these fell a broad frill of black lace. Her form was graceful but fragile, her hand extremely white and delicate, and I could but admire the beauty of the mouth and teeth, which the lace did not conceal.

"What strange fatality," thought I, "can have brought this young creature (for in spite of her ten years' residence here, she is very young) into this singular situation?"

"Mr. Hervéy," said Cameron, faintly, "a glass of water, if you please!"

I passed the cooling beverage to Sister Marie, who gently withdrew the curtain and presented it. He seized the hand that held it and looked up. A muffled form and black mask met his view.

"I am in sickness and sorrow, and you have not failed me!" he said.

The charity sister did not answer, but gave him the cup and smoothed his pillow.

"You will not leave me!"

"Not at present," she whispered.

"Give me your hand then, and I shall be sure of you. You shall not run away from me, as she did. Did you never see her?" He was becoming wild, but she calmed him by her voice and manner, smoothed his pillow again, and in a few moments he was tranquil as a child and apparently asleep.

The next morning Mr. Cameron was considerably better. He was free from delirium, and his fever had abated. Sister Marie attended him constantly—patient, watchful, zealous, studying his comfort in all things, but never officious nor intrusive. She had the air of a person performing what she religiously believed her duty, and performing it in the true spirit of charity—gently, easily and kindly.

"How shall I ever repay you?" asked Cameron one day.

"By getting well, and by remembering that what I do for you, I would do for the meanest, poorest, and most thankless fellow-creature!"

In five days the Englishman was convalescent, and by our assistance could be removed from his bed-room to his sitting-room. He was just entering into that delicious state which succeeds fever, in which every sense relieved from unnatural oppression is imbued with unusual power of enjoyment. We were all sitting together in Cameron's little parlor, one afternoon.

"In a week, sir," said I, "you will be well enough to pursue your journey!"

"Nothing calls me from here. I have some duties, public as well as private, in England, but those I am not yet ready to perform, and I know no spot I would rather retreat to than this."

Marie sat for a moment in silent thought, and then said, timidly:

"You have been pleased to express yourself warmly for the few services I have been able to render you, and have often asked if it were not possible for you to make me some return. I have now a favor to ask!"

"Name it!" said Cameron, eagerly.

She asked, in a timid, bashful manner, as if half afraid of giving offence, for an explanation of the confused mutterings of his delirium, and of the nature of the grief which seemed to oppress him; and Cameron told her the whole of his sad story, with evident pain, as he detailed some portions of it, but without hesitation or preface. As he approached the conclusion, he became exhausted, and when describing the loss of his injured wife, and his long and almost hopeless search, his agony was intense. When he had finished, he was conveyed to his room, from which he did not move until the next day.

Marie had not arrived, when he was conducted from his chamber on the next afternoon by my assistance, and placed in his accustomed seat, near the open window. A small sketch of a female head, roughly done in pencil, lay upon the table by which the charity sister was accustomed to sit. The moment he caught sight of it, Cameron seized it with avidity.

"It is like her!" said he. "Sister Marie draws accurately from memory!"

At this moment, the charity sister entered.

"You described your lost wife so accurately," said she, rather hastily, "and impressed her image so strongly upon my imagination, that I think with your assistance and correction I could produce a large portrait, which would possess sufficient resemblance to be interesting to you, and be of service to you in tracing her!"

He joyfully consented to assist and correct her

in her initial sketches, and they sat by each other for an hour, erasing and improving, whilst I amused myself with a book.

"Now," said Marie, laying down her pencil, "I think my idea is complete. If I need assistance again, I will apply to you. If not, you shall not see the portrait until it is done, which will be before you are ready to depart!"

On the next day, Mr. Cameron was able to go out for a short time on horseback, and his restoration to health soon became rapid and decisive. We spent the greater portion of the time in exercise out of doors, exploring the romantic scenery in every direction. The visits of the charity sister were confined to an hour in the evening. She had returned to her accustomed routine of charitable duties, and her unoccupied time was devoted to the portrait.

At length, the day before the one appointed for our departure arrived. It was on this day that Cameron was to receive the portrait, and that we were both to take leave, for the present, of the interesting and mysterious Marie. For this purpose, it was arranged that we should pay a visit to the residence of the Charity Sisters on the morning before our departure. We were received at the gate by the superior and several of the sisters, who told us that Marie was in her studio, employed in the last finishing touches of a painting upon which she had been engaged, and that she had begged them to amuse us for half an hour by showing us through their little domain. We accordingly accompanied them through the residence of their useful association, and were much struck by the quietness, neatness, and rural beauty which distinguished it. Cameron, I perceived, was growing very impatient—his cheek was flushed, and his manner nervous and anxious.

Presently a messenger appeared from Marie, begging myself and Cameron to proceed to the studio, where the portrait was ready for delivery. We were led through a gallery, at the end of which a door opened into a small square room, lighted only from the top. The walls were whitewashed and decorated with a few paintings on devotional subjects from the pens of the masters. Towards the upper end was suspended across the room a white muslin curtain. We looked round for the charity sister, but she was not present. Upon the floor, in the centre of the room, was a little circle of white chalk, within which Cameron was directed by the messenger to stand. I took a position, by direction, in the back part of the room.

In a moment, the muslin curtain began to wave—it drew up. Cameron remained rooted

within his magic circle. I was astounded. The rising of the curtain displayed, set in a magnificent frame, a full-length portrait of a most lovely woman. Her dark hair, parted from the forehead, fell in luxuriant curls over her neck and shoulders. Her black painted bodice was laced with crimson over a white chemisette—the full blue petticoat curtailed just enough to display a snowy stocking and a little black shoe. The background of the picture was a draped crimson curtain. The lady was represented seated before a small table, on which stood a vase of flowers. The execution of the work produced the impression of nature itself, and therefore must have been the perfection of art. For full five minutes, Cameron stood breathless and immovable. He trembled—he grew pale, and moved from his position. The perspective of the picture seemed to deepen extraordinarily. He approached nearer—the blood rushed back to his brow—his eyes dilated—he gasped for breath—a moment's pause—a wild exclamation—and then a sudden spring which carried him straight through the picture frame! The little table was dashed away, and he caught in his arms—not a piece of painted canvass, but a breathing form, trembling and glowing with life! He feels through every nerve the living lips that impress upon him the kiss of peace, forgiveness and unchangeable affection.

One word of explanation, and I close. A disguised wanderer from a home where she was unworthily suspected, she had reached this secluded spot in the Valois just at the close of the virtuous and useful life of the real Sister Marie, who in atonement for some early error, had condemned herself to the penance of a mask. Mrs. Cameron told her story to the superior, who permitted her to assume the disguise of the departed sister. The real Marie was privately buried. Mrs. Cameron took her place, and so well did she fill it that the simple people of the valley believed her to be the same, attributing to severe illness whatever alteration they perceived in her voice and appearance.

#### CUSTOMS IN REGARD TO NAMES.

The Jews named their children the eighth day after their nativity; the Romans gave names to their female children on the eighth day, and to the males on the ninth, on which day they solemnized a feast. The Greeks gave the name on the tenth day, and an entertainment was given by the parents to their friends, and sacrifices offered to the gods. The name given was usually indicative of some particular circumstance attending the birth, some quality of body or mind, or was expressive of the good wishes or fond hopes of the parents.—*Ancient Customs.*

#### CABINET WARE.

A veteran lawyer of Syracuse used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who in olden times had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a good deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, "*payable in cabinet ware.*"

Lawyer G— was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the latter was supposed to be fully and amicably arranged.

G— saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick came riding furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaimed: "*I say, 'Squire, am I bound to take coffins?*"

It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way!—*Knickerbocker.*

#### CURIOUS CUSTOM.

It is an old time custom with the Marblehead fishermen, says the Salem Register, for each man on board the vessel to throw, as he passes Half-Way Rock, outward bound, a copper or cent upon the rock, for good luck, as they say. But some of the knowing ones among the boys used to obtain pocket money somewhat cheaply by watching their chance and visiting the rock, after the fleet had sailed, to gather up the pennies. Lately one of the pilots had occasion to land there, and procured several of these luck tokens, of which we have some specimens before us. They all bear marks of corrosion, and from the indentations on the edges produced by contact with the rock as they fell, there can be no doubt they were thrown with a will. One of them is quite an old settler, bearing the date of 1798, and much worn.

#### MINISTERIAL PECULIARITIES.

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell the story of a young minister, who was arraigned before one of the conferences for indulging to great excess in the use of exaggeration. Not that he lied, but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue that often great harm was done. He was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the chair. The bishop administered a severe rebuke, when the young man arose bathed in tears, acknowledged his fault, and his determination to do better. In closing, he said, "I regret it; I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me to shed barrels of tears."

Few persons care to wake up in the night and feel a large spider crawling over their faces. Yet many will carry a favorite vice in their hearts without feeling the least alarm.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY ROSE MERTON.

Sloping slowly to the west,  
Low sinks the golden orb of day,  
The mist arises on the hills,  
And ships grow dusky in the bay;  
The shadows of the evening fall  
Gently o'er earth and sea:  
In such an hour as this, beloved,  
'Tis sweet to think of thee!

All thoughts of time from worldly things  
I softly keep apart—  
Thy dear remembrance always lives  
Locked deeply in my heart.  
The low, sweet winds among the trees,  
Whisper thy name to me;  
O, in that still, calm hour of rest,  
'Tis sweet to think of thee.

And now the twilight dies away,  
The moon arises clear and cold;  
I think I hear thy tender voice,  
Thy gentle hand I hold.  
'Twas but a dream! we're parted far,  
O far, by land and sea!  
But then, as ever, dearest friend,  
'Tis sweet to dream of thee!

CONSTANCE LANDAIS,  
THE TREASURER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

Brought to the coast of France, in the first blush of girlhood's loveliness, by her royal mistress, Isabelle of Lorraine and Duchess of Anjou, the beautiful Agnes Sorel was entreated by the Queen Mary of Anjou, who, all unsuspecting of the future, loaded her with affection and favor, to remain in her service. The fair queen herself appeared to be the only one at court ignorant, during the five years that Agnes Sorel formed its most brilliant attraction, of the attachment that led the indolent Charles VII. to spend his days in listless festivities, of which she formed the centre, whether at Loches or Chinon.

Joan of Arc had perished, but the scarce less intrepid Agnes, feeling that the king's indolent repose would be attributable to herself, determined to rouse him from his lethargy. Her persuasions and patriotic zeal at last triumphed, inspiring him to action and urging him to glory. His courage and energy were re-animated, when, but for her efforts, he would have else abandoned the siege of Orleans, to undertake which he had been first incited by the noble-hearted maid of Vaucouleurs.

Dying at Jamieges in her fortieth year, her

cousin, the no less beautiful Antoinette de Maignelais, succeeded her in the affections of the fickle Charles, who gave her the rich lands of Maignelais for a possession, or rather as a dowry, when in her sixteenth year he married her to the Baron de Villequier, lord chamberlain and dignitary to the crown. On the birth of her daughter, Jane de Maignelais, he also presented her with the islands of Oleron and Marennnes.

Still beautiful, Antoinette de Maignelais was a widow at the time of Charles VII.'s death, when dreading the pitiless rigor of his son and successor, Louis XI., she fled to the court of the Duke of Brittany, to whom she became sincerely attached; although, if history is to be credited, she preferred an humble artisan of Brittany—a man, however, of the most boundless ambition—who, once introduced by her influence as secretary to the indolent duke, soon, by the mighty power of his giant intellect, cleared a way through all opposing obstacles to unlimited power—the treasurer Landais.

Married to Margaret, daughter of the first James Stuart of Scotland, in his eighteenth year, the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., possessed in his attachment for his daughter Anne, afterwards regent, his only claim to sincerity. Negotiating a marriage for her with the Duke of Burgundy, Sire of Beaujen, a man who proverbially mild, was easily governed, submitting in all things to his more spirited wife, who, bearing a great resemblance to her father, was ambitious, artificial, yet crafty and judicious, her artifice, added to her husband Burgundy's submission, so won upon the suspicious Louis, that, closing the gates of his palace upon his second wife, the estimable Charlotte of Savoy, the dying despot, from its castellated heights, proclaimed her regent and guardian of her younger brother, Charles VIII., to the detriment of his queen and the disappointment of the princes of the blood royal, chiefest of whom was the ambitious Duke of Orleans.

The regent required all her great talents to enable her to maintain an authority confided for the first time to a daughter of France. Had the Duke of Orleans, who was heir to the throne in the event of the death of her brother, Charles VIII., and her brother-in-law of Bourbon, but united their interests, Anne would have inevitably lost her power, the people being weary alike of the insupportable despotism of her father and her own, as an oppressive yoke; but by her skillful management, she contrived a division between these two powerful nobles.

Though generally triumphing in the absolute submission of the young heir to the throne of

France, still, when she offered Provence as a bait, to attach the skilful Lorraine to her interests, her brother refused to permit his kingdom to be thus mutilated. Foreseeing a civil war, having offended Orleans by presenting Bourbon with the sword of the Constable of France, she endeavored to recall the duke from D'Alencon, to whose protection he had fled; but he, wearied of her so often affected regard, put little confidence in her promises—only strengthening his position, in which he was joined by Bourbon and the young and ardent Donois.

At this period, 1468, Brittany revolted against its duke, Francis II., or rather against his minister, Landais; and Orleans, profiting by the circumstance, quitted France, going over to Brittany—hoping to gain the hand of its young heiress, Anne, daughter of Francis. That she preferred him, is certain—since she refused the brilliant position offered of becoming the wife of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward IV. of England, as well as the haughty Duke of Rohan, who adopted as his device: "*Duc ne daigne, roi ne puis, Rohan suis.*"

Our story commences at this time. Unlike her cousin, Agnes Sorel, the chief attraction of the not less beautiful Antoinette de Magnelais lay in her perfect repose of face and manner—hers being that provoking languor which afterwards so captivated all within its influence in the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart of Scotland. She was seated before a mirror, while two of her tire-women were adjusting to her beautifully moulded head one of those stupendous head-dresses, pyramidal in form, composed of wire and lace—tall, flaunting structures, against which the clergy, whose wrath they had incited, had long launched forth their anger.

Her daughter had been legitimized by Charles VII., yet two beautiful children sported in the room, hiding behind the rich tapestry with which it was hung. These were the sons of the Duke of Brittany, Francis and Anthony, both of whom were, though six and five years of age, habited in complete suits of armor, fitted to their childish proportions.

From time to time, Antoinette cast anxious glances toward the door, when at last the tapestry was pushed aside and a serving-woman entered. An exclamation of disappointment passed the rosy lips of Madame de Magnelais, but noting a quick, telegraphic glance, as the woman cautiously displayed a sealed packet, the lady ordered the two children to be withdrawn from the room. Then, when assured of being alone with the messenger, she clutched the letter, growing deadly pale as she read.

"He has quitted Brittany," said the bearer. "The nobles have arisen, and gone over to join the regent."

Antoinette recoiled, stifling a cry of anguish.

"'Tis false!" she murmured. "Yet he commits his daughter Constance to my care, while he only says he goes to quell the conspiracy."

"No good has come of the Duke of Rohan's visit," remarked the Abigail. "The treasurer Landais refuses money, by all I can learn, to the duke, for a tournament to be held on his betrothal to the Lady Anne, the treasurer insisting that the treasury is sufficiently drained. He objects, too, to the tilting match the duke proposed giving on the arrival of his nephew, the Prince of Orange."

An expression of bitter scorn passed over Antoinette's face, as she replied:

"And well is it for the duke that Landais's soul can think for and sustain the crown he has sworn to pledge, rather than forego these mummeries. What boots Rohan's visit? Can he think Anne of Dreux, the heiress of De Foix and Brittany, the widow of Charles VIII. of France, who refused young Edward of England, will stoop now to wed the duke of Rohan? Nay, good Celine, I was present when the Lady Anne was married to Charles, at Touraine, and in her train when she proceeded to Saint Denis, on her coronation, and noted too well the color, as it went and came, as the Duke of Orleans placed the crown above her brow. *Orleans is now king!* for thus writes Landais—writes, too, that true to his early love, he has obtained a divorce from his stupid little plain-visaged wife, Jane of France, whom he was forced by her despotic father, Louis XI., to wed. And more, Pope Alexander, requiring the king's aid in Italy, has expedited the divorce, which Landais writes me was sent to Paris by Caesar Borgia, a natural son of the pontiff, for which service Louis has presented him the duchy of Valence and title of Duke of Valentinois. Nor does the queen dowager, Anne of Brittany, doubt her power over Louis. As Duke of Orleans, he was too devoted a lover to forget Anne de Foix, now that he is King of France."

"Yet thirteen years have passed, since he placed the crown of France on her brow, at Saint Denis," ventured the tiring-woman.

"And what are years—in memory's calendar?" asked Antoinette, with unusual severity.

And truly she might have asked the same of her own heart. A king's favorite then, the wife of his chamberlain, and now a widow and still beautiful, the almost idolized mistress of Francis, Duke of Brittany, yet nor years nor change had

ever turned one thought astray from the untitled lover of her girlhood, the young and energetic Landais, for whom her influence had procured the appointment of secretary to the duke—and which, still exerted in his favor, added to his own vaulting ambition and untiring zeal, had raised him to the dangerous eminence of treasurer, minister, ruler in Brittany.

While she yet spoke, the noise of approaching steps was heard.

"Heavens! it is the duke!" exclaimed Celine.

"My lord! And how shall I conceal these traces of tears?" thought Antoinette, as the page who preceded Francis pushed aside the hangings and the duke entered the room.

A gay smile lit up his handsome though rather heavy countenance, as he entered, which was instantly repressed.

"What! tears? What ails my bright one?" he asked, caressingly.

"'Tis nothing, my lord—a passing vertigo—a sail on the river will dissipate it. Did your grace order the boats?"

"They await us; but I have delayed, waiting for Landais's return."

A number of his nobles were assembled in the great hall of the ducal palace at Nantes, anxiously awaiting the return of the treasurer Landais. Among them were Clisson, Rohan and Sevigne. While earnestly engaged in discussing the consequences of the present disputes with the court of France, the folding-doors were flung wide, and Francis, Duke of Brittany, passed through the hall, graciously returning the salutations of his nobles. On his arm hung the fair and frail Antoinette de Magnelais, who, sweeping proudly past, was followed by the noblemen who, mixing among the throng composed of all ranks, bent their steps to the Loire, where a number of boats surrounded one of great beauty, richly gilded, and tastefully hung with an awning of green silk above a cushioned recess, whereon Francis gallantly placed the lady ere taking his place by her side.

Dressed with queenly magnificence, that set off to advantage her striking beauty, those who knew the indolent character of the duke scarcely wondered at the absolute sway she had acquired over his changeful nature. To please her, he had taken Landais as a servant, and now gave way to him in all things, as to a master. True, there were times when the high spirit of his race would be aroused and rebel, but the gust would speedily blow over and the treasurer resume his dominion.

But two ever opposed the tyrannic rule of the aspiring Landais—the aged Bishop of Rheims

and the lord chancellor. Landais exiled the bishop, while confiscating his estate, with that of the chancellor, who died in prison. But though clearing away the men who stood between him and his ambition, he yet took the orphan son of the chancellor, and placing him under the care of Father Thomasius of a neighboring monastery, educated the boy, destining him for the church—bestowing on him that sort of instruction which at that period distinguished the clergy from the laity. The young Henri had seen the fair daughter of the treasurer, Constance Landais, and being but little disposed to the clerical state, as he grew to manhood, he gave his attention particularly to the study of penmanship—an art by which he yet hoped to win favor at the court of Francis, since the importance of a scribe was not then destroyed by printing, which had been but recently invented.

The information given to Madame de Magne-lais by Celine, was correct. The nobles had risen in a body, and a civil war had commenced in nearly every portion of the duchy. The partisans of the Bishop of Rheims, whom Landais had banished, had joined the malcontents, while "The Lady of Beaulieu," though no longer regent of France, still, with the vindictive spirit of a woman whose love had been scorned, contrived to foment the discontent between the duke and his nobles while furnishing the latter with money and arms.

Like the cedar that rises to meet the storm, Landais, abandoning Francis to his frivolities, governed Brittany for him with a steady hand, while the indolent duke, freed from care, was delighted with the arrangement. With all a father's pride, it had not escaped his watchful eye that the young prince, Anthony of Brittany, was fascinated by the exceeding loveliness of his daughter Constance. Of his projects, however, he made no mention to her, satisfied that when she should know that such was his will, her obedience was certain, little dreaming, in his towering ambition, that the friendless son of the chancellor Chauvin, whom his bounty had educated, and whom he had now taken to reside with him as his secretary, would stand as an obstacle to thwart his vaulting schemes for his fair child's aggrandizement.

Five years had passed since we last presented the Duke of Brittany and Landais to the reader, and now again, as then, we show them—the one, shifting and unstable as the sands that girdled his shores, submitting in all things to the powerful mind that ruled for him, while the treasurer, prudently bending his head to each royal gust, grasped the reins of government with but a

firmer hand, that after each transient ebullition the duke returned, like a wayward falcon, the more submissive to his guidance.

Betrayed by his nobles, attacked from without, destitute of money and arms, he perceived, when the defection of his nobles rendered the danger apparent, the hopelessness of his position. His consternation was pitiable, from the weakness that shrank apprehensive from his minister, fearing Landais would urge some energetic measure, cutting short a conference with the treasurer with—"Do as you think best, Landais; all my dependence is on you."

"But one moment more, my lord. All this may be averted! Summon your faithful commons round you. The banditti are exterminated—harvests cover the land—knowledge, through schools, is spread around, thanks to Germany's new art, printing. But, my lord, I weary you," he added, coloring with indignation, as he noted the duke looking out of the window and yawning.

"You are right, Landais; the clouds have cleared away. Let us ride to Anconis—or sail?"

"Excuse me, my lord; I must see the English envoys."

"Let them wait; the day is fine, and we will lose our accustomed sail." And he was leaving the room, when Landais detained him.

"My lord, I must first beg you to look over this treaty with Sweden, that I have drawn up. It will enrich Brittany—and has cost me the labor of years."

"O, put it off for some rainy day. Why will you always interfere to oppose any projected pleasure?" And affecting anger, to silence further importunity, he quitted the room, while the treasurer, looking after him in high disdain, with his own peculiar smile of contempt, exclaimed—"Go, then! Cling to your amusements. I will govern in your stead!"

An hour later, the treasurer was sitting in a magnificently furnished room of his own chateau, and his daughter Constance, seated on a low stool at his feet, was looking in girlish wonderment in his face, as if to read the meaning of what he said.

"And do you tell me, Constance, that to be loved and occupy an humble station, is all that you desire?"

"All, my father; still, I feel it my duty to obey."

"Duty!" and rising, he paced the room with uneven strides. "And have you no ambition? Care you nothing for wealth and power?" Then, noting her pale cheek and quivering lip, the thought seemed to flash upon his bewildered senses that his daughter's estimate of happiness

might differ from his own. "If you think Constance, you could live happily without dress, jewels, admiration, you misunderstand your own feelings. I have marked out a ducal protector for my fair child, and even should I fall in the struggle I foresee yet cannot ward, you will be a noble and powerful dame, as the bride of Anthony of Brittany."

A stifled shriek escaped the pale lips of the young girl.

"Nay, no objections; prudence belongs to age, infatuation to youth. I have marked out a most brilliant position for my sweet Constance. Obey—and leave the rest to me." And pushing the masses of blond curls from his daughter's flushed and tear-wet cheek, he pressed his lips to her cold brow, as caressingly he bade her farewell till the morrow.

*The morrow!* who may predict what it will bring forth! It was raining, and the duke, evidently out of spirits at being disappointed of his sail, was looking over some beautifully executed manuscripts. At the opposite side of the table sat a young man of about twenty, with a countenance of rare beauty and intelligence.

"And so you gave up your priestly life without much regret?"

"With much satisfaction, my lord."

The duke smiled at his earnestness.

"Have you laid out any plans, as yet, for your future life?"

"None, whatever, my lord."

"Are you ambitious?" pursued the duke, looking fixedly at him.

"I would not hesitate at any post, however dangerous, that might advance my interests and position."

"Are you prepared to hazard pleasure, for success?"

"I would hazard everything, save honor, since I have an object to achieve."

"And what may that be?" asked Francis, fixing his penetrating gaze on the young man's half-averted countenance.

"I would win the treasurer's daughter, Constance Landais."

"You!" exclaimed the duke, in a tone of astonishment. "Ah, this explains the whole! And do you calculate on my assistance in this?"

The secretary folded his arms, and without venturing to meet the penetrating look bent on him, answered:

"If, as my inmost soul teaches, my father served your highness faithfully as chancellor, his son would appeal to the memory of those services for some appointment wherein he might serve your grace, either with his sword or pen."

"Listen to me, Henri," said the duke, in a lower tone. "Have you no instinctive feeling within you, that revolts against the treasurer?"

"None. He sheltered my homeless boyhood, and made me his secretary."

"Yet, listen. Ten years ago, the chancellor Chauvin, heavily ironed, died in a dungeon. His widow perished of cold and hunger in the porch of a church, where she had sought sanctuary. Her boy—yourself, Henri—was taken home and placed in a monastery by their murderer."

Instinctively clutching his dagger, the young secretary sprang from his seat, and for a few moments paced the room with rapid strides. Then suddenly pausing, he asked the duke:

"Can you trust to Rohan and Seigne?"

"Implicitly. But why?"

Without appearing to have heard the latter remark, the young man asked:

"How many archers guard the battlements?"

"Three hundred; but whence these questions?"

"How many watch on the ramparts to-night?"

"Twenty picked men; but why do you ask, Henri?"

"I will tell you. At this very moment one of the towers by the postern is occupied by an equal number of the seditious nobles, headed by my uncle Chauvin, determined to arrest the treasurer, and resolved to succeed, or die."

At this moment, the Vicomte de Rohan entered, equipped in complete armor. Bowing respectfully to the duke, he seemed surprised to find him in conference with the young secretary.

"I cannot listen to you, de Rohan. The blow that would crush the treasurer, would fall upon me as well."

"Pardon me, my lord, all succor is now vain—resistance, profitless. By separating your cause from that of this aspiring man, you will restore peace to the duchy; otherwise, there will be a revolt."

Francis turned an appealing look on the vicomte, for so weak and wavering was he, and so complete and long had been the ascendancy of a powerful mind over his weak intellect, that he actually waited for permission to give the treasurer up to his judges.

"One blast on my bugle brings him here a prisoner," observed Rohan, seeing the duke hesitate.

At this moment the young secretary, seeing the lantern on the table where Rohan had placed it, grasped it firmly, and then springing up to a narrow loophole in the thick wall, he placed it there.

"What are you doing?" asked Rohan, fiercely.

"I would give a solitary and unarmed man

intelligence of the pending fury that else awaited him," returned the other, with noble decision.

"You! you—of all men living!" exclaimed the vicomte.

The signal had been seen and comprehended. Landais, with the promptitude of a courageous soul, seeing the insufficiency of all means of escape for himself and Constance, thought only of her, and resigned himself to whatever fate might betide.

Hastily placing in her hands a parchment signed by the monks who ten years before received the son of the chancellor Chauvin, as the title by which he was to regain the annihilated rank and confiscated fortune of his father, he despatched her, under the protection of the duchess, at once to seek out the duke, from whom he requested, whatever might be the decision of his judges, that his own large property should be secured to his daughter, and herself sacred and exempt from any species of persecution.

While getting into a boat, moored near the castle, on the Loire, a serving-woman, whom he instantly recognized as Celine, handed him a paper.

"No hesitation, or all is lost! Dame Antoinette sends you this safe conduct. You are safe!"

A month later, the duke himself bestowed on his secretary, Henri de Chauvin, the hand of CONSTANCE LANDAIS, THE TREASURER'S DAUGHTER.

#### TACT IN BEGGING.

The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly. We give the following as a specimen. An English preacher advocating a generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes, with this address to his hearers: "From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should also be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts." The result was an overflowing collection.—*Christian Freeman*.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.



## THE "FOAM OF THE SEA."

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

AMONG the distinguished names of valorous families on the Mediterranean coast, none, at about the middle of the sixteenth century, had pre-eminence above the Dorias of Genoa, and even in that circle of contagious fame the Chevalier Maurice Doria, young, handsome, and of brilliant talents, led the van. We read of him as a tall, graceful person, in black armor enamelled with gold, wearing a golden helmet, the black plumes of which mingled with blacker curls and shaded blacker eyes, patrician features, and an olive, colorless cheek; his sword-hilt blazed with gems that were the gift of an emperor, and victor in a thousand engagements, he bore off from them but one scar—a narrow, purple line, resembling a vein, running from his right eye to the lower edge of the ear.

Almost equally distinguished for bravery and military skill, but unfortunately on the African side, was the Capitan Pasha of Algeria, Khair el Din, sometimes known as Barbarossa II., at once the most fortunate courtier of Constantinople and the ravager of the Levant with his indomitable corsairs. To the renown of great exploits, he, too, added a form and face remarkable for elegance, though marred by a sinister cast of mouth and eye, the concomitants of which were seen in the strange cruelty that stained his exercise of power. Keeping all the south of Europe in awe of him, he even attacked the boundaries of Charles the Fifth's domains, and frequently carried away into hopeless slavery the children alike of his nobles and peasantry.

Still young, he was a rival in glory of the Chevalier Doria, and his scimitar had given the almost imperceptible scar which the other bore, and in return he had lost an ear—the sword-stroke which occasioned such loss having descended perpendicularly, wrenching the shoulder below in such a manner that the symmetry of his lofty height would have been torn forever from admiring eyes, had not the flowing drapery of his Turkish costume nearly if not quite concealed it. Still, in certain postures, a slight deformity and deflection of that shoulder—the left one—were visible; and you may be sure that he bore the Chevalier Maurice Doria no superfluous friendliness for this mark of his prowess.

The Viceroy of Sicily, Don Rodrigo de Garcia, was at the time of our story a widower and the father of a maiden whose unrivalled beauty gained for her among the maritime people the soubriquet of "The Foam of the Sea," *La*

*Espuma del Mer*, although in common parlance she was known as Ilfraverne. It would be quite useless to describe her charms, but if the reader will add, multiply and exaggerate the beauty of that person who is to him the most beautiful in the world, he will be able to picture faintly the loveliness of the Countess Ilfraverne, as the historical archives of the south of Europe have recorded it. The fame of her perfections attracted many visitors to her father's court, and it was even rumored that Khair el Din, in the disguise of a matador, had entered the ring of a *Corrida de Toros* and slain his bull, that he might obtain a fair view of his lauded foe from her lofty station above, and that when the fleets were returning from their victorious sea-fight a year before, the Chevalier Maurice Doria had curved many miles out of his course with his armament, that he might trail behind him, in the water of the bay beneath her tower window, the Turkish banners he had captured, and be rewarded by one wave of her white hand thence; and it was believed, that during her stay under the supervision of the amiable Duchess of Genoa, she met the chevalier, and while they frequently followed congenial pursuits, had regarded him with a warmer feeling than friendship, since he, besides the success of his arms, has transmitted to us one or two paintings of exquisite finish. But whether it were so or not, after her return to Sicily, the events of war had prevented their again encountering.

The summer afternoon was dying into coolness, when the viceroy and his daughter, accompanied by a duenna and gentleman, entered their barge and set sail slowly, winding gently along the coast till they had spent an hour, and gained a rather unfrequented part; then curving the horn of land, they returned towards home. In a small skiff, gliding by some means always within call, sat a boy, who steered, and a sketcher—the features of the latter hidden by his hat. As they passed, on going out, a spot known as the White Cove, the viceroy had also perceived a long boat, well manned and with a leader, whom taking to be smugglers, he prudently thought best not to observe. But on returning, the long boat shot out into the open bay, and as it passed close astern, springing from her gunwale into the barge, the leader seized Ilfraverne by the waist and plunged into the sea, making for his boat, which backed water to receive him. But the sketcher, who had been alert, suddenly with two oar strokes interposed the little skiff between the swimmer and his goal, while a pistol-shot from him broke the arm that held Ilfraverne. The limb relaxed its

grasp, and the bold pirate, endeavoring to grasp his prize with the other arm, lost her, and saw her seized by the sketcher and drawn into his boat. At command, a dozen bullets from the long boat riddled the skiff like a sieve, and leaping into the water with the maiden, the bold deliverer swam safely to the barge.

"Khair el Din!" laughed the sketcher, in derision, "you should have used the other arm. That *shoulder*, you know, is lame! The Chevalier Doria regrets to have mated those limbs!"

A yell of defiance resounded from the long boat, as they drew their leader in, and though of superior numbers, since they were almost under the mouth of the great cannon of the fort, the marauders thought best to retreat, which accordingly they did, doubling the horn of land with wonderful celerity. The viceroy of Sicily was never remarkable in an extremity, and as soon as his daughter was safe, he ceased showing orders to the bargemen, which had of course aided the matter very much, and directed his attention to her and her preserver, which he was better enabled to do, as they soon reached shore and were conveyed to the palace. There, before proceeding for refreshment and change, the sketcher presented letters explaining his business in Sicily, and was at once given a welcome accorded only to the most distinguished, and lodged in the imperial quarter of the palace, for the viceroy was only too happy to extend his hospitality to the Chevalier Maurice Doria.

Several weeks passed by and still the guest delayed at court, much to the wonder of many and displeasure of more, since the art of extracting smiles from the countenance of Donna Ilfraverne, unknown to them, seemed to be his in perfection. But apart from the annoyance of the suitors, they well knew that the chevalier was not the man to waste any time on merely personal affairs, in the present turmoil of Europe, and therefore could not imagine for what reason he thus prolonged his stay among them. Yet they could not but acknowledge how much he added zest to the old familiar pleasures, how provocative of mirth was his wit, and how ready his invention and incomparable his art and taste in the customary *masques*; they felt that even while displaying his own superiority, he afforded room for the exhibition of the petty talents of each, be it in dance, tourney, boar-hunt or regatta, and had he departed, all would have felt a great blank and missed something sadly.

But so delightful as he was, so assiduous and so well received as his attentions to Ilfraverne were, the chronicles confidently assure us that up to the present time no word of love had passed

between them. Indeed, the duennas feared greatly that he was but an unprincipled courtier, sporting with their mistress's affections, and the younger ladies only hoped it might be so; but were their fears and wishes true, or otherwise, it would be impossible to tell from Ilfraverne's manner, for gayest of the gay, full of kindness and enjoyment, she toyed the hours away in apparently happiest measure. All the pleasures of imagination seemed to be exhausted, and the chevalier was daily longer closeted with the viceroy, when Providence brought into their ken a new visitor—no less a person than a true-bearer from Solyman, the grand seignor, and lately from the dominion of the Capitan Pasha of Algeria, to Sicily.

Every one was on the *qui vive* to see him in his magnificent attire, but were sadly disappointed in their hopes of a youthful admirer, when they saw the ends of gray hair beneath the gorgeously jewelled turban, the heavy gray eyebrows above eyes of startling keenness and blackness, and the long, thick moustache that streamed in two gray ribbons quite below his chin—all notwithstanding the tall, upright form. They would have turned away in disgust, had not a spell of power in those eyes, boldly gazing on their unveiled countenances, prevented; and as it was, they clustered together in groups, of half fright, half titter, till the grand door was thrown open behind the viceroy's chair, and his daughter, attended by her suite, entered. The chevalier, leaving his station by the viceroy, hastily offered his hand, which she accepted, moving forward with so quick a grace that her train fell from the grasp of its bearers, and advancing with Doria, her loveliness, unattended by others, was seen to the greatest advantage by the Turk.

Standing beside the throne-chair, which she generally occupied by the viceroy's side, she hesitated, after her presentation to the Turk, in what language to greet him. The stranger obviated the difficulty by addressing to her a phrase of eastern hyperbole in the Spanish tongue, and at the same time extending his hand. Reluctant to touch him, yet finding it necessary, Ilfraverne laid her hand in his with a graceful frankness, and assured him that the Sicilians were most happy to be made through him the key of peace to Europe. Rather surprised that a woman should have any thoughts of peace or war, the Turk only stared the more.

"Ah," said Ilfraverne, smiling, "the Reis Effendi must not think unkindly of us because in unveiling our faces we have unveiled our minds."

"Not so," was the reply, while he still held her hand with a grasp she felt it impossible to

loosen without offending the quick jealousy of the Turk; "but dazzled both in mind and sense with beauty and knowledge, where can I find words sufficient to my admiration?" And he dropped her hand and turned his bold gaze to the viceroy. "Don Rodrigo," said he, quite loudly, "my business is not one of any secrecy, but rather intended for the greatest public diffusion. Let your excellency's slave be known to you as Abdallah, Reis Effendi of Algeria, from thy enemies Solyman and Khair el Din, whom Allah bless! Senor, there have long been only wars and bloodshed; it rests with you to let the smoke of battle now roll away and show the amicable faces of Ottoman and Christian smiling peace at each other across the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. Implore your emperor to dismiss his armaments, as we ours, and suffer commerce and good-will to unite us in a human brotherhood!"

The viceroy and chevalier exchanged smiling glances; they both felt some treachery in this overture, but could not yet solve its depth.

"We make the Reis Effendi very welcome," returned the former; "as for our armaments, let them stand as they are, all nations retain them, to be used when needed. We are equally weary of fighting, and proud to accept such offer on terms which shall shortly be decided. And that your highness may cement the bonds of friendship, remain some days longer with us and grow familiar with our life and pastimes."

"Senor," said the Turk, with a stately bend, "the word of an Eastern exceeds a Christian's oath; when he breaks your bread in your house, he vows to be your friend. Behold! I am in your house—I break your bread!" And from a table near, he broke a fragment of pastry and put it in his mouth; but as his long fingers stroked the moustache above, it did not escape the quick eye of the chevalier that he dropped the viand into the bosom of his ample robe.

"He will have to eat somewhere, or be starved!" whispered he to Ilfraverne, as he bent over her chair, having directed her attention to the fact; "he must be watched."

"And will the chevalier undertake it?"

"Not I," he laughed; "it is not in my blood on so small occasion. There must come a time when Doria must braid a spy's feather with his father's plume. Till then, a servitor will do!" And beckoning an attendant, he charged him in a low tone not to let the Turk out of his sight. "In the meantime," resumed the chevalier gaily, but in the same tone, "let me implore Donna Ilfraverne, for the sake of a court who would in any other event be disconsolate, to

guard herself well, for I greatly fear we have an enemy, and *she* a lover's agent among us!"

Ilfraverne laughed at his suspicion.

"Alas, senor," said she, "a Sicilian girl is safe from one who has, at home, a market-full of beauties next door, and a purse long enough to cover them!"

"Pretty art! Shall I imitate the Turk, and bandy compliments?"

"That would be a new fashion indeed, with the chevalier."

"If it would make your highness any more sensible of danger—"

"I will follow your advice," she interrupted, in a changed tone. "I cannot forget that you saved me from the hands of another Turk."

"Do not speak of it," he replied, with a careless air. "What man would see any lady the prey of an Algerine?"

"That was all, was it?" returned Ilfraverne, raising her eyebrows. "But confess, since we both saw him well, Khair el Din was a handsome fellow and a bold one!"

"Two things which at once recommend him to the female mind!" returned the chevalier, with a slight sneer, the only expression of his passing vexation.

"The chevalier probably speaks from experience," glancing up, while flirting her fan.

"None gained from the Lady Ilfraverne!"

"Wit is sharp, swords sharper, but an angry rival's eye sharpest of all! My lord Abdallah, ambassador from Solyman, light of the sun, Reis Effendi to Khair el Din, handsomest rover of the Levant, bearer of peace, breaker of bread, et cetera and so on, regards you!"

As she concluded, the chevalier glancing up, beheld the ambassador gazing with fixed eyes upon her, and then with a very low obeisance, and a sentence of quickly muttered Arabic, retorted to by Doria as quickly, he gathered his flowing robes up around him and swept out of the room, followed by the attendant, who showed him to private apartments, which, splendid as they were, could not in any degree compare with those of his own rank or nation.

"What did he say?" asked Ilfraverne, half frightened even beneath the protecting power around her.

"He said," replied Doria, bending low and murmuring it in her ear, "that beautiful as you are, and the boast of Christendom, he would yet buy and sell you in a Moslem market!"

Ilfraverne's grasp of the fan grew so tight that her little fingers grew purple with the pressure, while her eyes in their expression showed how she realized the terrifying threat.

"And you, *senor*?" she gasped.

"That the dogs of Constantinople should tear him inchmeal first!" he replied, with set teeth.

"O, are you in earnest? Do you know what you promised then?"

"Perfectly. Can you trust to my protection?"

"O, entirely!" and the satisfied expression that removed the one of consternation and entreaty, showed how completely.

It must have been a pleasant thing to Doria to feel how invaluable a shield he was for her, and how of her own will she reposed such faith in him; and it must have been a singular thing thus to feel, as they grasped hands, that in this crowded saloon they had promised far more, by their mute eyes, than their lips syllabled. But upon my word, I never heard that they had other troth-plight than this. At lunch, that day, the Turk sat opposite Ilfraverne, and the chevalier at her right hand.

"Since I am your excellency's guest," said the Turk, "and am constrained to sit at so hospitable a table, I lay aside my Moslemism for the nonce, and pledge you in wine."

"And when a Turk lays aside his Moslemism, does his word exceed a Christian's oath?" asked the chevalier, quoting the words the Turk had used in the morning.

"Ah, *senor*," said the latter, with a wicked smile, "it were idle not to acknowledge that we understand each other!"

"Most profoundly!" answered the other, turning to order some despatches, that a servant was bringing, to be carried to his room.

By degrees the conversation, lighting like a bird on many subjects, happened at last on the relative brilliancy of diamonds, and as a jest, one of the courtiers seizing a tiny salver, went round collecting a jewel from each guest. Abdallah threw in one of great price, and the chevalier and Ilfraverne both drew one from their fingers and added to the heap. When they had been admired, and the history of one or two given, the same courtier proceeded to return them. Having disposed of several, he held the salver towards Doria, who daintily picked thence, not unobserved by her, the ring of Ilfraverne and slipped it on his own finger.

"Whose is this?" then asked the courtier, taking up Abdallah's.

"That," said the Reis Effendi, "belongs to the Foam of the Sea; not more iridescent in splendor is it, than the Lady Ilfraverne!"

"Your excellency is mistaken," said the viceroy's daughter, rising and selecting the chevalier's; "this is mine!" And she in turn slid it upon her finger, while with her ladies

clustering round her, she glided from the room and another passed the Effendi his property.

Abdallah rose with a livid face and tossed the ring into Doria's glass. "You have one ring more than you dreamed of, *sirrah*!" quoth he.

The chevalier laughed lightly. "Rage does not become an old man," he returned, significantly; "it provoketh apoplexy. Let me beg the Reis Effendi to receive his ring again!"

He handed the glass to a servant, who drawing thence the jewel, delicately cleansed and presented it to the Turk.

"Wear it, fellow!" thundered the latter. "Let the dog see that I threw him a bauble not fit for my slaves." And he left the hall, thrusting back the attendant who would have followed.

How or whence the despatches he had ordered to be left in his room had disappeared thence, Doria could not imagine; but knowing that duplicates would arrive in an hour or so, he gave himself no uneasiness (since even should the Turk discover their contents, it would be too late for him to warn his countrymen), and was thus quickly arrayed for the boar-hunt.

On descending to the piazza, he found Donna Ilfraverne ready for mounting and standing among the other ladies, with the Turk beside her—her jaunty riding-cap and dark, peculiar dress only enhancing her radiant complexion, while happiness and conscious power brightened her eloquent eye.

"Shall her servant see the Foam of the Sea mounted?" said Abdallah, offering his assistance.

"Her highness will not be the first bubble ever floating on a top wave, in that case," said Doria; "but that office, Effendi, I cannot delegate," he added, with an assumption of court etiquette that did not exist; and lifting the countess lightly into the saddle, the Chevalier Maurice Doria, holding her check rein, sprang to his own beside her, and dashed down the street, leaving a great frown, soon dispelled by a look of triumph, chasing over Abdallah's face.

But the viceroy at this moment appeared, and disdaining the stirrup, the Reis Effendi mounted, and at once displayed that perfection of horsemanship at that time attainable only by his race, and the whole train pursued the leaders till they should reach the open field. What conversation filled this hour of the two foremost of the hunters, it were vain to tell—delightful, certainly, since they chose to continue it—absorbing, as certainly, since they suffered their steeds to slacken their pace, and only at the edge of the forest became aware that the Turk and the viceroy were close upon them, and while Doria sounded the *tally ho*, they all plunged tantivy into the intri-

cacies of the shady, swampy road. The chevalier threw Ilfraverne her rein and dashed on, starting the beast from his lair—the viceroys and Ilfraverne still close upon him; others, choosing detours, came up in a few moments, and the whole suite were in a moment rushing through the open glade that now appeared, and again burying themselves in the forest. The fierce beast led them a hot hunt, and separating down a hundred bosky avenues, they dashed onward amid wild cries of excitement and rapid peals of the hunting-horns increasing the frenzy of the chase.

"What is that?" asked the chevalier, reining up as one sharper note than the others met his ears.

"A hunting-horn," cried the viceroys.

"No such thing!" exclaimed the other; "it is Ilfraverne. To the rescue—to the rescue, gentlemen! The Turk has seized the countess!" And turning on his path, followed by those who heard him, he galloped in the direction whence the tone proceeded.

The Turk was well mounted, they knew, and he was not with those in advance; and standing in his stirrups, now urging his steed to the top of his strength, and now with fiercely shut teeth, Doria led the return. A horse richly saddled and riderless sped by; it was Ilfraverne's. The horns and cries of the hunters came cheerily from behind, and now and then far ahead, a fainter, bitter tone pierced their ears.

"To the White Cove!" shouted the chevalier, as they emerged from the wood and raced along the lonely paths, Doria still in advance, till they reached the summit of a high hill which sloped down to the sea-shore. At the foot lay the long boat which Doria had seen before, for though the cove had been guarded for some time, latterly the supervision had relaxed, and half way down the hill, dashed the Turk with the struggling and shrieking girl in his arms. Doria raised his carbine and took aim. A flash, and the ball whizzed along, shaving away the fringed end of Abdallah's turban.

"For heaven's sake, senor, you will shoot the lady!" cried the followers.

"Better so!" was the fierce retort.

But the Turk, half turning in his saddle, returned a fruitless ball and a defiant laugh; as he did so, there was evident a slight deflection of the left shoulder.

"Khair el Din! Khair el Din!" volleyed the Sicilians, in one hoarse yell. But a wave of his yataghan and another defiant laugh answered them, while pausing not a moment, they followed madly in deadly career.

Only one moment more—one moment of time—

in vain. The Turk reached the shore and flung himself into the boat ere gaining the sand. Doria galloped out into the surf, discharging his pistols and endeavoring to snatch the prize. A dozen arms instantly surrounded her; he could only fling a little dagger, which catching, she hid in her bosom before a savage blow threw him from his saddle into the waves, and multitudinous oar-strokes, flashing in the air, descended with lightning swiftness and propelled the boat beyond pistol range, though not before all the firearms in the pursuers' hands exploded around them and through the light wood of their slender craft. Another boat lay high in the cove, and launching it, Doria could only bid the others follow and take note where she was carried, ere the blow that struck him down took effect, and life seemed ebbing away from him with the blood that followed.

"*Au revoir, chevalier!*" cried the Turk's voice from the stern. "We shall meet again! I have bribed your servant before your eyes, learned your designs, captured your bride! You are in the debt, senor, of Khair el Din!" And a shower of djerrids, bearing on their ends locks of false, gray hair, parting the air, quivered upright in the sand at the Sicilians' feet, who leaving Doria on the beach, as he commanded, quickly followed the enemy, and when at sunset rumor of these things came to the ears of the viceroys and others returning from the hunt, they found the chevalier lying senseless, and carried him straightway, with great wonder and lamentation, to his quarters.

Four days passed, and the courtiers returning, announced that the long boat, convoyed by caravels who appeared half way from the African coast, had entered Tunis, and much as they regretted the loss of Donna Ilfraverne, they probably chuckled not a little at the signal repulse and defeat of so formidable a rival as Chevalier Doria.

But the chevalier was not disheartened; it would take more than that to reduce his indomitable spirit. He knew that Ilfraverne was well aware of the object of his mission to Sicily, and he trusted to her own power and skill to protect till he should save her, although the Turk, since stealing the despatches, possessed equal information. Into this private business all were meanwhile initiated, and round from the northern harbors of the island came sailing great war-galleons and wonderful armaments fully equipped through the chevalier's exertions, and partly from his private purse; and with the return of a post-haste messenger, who had been despatched to Spain some days before (and of which the

viceroys was quite aware even while making the Turk welcome), the great body of the Spanish fleet floated into the haven of Trapano, joining the others, and with the Chevalier Maurice Doria as commander, and the viceroy of Sicily as his lieutenant, the huge squadron set sail silently—for far from the exultation usual on such occasions, anxious fears predominated, and a suspense that grasped their hearts in a close pressure held sway over the leaders' minds. On the morning of the third day, the panic that sent all the fishing-boats and marauding triremes flying into the shelter of Tunis, attested the terrifying influence of the Spanish fleet, as with snowy, spreading wings, in vast phalanxes they swelled up the gulf.

After the long boat that held Ilfraverne and the Turk, whom the reader probably recognized at first as Khair el Din, had cleared the Sicilian coast, the Capitan Pasha occupied all his time and that of those not engaged in rowing, in bailing the boat of the water that poured in through holes made by the Sicilian balls, and thus though the rowers were constantly relieved, it happened that they did not make such rapid progress as to prevent the pursuers observing their course till they were met by and taken into the African caravels next noon, and upon entering Tunis and being taken from which convoy, Ilfraverne was carried to a large and sumptuous apartment in the main building of the fort that was the key of Africa—for curving back and away from it, the wall of the city and its other fortifications left this solid construction the target for all warfare, and the very bulwark of the town that reared its busy hive behind it up the hill.

"Here," said Khair el Din, taking her hand as he entered the door, "here, sweet Foam of the Sea, find rest!"

The apartment was lofty, and from its narrow windows overlooked the sea for many miles—furnished with the heaviest draperies, costliest carpets and divans, most fragrant gums burning within tripods that were a blaze of gems, and a thousand delights of sense unknown to European luxury. The contrast between the pale Ilfraverne, in her dark, flowing habit, rich, disordered lace falling around throat and wrist, the close, scarlet cap and long, torn, white plumes, with a splendor still, despite the woe-begone aspect, far exceeding any odalisque of the harem, and a stateliness almost unapproachable even in her grief—and the slaves in loose gaudes and glistening jewels, who sprang to assist her at their lord's command, was too apparent to escape Khair el Din's notice; the one, that perfection of beauty where the soul shines through the face—

the others, merely sensuous attractions. Feeling this, he only grew more determined to baulk any efforts at regaining so invaluable a prize, and saw it better to spend time in winning her heart to himself, than to destroy his chances by provoking her hatred.

"Wait, precious creature," he said, bending low, but still unable to catch the glance of those downcast eyes, though he held her impassive hand, "till having put the fort in that state to keep thee, defying Sicily, I may come and teach thee how Khair el Din can love!" And he left the room, while, disregarding the others, Ilfraverne took her seat beside one of the low, iron-latticed windows, and gazed dreamily out.

Five days, during which Khair el Din hurriedly put his stronghold into that order to meet the attack which he knew was shortly to be made upon it, elapsed before he again entered her presence, and all that time, sleeping only at her post and taking barely sufficient sustenance to support life, Ilfraverne sat at the narrow window. Now he advanced rapidly, and with a displeased tone, inquired into the reason of her conduct.

Weak as she was, and harassed by distracting doubts, Ilfraverne rising proudly, tossed him back taunting replies.

"Do not think," said he, at last, "that any pitiful Sicilian armament can tear this treasure from the stronghold of Africa!"

During their conversation, Ilfraverne had steadily gazed out on the sea. Had it been only the white wing of a dove that she saw, such flashes of excitement would never have suffused the pale cheek; but one, two, three, another and another, distant, almost shadowy as clouds, increasing, flocking together, till countless, snowy and buoyant, the multitudinous sails were visible to her eyes, spreading far along the horizon.

"Senor," said she, "behold how Sicily revenges herself! Look at the little craft who scud inland before the breath of my rescuer's progress! Your fort will be well proven ere another sunrise."

Khair el Din was confident as brave. "By Heaven!" he hissed in her ear. "Thou shalt not escape me thus! Since thou art mine, ere lover or father snatch thee away, the waters at the foot of this tower shall seethe above thee!"

"Leave me!" she returned, with flashing eyes. "Touch me with your loathed hand again, and this dagger shall bathe itself in my heart's blood, if not in yours!" And she flashed the little weapon before his eyes, with a nervous temper that might have made a fiercer man quail.

But at this moment loud cries resounded through the fort, and eunuchs with streaming garments broke into the room, beating their heads

and calling him away. And thus, for a time at least, Ilfraverne felt herself safe. Steadily the great fleet stood up within the embrace of the land, and while pouring forth exultant strains of music beneath the Spanish banners, suddenly, without other warning, opened a raging battery of artillery against the sides of the fort, while showers of shot and shell streamed over, doing fierce havoc in the town. It was impossible for the unwieldy guns of the Turks to do equal damage, but they cordially returned the fire, and without cessation. For a week the cannonading continued, crumbling the walls which Christian slaves within were constantly forced to repair, under a raking storm of death. While landing other forces on the sides of the gulf, the commander caused trenches to be dug, batteries erected, and mines opened at every point.

Although working with breathless celerity, and almost ubiquitous in his efforts, upon one mine, which to others seemed trifling, the Chevalier Doria concentrated almost miraculous strength. It was only a slender shaft, apparently directed to the main fort, in order to deceive the besieged, but really aimed for the slaves' quarter; two men might perhaps clamber along it, and at last the chevalier was informed that nothing but a broad flag-stone interposed between them and the upper air of the town, and leaving command with the viceroy, at dusk he entered the mine, and explored it to the end. Above him rose the sad hum of the denizens of the slave district, and by the aid of his athletic servant, the flag was gently lifted, and Doria was within the walls of Tunis. The slaves wearily crouched here and there, waiting to be summoned to repair the breaches, some despondent and moody, others spiritedly declaiming in languages, among which the Spanish predominated. These latter Doria joined, and explained to them that escape was not only possible, but by rising in their vast numbers against the Turks, revenge too. While he drew eloquent pictures before them, shells flaming and bursting in distant portions of the city illuminated the conspirators with a savage glare, and the loud roaring of the cannonade, the shrieks and trumpet-peals at ravelin and escalade, the crash of counterscarp and fall of bastion, were all fitting accompaniments to the deliberations of those whose condition could not be more wretched.

Before midnight Khair el Din had enough to do in endeavoring to repress the insurrection and return the assault; for, rising like long smothered flames, the Christians overpowered Turk, townspeople and janizaries, and menaced even the great fort itself. Leading them on to the grand gate, Doria overpowered the guard, seized the

keys, and while they vowed to finish the work he had begun, returned on his path. Day dawned, and Khair el Din, shut up in his fortress, battling at both extremities, was reduced almost to despair.

"Who leads them?" said he.

"One descended from Allah!" was the reply.

"Fool! does Allah join his blasphemers! What armor wears he? What distinguishes him?"

"His armor is black and gold, his stature gigantic, the whistle of his sword, death. His eyes dart flame, his face is uncovered, white with rage, wearing only a dark purple line from eye to ear."

"I gave it to him!" shouted Khair el Din, triumphantly. "But I am lost! It is Doria!"

The heavy battery from the fleet still tore down stones and fascines, and opened irreparable breaches. It was impossible to contend both with that and the insurrection; let him silence one, and he could easily master the other, he thought, and summoning certain of the eunuchs, in a moment Ilfraverne was conveyed to the ramparts of the wall and exposed, a target which every volley might pierce. The smoke cleared away, silence reigned complete, save when broken by the prayers of the priests, and the shouts of the sailors, "*La Espuma del Mer!*" The echoes died, rolling fainter in the distance, when Ilfraverne's voice, rising clear and sweet, bade them close their eyes, and to their guns again!

"At your peril!" thundered Doria, who had regained his ship, and now giving the captured keys of the grand gate to the viceroy, a large force was sent with Don Rodrigo, to that very gate, to enter the town and join the insurrection.

Still Ilfraverne, supported by the eunuchs, stood upon the wall, her curls lying heavy on her breast, and the shining gauzes in which she had been clad, fluttering abroad in the damp sea-breeze and sulphurous atmosphere; and entering a boat, with scaling ladder and hooks, under cover of the smoke from a blank discharge, the chevalier was rowed to the foot of the wall. Ere any within were aware, the ladders were planted, the hooks caught, and in the face of a suddenly awakened broadside, that with galling fire and flaming missiles raked his squadron and whizzed round him, he leaped up the escalade, struck the others into the fosse on the other side, snatched Ilfraverne in his arms, and swiftly descending, was rowed, unscathed, as if by miracle in that storm of iron, safely to his own ship.

There is little need to follow the short career of the siege further. Red flames, that day and night, filled the sky and scorched the fleet; with the next day, Tunis was in ashes, Khair el Din had fled, and Ilfraverne was the bride of the Chevalier Maurice Doria.

## THE EMBARRASSED LOVER.

BY GEORGE W. BAILEY.

Tell me, dearest, how to woo thee;  
Teach my silent tongue to speak,  
And unfold to thee the secret  
Of the glow upon my cheek.

Many years, dear girl, I've loved thee,  
Loved thee fondly, loved thee well;  
And if I could once more meet thee,  
At thy feet that love I'd tell.

Once thou kindly gazedst on me,—  
What could that gaze mean, pray tell?  
Ah, and was it?—didst thou cherish  
Hopes that I might break the spell?

Tell me, then, how I'm to woo thee,  
Teach my silent tongue to speak,  
And unfold to thee the secret  
Of the glow upon my cheek.

## THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

## A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the twenty-third of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome.

At midnight Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this bout, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Ay, *mon colonel*, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone.

Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp; or rather, around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it.

The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night-bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicions. He had stopped for a moment close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild screech from the wood, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"*Parbleu!*" he uttered, after the night-bird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object just crossing the line towards the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object had stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again towards the camp.

"*Le Diable!*" cried Pierre, "move any further, and I fire! What? *Pardieu! Le Prince?* Ho, ho, why, Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap up on to the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"*Bravo, Prince,*" Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches.

Pierre recognized the intruder now as a great dog, of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been now missing for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"*Parbleu, mon grande Prince,*" Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word, "the men will be happy to see you. Where have ye been for so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, *mon ami*, you just keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solema



emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started on his bout again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. *Le Prince* was moving towards the camp again.

"Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! Stop, or I'll shoot! *Diable*, the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! Down, I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"*Diable!*" the honest fellow uttered, "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! *Parbleu!* Come here! Here, Prince! *Mon Dieu!* you must die if you don't!"

With a few quick bounds the soldier had got near enough the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"*Mon cher ami*, you must stay with me. Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. *Parbleu!* what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince, we'll be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! *Parbleu*, don't you run off again."

But the fellow took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! Back! Here!—"

"*Grand Dieu!*" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now,

and he fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn, for the guard were approaching.

"*Qui est là?*" he cried.

"*Garde moutante!*" was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, *diable*, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh! Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled his lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found, apparently in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"*Grand Dieu!*" he cried, "what legs for a dog, eh?"

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the *genus homo*. But all doubts were removed very quickly for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"*Diable!* here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and he made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face.

But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a lifer by crossing their muskets, and having lifted the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were now brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog-skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one could make anything of it. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight, for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper;

who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had ever before been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and deliver him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the wilfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day Pierre was promoted to the rank of a sergeant, and the emperor said to him as he bestowed the boon :

"If you only make as faithful an officer, as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."

#### PLEASANT DWELLING-PLACE.

India is said to be a delightful place to live in. The Overland Singapore Free Press give the following charming little summary of its attractions: "There has been a quantity of violent deaths and serious accidents of late, caused as much by lightning as by wild beasts. The crocodiles have eaten up a great number of persons. One day recently, at 10 P. M., a crocodile seized by the thigh a citizen of Prinselacy who was seated in the evening on the steps of his house. The man clung to them desperately, uttering loud cries, and successfully resisted the beast's efforts to drag him into the water. A crowd soon gathered, before whom the monster withdrew. Near Batavia, an alligator caught a native, who was drawing water from the river, by one of his ankles. The man was fortunate enough to escape. In the district of Batuvirap, a tiger sprang on a man passing through a piece of jungle, and killed him before help came. There were fifteen wounds in his neck, and five in other parts of his body. A farmer in that district watching his growing crops, was carried off by a tigress. An undevoured half of his body was subsequently recovered."

#### PRETTY CUSTOM OF POLISH GIRLS.

At Warsaw, the annual fete of "floating crowns" was recently celebrated, and it attracted, as usual, a large crowd of spectators of all classes. It consists in the young girls of the city carrying wreaths of roses, decked with ribbons, to the Vistula, casting them into the river, and watching them as they are carried along by the current. The manner in which they are borne along by the waters is supposed to predict the future destiny of those to whom they belong, and accordingly the girls make demonstrations of joy or sorrow. A somewhat similar practice is prevalent among the girls in India.—*Ladies' Companion.*

#### A FRAGMENT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The summer flowers, now buried deep  
Beneath the drifting snow,  
Shall waken from their deathlike sleep  
When fostering zephyrs blow.  
Rescued by spring from winter's gloom,  
Again the floral tribe shall bloom;  
Perfumes more sweet shall scent the air,  
New buds shall grow and blossom there.

And thus shall hope within our hearts  
A new-born phoenix rise;  
Recovered from misfortune's smarts,  
He'll soar unto the skies.  
Bright flowers along our path shall grow,  
New streams of joy for us shall flow—  
Beneath content's sweet summer sky,  
The hours shall pass in pleasure by.

#### ENTANGLED AND EXTRICATED.

BY PHILIP BROMLEY.

THE midsummer preceding the fall of 1830, I made an excursion with a friend to the Isle of Wight. We made our head-quarters at a little village, about a half dozen miles from Ryde.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we went to church. It was a small, low-studded building, with a quiet air of cheerful piety, and a desk of such extraordinary altitude as to give the clergyman an elevation of nearly fifteen feet above the *profundum vulgus*. A venerable usher showed us a seat about half-way up the middle aisle. I here pause to deliver a word of caution. Whenever you enter a strange church, don't trust yourself to the caprice of a sexton, however respectable in appearance; look around cautiously for yourself, or you will be sure to get into trouble, for sextons are human, and have a sharp eye to the fitness of things. I had scarcely taken my seat, and turned my head to see by whom I was surrounded, when my two eyes encountered two corresponding members within half a yard of me—the property of the loveliest brunette, that the old church official could have picked out of the whole congregation.

I had no prayer-book with me. She presented hers, and we read the service together—a very dangerous practice which I by no means recommend. I was attracted by the ease and blandness of her address. An unstudied modesty characterized her demeanor, and I was absolutely affected with the impressiveness with which, in a voice suppressed, but breathing the very soul of sweetness, she uttered the prayers and responses. We sang together; I was not completely *au fait* in music, but on this occasion, I must have made an impression, for everybody in the immediate

vicinity of the pew was looking at me as I closed, attracted by the melody, or, possibly as my friend afterwards said, by the sonorousness of my effort.

In going out after service, I tried to keep as close to her as propriety would allow, but some rustics from an adjoining pew pushed in between us, and I was also held back by my friend, who was in a frame of mind more conducive to calmness and propriety of action than myself.

As soon as I could get free, I hurried out into the churchyard, and saw my fair neighbor in the act of mounting a little pony. Scarcely was she seated in the saddle, when her whip dropped from her hand, and in jumping down to recover it, her dress caught slightly on the pommel, occasioning an exposure of the most delicately moulded foot that ever woman set upon the sward. Just then she discovered me. For a moment she stood the image of embarrassment, utterly oblivious of the whip for which she had alighted; I picked it up, bowed, and handed it to her, at the same time proffering my services to help her in remounting. With a cheek all damask, and in the most graceful manner, she accepted them. Her foot was in my palm, her hand on my shoulder; with a bound she was in her seat, and off—leaving me riveted where I stood.

Thus it came about that I was in love; how the conviction of it was impressed upon my mind I am about to relate.

I had lived in town all my life, and had seen and admired many a fine woman, but none who awakened in me such an inexplicable interest as this rustic beauty. My friend amused himself by rallying me on my pre-occupation of mind, and I paid my landlord for my dinner without tasting a particle of it.

There was evening service in the church. Distrusting the gray-headed sexton, who, I feared would repeat his manoeuvre of the morning in some other part of the church, I walked into the same pew, unsolicited and alone. There was a homely farmer sitting alone by the door. The clergyman had not arrived, and I attempted to engage the man in conversation.

"Is this your pew, sir?"

"Yes!" evidently disliking the interruption.

"I hope I'm not intruding!"

"No!"

"Your daughter accommodated me with a seat here this morning, for which I am under great obligations to her!"

"I have no daughter!" savagely.

"Ah, certainly not, your niece, I mean!"

"I have no niece!"

"Indeed! It must have been the female friend who occasionally occupies your pew!"

"No such friend occasionally occupies my pew."

"Who in the deuce could it have been then?" said I, rather ejaculating than addressing the farmer.

"The clergyman is in the desk, my young friend, and I prefer not to talk in church!"

I bowed to the rebuff, and was mute.

The next morning I rose early, and walked forth on an expedition of exploration, but all fruitlessly.

"The landlord is my man!" said I, mentally, and in five minutes, I was in conversation with him, and ascertained the handsomest girl in the village was the daughter of the doctor.

I took my station instantly before the doctor's windows. The shutters of one were closed.

"That must be the daughter's chamber!" thought I. "And I will wait till she appears!"

Presently an arm was visible, and the shutters opened. How my pulse beat! The arm appeared and disappeared again. Finally the sash opened and a broad-faced damsel, having the appearance of a serving-maid, stood staring and grinning at me. A thought struck me.

"I will conciliate her good will, and she will be of service to me in obtaining an interview with the doctor's daughter!"

Chuckling at my good fortune, I stepped to the door and knocked. The door was opened by the broad-faced maid I had just seen.

"Is the doctor in?" I inquired, in the most amiable tone and manner that I could command.

The maiden giggled, courtseyed, and answered: "Father hasn't been home, all night!"

Reader! That was the doctor's daughter, and from that moment, I was convinced that I was hopelessly entangled. Who but a man in love would have spent the best hours of the morning in watching anxiously, feverishly, the windows of a blowsy house-maid, under the delusion that he was under the casement of his lady-love? I remained two weeks longer on the island, each Sunday appearing regularly at church, and pursuing my inquiries with the old farmer in spite of his surliness; but all to no purpose. \*After that I returned to England.

A month afterwards I was in the country, spending the hunting-season with a friend. On the first day of my visit, there was a large party of gentlemen entertained by my host. Among them was a neighboring squire, choleric and impetuous, but in the main good-natured, as Englishmen of his class usually are. The dinner was excellent, and the Madeira and champagne exquisite. After dessert, the king's health was drank, and speech-making, and song-singing commenced. One of the party proposed that I

should sing a Gaelic song, for what reason I know not, except that my friend had suggested that I had been in the Highlands, and the gentleman consequently supposed that I was familiar with the Highland glees.

I objected, for the reason, that it was impossible for me to comply. Every one was satisfied, with the exception of the squire, Sir Donald McPherson, who being descended from a Highlander himself, and possessing the sensitiveness characteristic of his people, was pleased to conceive that it was from dislike of the language of his fathers, that I refused to sing. He insisted in a peremptory tone upon my compliance. I repeated that it was impossible. He became warmer upon the subject, and on my host interfering, his unreasonable anger was directed to him. Sir Donald was a corpulent man, and from his appearance had evidently tasted to satiety of the world's good things—especially at the dinner-table. He had already imbibed copiously my friend's champagne, as his ruddy face, and impetuous manner sufficiently indicated. He rose in his chair in a very excited style, with a glass in his hand, for what purpose I never knew, for at that moment, a medical gentleman at my right, to the utter dismay of us all, snatched up a jug of water which was standing near him, and discharged the contents directly in Sir Donald's face. The object of treatment so outrageous and extraordinary fell instantly into his chair, and we all rushed to his assistance; he was recovering from an apoplectic fit. The medical gentleman, by indications well-known to the initiated, had discovered his state the moment Sir Donald was on his feet, and availing himself, with admirable presence of mind, of the jug of water, had saved his life. The shock drove the blood from the head.

The moment the squire had partially recovered, he called in a weak voice for our host.

"Sir," said he, "my impetuous temper has nearly cost me my life. I freely apologize to you and to you all for the improprieties of speech and manner into which it has betrayed me!"

His carriage was brought to the door; we assisted him into it. He was still very weak, and the medical gentleman and myself agreed to accompany him. We reached the mansion, and each giving Sir Donald a shoulder for support, conducted him slowly to the door of his dwelling. As we were ascending the steps, the door opened, and I beheld my fellow-worshipper in the little church in the Isle of Wight. She was the picture of confusion and amazement, on beholding me; sensations which instantly changed to those of alarm, as she noticed the condition of Sir Donald. My feelings, I will not attempt

to describe. I was confounded, amazed at her surpassing beauty, and it all ended in my being affected with such a contemptible *mauvaise honte*, that I neither spoke to her nor recognized her.

"Ah," said Sir Donald; "there is my little Grace, always the first to welcome her poor father, in sickness or in health!"

He introduced us to his daughter. I bowed to her as if she were a stranger, my heart fluttering, and my self-confidence disappearing in a way that made me despise myself.

For an hour I was in the room with her without once setting my eyes upon her. I saw her mother and a pretty cousin to whom I had also been introduced, and discussed the nature of apoplexy with Sir Donald, and the medical gentleman, with great fluency, but not a word or look did I exchange with her. At last Sir Donald was conducted to bed, his wife, the pretty cousin, and the medical gentleman accompanying, and I was left alone in the old parlor with Miss Grace McPherson.

I had taken a volume from the table, and was commencing to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten me, sir!" inquired a soft voice near me; "if you *have*," she added, as I started from my seat, "I have not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair. The hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek as she stood and extended her hands to me, who as I rose, held forth both of mine.

"Pardon my embarrassment, my ill-breeding," said I, warmly; for I was anxious to make amends for my stupidity; "I shall never forget you if I live to be a hundred years old!"

Women have a perception of the workings of the heart far more quick and subtle than we have. She knew that my volubility was forced, that while I appeared to be occupied with everybody but her, she was the only person who was actually running in my thoughts; and so she told me, with a face suffused with crimson. In proof of my last assertion, I assured her of the assiduity with which I had pursued my investigations in the little village, and particularly of my long suffering before the doctor's windows.

I have but a word to say in fulfilment of my obligations to the reader. I promised to tell you how I extricated myself from the dilemma with which I began. I did it in a manner most satisfactory to all parties; to Sir Donald McPherson, because he had been long waiting for a son-in-law; to Miss Grace McPherson, because she always delighted in gratifying her fond father, and to myself, for I was made the happiest fellow in the world for the rest of my life—I married the young lady.

## The Florist.

If such the soothing precepts taught by you,  
Beautiful blossoms! well may ye appear  
As silent preachers in the Christian's view.  
BERNARD BARTON.

### House Plants healthy.

Dr. Priestly was the first to show that the leaves of plants absorb carbonic acid gas by their upper surfaces, and give out oxygen by their under ones, thereby tending to purify the air in as far as animal life is concerned, because carbonic acid gas is pernicious to animals, and oxygen is what that life requires.

### Flowers in Winter.

By taking up trees or shrubs in the spring, at budding-time, with some of their own soil among the roots, and placing them upright in a cellar till October, then transplanting them into pots, and watering them with a solution of half an ounce of sal ammoniac to a pint of rain water, you will have summer flowers in winter.

### The Hollyhock.

This noble flower should not be introduced into small parterres, as their straggling roots interfere with smaller species. Nothing, however, is more ornamental in clumps of ornamental trees; planted in small clusters, they require a strong soil, and are sufficiently hardy to withstand exposed situations.

### Roses.

A little guano in your rose-pots will produce a most rapid growth and flower—not too much. Be careful not to let any particles of the guano get into the eyes, or any fresh wound of the hands; work it in with a stick, and leave none upon the surface.

### Curious Fact.

Plants grown in rooms turn not only their leaves but their branches towards the window—showing the necessity of light for their proper sustenance and growth. Some plants in flower will open their petals to the light of a lamp, and close them again when it is extinguished.

### Cuttings.

Cuttings, if inserted in a mere mass of earth, will hardly throw out roots, while, if inserted at the sides of the pots, so as to touch the pot in their whole length, they seldom fail to become rooted plants.

### Respiration.

Plants respire by their leaves, as animals do by their breathing apparatus, and it is on this account that keeping the leaves clear is so very essential to the health of plants.

### House Plants.

Water, heat, air and light are the four essential stimulants to plants; water, heat and air to promote growth; and light to render that growth perfect.

### The Tulip Mania.

In Holland and Belgium, at the height of the tulip mania, a brewery at Lille, valued at \$6000, was given by its proprietor for a single root.

### Planting.

Half an inch in depth is quite sufficient for the planting of small seed of any description.

### Canterbury Bells.

A lady friend writes us that in the cultivation of this beautiful ornament of the flower garden, she has been able to cause them to bloom later and more profusely than her neighbors, by trimming off carefully the flowers as fast as they wilt. A little attention of this sort will produce a most favorable result on all flowering plants.

### Parlor Plants.

Parlor plants cannot be enjoyed in perfection without considerable labor. They should be carefully and often washed with a soft sponge and clean water, the earth in the pots kept rich and moist, and a light cloth thrown over them when the room is swept.

### Dahlias.

A friend on Long Island writes us: "I spoiled my dahlias last season by manuring them. They will not bear it; it makes them run to leaf and stem. They became very luxuriant, but they did not bear the flower. A little sand is good for them."

### Weather Indicators.

Many flowers are excellent weather indicators. The crofoil, the convolvulus, and some other plants contract their leaves before a shower, or during dull, cloudy weather. It has long been noticed, also, by florists, that flowers give out increased perfume before a shower.

### Insects.

Plants in rows are liable to be attacked by aphides. These insects are readily removed by tobacco smoke or tobacco water. Camphorated water may be used by those who cannot endure the smell of tobacco.

### Seedlings or Cuttings.

As plants accustomed to a greenhouse atmosphere do not thrive very well when transferred to that of a common sitting parlor, it is best to raise plants from the seed or from cuttings.

### Plants In-doors.

No painting, sculpture, or upholstery, can equal the delicious beauty of sweet flowers in the parlor or sitting-room. Their moral influence is refining even upon the youngest members of the family circle.

### Moss Roses.

In propagating these delightful plants, remember that they love a cool soil and cool aspect. They will soon fade away if exposed constantly to the sun.

### The sweetest Flowers.

Gardening is healthy and delightful amusement for both sexes. No flowers afford such pleasure as those our own hands have cultivated.

### Salt.

There is probably no plant that will not be benefited by an occasional moistening at the roots with a small quantity of salt and water, especially parlor flowers.

### Watering Plants.

Choose the evening always for this, even with in-door plants. In summer no garden flower will bear to be watered while the sun shines upon it.

### Pinks.

You should never allow two buds to grow side by side on a pink stem. Clip off one and you beautifully and enlarge the other greatly.

## The Housewife.

### Breakfast Dish.

Take some thin slices of fresh-smoked beef, put into a stew-pan with only water sufficient to cover them, stew a few minutes, then stir in a little flour and water to thicken, with a seasoning of pepper and butter. This is very nice and simple, but may be improved by beating in an egg or two.

### In cooking Fish.

In preparing boiled fish for the table it is very desirable to have it served with the flesh as firm as possible. This can be accomplished by putting a small piece of saltpetre with the salt into the water in which it is boiled; a quarter of an ounce is enough for a gallon.

### Coffee.

Avoid all coffee preparations which are sold *ground*. Purchase the grain whole and grind it up only as fast as it is wanted for use. It would surprise the uninitiated if they knew how much burnt peanuts they purchase for good coffee in the ground state.

### Weight and Measure.

A pound of butter is one quart; ten eggs are one pound; a quart of wheat flour is one pound; four tablespoonfuls are a wineglass in measure; a quart of dry brown sugar weighs one pound and two ounces—white powdered sugar one ounce less.

### A rich Drink.

Boil a quart of cider, beat four eggs to a froth and stir them rapidly into the boiling liquid, add a few grains of allspice and five or six cloves, with sugar to taste, and you have a drink "fit for a king."

### Small Birds.

Doubtless the best mode of cooking small birds is to broil them. Split them open down the back, spread them flat, broil very gently, butter them, salt and pepper, and serve quickly.

### Eggs.

Never use eggs, if possible, until they are at least one day old, for that part which constitutes the white is not properly set until at least twelve hours after they have been laid.

### Tea.

Black tea is healthier than green. Hyson and Souchong mixed together, half-and-half, make a delightful beverage. There is a certain poisonous matter, however, in all green tea.

### Meats.

When the weather will admit of it, all meats improve by keeping—beef and mutton a week, and poultry half that time. Keep cool and airy, but do not let it freeze.

### At Table.

Instruct your servants always to serve a guest at the left hand; a cup of tea or coffee is thus received with the right hand, and so of every other article used at table.

### A nice Dish.

Slices of cold fowl, warmed with hot water, and then fried brown in sweet butter, make a most delicious dish for breakfast or tea. Serve quickly while hot.

### Mahogany and Marble.

Do not use soap in cleaning either; wash in clean water and rub quickly until entirely dry, with a soft cloth. A little sweet oil rubbed on occasionally will give them a neat polish. Where varnish has been removed from mahogany, rubbing with a little sweet oil will generally restore the appearance entirely.

### Breakfast Meat Cakes.

Chop such cold meat as you may happen to have very fine, and season it with pepper and salt; prepare a batter of flour, lay a large spoonful of batter in the griddle, which must be buttered, and on the batter place a spoonful of the meat, covering it also with batter; brown both sides and serve hot.

### Remedies for Burns.

Dr. Reese gives it as his opinion that but few, if any, of the terrible burns and scalds which now result in death would prove fatal, if a few pounds of flour could be promptly applied to the wounds, and repeated until the inflammatory stage had passed.

### Grease Spots.

The following method of removing grease spots from woolen cloth may be tried. Mix three ounces of spirits of wine with three ounces of French chalk and one ounce of pipe-clay. Apply the mixture wet to the spot; when dry, brush it off.

### A nice Pudding.

A pound of boiled potatoes, made into a nice mash with sweet milk, add half a pound of white sugar, six eggs and one grated lemon. Bake about forty minutes. This was a favorite dish with President Jefferson.

### Roasting Potatoes.

When you roast potatoes, rub a little butter over the skin, which will make them crisp. Another way to serve potatoes, is to boil them, skin and roll them in yolk of egg, and brown before the fire.

### To make common Sealing-Wax.

To every one ounce of shell-lac take half an ounce each of rosin and vermilion, all reduced to a fine powder. Place them over a moderate fire and melt them. Any color will do as well as vermilion.

### Smoking Lamps.

Soak your wicking in strong vinegar and dry carefully, if you are troubled from smoking lamps. You may then put the wick up much higher than otherwise. In the use of poor oil this is important.

### To repair broken Glass.

Dissolve some isinglass in gin, just sufficient to cover it; make the broken parts quite warm (better put them into a warm oven), dip them into the liquid, and if possible tie them together for a little time.

### Pork.

This is the best season of the year for cooking fresh pork. Be very careful that it is *thoroughly* done, otherwise it is most indigestible and consequently very unhealthy.

### To clean Kid Gloves.

Wash them in a mixture of equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol. Then rub them dry. The above solution will also remove stains and grease from silk and cloth.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### SMILES AND TEARS.

As there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, so there is but one step between a smile and a tear. In some cases there is no dividing line—they melt into each other naturally, as you have sometimes seen the rain falling when the sun was shining. In some natures all strong emotions express themselves by laughing or weeping indifferently. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, somewhere tells us of an intelligent negro man, who sat next to him in the pit of the Edinburgh theatre, during the performance of the Rev. Dr. Home's tragedy of Douglas. He was evidently deeply excited by the tragic story, but at the moment of the most thrilling pathos, when the Ettrick poet, who was narrowly watching him, looked to see him melt into tears, he burst out into a violent and uncontrollable fit of laughter. Yet there was no question that he deeply felt the pathos of the passage he thus commented on. So we people, on the other hand, cry for joy. Rousseau's nature was so exquisitely sensitive that, at the sight of a beautiful landscape, he would burst into a flood of tears.

There are many April natures easily moved either to tears or laughter. We noticed a friend of ours lately at a wedding, who was admirably calculated to obey the scriptural injunction, to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice. The father of the bride was a jovial personage—the mother, the reverse. When our sympathetic friend congratulated the former on the brilliant prospects of his daughter, the face of the speaker was radiant with jollity and good humor; but when the mother mourned the loss of the daughter, as one who was going to be buried rather than married, our versatile friend burst out into such a fit of weeping that his handkerchief was absolutely saturated with his tears! Our friend can be the life of a merry, appreciating party, and yet no one can exceed him in exemplary conduct at a funeral. It matters not if the deceased be a perfect stranger, for his expansive heart embraces all humanity in its sympathies, and he regrets a pauper cut off in the height of his misery as bitterly as he does an heir in the flower of his youth. Such a man is a most valuable member of society.

A happily blended mixture of pathos and humor is characteristic of the highest genius; for the highest genius is an epitome of life with its mingled warp and woof of joy and sorrow. Perhaps the highest example of this is Shakespeare, the master of the human heart, whose jester walks beside his king, whose grave-digger jests with his melancholy Hamlet. And in modern times Dickens is also an example of this combination.

**MORE GOOD THINGS!**—It will be seen that we have added to "Ballou's Dollar Monthly," on pages 290, 291, two new departments of a most important and interesting character. These will be regularly kept up each month, and will alone, in themselves, be worth the price of our widely circulated Magazine. The reader, who has followed us from the first, will see that our aim in this wonderfully cheap publication is *perfection*. We intend to make it such a work as no one can afford to do without! Preserve your numbers carefully for binding, and thus have at the end of the year, two valuable volumes for reference. We bind the Magazine in a handsome, ornamental and strong cover, for thirty-eight cents each volume, and return in one week.

**A CURIOUS HANDKERCHIEF.**—An exchange paper, in its advertising columns, asks: "What is that which wipes the tear from the eye of the tender mother bending over her sick babes? It's Dr. —'s cordial."

**UTICA, N. Y.**—Sixty-eight years ago the city of Utica was at the end of the world, and John Jacob Astor came there on foot, buying furs of the Indians he had met with on the route.

**STILL LIVES.**—A "prophet" predicted a short time since that in a week New York city would be destroyed by an earthquake. The appointed time came, and there wasn't even a shake.

**A HAPPY COUNTRY.**—Miss Martineau says "happy is the country where factory girls can carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles!"

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—"Bill, they say you've contracted debts." "A libel—I've enlarged 'em."

## BOSTON JOKERS.

There never was a time, except perhaps away back in the "witching-times," when the clergy and the magistracy waged war on old women, when there were not two or three professional jokers in Boston to redeem it from the charge of gravity sometimes brought against it. We fancy that even some of the grim old Puritans relaxed now and then, though it was fatal to crack a joke at the expense of the magistracy or the clergy. But about the time of the Revolution, one member of the clerical body, at least, was as fond of jokes as Sidney Smith. What Bostonian can forget rare old Mather Byles and his jokes, that are heir-looms? Some of his humor was rather trying, as for instance, when he called his dutiful daughters, who lived to be very old maiden ladies, out of bed, on a bitter winter night, to ask them if they slept warm.

On one Fast day, when he was going to exchange with a neighboring minister, and rode out, to keep his appointment, on horseback, the moment he espied his clerical brother, he gave his horse the whip, and bore down on him like a whirlwind. "What is the matter?" cried the other. "Matter?" replied Byles. "Nothing—only it's *fast* day!" Now that joke about Fast day is perpetrated by hundreds annually, newspaperially and orally—it is the property of Boston—like the Old South Church. Byles was a determined joker. When he could ill afford it, he painted his little "sanctum" brown, that he might be able to say to his visitors: "You see I'm in a brown study."

We can just faintly remember another old Boston joker, dead and gone this many a long year. This was Robert Hewes, who used to live at the corner of Washington (then Newbury) and Essex Streets, a very ingenious man, who set up the first glass works in New England. He was also what is called a "natural bone-setter," and he taught the broadsword exercise, cudgelling and fencing. His sign used to read, "bone-breaker and bone-setter." But he was a practical joker. He would gallop after people on the sidewalk, shouting as if at the heels of a wild, runaway horse; undertake to teach gouty gentlemen dancing, and redeem his promise by stinging the calves of their legs with a dog-whip; and play a variety of such pranks, better relished by the million than the choicest wit. He used to wake up his wife every morning by tickling her nose with a peacock's feather. One day she was proof against the application, and though the feather was handled with unusual skill, gave no signs of susceptibility. Poor woman! she never woke up in this world—she had died with-

out a struggle in the night. Her husband, who was tenderly attached to her, laid down his feather and wept. He had no heart to play any more jokes; his "occupation was gone," and he ceased to be reckoned one of the fraternity of "Boston jokers."

## NAVIGATION ON THE LAKES.

Those who live far away from the Great Lakes, and have never seen them when lashed into fury by the storm, can have but a faint conception of the danger of navigation, and the hazard of those who sail upon these inland seas. The season of 1856 will long be remembered as one of disasters on the lakes, and when the statistics of the loss of life and property are prepared, as they soon will be by the Board of Underwriters, the figures will astonish even those who reside on the shores. A rough estimate of the disasters thus far foots up an aggregate loss of fifty vessels of various kinds during the past season. A number of these vessels disappeared and not a soul of their crews was left to tell the tale of destruction. Not less than three hundred lives were lost, and property amounting to millions.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—In our next number we shall commence to illustrate "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." Subscribe at once, and secure the volume complete. We can still supply the back numbers to January 1st, '57. *Now is the time.* We want every family in the land to be in the monthly receipt of this "miracle of cheapness." Our large publishing establishment, and unusual facilities, enable us to issue the work at \$1 a year, while others charge \$3 for a similar work.

GAMMON.—A political speaker, wishing to obtain German votes, assured a large body of Tenthons, that, although he was not a German himself, he had a young brother who was excessively fond of German sausages.

QUEER CASE.—Two blockheads went out to fight a duel lately from Paris. Hard rain—two shots—no hit—parties caught cold—both died.

ORIGINAL.—Every leaded article in "Ballou's Dollar Monthly," is written expressly for this establishment, and paid for.

BINDING.—All styles of binding done at this office, at the *lowest rates*, and in the best manner.

A QUERY.—When good sense seems morose, shall we blame it, or ourselves?



## GILDED CRIME.

We are glad that the plea of insanity did not avail Huntington, the New York forger, and that he has been consigned to the State prison instead of the lunatic asylum. His counsel claimed that he was insane because he squandered large sums of money on trifles. There was nothing extraordinary in this. "Light come, light gone," says the old proverb. Men value money by the toil of hand or brain it costs to acquire. If a man can command thousands by the dash of a pen, he will be very likely to stake thousands on the turn of a card. One of our exchanges says:

"The fabled revenue of the Comte de Monte Cristo was nothing to that of Huntington! The opulence of all New York lay at his disposal. He could afford to live without apprehension in a style of magnificence. Women and wine, cards and horses, in all their costliest array of prodigal disbursements, could not begin to affect his magic income. His steel pen was his Mariposa. His ink-stand was his gold mine, more inexhaustible than California. His handwriting was the 'open sesame' that exposed to him the piled-up stores of Oriental treasures. He was the modern Aladdin, and the genii of the quill stood prepared to build for him palaces and gardens, robe him in purple and fine linen, and cover him with dazzling jewels. He had but to choose whose name he should append to paper, and the credit of that name became his own. But, sooner or later, an imposture, however popular, must stand exposed. One poor note accidentally reached the hands of the firm it purported to hold responsible, and—the romance ended!"

But there must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark," when such crimes are committed. Society must bear some part of the blame—inexorable society, which requires wealth, enormous wealth, in those admitted within its charmed circle. Where inordinate reverence is paid to money, then money will be had at whatever risk of reputation, health or peace. So long as true refinement, talent, genius, learning and wit are set aside, and a premium bestowed on vulgar extravagance, just so long will crimes against property be perpetrated. We fear it is true that, "let but a man appear rich, no questions will be asked as to how he comes by his money." We fear the advice of the corrupt father to his son, "Get rich—honestly if you can, but at any rate, get rich," has been extensively followed.

**SUGAR EATING.**—We must be a sweet-toothed people. We now consume from 28 to 29 pounds of sugar for each individual in the United States.

## BEAUTY BY THE MILE.

There are some people who have such a mania for figures and statistics that they are for reducing everything to sums in arithmetic or measures in quantity. One of these geniuses tells us that Lowell has a mile of beauty—that is, if the pretty factory girls of Lowell stood in a row they would reach a mile in length. In estimating beauty, now-a-days, by the way, some allowance should be made for the *breadth*. But we think this ciphering genius has missed a figure; for if it be true that "a miss is good as a mile," then, as there are about three thousand misses in Lowell, we should have allowed the Spindle City three thousand miles of loveliness. To be more exact, we are willing to concede it several acres of loveliness. Another of these human calculating machines computed that a certain lady at the opera wore a pint of diamonds. We wish some one of them would tell us how many paces are requisite to circumnavigate a lady in the fullest amplitude of crinoline—the problem might be solved, though he would have to go a roundabout way to get at it.

**CHEAPNESS AND ENTERPRISE.**—Two years since, Mr. Ballou, publisher of "*Ballou's Pictorial*," issued the first number of his Magazine, "*Ballou's Dollar Monthly*." It was not anticipated at the outset that it would achieve any great degree of success, among the multiplicity of magazines, but its remarkable cheapness, containing one hundred pages of original matter in each number,—attracted general attention, and the subscription list increased rapidly. An illustrated humorous department was added, and other improvements made, and still the work rapidly grew in popularity, until the present edition reaches 71,600 copies! It is only in connection with so extensive a publishing establishment, that such a work can be got up at such a price. Its great success has made it a feature of Mr. Ballou's large establishment, and he is still further improving and beautifying the *Dollar Monthly*, which is soon to be also elegantly illustrated without any addition of price. At the present rate of increase the Magazine will circulate one hundred thousand copies by July next.—*Boston Daily Ledger*.

**TO OBTAIN THE MAGAZINE.**—Inclose one dollar in a letter, writing the name of the subscriber plainly, and also of the post-office, county and state, where the person resides. Direct to M. M. BALLOU, 22 Winter Street, Boston, and the Magazine will reach you by return of mail.

**HORSE RAILROADS.**—We were prejudiced against these modern innovations at first, but that they are an undoubted and necessary public convenience, is now our firm conviction.

**THE WORLD'S POET.**—Shakspeare is being translated into Bohemian. We shall next hear of the bard of Avon in Japan.

**ORIGINAL.**—When an old bachelor is advised to marry, what part of California does he name in his testy answer? Mariposa (*Marry! poh! sir.*)

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

Some of the most intellectual men the world has ever known have been noted for their absent-mindedness. One of the most remarkable geniuses of this kind was Rouelle, who has been called the father of French chemistry. At his lectures he usually employed his brother and his nephews as assistants, they performing his various experiments for him. These aids were not always at hand. Rouelle would then call out, "Nephew! eternal nephew!" And if the eternal nephew did not make his appearance, he would go himself into the little back rooms of his laboratory to hunt up the articles he required. During this operation, he still continued his lessons, as if his auditors were present, and usually got through his demonstration by the time he got back to his rostrum. One day, being forsaken by his brother and his nephew, and making his experiments alone, he said: "You see, gentlemen, this boiler on this furnace. Well, if I should stop stirring it a single moment, an explosion would follow which would blow us all up sky high." Of course, he forgot to keep on stirring—a tremendous explosion took place, and two hundred young gentlemen were pitched into the garden. Luckily, no one was seriously hurt, for the greatest force of the explosion had occurred in the fireplace, and the professor got off with the loss of his chimney and his bob tailed coat. We should not care to study chemistry with one of these absent-minded geniuses.

OUR CIRCULATION.—We are steadily increasing in the number of our already mammoth edition. At the time of writing this paragraph, the subscription columns are not footed up; this we shall do, however, and at the moment of going to press, place the total on the *last page of the cover*.

EXTREMES MEET.—When an English convict commits a heinous offence, he is transported for life, and when a lover marries the girl of his heart, he professes to be transported for life also.

FARM-WORK IN BADEN.—Most of the outdoor work is performed by women, and when animals are used, they employ cars. The men officiate as drivers and general superintendents.

SIMILARITY.—Love and death resemble each other in many points. Both of them are blind, both are armed with darts, and both equally cruel.

A MARTYR.—A martyr is a gentleman who has no objection to a *stake* or a *chop*.

## AVARICE.

We knew a miserly old hunk, rich as Croesus, who used to soak his firewood, and he always bought green, in the water butt, in order to economize fuel when the thermometer was sixteen degrees below zero. His family, some of whom were invalids, unable to work for a living, would actually have starved but for the kindness of the neighbors, who sent them in broken victuals daily. But the ingenious expedients of this respectable old gentleman to save his substance were not half so ingenious as that of another old fellow. One day Miser No. 2 was at breakfast, when a friend, who happened in to see him, and who was not asked to sit down, of course, found him catching flies. His hand trembled so that for a long time the volatile insects escaped. At last he mastered an unhappy blue-bottle, lifted the cover of the sugar pot and popped in his prisoner. "What are you doing that for?" asked the astonished friend. "O, nothing," replied the skinflint. "I don't want my servants to steal the sugar. There's a little hole in the cover to give the fly air. If the rascal lifts the cover, the blue-bottle will escape, and then I'll give the plunderer a good dressing—I assure you." Yet that man is worth \$150,000!

DISINTERESTEDNESS.—An editor, previous to the late campaign, said, "For President, we shall support the candidate most likely to win, whenever we can find out which one it is, and for our disinterested support, we expect no less than a custom-house appointment."

APT COMPARISONS.—An itinerant preacher, who used to make some noise in this country, said that youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semi-colon, and old age to a colon, to which death puts a period or full stop.

A LONG NOSE.—A Paisley weaver, having unluckily knocked the skin off his nose, and having no court-plaster at hand, used one of his gummed tickets, which read, as usual, "Warranted 350 yards long."

AGGRAVATING.—An exchange paper thinks it is aggravating to see a gentleman waltzing with your wife, without enjoying the privilege of tightening his cravat for him.

WITTY.—That was a capital toast that was given by a Yankee at the Montreal celebration. "The locomotive—the only good motive for riding a man on a rail."

## GOING TOO FAR.

There are some people who never know when to stop. Give them an inch and they are sure to take an ell. Beau Brummell was ruined by presuming too far on the good graces of George IV. Supping one time with that illustrious scion of royalty, whom Thackeray serves up so spicily in his lectures on the "Four Georges," the beau, who desired the presence of the waiter, said to his companion, "George, ring that bell." "Gentleman George" rang the bell as he was desired, but he ordered his carriage, and from that time forth spoke never a word to his quondam companion. The emperor Alexander I., of Russia, pleasantly rebuked the presumption of Fougères, a French comedian, who was very intimate with him in St. Petersburg. Having heard the czar say that he was never frightened in his life, Fougères sprang upon him suddenly in the Park, and startled him for a moment. "So! your majesty *was* frightened!" said the audacious Frenchman. After this, Alexander treated the practical joker very coldly. One night the Frenchman was awakened at midnight by the glare of torches round the bed, and beheld it surrounded by officers in uniform. He was ordered to dress himself instantly. "Whither do you mean to take me?" "To Siberia!" He was taken down stairs, blindfolded, placed upon a sledge, and driven forty miles with the thermometer ten degrees below zero. Half dead with cold and fright, he was taken from the sledge at last and carried into a warm atmosphere. The bandage was removed from his eyes; he saw himself in a splendid apartment, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen brilliantly attired, while from the centre of a magnificent group advanced the Emperor Alexander himself, and who took him by the hand, and said, with a smile: "So! you were frightened—really?" They were now quits. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the emperor, having determined to pay back the comedian in his own coin, had caused him to be driven through the streets of the capital for four hours, a prey to feelings of intense anxiety. It was a lesson the Frenchman never forgot. Had the Emperor Paul been the principal actor, then, instead of a transient drive, the journey might have been one of some twenty thousand versts, and the joker might have been allowed to compare for himself the reality of the scenery of Siberia with the descriptions in Madame Cotting's exquisite little novel, "Elizabeth." The moral of the story would then have been that, "it is ill playing with edged tools."

**A BIG MAN.**—A man recently died in Tennessee, who weighed 527 pounds.

## WHIMSICAL FANCIES.

Deeply as insanity is to be deplored, and strongly as it awakens regret and sorrow, still some of the fancies of the insane provoke a smile. A soldier, wounded on the field of Austerlitz, was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. "You ask how Father Lambert is," he would say: "he is dead—killed at Austerlitz; *that* which you now see is a mere machine made in his likeness." A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes, long since departed. There was a tradesman who thought himself a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me." In Paris there lived a man who thought he had been guillotined with others, and when Napoleon was emperor their heads were all restored, but in the general scramble he had got the wrong one. A newspaper editor fancied that he was a paragraph, and, as he lay in bed, debated whether he should rise altogether, or sentence by sentence.

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

One of the keenest retorts we ever remember reading, was that administered by a Russian lady. She had been engaged to dine with Talleyrand, who was then minister of foreign affairs, but was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor, in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply answered the satirist, in the same language: "When a woman has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

**A NEW IDEA.**—A very gentlemanly individual, who had been deprived of a valuable umbrella, posted up the following notice: "Who was the gentleman who exchanged umbrellas with us the other day, and forgot to leave his?"

**A RUSSIAN LAW.**—By one of the laws of Russia, ladies of fortune are not allowed to marry foreigners. At least, if they do, they must bring their captive knights to live in Russia.

**A QUERY.**—Why ought Queen Victoria to mend her own broken China? You will never guess—because she's Victoria Regina (Re-joiner.)

**THAT'S SO.**—Compliments are prismatic bubbles blown with the aid of soft soap.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

Living in the country now-a-days is not what it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. Whether the change is for the better or the worse, we will not undertake to decide now; we merely mention the fact. Railroads have done the business; they have "citified" the country. Before their day, a country gentleman or lady was known at a glance; now you cannot tell them in Washington Street from citizens to the "manor born." Then rural costumes were a study and a delight; now Broadway and Cranberry Centre dress in common. Crinolines flaunt among the green hills of Vermont, and Paris bonnets, not a month old, are seen in parish churches two hundred miles from the metropolis. City fashions and luxuries travel everywhere—only, like time, they vary a few minutes, according to the latitude.

There are very few farm-houses now; but a plenty of "villas," "halls," and "cottages of gentility." Every farm-house, where the owner is a man of any means, has its drawing-room, its piano, its ottoman, its polished grates and its coal fire. There was far less state in the olden time, but to our taste, far more geniality and comfort. We like those huge fire-places, with the andirons and the pile of walnut, and oak, and chestnut sending a roaring blaze up the chimney and a beautiful heat upon a wide circle of happy faces. Then—to borrow Hawthorne's idea—we could rally in defence of our altars and our hearths—but who could think of fighting for our grates and stoves!

We have seen country drawing-rooms that emulated Fifth Avenue saloons; but, the locality considered, they gave us not half the pleasure of the old-fashioned country parlor, with homespun carpet, its cherry-wood table, its spindle-legged chairs, its little bit of a looking-glass, its mourning-piece on the wall—

"The grass is black, the graves in green,  
The epitaph in Latin;"

the two or three shells, and the peacock's feathers on the mantels, with perhaps a China image or two; and, in summer, a generous bunch of asparagus tops in the chimney corner. If we go out of town in search of rusticity now, we don't find the country—only fragments of city life. Everybody is polished up, and we can't help thinking, a little starched, too, as if the smoothing-iron of civilization required a little stiffness of material to work out its elegant effects. We cannot help grumbling now and then at the changes we note.

**MUSICAL.**—Being tossed by an infuriated bull may be called a *quick movement on two horns*!

## HASTENING TO BE RICH.

The struggle for wealth is going on among us with fearful activity—the desire for acquiring riches speedily being the ruling passion of the day. It was only the other day that we were reading of the case of a wealthy business man of New York, a millionaire merchant prince of the Fifth Avenue, carried from the scene of his worldly splendor to the insane hospital, bereft of reason, it was stated, through his intense devotion to the cares of commerce. Probably that man looked forward to the period when he should abandon business entirely, and lead a life of ease with the fruits of his exertion. But in the meantime he gave himself no rest; body and brain were tasked to the utmost; all the faculties of his nature, stimulated to intense activity, had been consumed in the pursuit of a certain standard of wealth. All at once outraged Nature gave way and terribly avenged herself, and he became, what he made himself—a wreck. The papers are full of such warning examples, and against such a career, the remote simplicity of our fathers appeals in vain. As the days of republican manners become more remote, we cling to new fashions, regardless of the wrecks they cause around us.

**LIBELLING NATURE.**—There are some people indifferent to the finest scenery. Mrs. Bray says that some of the foaming rivers in Switzerland are nothing but dirty soap suds, as if it had been washing day in the mountains.

**SHE'S NOT ALONE!**—A poor woman recently applied to a charitable institution in Philadelphia for assistance, giving as a reason why she needed relief that her husband followed politics for a living, and it did not support his family.

**JOKING.**—Some of our readers may not perhaps have heard of Tom Cooke's joke, when a person told him he could sing very *high* and very *low*. "Yes, and very *middling*, too," said Cooke.

**BALTIMORE BELLES.**—The "monumental city" is famed the wide world over for the beauty of its daughters. No stranger can fail to visit it without being impressed with their loveliness.

**A GOOD CHARACTER.**—"She was always busy and always quiet," was the epitaph we once read on the tomb of a lady in a country churchyard.

**GARDENING.**—Who wouldn't be a gardener? He commands his thyme, raises his celery (salary) yearly, and is the master of the mint.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The sultan of Turkey wont have railroads established in his dominions.

During the last 25 years, 6773 men have been executed in Italy for political offences.

The Limerick Chronicle says the public there buy aquafortis for whiskey.

The main drainage of London is to be carried to the German ocean.

Russia is about forty-one times the size of France, and 138 times that of England.

The London Times was first printed by steam in 1814, and has kept the country in hot water ever since.

The London Athenæum announces the discovery of a buried Greek city in the Levant, by Mr. Newton, British Vice Consul at Coz.

Lady Byron, wife of the celebrated poet, has, by the death of the incumbent, inherited the title of Baroness Wentworth.

The death of Prince Woronzoff leaves Russia, in one sense the greatest military monarchy in Europe, without a field marshal.

According to the latest returns made on the subject, there is an increase of about twenty per cent. in the number of gas works in Great Britain in the last five years.

The Swiss Federal army amounts to 162,000 men, of whom 3000 are cavalry, 12,000 riflemen, 2000 engineers, and 14,000 artillery. The Swiss put on a bold front against Prussia.

Some of the musical papers of the continent state that a divorced wife of Omar Pasha, being in great distress, is about to travel through Europe, giving concerts. The lady is said to be an excellent pianist, and is Hungarian by birth.

The mercantile marine of Greece has increased amazingly; it numbers at present 1500 large and 2900 smaller vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 260,000 tons, and employing 30,000 active and expert sailors.

Owing to the scarcity in bullion, the principal French dealers in gold, who furnish the jewellers with their raw material, have suddenly refused to give any credit whatever. This measure has already compelled many small manufacturers to leave off work.

It is rare that a public officer in England is removed, yet the Postmaster General has ordered the removal of a postmaster in the county of Kent, on no other ground than that of being discourteous to those who had business with his office.

The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in France has directed the prefects of departments to report to him the extent of sowing in wheat and other grain which has been made this autumn. The object of the minister is to form an estimate as to the yield of the next harvest.

The winter in Europe has so far been very cold. Vast quantities of snow have fallen in Austria. On the first of December the roads east of Vienna were impassable on account of the snow, and in Vienna such vast masses of snow had accumulated in the streets that all locomotion was greatly impeded.

The London Herald says the Hudson's Bay Company will be called on to give up its charter.

Austria is fitting out a steam frigate for the circumnavigation of the globe.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the eminent novelist, has recently been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

A statue has been erected in Trafalgar Square, London, to the memory of Gen. Charles J. Napier, the conqueror of Scinde.

The black sovereign of Abyssinia has organized a system of Christianity peculiarly his own, and proposes to convert all Africa to it by fire and sword.

An English traveller, desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame de Sevigne, purchased for the sum of eighteen thousand francs the staircase of her chateau at Provence.

The adulteration and even manufacture of guano are practised in France to an extent which has provoked complaints in the journals and petitions to the Minister of Agriculture.

The death of a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Robert Crozier, is mentioned in the English papers, the remarkable fact being recorded, that, though in his ninety-first year, he preached on the evening before he died.

A German, with whom Bayard Taylor formed a friendship, has conveyed to him, as a free gift, an estate near the Thuringian forest. It contains a beautiful residence, built in 1760 by one of the ministers of Ernest II.

The new marriage laws which have just been published in Austria recognize the marriage of a boy of fourteen with a girl of twelve as valid, but the parties are to be separated until they are of age.

A man at Berlin, in some pecuniary difficulties, cut up his wife and two children with a hatchet, and then cut his own throat with a razor. The next day a lottery ticket which he had bought turned out a prize of 4000 francs.

An enormous wolf recently entered the village of Szymanow (Poland) in the open day, seized a child six years of age and carried it off. The villagers pursued, but without success. The half-eaten remains of the child were afterwards found.

It is proposed to have a festival in honor of Handel at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, at which three of his great oratorios are to be performed, with an orchestra of two thousand trained vocalists, and three hundred instrumentalists. This event is to happen in May next.

They are about to erect a monument to the immortal Tasso, upon the terrace of the cloister Onofrio at Rome. It is to stand upon the identical spot to which the dying poet had himself daily carried during his last sickness, to gaze upon the Eternal City, illumined by the last rays of the setting sun.

The king of Siam has sent the Emperor Napoleon the Order of the Sun, valued at 100,000 francs; to the empress, pearls and precious stones, valued at 80,000 francs; and to the Prince Napoleon, a sabre, richly set with precious stones, worth 60,000 francs. Five decorations are to be distributed among the court.

## Record of the Times.

About \$33,000 are annually expended on schools in Manchester, N. H.

Boston exports two hundred thousand tons of ice annually to various parts of the world.

Some trees, like watch-dogs, are valued only for their bark.

The manufacture of clothing in Boston gives employment to fifty thousand people!

Gas in railroad cars is one of the newest and brightest inventions of the day.

Statistics show the value of churches in this State to be considerably over ten million dollars.

Coaches were introduced in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Trees have been compared to polite dancing-masters—full of boughs.

The cost of buildings erected in Dubuque, Iowa, since January, 1836, is \$1,644,750.

It is stated that the soil of Ireland is admirably adapted to the culture of tobacco.

There has been a battle in the interior of Africa in which 4000 natives were killed.

The matrimonial statistics of Utah Territory show that 40 officials have 420 wives.

There were 108 marriages in Petersburg, Va., last year, and 119 in Alexandria.

A late writer says every new idea is worth a silver dollar.

There are 551 rice plantations in Georgia, North and South Carolina, each raising at least 20,000 pounds.

There are about two hundred and twenty vessels employed in the whale fishery out of New Bedford, Mass.

A man can walk through Lord Rosse's telescope with an umbrella spread above his head. It has been done.

Mr. Heine, the artist of the Japan expedition, has received from the king of Prussia the order of the Red Eagle.

Mr. S. G. Goodrich thinks Percival the poet was injured by studying and admiring Byron, when a young man.

There are twenty-two daily newspapers printed in Massachusetts, and two hundred and fifty-four in the United States.

There are at present six hundred omnibuses in the city of New York, with 3600 horses attached to the business.

Mr. Buchanan has decided to make his headquarters at the National Hotel, in Washington, previous to his inauguration.

The celebrated dry goods house of Mr. Stewart, in Broadway, New York, import annually \$10,000,000 worth of goods.

A city photographer has made a very important contribution to medical science, by adapting photography to the representation of morbid internal organisms.

A new cement, a mixture of ground borax and gypsum, has recently been introduced. It is simply mixed up into a plastic consistency, then applied with a trowel. It soon hardens.

There are 315 pupils, all indigent orphans, studying in Girard College.

One half of the adult population of England and Wales cannot write even their own names.

The whole number of lighthouses belonging to the United States is about five hundred.

The Indiana State Bank has six millions capital and twenty branches.

There is some talk of holding a fashion convention in this city next May.

The largest branch of industry in the "Bay State" is that of the boot and shoe trade.

Make not mischief by meddling with other men's business.

The mosquitoes in the Dismal Swamp have stings that would pierce ox-hide.

A lemon has been raised in Bedford county, Va., which weighs thirteen ounces.

A machine has been invented for the laying of railroad tracks by steam.

A snake with two heads has been caught in the town of Tully, in Mississippi.

A new jail is to be built at Port Gibson, Miss., at a cost of \$20,000.

The population of Cuba is now estimated at 1,446,602 souls.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

There are ten breeds of Russian horses, some of which would do well in the United States.

One third of the families in Louisville, Ky., last year, it is said, had no copy of the Scriptures.

The number of newspapers published in California is 81, viz., 25 daily, 55 weekly, and 1 monthly.

Twenty dollars a month for army officers of all grades is the advance recommended to Congress.

The scarlet fever has recently committed great ravages among the children of our city. It is a fearful scourge.

It is estimated that not less than 300,000 persons are employed in France in the manufacture of window blinds from printed muslins.

The Toledo (Ohio) Times says they are sinking a well in that city which will be 2500 feet deep. It will be the deepest well in the world.

A lady residing near Sacramento, Cal., on dressing a hen, discovered in its craw a dollar and a half in gold dust, a five-cent piece, and a gold ring.

A sweet potato was recently raised on a ranch on the Sacramento, Cal., weighing 14 pounds. Six potatoes weighed in the aggregate 35 3-5 pounds.

Smokeless furnaces are exciting much attention in England, and many devices have been brought forward with a view to meet that desideratum.

Distinctly marked tracks of men, birds and animals, all of gigantic size, it is said, have been recently discovered at Barnesville, Ohio, which have caused much curious speculation.

## Merry-Making.

Why is a baulky horse like an organ? Because his leading features are his stops.

Why is blanc mange never fit to eat? Because it is generally moulded.

Lucy Stone is a tetotaller. Lucy cannot therefore be a whet-Stone.

Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on like railroad stock? Because it is *below par*.

What is that which will make you catch cold, cure the cold, and pay the doctor's bill? A draft.

Why would an owl be offended if you called him a pheasant? Because it would be making game of him.

A critic, malignant enough to tell the truth, says that the most awkward thing in nature is a woman trying to run.

The Dutch are as famous for bulls as the Irish. "I be lost two cowsh," said Mynheer, "unt, von vash a calf, unt two vash a bull."

Young ladies educated to despise mankind, generally finish their studies by running away with footmen.

What is the difference between anger and an oven? The one makes you beat and the other bakes your meat.

*Recipe for Young Ladies.*—If seeking a *vested* in a young gentleman, work him a waistcoat. Instances of success can be cited.

The prettiest girl among fashionable laundresses and the beauty at the capital are precisely the same—each is the belle of Washington.

Dr. R— maintained that poverty was virtue. "That is making a virtue of necessity," said a bystander.

An aged bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied: "No; but I once saw a marriage."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice. "Not guilty." "Den vat pray do you here? Go about mit your bizness."

A farmer, on being told that he ought to dress a hedge which enclosed his garden, replied that ~~his~~ wife dressed it every Monday by hanging out her clothes on it!

Davenport, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole—List! List! O List!"

"What is a young lady? This much agitated question, we presume, will now be finally set at rest, as we find in a cotemporary an elderly lady advertising for a companion, expressly stating that "the young lady must be about 40 years of age."

A disappointed candidate for the office of constable, remarked to us, recently, in speaking of men who would sell their votes, that they were "as base as *Æsop* of old, who sold his birthright for a mess of *potash*!"

A person having the misfortune to admit as a lodger in his house an individual of very improper character, named Bell, turned him out the other day with this remark, that "he would never keep a *bell* in his house that wanted hanging."

What land would be a delightful place for babies? Lap-land.

An exquisite describes aristocracy as being clean linen, and plenty of it.

Why is a hungry dog at dinner-time like Elba in 1814? Because it gets the *Bony-part*.

Why is a lady sweetest when she is just out of bed in the morning? Because then she's a *rose*!

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

"I'm going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

There was once a man in town so intensely polite that, as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, ma'am."

A Scotch gentleman puts the penny-postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling, "turning a penny!"

If you dislike a child and beat it, why do you prevent it catching the small pox? Because you whacks-an-hates (vaccinates) it.

According to a Chinese notion, the soul of the poet passes into a grasshopper, because the latter sings till it starves.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that, restless as is the ocean, the path of your ship is the only part of it that is really *a-wake*!

"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham, in a facetious mood, "is a learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

The Sacramento Age tells us of a man in a political procession whose mouth was so large that an Irishman threatened to "go and live in it if he didn't shut it."

A venerable old gentleman was found a few nights since by the Philadelphia police busily engaged trying to fit his night key in a knot-hole of a board fence.

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, that you are not taller." "I should be happy indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be *higher* in your estimation."

*A Sentiment*—The Ladies—may their virtues exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are still smaller than their bonnets—*Lowell Citizen*.

The model fireman of Albany—Charley G.—excuses himself for his zeal in the cause, on the ground that an active fireman is sure to have a big funeral when he kicks the bucket.

"Nonchalant" means that peculiarly indifferent look which is put on by men "who never pay" when dunned for money. It should be written, *none shell out*.

Typographical errors are sometimes very amusing. We once read in an English paper an account of a fashionable party, at which one of the most distinguished persons present was the "Duke of Pork."

An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves up in their-virtue." A cotemporary wall says, "Many of them would freeze almost to death if they had no warmer covering."

# Mr. Stiggs goes on a Mackerel Cruise.



Joe Stiggs tired with city life.



Resolved on change procures the necessary stock, for wearing apparel.



Having taken his friend Capt. Brown's advice, with his boots, starts off, full of spirits.



Meets a friend, who smiles at the idea.



Arranges with the last fishing boat of the season for a mackerel voyage—but to his surprise sees twenty at least.



Immediately pipes all hands on deck.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



**Sick of the business—Stiggs throws a line and his dinner overboard.**



**Takes captain's watch on deck.**



**Stiggs mist-tied.**



**Makes a sketch of birth-places.**



**His first bite.**



**Heaves two and retires.**

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1857.

WHOLE No. 28.

## ORIENTAL ARCHITECTURE.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

In the present article, we propose, by the help of a series of elegant engraved illustrations, to convey to our readers a correct idea of the gorgeous and brilliant architecture of the East, which differs in its character from anything that meets our eye in the western hemisphere; and is as distinctly individualized as the costumes of the Orient. Although it is true, that in architecture utility must be apparent, and that a column or an architrave supporting nothing would be ridiculous, still the Eastern nations have contrived to mingle the useful and the ornamental, with a large preponderance of the latter. Brilliant ornaments are profusely introduced into structures designed to serve the simplest purposes; while their pleasure houses, pavilions and kiosks are dazzling in splendid tracery, arabesques and ingenious devices. Architecture seems to have been among the earliest inventions, and its works have been commonly regulated by some principles of hereditary imitation. Whatever rude

structure the climate or materials of any country have obliged its early inhabitants to adopt for their temporary shelter, the same structure, with all its prominent features, has been afterwards kept up by their refined and opulent posterity. Thus the Egyptian style of building had its origin in the cavern and mound; the Chinese architecture is evidently modelled from the tent; the Grecian is derived from the wooden cabin, and the Gothic from the pointed arches formed by the meeting of forest trees. The edifices erected by the Moors and Saracens in Spain, Egypt and Turkey, among other peculiarities, are distinguished by the singular form of this arch. This is a curve, constituting more than half of a circle, or ellipse, exactly similar in form to a horse-shoe. A similar peculiarity exists in the domes of oriental mosques. The minaret is a tall, slender tower, belonging to Turkish architecture. A peculiar flowery decoration, called *arabesque*, is common in the Moorish buildings of Europe and

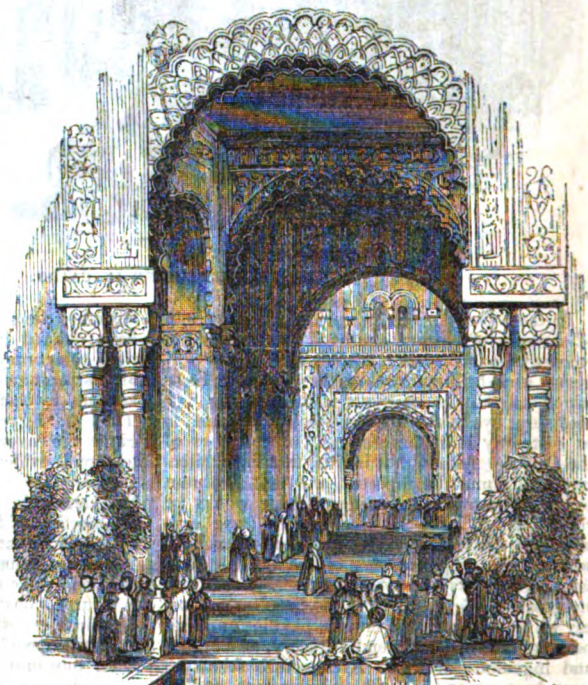




MOORISH ARCH.

Africa. Some distinguish the Arabian style, formed after the Greek, and the Moorish, formed after the remains of the Roman buildings in Spain. No one can behold the remains of the Moorish buildings at Grenada, Seville and Cordova without admiration. The Arabian style is particularly distinguished by its light, airy decorations and dazzling splendor. The first picture in our series represents a street scene in Cairo. In the building on the right are seen the peculiar arches of which we have spoken; and there is a minaret in the distance. But peculiar as the scene is—crowded with oriental figures—still it must be borne in mind that the street architecture of the East by no means represents the richness of the art. In most of the towns and cities of the Mohammedans there are scarcely any windows looking into the street—all the light to the apartments in the houses being admitted from the inner courts; and the few windows there are in other towns are carefully screened from the curiosity of passing travellers. The exterior of Eastern houses is, in general, plain, grim and forbidding; the object being to keep out heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and to keep in women and disarm the "Evil Eye," the great bugbear of antiquity, the East, Andalusia and Naples. It is on the interior of

their buildings that the Orientals lavish all the wealth of their gorgeous imaginations. The Moorish arch is delineated very distinctly in our second engraving, which depicts the gateway of a vast palace, through which pours a splendid procession with banners, cavalry, infantry, sumptuously attired chieftains and their followers, recalling the palmy days of the Moorish sway in Grenada. Of the elaborate ornamentation of oriental interiors, a curious specimen will be found in the next engraving, which represents a magnificent Moorish pavilion, with arch succeeding arch, and lofty columns interspersed with shrubbery and flowers. Among the most civilized of Mohammedans, the Moors of Spain, the horse-shoe arch, so conspicuous a feature in this engraving, was, even in the edifices of Grenada, Seville, Cordova and other towns, broken into an infinity of smaller curves, and made to intersect the sides, or rise from the centre of similar arches, in such a way as to present all the various scallopings of a piece of Vandyke lace; while the cupola, which among the Greeks at Constantinople, and their Italian imitators, had at most been elongated from its base in a perpendicular direction, was, among the followers of Islamism in India, Persia and Egypt, made to belly out in the middle of its height, so as to resemble the bulb of an onion, or the body of a Dutch quart-bottle. The beautiful pattern of the orna-



MOORISH PAVILION.





DOORWAY OF AN ARABIAN HOUSE.

ments in the picture of the Moorish pavilion will attract attention. The geometrical patterns of the Orientals exhibit singular beauty and complexity, inexhaustible variety of combination, and a wonderful degree of harmonious intricacy, arising out of very simple elements; to which must be added the variety produced by color, also, whereby the same arrangement of lines and figures could be greatly diversified. Hence, though apparently quite unnecessary, and intended only to gratify the eye, such embellishment must have powerfully recommended itself to a people both imaginative and contemplative, and whose fancy would find occupation in patiently tracing and unravelling the manifold intricacies and involvements, the mazes of what at first

sight looks like a mere labyrinth, until its scheme unfolds itself; but merely momentarily, as it were, being again lost when the attention is directed from it to particular parts. The next picture, the "Doorway of an Arabian House," verifies what we have said about the simplicity of the exterior of oriental dwellings; but the following illustration, showing a Moorish house, with its beautiful surroundings of trees, flowers, shrubs and fountains, presents a seductive image of the luxury and taste of the more civilized Moslems. The gardens of the Moors were filled with myrtles, roses, oranges and pomegranates; while the houses of the wealthy were fitted up with a splendor we can scarcely form any idea of. The walls were richly stuccoed, and ornamented with arabesques of such exquisite workmanship, that it would require a very talented artist even to imitate them. The ceilings were of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory, silver and mother of pearl. Fountains, in the interior of marble courts, gladdened the air with freshness, and the ear with music; on the walls was lavished a surface of mosaic decoration wrought in porcelain and delicate plaster, and painted with variegated colors; and above, hung roofs gilded and starred like the sky. In the arrangement of the apartments, much skill was displayed; for the intervening courts, instead of being dull, square openings, as they often are in European houses, seemed to form a continuation of the series of halls and rooms. Halls and galleries, porticoes and columns, arches, fountains and mosaic decorations, all combined to form a beautiful scene. The Moors were vain of their work. In some of their palaces and palatial residences, they had inscriptions on the walls rehearsing their own praises. In one of the halls of the Alham-



MOORISH HOUSE.



MOORISH GARDEN PAVILION.

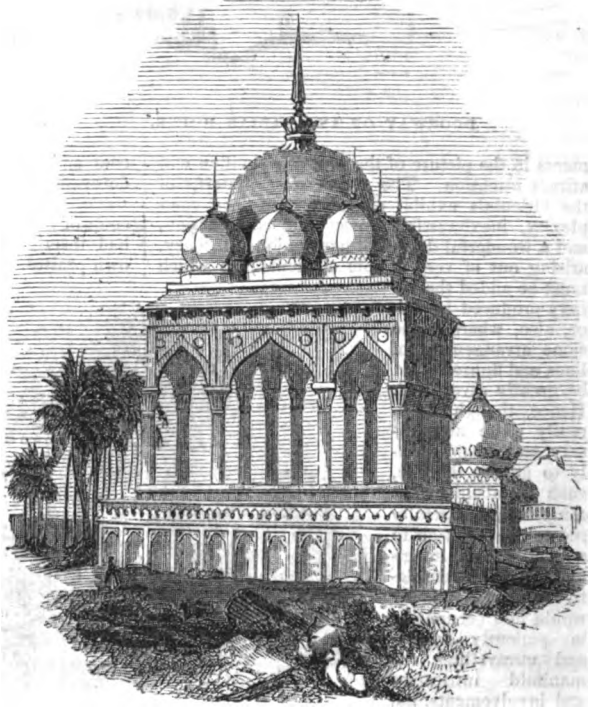
bra was the following inscription:—"Look attentively at my elegance, and thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration. Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." In the next picture, showing a "Moorish Garden Pavilion," we again see the peculiar arch, with the graceful fountain throwing up its musical waters; while a group of Moslems, gathered round a huge bowl of sherbet, are enjoying a temperate luxury in the open air. The following picture represents an "Oriental Garden Bedstead," and shows the taste of the Orientals in all their domestic arrangements. Some of the bedsteads of the Orientals have been wrought of solid silver, or ivory embossed with figures worked with infinite art and delicacy, or of precious wood, carved, with feet of ivory and amber. Occasionally they are veneered with Indian tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold. Among the kings of Persia still greater magnificence was manifested in early times, the bedsteads being ornamented with precious gems. The last picture of the set represents a "Mohammedan Mosque." This is peculiar in its character. Besides the central dome, there are grouped together a number of smaller hexagonal domes, the whole being supported by open arches and columns. A singular, balloon-shaped dome is seen on the building in the distance. The Mohammedan tem-

ples of worship differ, it is well known, from ours in every respect; yet many of them are imposing edifices. A striking feature of oriental architecture is the minaret, which most arrests the attention of travellers. "The great beauties of many of these forms," says Dr. Kitto, "will not be disputed; and in viewing some of them, even the partialities of natural taste do not always pre-



ORIENTAL GARDEN BEDSTEAD.

vent the European spectator from hesitating to say, that the 'heaven-directed spire' itself has higher claims to his preference and admiration."



MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.



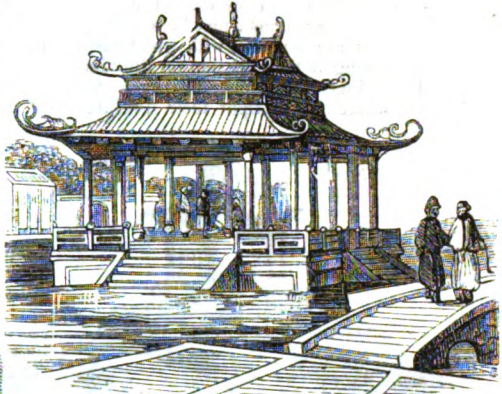
## CHINESE ARCHITECTURE.

The basis of Chinese architecture is to be found in the tent, the primitive dwelling of the nomadic tribes who people the extreme East. The type of the pagoda is to be looked for in the tent of the Tartar. Of the engravings on this page, the third will give the reader a good idea of the fanciful character of the habitations of the wealthy in China. In the lower story, a huge open-



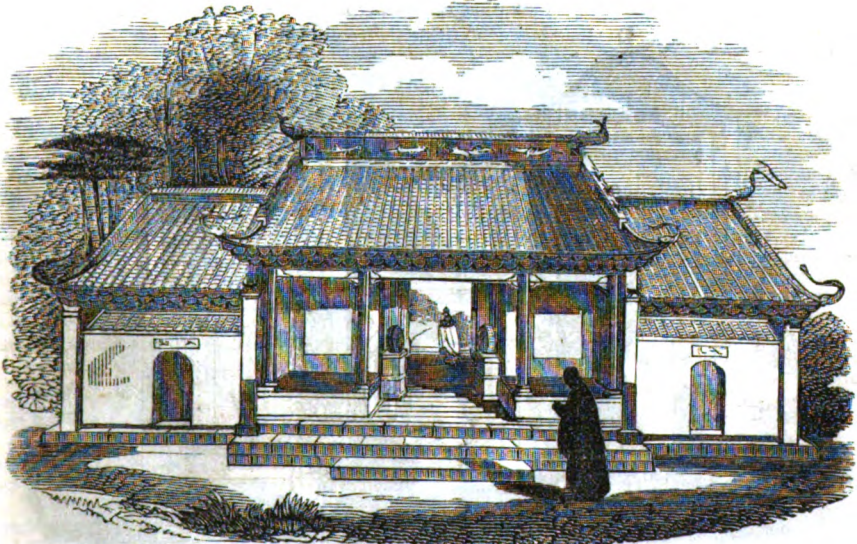
CHINESE LANTERN.

ing that looks like the lens of a monster telescope, affords us a glimpse into the interior of the house. The general average of Chinese houses bears a good deal of resemblance to those of other oriental countries; but the larger mansions are far more fanciful in their design and arrangements. In general, the houses consist of a ground floor, divided into several apartments



CHINESE GARDEN PAVILION.

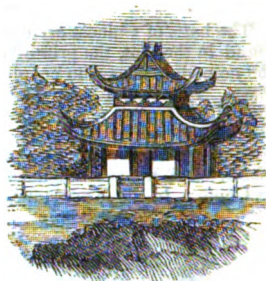
within the dead wall that fronts the street, and lighted only by windows looking into the internal courtyard. The principal room next to the entrance, is the reception and lining-room; and within this are the private apartments, the doorways of which are screened by cotton or silk curtains. In the best houses there are seldom any stairs beyond the few stone steps by which they are raised above the general level of the ground. The stone work of the foundation is usually very solid and handsome. The second picture on this page represents a Chinese garden pavilion, prettily located on a sheet of water, which is crossed by a bridge on the right. The Chinese take great delight in a garden, and they are certainly unsurpassed in the science of floriculture and arborical culture by any people in the world. They possess secrets of culture which they guard invio-



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE HOUSE.

ably. For instance, they have the art of dwarfing trees to perfection. They will raise large apples on little slender stems a foot high. Many of their gardens are laid out with great taste. Next to gardening is their passion for illumination; and their ingenuity in manufacturing curious lanterns wherewith to light their dwellings

the midst of a pleasing oriental landscape. At the base of the eminence, a Chinese dignitary—a mandarin, by



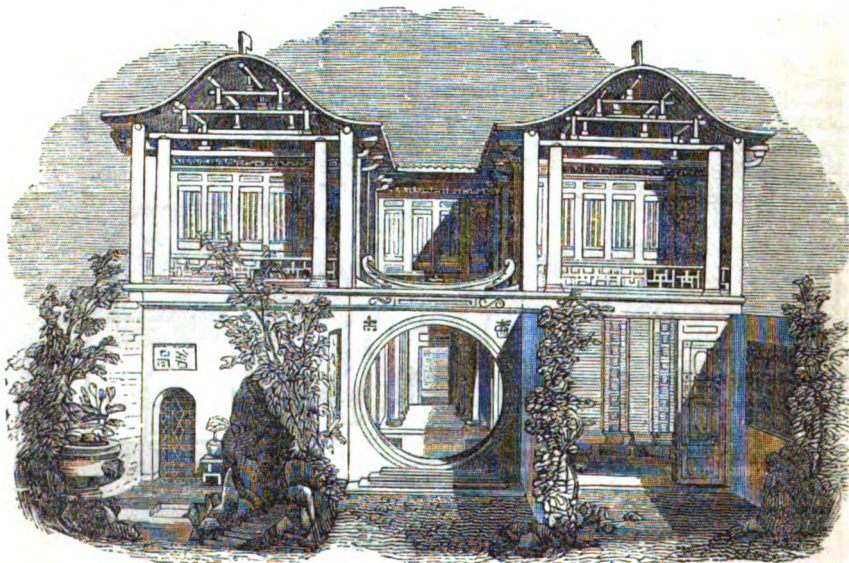
CHINESE PAGODA.



CHINESE PAVILION.

and temples on festal occasions is truly remarkable. The initial engraving of this series is a group of Chinese lanterns of various patterns. Our next engraving is a representation of a small pagoda, in which we see the same form of roofing as in the preceding buildings. Following this is a representation of a pavilion of fanciful form, and perched upon a high and precipitous rock in

his dress—is seated on a bench, enjoying his retreat, as if he were the “monarch of all he surveyed.” The last engraving on this page represents the “Gateway of a Chinese Temple” at Canton. Some of these temples are truly magnificent, though in their style and appointments decidedly abhorrent to American tastes. The Chinese, living on the opposite side of the globe, are our antipodes in every respect—affording the widest contrast in religion, policy, architecture, manners, costumes and customs. It is curious to mark the manifold differences between the peoples of the East and West. The contrasts will not perhaps long afford a subject of contemplation to the people of the West, for everything indicates that the barriers which have long held the East in a state of isolation, are falling before the advancement of civilization. The gates of the cradle of our race will be thrown open; and when Christianity and civilization are brought in contact with paganism, the latter will give way, and a total change be produced.



GATEWAY OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.



ANTIQUE COSTUMES.

We never fully realize the folly of a fashion until it is out of date. Such is the force of example, that we soon become reconciled to the strangest modes of dress, and blindly sacrifice our tastes, and even our principles, to the tyrannous dictates of fashion. Even refined ladies hesitate not to assume really indelicate styles of dress, so soon as the leaders of the ton have introduced them. But when we scan a pictorial record of bygone fashions, then we become really critical on the absurdities of our predecessors,

of attire obtained in this reign, originating in the opposition of the cavaliers to the fallen Puritans, who had prided themselves, if we may use the expression, on humility of dress. Several preceding sovereigns had passed sumptuary laws forbidding extravagance of dress, though these enactments appear to have been disregarded. In the dress of the "Pedler of Shakspeare's time," and the gentleman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we see the costumes of two opposite classes of society—



REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

display of much costly embroidery. The costume of the reign of Henry VIII., of England, as shown in the gentleman with the hawk in his hand, was quite graceful, though those hanging sleeves must have been as inconvenient at meal times, as those worn by our ladies of the present day. In the reign of Charles II., the dress of gentlemen, as shown in our fourth picture, was not particularly graceful, though affording the wearer full play to his limbs. Great sumptuousness



REIGN OF HENRY IV.



VERONA, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

forgetting that we ourselves shall probably furnish matter for satirical comment to those who come after us. We have placed on this and the next page a set of engravings mirroring the costumes of the past, and invite the attention of our readers to their peculiarities. The dress of the reign of Henry VIII., of England, for gentlemen, as shown in the first engraving, was quite showy, with its plumed hat, puffed trunk, satin doublet and fine hose. The ladies appear to have been more modest in their attire. That of the "gentleman of Verona," in the 14th century, was rich, and fitted for the

the pedler being quite a brigandish sort of personage, and the gentleman as prim and starched as may be. Queen Elizabeth, though she was very fond of dress herself, issued very severe edicts against extravagance in dress. One of her proclamations declared that "no person shall use or wear such excessive long cloaks, being in common sight monstrous, as now of late are become to be used, and before two yeeres past hath not been used in this realme. Neither, also, should any person use or wear such great and excessive ruffles in or about the uppermost part of their necks, as



REIGN OF CHARLES II.



had not been used before two yeeres past; but that all persons shoulde in modest and comely sort leave off such fonde, disguised and monstrous manner of attyrring themselves, as both unsupportable for

the portraits of many of our picture galleries. The French dress of the reign of Francis I. is graceful and becoming. Indeed, in reviewing these two pages of illustrations, we are



PEDLER, SHAKSPEARE'S TIMES.

the eyes, and undecent to be worn." That a female sovereign should meddle with the dresses of her subjects is not to be much wondered at; but she was hardly a fit person to inveigh against excessive ruffles



REIGN OF WILLIAM III.

shoes, which were the folly of the day. Some of the nobles had them even longer than those shown in the picture, and had them fastened to the knee by gold and silver chains. In the reign of William III., and of Queen Anne, we are brought down nearer to our own times; and have the same dresses, wigs and hats that figured of old in the streets of Boston, and may be seen in



REIGN OF HENRY VI.

forced to the admission that, with one or two exceptions, there is scarcely a gentleman's costume that would not figure advantageously beside our



REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

"in or about the uppermost part of the necke," for she set the fashion of them herself. In the illustration of the costume of Henry VI., on this page, we have a specimen of those enormously long pointed



REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.



FRENCH REIGN OF FRANCIS I.

stove-pipe hats and dress-coats. Perhaps the changes of modern days may yet work out styles of dress more befitting the demands of a cultivated and modest taste.

## HOME INFLUENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MRS. SARAH GREEN had three children. The eldest, named Ellen, was a bright-eyed, frolicsome, noble-hearted girl, of eleven years. Mary was eight, and if not so lively as her elder sister, she was full as handsome, though perhaps more pale and thin, for she had seen some sickness. The youngest child was a boy, named Georgie, and though only four years old, he was a bright, talkative little fellow, who remembered all he heard, and could repeat it afterwards.

Now Mrs. Green was a good-hearted woman, and one who meant to do about right, and before any of her children were born she had possessed a very good temper. But she often had her temper aroused now. She wondered why her children were so troublesome, and why she could not control them. Ah—she forgot that there was a spirit in her own bosom which needed controlling first. She did not realize that in her own words and feelings her children found their guide for their worst faults. But so it was.

"Loot a here!" cried Georgie, one evening, as his sister Mary took one of his playthings, "you take tare, or I'll tut your ear off—I'll 'hip you to def, I will."

At first Mr. Green was inclined to laugh at the little fellow's pertness, but a sober second thought changed his mind.

"Sarah," he said, addressing his wife, "where didd Georgie learn that stuff?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell," she answered.

"Georgie mustn't say so again, will he?" the father said, patting his boy on the head.

"Yep I ibb say so. Mama say so. Mama dofn't to tut Mary's ear off."

Mr. Green looked at his wife, but he saw how earnestly the two girls were watching the case, and he turned the subject. But after the children were in bed he touched it again.

"Sarah," he said, "you must not be offended at what I say, but really, you cannot be too careful how you speak to your children. Every word which you speak must have its influence, and you know what kind of influence such language as that we heard this evening must have."

"But I had no idea Georgie heard me."

"And if he had not, the girls must. Now such threats can only end in evil."

"But you do not know what a trial they are."

"Why—I call them very well behaved."

"So they are when you are round."

"But why should they behave differently when I am here, from what they do at other times?"

"Why, they are afraid of you."

"Afraid of me, Sarah? No, no. I surely never gave them any occasion for that; nor do they ever show any such feeling—but on the contrary, they love me very much, and are perfectly free and at home with me. No, no, Sarah, it is not that. But let me tell you! The children know that if they disobey me I shall punish them. Never yet have they heard an idle word from my lips. They know that what I say I mean. Now is it so with you?"

"I'm sure I do the best I can," Mrs. Green returned. "If you had the whole care of the house on your hands, you'd find taking care of the children a different thing. You would find your patience worn out sometimes, I know."

"But listen one moment, Sarah. Can you not see that the moment you lose your patience you lose control over yourself—and when that is lost, of course the control over your children goes with it. Now how often do you make threats which you never mean to carry out when you make them?"

"I wish we'd never had any children," murmured Mrs. Green, sobbing.

"What's the use in saying that, Sarah?"

"Because I do; and then I shouldn't have any of this fault-finding."

Poor Martin Green! A shade of sadness rested upon his features, and in a troubled spirit he turned to his book. He knew it would be of no use to say more.

On the next day—Saturday—in the afternoon, the children were at home, and the poor mother was prepared for trouble. Ere long Georgie came in crying, and said Mary had struck him.

"No I didn't, mother," cried little Mary, earnestly. "I didn't strike him. He run against me."

"O, mercy! what children. There, do stop that boy's mouth! Here, Ellen—where are you? Take Georgie out and keep him still."

"But I've got my Sunday school lesson to get," was Ellen's answer.

"Do as I tell you to, this instant," was the quick, angry rejoinder.

Ellen took the boy by the hand, and in no very good humor led him out, muttering to herself as she did so.

"What's that you say?" demanded the mother, as she heard the muttering.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Don't you tell me. There! Now go along."

A smart slap upon the side of Ellen's face accompanied this, and with a sharp, quick cry the girl started away, dragging her brother after her. After a while, Ellen made a bargain with Mary to take care of Georgie, she wishing to study her

lesson, and thus she gained the opportunity. Perhaps this was wrong, since her mother had directly commanded her to take care of the boy; but then she was often forced to exercise her own judgment with respect to her mother's commands, for she very frequently received orders which she could not obey.

And how many mothers there are who do the same. And yet how few such realize the effect of their course. For instance, the mother, in a moment of passion, tells her child to get out of the way. "There—be off, and don't let me see you again for a week!" and a hundred other remarks of like kind. Now these seem very simple to the more capacious mind, but to the child they come with confusing power. The little thing by-and-by gets used to them, and finds that they mean nothing but the mere outburst of passion. But alas! it ends not here. The youthful mind is not wholly able to distinguish always between these meaningless ebullitions, and orders which may be given in good faith. And candid persons can see what the result must be.

Somewhere about fifteen or twenty minutes after Mary had taken charge of her brother, Ellen was aroused by hearing a loud cry, and on hurrying around to the back door of the porch she found Georgie floundering in a tub of dirty water. She got him out as quickly as possible, and in a moment her mother was upon the spot.

"O," thought Ellen, "if my mother would only be kind now, I wouldn't disobey her again."

But kindness was something poor Ellen seldom experienced at her mother's hands, especially when she was in fault.

"Now what is all this?" was Mrs. Green's first exclamation.

"I don't know," returned Ellen. "I got Mary to take care of Georgie while I studied my Sunday school lesson, and—"

"Studied your Sunday school lesson! And didn't I tell you to let your lesson be. I wish the Sunday school was sunk! Now just look at what a pretty mess you've made for me, you careless, good-for-nothing jade, you!"

But there is no need of picturing the whole scene. All were in ill-temper—the mother stormed and slapped—and the whole ended by the wish on the mother's part, spoken plainly to the children—that "there'd been never such a thing thought of as a child!" She often gave utterance to this sentence when she was angry, and poor Ellen had heard it until she really believed that her mother wished she had never been born. When Mr. Green came home, he found his wife in very ill-humor, and she gave as the cause, that the "children had almost worried

the life out of her." The father felt first like correcting them, but when he remembered how fondly they had welcomed him home, and how little Ellen had laid her head upon his bosom as though it ached, he could not find it in his heart to chide them.

It was about a week after this that Mrs. Green had another blow with Ellen. The child had broken a pitcher, and upon confessing the fault her mother spoke very harshly—so harshly that Ellen did what she had never done before—returned an impudent, angry answer. More words followed, and finally the mother sent the child off to school.

"Go," she said, "and I hope I may never see you again!"

Many a mother who has used words to the same effect may shudder at this. Words spoken in heat of feeling and anger do not fall upon the speaker's soul with the same force as when read in print. The oath we hear another use sounds much more harsh than when in anger we may use the same sort of words ourselves.

But little Ellen went away to school, and all the afternoon her head ached severely—so much so that the teacher sent her out before school was over. With her head bowed, and her shawl drawn snugly about her ears, she plodded on in the middle of the road, and she did not hear the team that came furiously up behind her. The driver saw her, but 'twas too late. One of the horses struck her upon the shoulder, and she was thrown violently down, but fortunately far enough one side so that the wheels passed clear of her. The driver stopped his horses as soon as he could, and having picked up the child he recognized her at once, but she could not speak.

Mrs. Green uttered a wild cry when she saw her child all covered with blood, and her first movement was to sink down in a swoon. But she quickly revived, and having seen Ellen laid upon the sofa she got the teamster to hurry away after the doctor.

And now the mother was left alone with her child. She knelt by the little one's side and spoke to her, but no answer was returned. "She is dead!" groaned the frightened mother, clasping her hands in agony. And then she remembered those words she had spoken—the *last* words she had ever spoken to her eldest born!

But the doctor came at length. He caused Ellen's wounds to be washed, and after a careful examination he discovered that the skull was not fractured, though there was a deep wound upon the head, and a severe contusion, and also a strain in the side. He dressed the wound, and having prescribed the necessary medicines, he

gave strict orders that the child should be kept very quiet. Mrs. Green was very anxious to know if there was fatal danger. The doctor gave her hopes, but he was not sure. He said he could not yet tell what inward hurt there might be. But he promised to call early in the morning.

It was three days before Ellen spoke. When she first returned to her senses her father and mother were both bending over her. But she was very weak, and they did not talk much with her; only enough to assure themselves that she was really sensible. In the course of three days more Ellen was able to converse some, and she now understood, too, all that had happened. But she was not yet out of danger. The doctor had told the parents that their suffering child was in a critical position, and that her recovery must be the work of a kind Providence.

On the afternoon of the next day—it was Sunday—Mrs. Green was moving softly towards her sick child's room, when the sound of voices arrested her attention. The door was partly open, and she could hear Ellen speaking. It was little Mary who was with her.

"I know I am going to die, Mary, for I can feel it all through me; and I want you to have all my little playthings—all except some of my little picture books which I must give to Georgie."

"But you wont die, Ellen. O, you wont, will you?" moaned the weeping sister, convulsively. "O, who will love me after you are gone?"

"Perhaps mama will love you then," returned Ellen. "I think she loves me now, since I am sick, for she is very kind. But when I am dead she wont have me to pester her any more. But I love my mama, for she had always taken care of me; and perhaps if I had not been so naughty she would not have wished I was dead. But you will be good to her, wont you, Mary?"

"O, you wont die, Ellen! No, you must not. Mama wants you to live, for I have seen her cry when she was afraid you would die."

"Perhaps she would weep when I died," returned the sick child, lowly and mournfully, "but she would—would—"

"What, Ellen?"

"Would not have so many to plague her when I was gone. When I am dead, you will tell her how I loved her, wont you?"

But little Mary could not answer, and the mother could hear no more if she had. With a bursting heart the stricken woman crept away to her own room and threw herself upon the bed. After a while she began to reflect upon the past, and as the memory of those scenes between herself and Ellen came before her, she was dumb

with amazement. In the truth of her soul she saw how legitimate were the feelings the little one had expressed. One by one she recalled the hard, harsh sentences she had spoken, and then she could see the imploring looks which had rested upon those gentle features as her anger found vent.

Down upon her knees the stricken mother knelt, and at length her prayer went forth.

"O, God of mercy!" she prayed, "save my child! save my child!" And then she prayed that she might have strength to fulfil the vow she had made. She prayed long and earnestly, and when she arose she went to her child's room and found the little sufferer asleep, and Mary sitting by her side.

The crisis passed, and the doctor said Ellen would live. When the fruit hung ripe upon the trees, and the grain looked yellow in the fields, Ellen Green walked out with her mother. When the leaves upon the trees began to turn yellow and fall off upon the ground, she was strong again; and when the snow came, and the merry bells began to tinkle and jingle, she took her accustomed seat in the old school-room.

One day, when Mrs. Green sat all alone in her room, she sank into a deep, absorbing reverie, and she wondered if this great change was all in herself. Now the harmony of her home was never disturbed, and she often felt tears of gratitude start to her eyes when she saw how quickly and how gratefully her children sprang to obey her. And yet she did not reprimand them—she did not threaten them, nor did she ever order them. She only asked them kindly to help her, and her blows were all kisses, and her frowns all smiles. But she finally acknowledged that the change was in herself, and again did she pray that God would sustain her in her new path of home duty.

Mr. Green now had a happy home, and he loved it. His children no longer came to him for the love which they could not find elsewhere, but rather did they come bringing with them the gentle love of their mother, and shed it like the warm sunlight of heaven about him. The wife had no more complaints to make, and Georgie's little tongue learned now to lisp only sweet words and innocent prattle.

Mrs. Green often shudders when she calls to mind the narrow chance which her first born ran of remaining with her on earth, but as the first emotions of fear pass away, she remembers the great lesson she thereby learned, and she cannot but thank God that even in so severe a manner her eyes were opened to the terrible danger she was weaving about her household.

## GOD SPEAKETH EVERYWHERE.

BY CARRIE E. FLUMER.

God speaketh in the calm, blue sky,  
And in the murmuring sea,  
And on yon mountain, towering high,  
His handiwork we see.

The voice of the wind, as it passeth by,  
Proclaims there is a God!  
And the weary ones of earth who lie  
Beneath the tufted sod.

The echo steals along the air—  
Around, below, above!  
And bright-eyed flowers, fresh and fair,  
Are whispering, "God is love!"

The brilliant gems that deck the sky,  
Look down, and seem to say,  
There is a God—he dwells on high,  
And holds a mighty sway.

At midnight, when the thunders roar,  
And clouds look dark and drear,  
When lightnings flash along the sky,  
Thy voice, O God, we hear.

In joy, in bliss, in grief or woe—  
In worldliness and care,  
Creation's breath, as the wind breathes low—  
God speaketh everywhere.

## WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY.

BY EMILY L. PALMER.

MR. CHRISTOPHER was the owner of a beautiful farm, in the centre of Touraine, and passed for the richest citizen of the canton. At first a small farmer, everything had prospered with him; the wind which parched up the crops of his neighbors, passed over his corn; the distemper which destroyed their flocks spared his; the market prices always lowered at the moment when he wanted to buy, and went up again when he wanted to sell! He was one of those children spoiled by good-luck, of whom there are a great many in the lottery of life, and who begin an enterprise as we plant a slip of willow, leaving to the rain and sun the care of making it grow.

Deceived by so much good luck, he ended by boasting of the success he had met with, as if it had been a well-earned victory. The explanation of his success was, for him, in the clever use of his money, to which he attributed all the power of the magic wand of the ancient fairies. For the rest, without malice, jovial, good-natured, Mr. Christopher had not contracted the vices which prosperity too often brings, he was contented with some follies.

One morning, while he was engaged in directing the masons and carpenters employed upon the new farm buildings, he was greeted by one of his neighbors, an old retired schoolmaster, who had worked forty years to acquire the right of not dying of hunger. Father Carpentier, (that was the old man's name) inhabited, at the entrance of the village, a poor-looking little house, where he lived happier in his good character than troubled by his bad luck. The owner of the farm returned his greeting by gesture and voice.

"Well, you have come to see my enlargements, neighbor?" said he, gaily. "Come in, come in, I am always in want of the advice of a philosopher like yourself."

This name of philosopher had been given the old schoolmaster in the parish, half through respect, and half by way of a joke; it was, at the same time an innocent criticism on his taste for axioms, and a compliment to the evenness of his life.

The old man smiling at the call of the rich farmer, pushed back the gate and entered the enclosure. Mr. Christopher then showed him with all the pride of a proprietor, the frames of the buildings he was adding to his house, explaining to him what was not finished. Thanks to this addition, he would have a laundry, farm stables, many chambers for friends, and a billiard saloon!

"This will cost a great deal," added Mr. Christopher; "but we should never regret money well spent."

"You are right," said Carpentier.

"Without counting what we gain in health," added the farmer, "you see we breathe more at ease. And apropos of that, Father Carpentier, do you know that yesterday in passing before your house, I had an idea!"

"That ought to happen to a neighbor more than once a day," said the old schoolmaster, smiling.

"No, without joking," replied Christopher, "I have found out why you are tormented with the rheumatism! it is all owing to that line of poplars which conceals your windows and keeps the air and daylight from you."

"Yes," said the old man; "at first it was but a little wall of leaves which cheered the eye, attracted the birds and let the sun pass through. In my heart I thanked the brothers Duval for having bordered their garden with them; but since then, the wall has grown, and that which was a charm and a pleasure, has changed to trouble and sadness. Life is made thus; the graces of youth become the blemish of old age! but what would you do?"

"What would I do?" repeated the farmer, "why! cut down the poplars."

"To do that they must be bought," objected the schoolmaster.

"Well, I will buy them," replied the farmer; "I have been thinking of it; and I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism leaves you in quiet."

Father Carpentier expressed his gratitude to the farmer.

"Do not thank me," said he, laughing; "I do it to prove to you that money is good for something."

"Say for a great deal," replied Carpentier.

"I do say even for everything!" added Christopher.

The schoolmaster made a gesture of protestation.

"O, I know your opinions, old philosopher," continued the farmer; "you look on money as a prejudice."

"As an instrument," said Carpentier; "we can use it for good or for evil, according to what we are; but everything does not yield to it."

"And I, I say that it is the king of the world!" cried Christopher; "I say that from it alone comes all earthly happiness, and that to escape its influence one must be an angel in paradise!"

At that moment some one gave him a letter; he opened it, read it, and uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"God forgive me! the proofs come by the post," cried he; "do you know what I have received here?"

"Some good news, I hope," said Carpentier.

"My nomination as mayor!"

The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations upon the distinction proffered him and really merited.

"Merited," repeated Christopher, "and dare you tell me why, neighbor? Is it because I am the most capable man in the parish? Why Mr. Dubois the old judge knows ten times more than I do! Is it because I have rendered more services than any other? But here is Father Lorient, who has many times hindered rogues from setting fire to the village, and who stopped the distemper a year ago! Is it because there is not in the country as honest a man? But you yourself, Father Carpentier, are you not honest from head to foot? It must then be acknowledged that they prefer me because I am the most influential person in the canton; and that I am the most influential because I am the richest! Money, neighbor, always money! At one time, it serves me to buy comfort, then health; now it has procured me consideration and authority;

to-morrow, if I wish it, it will give me something else. You see, the world is a shop where a person can have anything by paying enough."

"Has Peter sold you his dog?" asked Carpentier, who avoided a direct reply.

Christopher looked at him laughingly, and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah! you want to find my system at fault," cried he; "you defied me to buy Rustin for his weight in gold."

"His weight in gold is a great deal," said the schoolmaster; "but I know that the shepherd considers his dog a companion."

"Well, the companion is mine!" cried Christopher, triumphantly.

Carpenter made a motion.

"Yes," replied the farmer, "mine since yesterday! Peter had endorsed a note for his sister, the time for paying has come, and the money wanting; he came himself and brought me Rustin."

"Is he here?"

"In the next yard, where he has found all that is necessary for his happiness, that is to say, a platter well filled and a dog-house full of straw; you can see him."

The farmer passed into the next yard, followed by the schoolmaster; but on going near, they perceived the platter upset, the chain broken, and the kennel empty; Rustin had taken advantage of the night to jump over a gap in the wall and escape.

"Indeed, the rogue has escaped!" cried Christopher, astonished.

"To return to his old master," observed Carpentier.

"And what has he gone there after?"

"That which you could not buy with him, neighbor," said the old man, softly; "the sight of the man who has brought him up and fed him! Your kennel was warmer, your platter better filled, and your chain lighter than those of Peter; but with Peter were memory and his habits of attachments, and with beasts as well as with men, there is one thing which cannot be bought or sold. Money can procure here below everything, except that alone which gives a value to all the rest, love! You have wisdom, and you will not forget the lesson which chance has given you; you know henceforth that if you can have the dog for money, you cannot conquer his love, except with care and tenderness."

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Greed for money is like fire—the more fuel it has, the hotter it will burn, as everything conspires to intensify the heat. When there is fever in the blood, there is fire in the brain; and courage turns to rashness, and rashness runs to ruin

## THE TEMPTATION.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

MR. HAMILTON sat in his counting room alone. He was pale as marble, and his features had assumed a rigidity of expression very foreign to his usual pleasant, good-natured face. He had been poring over accounts for the last hour, and something connected with them had evidently, not only annoyed, but distressed him.

In this state, his brother, Doctor James Hamilton found him, and sought eagerly to ascertain the cause of his emotion. "Something goes wrong with you to-day, Edgar; tell me what it is. Are you ill?"

"Not at all, James; but a fraud has been perpetrated here, and what is worse, it must be by some person in my employ."

It was the doctor's turn to start and grow pale; for his own son, a lad about seventeen, was with his brother; and although he would sooner have died than doubt Sidney's integrity, yet who knew how far temptation might have worked upon him?

He dared not name what was passing in his mind, to Mr. Hamilton, but the great drops that stood upon the doctor's forehead, told his brother what he was thinking of.

"Don't think that I suspect Sidney," he said, "you are not more certain of his integrity than I am. In fact, there is not a single person in the counting room whom I can lay suspicion upon. Mr. Irving—why I should as soon suspect you, James. Williams has been with me eleven years, and is the very soul of honor. Marden I have tested frequently, and have no reason to believe that he is not true as steel."

As he spoke, Marden entered the room. "Mr. Williams tells me that something is wrong here, this morning, Mr. Hamilton. Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"I do not know, Mr. Marden. It is a dark business, and must fall upon some person among us. All my people must be examined—the innocent with the guilty."

"Yes, sir; I presume no one will have any objection to that. I, for one, am willing to submit to a severer test than any you have tried upon me," he added, smiling, "and you must own, Mr. Hamilton, that you have pressed me rather hard."

"I own it, Marden, and I must say that you have stood it nobly. Take my word for it, I do not think that you know anything of this affair. But it will be necessary to question all; and you must stand your share of the examination."

Sidney Hamilton came in next. He came forward, with a manly and open brow, bade his uncle good morning, and smiled to see his father out and making calls before him. "However, it does not often happen, sir," he said, "but last night, I was very nervous about the store, and could not go to sleep until near morning."

"How was that, Sidney?"

"I do not know," said the boy, looking up, with his frank, noble countenance; "but I thought yesterday, that things did not go on quite as smoothly as usual, and—"

His father stopped him. He feared lest he might say something to implicate some one. The boy looked wonderingly, but obeyed the check; and one after another, the clerks came in, and took their accustomed seats at the desks. Mr. Irving came last. There was the slightest perceptible tremor in his hand, as he unlocked his desk, and prepared to write; and the doctor silently noticed that there was a falling of the muscles about Irving's usually firm mouth, and a dewy moisture on his forehead. It was not possible for Doctor Hamilton to repress a feeling of relief at seeing these symptoms of disturbance in Irving—for the thought that his boy might have been tempted into crime had thrust a dagger into his heart.

Mr. Hamilton proceeded with the examination of all present. He preferred to question them in this way, he told them; and he chose that his brother should be present, on Sidney's account. He detailed the discovery of the fraud, and stated his unwillingness to accept the conviction which was forced upon his mind, that some one in the counting room must be responsible for the act.

There was not a dry eye in the room, except Irving's. Mr. Hamilton made so many allusions to the kindly feelings which had ever been sustained between him and his clerks, that it melted them at once. Doctor Hamilton kept his eye upon Mr. Irving. His eye alone was dry and burning. He did not look steadily at his questioner, but gazed wildly about the room. It might be, that his surprise and grief at being even questioned upon his integrity, had unsettled him in this way; but James Hamilton, both from his nature, and his profession, was a shrewd observer of the passions and emotions of others, as indicated in the countenance; and he rarely failed in his opinion.

When Mr. Hamilton had finished what he had to say, and the clerks had all asseverated their perfect ignorance of the affair, he withdrew to the outer room to confer with his brother. James told him what he had observed, and how Mr. Irving had looked, during the examination. Mr.

Hamilton could not believe that Irving could have been the guilty one. "I would trust him sooner than any one I know, excepting you, James. I have known him so long, and his integrity has always been perfectly unimpeachable. I cannot believe that it is he. And yet," he added musingly, "I have noticed that he has taken up the whole of his salary, as fast as it was due; which is contrary to his usual custom. Further than that, he had noticed nothing uncommon in his conduct, and could not condemn him, surely, upon such a trifle."

When they returned to the counting room, he observed him more closely. His face now was impenetrable. He had assumed his earnest, business look, and seemed closely occupied with the mass of papers before him.

Suddenly he changed color, and became violently agitated. James Hamilton, who stood just behind him, saw an ill looking man come up to the window by Irving's desk, and beckon several times before he seemed to notice him. At last, he put his face close to the pane of glass nearest to Irving, and James saw his lips move. Irving drew down the curtain quickly, and on turning round, the doctor saw the man going up street with a quick, hasty step, and directly Irving took down his hat.

He was quitting the room when James Hamilton laid his hand upon his arm. "Mr. Irving," said he gently, "I have seen things this morning, which in duty to my brother, and in justification of my own son, and also of the other clerks, I think it right to name." He then related the evidence of his agitation, as compared with the serenity and conscious innocence depicted on the faces of the others.

While he spoke, Irving was struggling to get from his hold. "Let me go, Doctor Hamilton," he shouted, "you should be ashamed, sir, to fix a suspicion upon one who has served in this place so long and so faithfully as I have. Your brother, sir, would scorn to believe it of me. He knows me better. Fasten it upon your own son, who perhaps is the guilty one, although God knows," here he broke down, and could only add, "God knows I would not accuse any one!" He was swaying backwards and forwards under the doctor's grasp now, and seemed near fainting. "Sit down, Mr. Irving," said Mr. Hamilton, "sit down and be calm. Innocence need not tremble. Williams, close all the doors, and draw down the curtains. No one need be agitated here, if he can assert his own freedom from this crime. Upon my soul, I know no difference amongst you all; and would as soon that it fall on one as on another; unless, indeed,

it would go hard with me to know that it would come into my own family. Mr. Irving, I am ready to hear all that you can say in your own behalf."

Irving's situation was frightful to behold. He seemed to have shrunk away to half his usual size, so completely had he wilted under his emotion, and Mr. Hamilton noticed for the first time, that his hair which was always nicely kept and was black and glossy the last time he had observed it, was strongly marked with gray.

There was not a particle of anger in Mr. Edgar Hamilton's look. There was none in his heart; for he pitied Irving from the bottom of his heart. He would have willingly paid the two thousand dollars which was the amount of the fraud, to have found this man innocent. The doctor was not so lenient. He could not forget that this affair might have been thrown upon his own child, had not the intensity of his own feelings led him to watch Irving so closely. He knew that, in all probability, had he not been there himself, that Edgar, trusting and unsuspecting as was his nature, would never have known that Irving was agitated at all. He could not, therefore, pity so much as he condemned.

"Step with us over the way to my house, Mr. Irving," said he, at length, when he saw that the poor man's strength was giving way under his emotions. And Irving, glad to escape the eyes of the clerks, walked, with a feeble and faltering step, to the opposite side of the street.

In the doctor's private room, he rallied a little, after drinking some cordial which was offered him; but his limbs trembled, and his voice came thick and husky.

"Mr. Hamilton," he at length found strength to say, "I am guilty! Do with me as you like, only do not visit my guilt upon my children. Let me but go away—disappear—nay, I know not what I am saying—you would not allow me to go at large, of course, to plunder you again in return for your kindness."

He grew faint again, and was again restored by the doctor's elixir. He then detailed the causes that led him on to the commission of this crime. When quite young, he had imbibed a passion for play, which had never entirely left him. His ill success, and a violent fever which he once had, in consequence of disappointment at the gaming table, induced him to give it up. He was led into it by a man who had been his bane through life. Ten years before, he had entered Mr. Hamilton's employ, and during that time, had never touched cards or dice until two months before, when this man, who had long lost sight of him, found him out, and little by little,



he had induced him to play again; and trusting to his long tried strength, Irving had yielded until his own possessions were all gone. Stung with remorse for the injury he had done to his family, he resolved upon one trial more, and risked the money which was not his own. This time he had won a little, just enough to encourage him; and at the very next throw, he lost it all.

"And this was the man who came to the window this morning?"

"Then you saw him, doctor! I hoped he would go away unobserved. It is he who has won all my hard earnings and Mr. Hamilton's money besides."

"Have you reason to think that he played unfairly?"

"Unquestionably I have. But what could I do? To expose him was to expose myself. I was shackled by my own imprudence, and must now suffer for my own sin and another's too."

Mr. Hamilton and his brother conferred apart for a few moments; then returning to Irving, who lay back, completely exhausted, in his chair, he said to him, "Mr. Irving, I will try you once more. Your present distress assures me that you will not err in this way again. The money you have appropriated must be returned to me, and I will call it a loan, which you shall pay by instalments, as often as you can save it. If you will point out this man to us, we will engage to get rid of him from your sight forever. I do this for your children's sake, remember."

Irving could only sob the thanks he could not utter. "Thank God!" he said, at last, "my children will not know that I am—" He broke down again, and it was long before he could speak to them.

"Where is Mr. Irving?" said the curious and excited clerks, when Mr. Hamilton re-entered the counting room.

"I have sent him to find the person who has caused me this trouble," was his quiet answer.

In a large warehouse in this city, you may see twelve clerks, each at their respective desks, the highest one of which is accompanied by an old man, whose hair is perfectly white. As you approach him, the impression of his age grows less; for he is not much above fifty. That silvery hair was only a few days turning from the deepest black. It is Irving; and by his side stands Williams, and near them are Marden and Sidney Hamilton; and only one of this group knows that Irving was guilty. Doctor Hamilton thought it his duty to set this warning before his son; and he told him the whole.

Mr. Hamilton has never failed in his kindness

towards Irving; and, at no time, did he ever name the past to him, unless Irving himself alluded to it.

In another part of the city is a block of good, substantial buildings—plain and neat, and standing on a street which has not yet lost the distinctive stamp of newness. On one of the doors is "Irving" on a modest plate.

It is evening, and very cold and snowy. A man enters this door, and shakes the snow from his coat, while wife and children gather fondly about him and conduct him to the cheerful room, where the table awaits his coming.

"Father is smiling!" whispers one of the little girls to her brother. "Why, so he is," answered the boy. "What has happened, I wonder?" Even the mother, busy as she was with the table, noticed the unwonted expression upon the pale face. She looked up with unutterable fondness. "Is it all paid, dear?" she asked softly. He parted her soft brown hair with his long thin fingers, and his quivering lip told her that he was at length free. The debt which had weighed like iron upon his soul, was at length cancelled; a debt of which his wife had known nothing beyond the mere fact of his owing it to Mr. Hamilton.

That night, when the children were all gone to bed, he told her of that dreadful week. How well she remembered it, and how little she dreamed the truth! She had thought that week, that he was insane! Now that three years had gone by, and he had suffered so deeply, he did not feel so unwilling that she should know his temptation and his fall.

In one of the suburbs of the city is another man who, in his stooping gait and restless eye, might be identified with the person seen by Doctor Hamilton at Irving's window. He could not tempt any one to sin now, for he is thoroughly and miserably broken down. Sometimes you will see him trying to walk very fast, as though something important awaited him; but more frequently he is borrowing money in trifling sums, promising to return them to-morrow. With these sums, he purchases lottery tickets, which some unprincipled person sells him; and perhaps, once a year, he draws a few dollars, which he immediately invests in the same enterprise. He does not seek Irving now: for in the only interview which they have had, Irving whispered words to him that made him quake and cower, but could not reform him.

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Useful knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and it yields comfort in adversity.

## I AM NOT THINE.

BY A. BALDWIN.

Thou art not mine—thy charm is gone forever,  
 Thy voice hath lost its music for mine ear;  
 'Twere better we eternally should sever,  
 Than waste thy zeal in vainly striving here;  
 Untiring constancy can never make me  
 Endure the penance of a trifler's wiles;  
 Though every charm of life and hope forsake me,  
 I could not give thee true affection's smiles.  
 Thou art not mine.

Thou art not mine—thou wilt not yet believe me;  
 What would I with an unbelieving heart?  
 I trust my firmness yet may undeceive thee,  
 May show the folly of a doubtful part;  
 Where is thy trust?—thou hast no true devotion,  
 Thou hast no solace for my broken heart—  
 For the wild surge of life's troubled ocean,  
 Not even reverence for its holy chart.  
 Thou art not mine.

Thou art not mine—each day is still revealing  
 Some motive insincere to truth and me;  
 Thou hast not sought me with that purer feeling  
 That love demands, that I had hoped of thee—  
 Thou art of all most heedless of the anguish  
 That overwhelms this stricken heart of mine;  
 Thou stayest not my weary steps—I languish  
 For cheering aid and gentle words of thine.  
 Thou art not mine.

Thou art not mine—faith, hope, love, all are wasted;  
 My spirit droops from long pursuit of thee,  
 Thine arms the rest to which it should have hastened—  
 Now all is darkness, phantoms, agony!  
 In gloomy shadows must I grope forever?  
 O, for some ray of earnest truth to shine!  
 Wouldst thou but from thy reckless nature sever,  
 Then could I trust thee—love thee—wish thee mine.  
 I would be thine!

## THE LAWYER'S STORY.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I WAS returning home from a Beacon Street party, about as *recherche* as Mrs. Potiphar's biennial balls. It was a dark, rainy night in February, and the snow and ice lay piled in the streets, which were every moment growing blacker and sloppier, till it reached that climax when "the ice, it is not water, and the water is not free." Every gutter was swollen to a stream, and the stream was about the consistence of Mayer's ice creams.

Nevertheless, I *walked*—walked home, if that is home where we get the warmest welcome, and the warmest welcome lay awaiting me, in the shape of a good bed at the Revere. I had got a few steps out on my way, and was passing round into Bowdoin Street, intending to keep a straight course down that slippery hill; when, just as I

got near the pretty Swedenborgian Chapel, I heard a shrill cry, as from a woman's voice. It was repeated in a different and softer key. I looked over towards the other side of the street, and, through the blinding rain, I saw a man apparently intoxicated, swearing and staggering, trying to impede the progress of two females.

I ran over, and offered my escort, which was accepted, and the fellow, after two or three ineffectual attempts to strike at me, fell back in his drunken blindness against the lamp post, and we walked away, leaving him to the tender mercies of the watchman.

Ten minutes later, my companions and I were standing in the vicinity of the Lowell railway station, and they were giving me thanks, profusely, for the service I had rendered them. I lingered, for all the way the sweetest of voices had haunted me like a spell, and I determined, if possible, to see the lips whence it issued. The light from a lamp-post close to the corner of the house favored me, and I saw a face—beautiful?—O, far beyond the fairest that my Potiphar hostess had entertained that evening in lace and white and blue satin. She was in mourning, as well as the other lady, and there was a strong resemblance between them, so I set it down that they were sisters. There was an awkward pause at the door, apparently caused by my not immediately saying good night and retiring. I could not for the life of me.

They had told me, in our brief walk, that they had been out to see a sick friend, that they had staid longer than they were aware, on account of a sudden attack, that appeared to threaten the sufferer with instant death; but it being necessary that they should be at home, they had ventured alone, thinking that no one else would be out, except on strong necessity, on such a night.

This was all that they had any need to tell me, to account for the seeming imprudence of being out alone, at such an hour; but I longed to know more of the beautiful beings, who seemed thus strangely to be thrown into my way.

I lingered until the eldest lady began to unlock the door, and then the other turned to me with an indescribable grace, and bade me good night so emphatically as to give me no pretext for staying longer. I whispered a request that I might be allowed to call the next day; but it was positively though politely declined, on the score of pressing engagements. "Some other time then," I persisted. No, they thanked me for the interest I felt, but their situation prevented them from seeing company.

I was obliged to accept this denial, and reluctantly left them; but all night I was haunted

by that face and the voice; and an angel, with a very indifferent pair of black cashmere wings, came and bent over me, while Lucifer was staggering away under the dim light of a very smoky-looking star, which seemed to be curiously hanging on a lamp-post. I attributed part of these fancies to the very execrable wine which I had been forced to drink, under the name of Rhenish; and partly to the very wet feet which I found myself possessed of, when I had disposed of the two ladies in safety.

But I got safely through the night, and arose—not very early, I grant—to see the sun shining, and all traces of the storm disappeared, excepting the black pools in the streets. At twelve, I walked out; and it may not seem strange or remarkable, if my footsteps turned to the scene of my last night's adventure.

With some difficulty I found the street, and the lamp-post showed me the house; but it was shut up and apparently deserted. In two hours, I again walked by, and this time, the elder sister sat by the window. I bowed. She very gravely returned it, and then turned her eyes quickly on her work. I was strongly tempted to go and knock at the door; but I did not.

The next day saw me again in that street, and this time I was more fortunate. The younger and fairer lady sat at the window, and moreover *she* returned my bow.

There was no name on the door, so I knew not who to inquire for, even if I should go there. It was very provoking, when I wanted to hear that sweet voice again. The very impracticability of the matter whetted my curiosity more strongly to learn who she was.

Rich she was not, surely. We Americans, men and women, always live in as good houses as we can afford, sometimes better, but never worse. Educated she was, for her language was that of a thoroughly educated person; and the first word she uttered was in good French, on the night that I first saw her. Good, I knew *she* must be, for a bad person never speaks with such a voice as that.

Well, three weeks passed, and I was at that house every day! not walking idly past the windows, but sitting within—listening to that voice, gazing into that face—a welcome guest. I shall not tell you how I compassed it. I only know that “where there is a will, there is a way,” and that, having the will, I also found the way.

I found the lady as beautiful and intelligent as the brief glimpse I had of her had promised. They were half sisters, having only the same mother. Of course their names were different. The eldest was Miss Goodhue, the youngest bore

the name of McDonald. Their Christian names were Serena and Angeline.

Their house, as I have intimated, was in a poor street. In itself, it was neither a good nor a poor one. It was simply one of the ten thousand houses which, in Boston, are built to let out to tenants. Inside, it was a marvel of cleanliness and purity, and the profusion of flowering plants, which were clustering in every part of the wide hall, and in the two little rooms, called, by courtesy, parlors, made them seem like a fairy bower. Nothing could exceed the beauty of these plants; many of them very rare, and a few that are unattainable by common florists. The arrangement, too, was so artistic in regard to the size and colors of the flowers, that it seemed as if a painter's hand had placed them together, in such beautiful contrast, or such loving resemblance.

They made no secret of this unusual collection. Loving flowers as they did, and drawing so much happiness from their cultivation, there was a deeper reason still—it was the means of their support.

They who have been cheated and disappointed in buying greenhouse plants, for the sake of the forced blossoms which they may happen to show at the time of purchasing, can appreciate the pleasure which one could have in having these well-trained, hardy and thrifty ones which the sisters so successfully cultivated.

Sitting here among these beautiful creations, the sisters found time to prosecute many little works to increase their income, and not the least of these was the making of artificial flowers. These, copied from the best specimens of their finest and rarest plants. How many thousands of these flowers from the hands of Serena and Angeline, have been sold as French manufactures, I know not, but I am certain that no Parisian flower-girl ever made them of greater beauty.

Serena Goodhue was worthy of her name. She *was* both serene and good. No passion disturbed her gentle soul. No frown ever deformed a brow that was as placid as marble. She looked as if she had gone through the world without its leaving a stain or a ripple. Her sole care lay in the delicate things of nature and art which were always about her.

Of Angeline it is more difficult to speak. Her beauty was of so rare and subtle a character, and stole upon you in so many varied phases; she looked so differently under different circumstances, and under different lights, too—for her eyes and hair and complexion changed so frequently, that one could have never decided what the absolute hue or shade really was. All I knew, in my first rash and passionate surrender

of the heart was, that she was intensely, gloriously beautiful. The world—my world—the world that lay in the vicinity of Beacon Street, all faded and grew dim, before the angel of my worship in that dingy street, where scarce sunlight enough ever came to brighten up the flowers. It was very strange, but I think I would have gone into that house, and sat down by its low windows looking out into that street, with greater joy even, than I experienced there every day, if I could only have had Leonora Russell, the belle of the aristocracy as witness. I had a new creed come before me, and its every article was, "faith in Angeline."

You can hardly imagine what a revulsion took place in my feelings, in regard to the distinctions of society. Men and women had hitherto been respected by me, more on account of their position, than anything else. Now I came to look upon them with reference only to the inward. I saw these girls, with no social position whatever, isolated by their refinement and intellect, from their class in society, and barred, by their poverty, from a higher one, yet maintaining a position of their own, dignified, and even aristocratic, as far as withdrawal from others went. Had I not known three weeks of unwearyed and anxious plotting, before I could get a single glimpse of them, save that solitary one at the window?

I went to see Angeline almost every day. There was little perceptible difference in her manner towards me. It was kind, polite and courteous; never responding to any affectionate word I might utter, never betraying any interest in me beyond that of a friend, unless my vanity might interpret a faint blush on the cheek, and an unconscious brightening of the eye when I entered, as proofs of interest. I was hardly combed enough for that. The period of my stay in Boston was rapidly approaching. Five weeks of absence from business was a great deal for me. Three of these had been spent in becoming acquainted with her enough to call, and the other two had gone away like winged hours.

How would it be with our parting? I knew not, for as yet I had not spoken of what was struggling in, and wearing away my heart. The parting hour must do that, and I viewed its coming with a vague sense of wretchedness, for which I could not account.

When it came, I was seized with such an unaccountable dread, that it was utterly impossible for me to say a word; and I actually, coward as I was, delayed speaking until it was too late. It was time that I should be gone to take the cars for New York.

I could write; that was my first thought after entering them. And all the way I was thinking what I would write, and wondering what would be her answer. I passed a part of the first night in New York in writing. I told her, what was perfectly true, that I was in a position to maintain her well and handsomely, that she need not think of parting with Serena, for she, too, should have a home with me; and then I poured out in unmeasured strains my deep love for herself.

How I trembled when I sealed that letter! What could it be that came over my heart at that moment, and sank it into despondency? It was not doubt of her, for I truly believed that Angeline liked me, although she had abstained from showing it. But there was a phantom haunting me, although I could not see its shape.

I waited impatiently for an answer, day after day. I had been so particular, so unnecessarily so, in the direction, putting on Serena's name, also (addressing it to her care), that it seemed impossible that it could fail of reaching her. I was on the point of addressing her again, when a letter was handed me by the postman.

Again my cowardice came over me, and I lingered over the seal, afraid to look within. I shivered, and felt weak and spiritless; and my trembling hand could hardly pour out the wine which, alone, I thought, could save me from absolutely sinking. I opened it, and read as follows:

"Had I known surely that your sentiments towards me were such as you express, I would have saved you the pain of writing. Let me thank you, once for all, for this proof of your affection, that you may not think me altogether insensible. I thank you, and yet, I can only write what will give us both pain. Pain to you, I know it must be, for no man like you would offer love to one so humble as myself, unless it was deep and sincere enough to leave suffering in its place, if not accepted.

"Mr. Carrollton, I am already married! Not happily, you will understand that of course, because you know that I am living alone with my sister; but I do not, cannot love the man who calls me his wife; but I have no means to free myself from the bondage which has broken my spirit, and almost broken my heart, and I must wear the chains, until God sees fit to break them asunder. Perhaps you will say, I ought to have told you this; but upon reflection, your own candor will, I am sure, tell you that a proud woman will shrink from showing the scars which a cruel chain has inflicted, until she has no alternative but to do so.

"One word I may say, without shame, or loss of self-respect; and that is, that never has this cruel bondage seemed so intolerable, as since I knew you. I will not ask you to forget me, for that would be painful to me; but think of me as one who would fain lay down this weary, hateful life—no, I must not say that, for Serena loves me still, and I must not, will not complain, for

her sake. Farewell! I ought to say, forever, but that word is terrible to speak."

My forebodings were not in vain then. I read the whole of this miserable letter through, and then, for hours, I knew nothing. When my senses returned, I was still lying on the sofa, where I had thrown myself after reading it. I was constitutionally given to fainting, and I cannot conscientiously call myself a brave man; but it is not right to say that I am a coward in the cause of others. It is only when inward causes are operating upon my nerves that I thus give way. I was thankful that there was no witness to my infirmity.

I read the letter again and again. The deep earnestness of every word, the mournful tone that ran through it, the acknowledgement that, had we met in happier days, it would have been different—for so I construed that sentence—all impressed me deeply. I sat down and wrote her, what might have been proclaimed upon the house-top, so free was it from anything that should have wounded the delicacy of the happiest married woman living; and then, with a sort of dull despair, I went about my daily avocations.

One letter more I had from her, acknowledging the receipt of mine, and begging me not to write her again. It disturbed the sluggish flow of her existence, she said; she was done with heart-beats, and only wished to wear out life in peace. I obeyed her, but my heart told me this was not the last that I should see or hear of this woman who had become so inexpressibly dear to me.

I staid in my solitary bachelor's home for three years, steadily resisting the entreaties of my friends that I should bring some one to share it with me. Fair girls and beautiful women were continually pointed out to me, as desirable matches. I gave them such courtesy as society demands, and left others to gather them to hearths and homes that were not haunted by the shadows of an angel's wing, as mine were. I made my home bright and cheerful, until it needed nothing to the sight of others, but a visible companion.

"I saw a hand they could not see,  
I heard a voice they could not hear."

It was in the winter of 1851-2, that I was intensely interested in a criminal case which presented itself to my consideration. I was urged by the prisoner to become his counsel. The case seemed at first blush, to be favorable to him; and perhaps, any other time, I should have had no hesitation; but my instincts were all decided against him. I had not even seen him, and his request was preferred to me by another person;

but I had an indefinable repugnance to pleading his cause. It was one of my whims, and perhaps I could not justify it to others; but to myself, the truth was quite apparent, for the fellow's name was *McDonald*!

Of course, I had not the slightest reason, beyond the name, for thinking it was Angeline's husband; but the thought *would* come, and I could not banish it.

With a feverish curiosity I was present at every period of the trial, took notes of everything, watched the evidence, and, as my friend Heckle remarked, I could not be more anxious, if the prisoner had been my own brother!

In the course of the examination, it came out, curiously enough, that the prisoner had married a Miss Kelly, ten years previous, and that she was still living. The fact had no bearing on his present case, and only seemed to be brought in to delay the proceedings, by diverting attention to other circumstances, rather than to the matter in hand.

I flew to Heckle, and begged him to defer matters as long as possible, and to ask me no questions now, but that sometime I would tell him all. He promised faithfully. I should have said that he had taken my place as prisoner's counsel.

I started in the next train for Boston, and arrived at midnight. It was a forlorn hope, that of finding the sisters awake at that hour, but fortune favored me. It was an exceeding cold night, and some of their tender plants required a constant fire; and they had sat up nearly the whole of the two preceding nights, as well as this.

They were alarmed, and afraid to open the door, until I held a long colloquy through the key-hole; then they allowed the poor, shivering traveller to enter. What joy to find myself in that room again, looking, as it did, like a summer-bower, on this freezing night.

I asked her, as she stood there, growing red and pale by turns, if she knew Owen McDonald. She started. "Describe him to me; his age, his person, the place of his birth, and the year in which you married him."

She did so, and Serena corroborated it.

"Then you are free!" said I, throwing up my hat, in a very undignified way, for a gentleman of the bar, and letting it come down among the plants, to the great peril of Serena's best Japonica.

Angeline looked her wonder, while Serena talked more volubly than I had ever heard her before, and asked me question after question, eager to know how much I knew of one who had been the bane of their family.

I explained that the gentleman with whom

they had the honor of being connected, was married to Miss Kelly, five years prior to his marriage with Angeline, that she was living, and ready to testify, and that, consequently, Angeline's marriage was perfectly null and void, even if they failed to convict McDonald for the crime for which he was now being tried. All that remained was for her to go and identify him, and that she must do immediately.

"For once, you must go without Serena," I said, laughingly; "she must stay to tend the flowers, and I must be your escort. It will not be the first time either, that I shall be protecting you from a bad man," alluding to our first interview.

I had ordered a carriage to take us to the cars, for the first train; so I, having nothing further to attend to, threw myself on a comfortable lounge in the back parlor, while Angeline packed her trunk, and Serena prepared our early breakfast.

I watched the dear girls from my sofa, as they moved gently about; and thought of the coming time, when they should move thus around my home. I could not help anticipating this, premature as it might seem.

Once on the road to Angeline's freedom, I was satisfied and almost happy; for her manner was fuller of interest to me, than I had ever known it before. At seven we arrived, and I took her to the house of an intimate friend, a lady, to whom I had confided the whole affair. I then went in pursuit of Heckle, who accompanied me to Mrs. Barnard's, where I had left Angeline.

I dreaded her seeing McDonald, but I found that Heckle agreed with me in thinking that she need not appear in court. A recognition at the prison, before two lawyers, Heckle and myself, was enough, in all conscience, and accompanied by Mrs. Barnard, we went with her next morning, and that recognition was complete.

The prisoner started at seeing one whom he thought so far away; and he shed tears while Heckle was taking Angeline's deposition. He owned that he had married her, knowing that he had another wife living; that it was a message from her, and the threat of detection, that took him away from Angeline, almost at the very altar, for he did not even go back with her from the church, telling her that he would be gone only a few hours. She never saw him again, till she saw him now.

It was enough. I went with her to Boston, let the house to a flower-loving tenant, and in three weeks McDonald was in Sing-Sing, and my wife and her sister were furnishing up the old bachelor's abode, surrounding it with all the

pretty feminine knick-knacks which women love to gather around them. It was a great joy to me that I did not have "Angeline McDonald" to read on the certificate. "Herman Carrollton and Angeline Hawson" looked very well there.

McDonald's wife was worthy of all our pity. She was a good woman, and had loved her husband, even when she knew him to be most unworthy of her. We befriended her and her child, all that lay in our power. Happiness made us feel that we could afford to be benevolent.

Yesterday, Heckle said to me: "Well, if I had fallen in love with either of those sisters, it would have been Serena."

"Cool," said I, "you can do that now if you wish."

"Will she consent, think you?"

"If you are afraid of being refused, you had better not try," said I.

He did try, and Serena looks like an angel, so beautiful, good and happy.

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### JOCKO.

One of the most interesting pantomimic performances we ever witnessed, is that of Mr. Marzetti in his delineation of "Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape." The interest of the piece turns upon the adventures of an orang-outang domesticated in a planter's family in Brazil. The planter is expecting a child by a vessel from Europe, which is wrecked upon the coast. The ape saves the child, becomes attached to it, and to save it from the attack of a serpent, secretes it in a favorite haunt. Supposed to have killed it, he is shot by the infuriated father, but after receiving the fatal wound, crawls off and returns, bringing back the boy unharmed, laying him at his master's feet, and then expires. Fidelity is always touching, and in the hands of an artist like Marzetti, the death-scene becomes truly tragic. In the lighter parts of the piece, the man's imitation of the gestures, gait and habits of the animal, is truly extraordinary. You forget the actor and fancy that you see before you the strange, agile and intelligent animal he personates. The illusion is complete.—*Flag*.

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### MEN AND LOCUSTS.

A locust can be heard at the distance of one sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man outweighed sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.—*Home Journal*.

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A man may learn in two minutes what may be valuable to him all his life.

## THE FARMER'S WINTER FIRESIDE.

BY J. P. GRADY.

The farmer sits in his old arm-chair,  
 Now his labor is o'er for the day,  
 Close by his wife and his children fair—  
 His glasses raised to his locks of gray;  
 He smooths the paper upon his knee—  
 Kindly he smiles, and listens the while,  
 The wife tells of Johnny and Nellie,  
 Of roguish Kate and Mary so mild.

The fire-light streams from the open grate—  
 The chill of the winds is felt not there—  
 Happy indeed is the farmer's fate,  
 Granting much joy, and not much of care—  
 Content, an angel for good, hovers near,  
 Which throws a charm round his lowly home—  
 Love binds this band with ties strong and dear,  
 Ne'er to be broke, where'er they may roam.

The parents list to their children's shout,  
 And their pulses quicken with delight—  
 The fire of youth has not yet gone out,  
 Through the lapse of years, and changes, and blight.  
 The busy wife now forgets to sew—  
 The farmer takes her hand in his own,  
 As he did on a day long ago,  
 Saying, "My Kate," in the same soft tone.

O, very still they sit, and look on  
 The fire-light glancing up; but no word  
 Say they, for each is thinking upon  
 Past times; and sighed, that they e'er had erred.  
 And then together kneel they in prayer—  
 Rendered thanks and remembered praise—  
 Earnest the words that are spoken there,  
 Heartfelt the prayer they so humbly raise.

## THE BOTTLE TRICK.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

ONCE upon a time—said my friend the captain, who from his habit of spinning endless yarns, I have christened "the rope walk"—once upon a time, when the present country and myself were young fellows together, my own age being somewhere in the vicinity of twenty, more or less, and the country my junior by three, four or five years, though that's neither here nor there, I wouldn't give a fig for a date. But whatever the year may have been, I distinctly remember that it was on a mortal cold, drizzly afternoon that I arrived in the port of Boston as chief mate of a British ship from London. I had been on the worst possible terms with the captain all the passage; scarcely a day passing without a jolly row about something or other; so, no sooner were our mud hooks well in the ground, than I was discharged from the ship and my chest of plunder, together with a remarkably dingy character as an officer, sent ashore after me.

Ships were not very plenty just at that time, while sailors of all grades did much abound, so that it promised to be a rather difficult matter to get another berth. Whenever an opening did offer, I was pretty sure upon applying for the chance, to find that my reputation as a "hard boy," had preceded me, and the situation was given to another. It wasn't very pleasant being compelled to remain on shore and idle; for, like the fat knight, I was "heinously unprovided," but I took heart of grace, and resolved to stick it out as long as possible; for I had no more scruples about sponging my keeping and fodder out of Boston folks, than the people of any other port; and I made up my mind, in case a mate's berth didn't appear, to try a short cruise in a lower capacity, for I was competent to do my duty before the mast or behind it, or on top of it, for that matter.

After a bit, the plethora of seamen began to diminish; numbers of them taking themselves off to New York and other ports, in search of better times; an example which I would have gladly imitated, but was prevented for excellent reasons. The natural and speedy consequence of this exodus of the web-footed, was a corresponding scarcity, and sailors came to be inquired after. Fate had wearied of pelting me with "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and an early visit to the shipping office resulted in my putting my fist to the shipping articles of the barque Wanderer, for fifty dollars a month and salt horse.

The barque, which was bound for the East Indies, had a lot of spars in the lower hold, an assorted cargo between decks, and half a dozen missionaries in the cabin. Most men are rather averse to sailing a long voyage with passengers, especially ladies, and particularly missionaries, but I was too glad to get a ship, to be overnice; so getting a month's advance wages, I settled my board bill, laid in a stock of sea groceries, consisting of — and tobacco, and hoisting my chest and bedding on to a dray, started for the wharf.

Arrived alongside the barque, I hopped over the rail, with a most ungentlemanly pipe in my mouth, and alighted, with a puff of tobacco smoke, in the midst, and apparently very much to the disgust, of a group of black-coated, long shore gentry; among whom I made my appearance very much after the fashion that a certain ghost is said to have vanished, "with a most melodious twang and a curious perfume." Their first impressions of the chief officer of the craft were evidently unfavorable, but at that period of my life I was not disposed to make myself round-

shouldered about what anybody thought of me; so sneaking my dunnage into the state-room assigned me, I set about reeving the running rigging, hustling the crew about, making a prodigious deal of unnecessary noise, and getting the barque ready for sea generally. We dropped down with the afternoon tide, and by the next noon were nearly up with the Gulf Stream.

Having in a few days got through with the hurry and bustle incident to the departure, and settled down into our regular and monotonous sea life, I had an opportunity of looking about me and examining the rig of my fellow-voyagers.

The captain was a fretful, timid old lady, who thought everything of appearances, and stood in mortal fear of Mrs. Grundy. The second mate, Mr. Johnson, was a yellow-headed, freckled-faced gentleman, more knave than fool, who I at once set down as a sneak, from keel to truck. The passengers were—in short, passengers on their first voyage, who of course knew more about navigation and the management of a ship than anybody else, and being in the majority, felt it their duty to dictate to every one on board.

I soon began to perceive that "the bubble reputation," of being a great scamp, which I had acquired on my previous voyage, was as "familiar in their mouths as household words."

The captain evidently regarded me with suspicion; the second mate came the dignified and held himself aloof, and the passengers looked upon me as an unregenerated being, and not a particle better than one of the wicked. I was a marked man on board: a sort of salt water Pariah. But this sort of thing by no means caused me to "mourn as one without hope," neither did it "like the worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek." On the contrary, I rather liked it; if they were not enamored of me, I certainly did not adore any of them, and considered myself particularly lucky in being let alone, and well rid of a confounded bore. It did rile me up a bit, and cause me to feel a trifle muddy, however, to see the way in which Johnson was building himself up at my expense. He had never been officer of a vessel before, and with a view to getting a good name, he practised no end of sneaking artifices to curry favor with the captain and passengers.

While I usually went roaring and bellowing about the deck, knocking over a sojer here, and putting a splice in there, doing everything with a rush and at short notice; he on the contrary was as prim and precise as any old maid, and usually left the greater part of the work that should have been accomplished in his watch, to be done when mine came on deck, and, to my eyes, showed

himself better fitted for a counter jumper than a sailor. While he listened to, and acted upon the infinite suggestions of the passengers, much to the lengthening of our voyage,—they no sooner undertook to instruct me in my well learned profession, than I forthwith retorted by entering into an extended and comprehensive explanation of a new theory of my own for expeditiously and effectually converting a heathen at short notice.

While I walked the quarter deck alone, he always had company; was invited into the cabin saloon of an evening, and regularly to prayers, and was made much of by all the after guard; it was Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, with all hands; his opinion taken upon every subject, and there was nobody like Mr. Johnson.

It was the custom in those days, as your grandfather can tell you, for everybody to take more or less wine or spirits daily; not only at the table, but also at odd jobs through the day. Our cabin dinner table was always plentifully supplied with fluids of various descriptions, of which the captain generally helped himself largely, the passengers partook in moderation, while I swallowed my allowance like a thirsty sailor.

But although we all tiptoed to a certain extent, Mr. Johnson never touched a drop. O no, he couldn't think of such a thing; he didn't consider it right, and all that. I respected him for his abstemiousness which was of course commendable; but no description will do justice to the glorifications and praises that were heaped upon him by the others. "He was such a nice man," the ladies remarked. "And so moral," responded the gentlemen. "And so quiet," chimed in the ladies, mentally contrasting his soft and insinuating manners with the terribly loud voice in which I would order the spanker brailed up, or the gaff topsail stowed; a proceeding on my part which disgusted them exceedingly, but which, I am ashamed to say, caused me to scream and yell and kick round harder than ever.

Our captain, like a good many other captains I know of, considered it nothing more than right when called out upon a wet deck of a stormy night, to take a drop of something warming inside his jacket; and that everything might be nice and handy, he always kept a bottle of something red and strong on a shelf in the pantry near the cabin door. Presently he began to complain that his medicine, as he called it, disappeared with remarkable celerity, and the steward was called to an account. The suspected negro denied any knowledge of the mysterious disappearance and protested his innocence till he was black in the face; gently insinuating that the old man might not always be aware how much he punished.



But this inquiry by no means put an end to the trouble. The "O-be-joyful" still persisted in taking to itself a mouth and getting drunk up, and the whole stern of the barque was in a chronic row for several weeks about the captain's medicine.

At length a couple of bottles of "cordial" vanished from the sea stock of the passengers, and then there was a jolly rumpus you may be sure. Such a cackling of females and grumbling of men never was heard since the misunderstanding that occurred in connection with the building of a shot tower in the city of Babel. Everybody talked at once and nobody understood what anybody else said, but the general feeling was, that such a state of things was "tolerable and not to be borne." Who could the culprit be? It couldn't be the steward, for he wouldn't dare do such a thing. It couldn't be the captain, for he had an unlimited supply of the article. It couldn't be the crew, for they had no access to the cabin. It couldn't be any one of the passengers, for such a suspicion would be a sacrilege. It couldn't be Mr. Johnson, for he never drank anything, and was besides such a noble man; no such sailor as he having been seen since the days of Noah, or before either; for, if I remember rightly, there was a time when Noah didn't behave himself very prettily, whereas Mr. Johnson was incapable of doing anything out of the way. Who then could the thief be? Why me of course. Who else? Of course it was me. No one said as much in my hearing, because, from the reputation I had brought with me from my last ship, the opinion prevailed that, if any one crowded me too hard I should be likely to take him out on the deck and administer a good serviceable, seamanlike thrashing; and it wouldn't do to turn me off duty, for there was no one competent to take my place. But although no one accused me directly, it was easy enough to perceive the drift of their suspicions. The trifling conversation they had previously held with me, was now discontinued altogether, and my own remarks scarcely answered. I was held in the greatest abhorrence by everybody, and my sufferings in consequence can neither be imagined nor described; because, like Rachel's children, "they were not."

Things continued very much in this state for several weeks, until one noon when we were seated at dinner, luxuriating upon salt horse and pea soup, the captain came in and seated himself at the table, with a face as red as a pleasant sunset. He was in a terrible pet, and with a voice tremulous with indignation, announced the startling fact that, of a whole bottle of brandy which he had placed in the pantry that morning, there

now only remained one-half, and that too without his having been near it so much as once. Every one was indignant of course, and all united in declaring that something must be done to put a stop to such infamous proceedings. This was my opinion also, for I was getting rather tired of being a thief. So leaving the table a few minutes sooner than the others, I went to the medicine chest, and procuring a powerful dose of two or three different drugs, slipped into the pantry and deposited them in the mysterious bottle, then going to my state room, for it was my afternoon watch below, I turned into my berth and was speedily snoring away like one of the seven sleepers. I may have snoozed an hour, more or less, when I was awakened by the opening of my door and the entrance of Mr. Johnson, looking very white around the gills.

"Mr. Bobstay," he said in a feeble voice, "will you stand my watch for me this afternoon? I feel very unwell indeed."

"Certainly, anything to accommodate," I replied. "But what seems to be the matter with you?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, I think it must be the pea soup I ate at dinner; it never does agree with me."

"It is rather bad stuff for a person that aint used to it," I returned; "hadn't you better turn in till you feel better?"

"Yes, I think I had better do so," he moaned as he made his way to his berth, while I went on deck and hazed round his watch a spell.

Our cabin was a house on deck, with a passage running fore and aft on each side, upon which a window opened from each state room. Having amused myself with setting a fore-topmast studding-sail, I walked aft to the window of Johnson's state room, from whence issued a most diabolical groaning and snorting, and thrusting my head in at the opening, beheld him writhing and flopping about on his bed, while the captain and passengers stood by, pitying and commiserating.

"Well, Johnson," I said, in my blunt, off-hand way, "does that pain in your pea soup hold on yet?"

His only answer was a grunt and a severe attack of vomiting, while the passengers turned away from me in disgust, and the words "brute," "unfeeling wretch," would have been distinctly audible if I had chosen to hear them.

"Well, never mind, my boy, keep up a good heart: pea soup is seldom mortal; you'll get over it sometime if ever, if you're lucky," and I walked away forward, whistling the cat's march out of the ashes.

Having whiled away another quarter of an hour taking the fore-topmast studding-sail in again, I went softly aft to the cabin and listened. Two of the passengers were in the saloon, confabulating about the case and contrasting my heartless and unfeeling manner with what would have been the conduct of Mr. Johnson if our situations were reversed, and altogether they went on in such style that you would have thought they meditated an enlargement of the calendar, by the addition of a St. Johnson. Having listened to this sort of thing as long as was altogether pleasant, I passed through to the state room, where I found the unlucky second mate groaning and vomiting worse than ever, while the rest of the passengers were sympathizing all over him; some bathing his temples, some rubbing and chafing his claws, and all expressing the utmost commiseration by frequent ejaculations of "poor Johnson!"

"Hullo, my hearty, how goes it?" I shouted, as I entered the room, "how's your pea soup now?"

"Mr. Bobstay," exclaimed one of the ladies, quite spitefully, "if you have any regard for decency, I desire that you will leave the cabin."

"Certainly, madam," I replied, "I always had an uncommon regard for decency, and so had my grandmother. She always used to say to me—the old lady did—'now Bobby, my boy,' calling me up to her side—'now Bobby, my boy—' At this point I was interrupted in my reminiscences of my grandmother, by the lady slamming the state room door in my face.

"All right," thinks I, "the fellow is in good hands, and wont die at all events;" and going on deck again, I seated myself on the booby hatch and whistled vigorously. At the end of half an hour or so, one of the passengers approached me in a very solemn and dignified manner, and requested my presence in the sick man's room, whither I immediately followed him, and where I found all the other passengers looking equally grave and dignified, and Mr. Johnson quite feeble and exhausted.

"Mr. Bobstay," said the passenger impressively, "I have some considerable knowledge of medicine——"

"I congratulate you, sir, upon your attainments," I interrupted, bowing deferentially.

"Mr. Bobstay," he continued severely, "let there be no levity, this a serious matter. My knowledge of medicine, as I said before, leads me to believe, nay, to be certain, that our poor friend is suffering from the effects of poison."

"Sho! you don't say so?" I returned, "what kind of poison d'ye suppose?"

"That information we desire to obtain from you, sir," he replied, with a look that was calcu-

lated to annihilate me, but which somehow, didn't.

"It can't be," I muttered, thoughtfully scratching my head. "It can't be that—yes it must—no it can't."

"What can't be?"

"That Johnson has been at the old man's brandy bottle."

"Absurd idea!" ejaculated the gentlemen.

"Ridiculous suggestion!" exclaimed the ladies, turning their eyes away from me in contempt, as though they loathed and were unspeakably disgusted with the color of my whiskers and the dab of tar on my jacket sleeve.

"Yes, I know it is impossible," I continued meekly; "and I shouldn't have mentioned such a thing if I hadn't happened to recollect that, just after dinner I rammed a fist full of tartar emetic and something less than half a ton of other stuff down the neck of the captain's bottle, and from my knowledge of medicine I should say it would work pretty much in the same way that Johnson is affected; and the long and short of it is, that if he don't take the antidote I have prepared, he'll keep on vomiting till he throws himself away entirely and becomes no better than a dead sailor. What do you say, Johnson?" I continued, flourishing a vial before his eyes, "Will you try it or not?"

His sufferings were too great to be borne, whatever might be the consequence, and seizing the vial he swallowed it like a man, not the vial exactly, but the contents.

"That's your sort, my hearty, you'll soon be all right now," and as I leaned over his bunk to recover the vial, I felt something hard beneath the mattress. "Hullo, what's this?" I said, hauling out two empty bottles with flaring labels.

"My cordial bottles!" exclaimed the passengers, filing out of the apartment.

From that day there was a marked change in everything; Johnson was nowhere, and had no friend aboard besides myself, while I gradually grew in favor with all on board, and eventually won their entire confidence and good will.

#### RIGHT TO THE LETTER.

Judge R——, of New York, was some years since engaged in the defence of a suit against old Parson C——. In the course of the trial, one or two witnesses testified to one or two facts concerning the worthy parson, which were rather derogatory to his character as a parson. Judge R—— handled the poor witness without gloves, and declared "that he had known the old parson from his boyhood; had gambled with him many a summer's day in the shady hills of old M——,"

"O, judge," says the parson, "stop, I pray you—if the truth will not clear me—my cause must be bad. If it please the court, I declare I never gambled in my life."—*Toledo Blade*.

## TO MARTHA.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Sweet maid, must I depart to-day,  
 In silence and in pain,  
 Nor strike e'en one sad note, to say  
 We ne'er shall meet again?  
 One lingering note, to say how oft  
 I shall look back and weep,  
 When fanned by zephyrs warm and soft,  
 Or tossed upon the deep!

Thou'lt seek again our trysting-tree,  
 Some peaceful summer day;  
 But can it whisper peace to thee,  
 When I am far away?  
 Methinks the very brook would creep  
 With sorrow in its tone,  
 And every little floweret weep  
 To see thee there alone!

## THE HAPPY DISCOVERY.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

"How much further is it to Vernon Lodge, my lad?" inquired the driver of a post-chaise, on a lonely rode in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The shades of twilight were closing down on a wide expanse of level moorland country, whose bare brown bosom was now covered with a sheet of snow, unbroken, save by the rough cart track, the only attempt to break out a road but little travelled, except by the scattered inhabitants with their heavy teams.

The boy addressed stopped short with a stare, and thrusting his hands into the pockets of his carter's frock, bluntly replied: "Happen three moile, zur."

"Is there no place where we might pass the night, nearer than the Lodge?"

"Noa, zur, there bean't no housen this soide th' hall."

"Then I must push on, I suppose," replied the driver. "Thank ye, my lad." And addressing himself to the reins again, the half-frozen charioteer guided the horses in their struggles to drag the vehicle through the uneven rifts, while the ploughboy plodded along in the opposite direction, whistling loudly, and too boorish even to look around from curiosity.

By this time the last crimson light of the setting sun which had cheered the dusky gloaming, had died away, and the stars were stealing out amid the lingering purple of the sky; as the carriage jolted along, with occasional halts, a pale face gleaming from the widow's weeds that surrounded it, gazed anxiously through the carriage window, at the dreary waste spread out on either side.

At the same time, a young girl of about fourteen, was standing in one of the deep casements of the parlor, at the hall, whither she had been drawn by the gorgeous sunset, and where she remained watching for any signs of Mrs. Clare, the expected governess's approach. This was the niece, and ward of General John Vernon, John St. Aubyn, the proprietor of the fine mansion which he inhabited, and the Vernon estates, both having descended to him from a cousin on the father's side, and destined to become this young girl's inheritance, as it was understood her uncle, though in the prime of life, would never marry.

Honora St. Aubyn stood quite alone by the window, the red fire-light dancing ruddily upon the ceiling, and crimsoning her slight form; but although she strained her eyes through the darkness, no living thing rewarded her efforts, till finally forgetting her intention, as the murmuring of the low night wind in the branches of the great firs and larches outside fell upon her ear, she leaned back against the shutters, and gently closing her eyes, listened to the sighing breeze, and the fitful, musing fancies it suggested to her spirit, while the noiseless moments lengthened into an hour.

A sharp ring at the side door roused her with a start, and she hurried into the brilliantly lighted hall, just as the footman admitted a lady in mourning, who put aside her veil as she entered, disclosing a face which Honora merely noticed was pale, statuesque and weary, as advancing to the stranger she said with graceful ease:

"Mrs. Clare, I presume—we have been expecting you. Come into the parlor to the fire." And taking the lady's hand, who was turning to give directions to the driver, she added: "Do not trouble yourself, James will see to your boxes, and that they are placed in your room."

By this time the household was astir, having heard of the arrival, and from the upper end of the apartment, as Honora opened the door, a stately, handsome, middle-aged gentleman approached with a diminutive, prim-looking maiden lady, whom he introduced with dignified formality as his sister, Miss St. Aubyn. The latter deigned a frigid little salutation, and three fingers, small, and nearly as slender as birds' claws, while with a lofty shade of displeasure, the general presented his niece, as if no words had been exchanged previously.

Nowise disconcerted at this reception, Mrs. Clare returned the courtesy of Miss St. Aubyn, bowed to the gentleman, and with a sweet smile at her young companion, sank with perfect self-possession into the chair which Sir John placed for her.

"More of the gentlewoman than I expected," was the inward commentary of the latter.

"I hope this person does not suppose she is to have the rule here," thought Miss St. Aubyn, slightly afraid of the new comer.

Honora simply felt that she already loved this pale, refined lady, who smiled so sweetly, and whose gentle sadness plainly told of past sorrow.

"My dear, ring for Perkins to show Mrs. Clare to her room; she may wish to change her travelling costume before dinner, which may be ordered up immediately," said the baronet to his niece.

Scarce had the forms of the guest and the waiting woman vanished, when Sir John added coldly:

"Honora, I do not consider it desirable that you should receive guests in the hall, instead of waiting in the proper apartment; do not let it occur again."

"I was half asleep, I believe, and hurried out without thinking," was the pleasant reply.

"That excuse may pass for this once, but you will do me the favor not to repeat the act." And Sir John majestically turned away, in token that the subject was ended.

Mrs. Clare soon returned, and dinner was served in silent state in an imposing dining-room, off a massive service, the family crest and cypher deeply engraved thereon. A long and dull evening followed, the governess declining to rest at present, and in consequence, after early prayers, the general officiating with military precision, the family retired.

Mrs. Clare's chamber was next to that of her future pupil, and when Honora bade her good-night, the young girl was surprised and delighted to find herself enfolded in the arms of her companion, who murmured: "God bless you, my child!" And kissing the smooth brow, left, as she fancied, a tear with the blessing.

And so they separated, Honora to her sweet slumbers, and the weary stranger to approach again, in dreams, the magnificent edifice, whose light granite walls gleamed forth in the brilliant moonlight from the surrounding waste of snow, and the dark, swaying larches. Again did that slender, graceful form, that delicate oval face, which most certainly was neither beautiful, handsome, nor pretty, and as certainly the most striking that could be imagined, haunt the slumberer with its large, earnest gray eyes, and fair, lofty brow crowned by a coronet of pale, brown hair, until the morning sun awoke her to gaze upon the original once more.

Mrs. Clare soon found that to an amiable disposition, Honora united a good deal of latent

aristocracy, tempered by absence of all assumption of superior position in her intercourse with inferiors; and surely no one could be better fitted to reduce this nature to harmony, by bringing out the finer qualities, than the refined, intellectual, gentle, yet quietly energetic governess. In less than three weeks, she had settled her position in the family. Sir John, in his dignified way, had expressed the highest opinion of Mrs. Clare's abilities, and fitness to hold the responsible situation of instructress to his ward; and being convinced of her entire knowledge of society, treated her with the most punctilious politeness, which the lady accepted as her proper due. Miss St. Aubyn, on the other hand, little, and antiquated, and nervous, was greatly behind the times; set and precise, yet timid and undecided, considering her brother perfection, though somewhat unapproachable, and a very Solomon in wisdom; even admiring him for that quality of firmness which she so much lacked.

Having mixed with the world but little, and that in her earlier days, her ideas of people were drawn principally from "Sir Charles Grandison," "Admirable Crichton," "Clarissa Harlowe," and the like literature. She devoutly believed the St. Aubyns were the first family in the kingdom, and exulted in the beauty, intelligence, and high bred air of Miss Honora, whom she considered absolutely perfect also, and worthy to bear the honors of being a St. Aubyn; further praise than this, the circumscribed little spinster could not imagine. It must be confessed that it was with a jealous eye she watched the friendship and affection springing up daily between the governess and her pupil, and, although most formally attentive in her old-fashioned manner, Mrs. Clare perceived this feeling, and vainly strove to reconcile the poor lady, who, of course, did not regard her with an eye of favor.

Honora was delighted that her teacher did not condemn her favorite habit of visiting the poor people at the hamlet below, which her aunt had never approved, as too great a condescension, and dangerous, from the necessary exposure to any contagious disorder. But there was one point on which Miss St. Aubyn and Mrs. Clare were agreed—the one on the score of propriety, and the other from fear of accidents—that Honora ought not to go riding about the lonely country roads and moors, unattended by anybody, or anything, save a huge fierce hound, whose ferocity, and devotion to the young girl, were at once the terror and admiration of the whole household. Kildare, who was kept shut up, and even growled at his feeder, who invariably entered the kennel, whip in hand, would crouch, and turn his

evil green eyes upward with a low, joyful whine, when Honora, with a gay, animated cry, fearlessly approached, talking caressingly to him, unfastened his chain, leaped lightly on her spirited little pony, and exclaiming, "Now Kildare!" dash off at full pace, the great, ungainly animal gambolling about her in the exuberance of his delight.

Nor was Mrs. Clare's fright diminished, when on returning, Honora gathered up the stout cord about the dog's neck, and leading him to his post, locked the chain to his collar, ending perhaps with some little piece of pleasantry, such as holding her lovely hand up for Kildare to snap at, and laughing gayly when his fierce jaws closed over it with apparently crushing force, but in reality leaving not one red imprint upon its satin-like texture. Yet the young girl could not quite understand her governess. Frequently she would gaze at her with evident devotion, but when Honora attempted to caress her, she appeared alarmed, and became reserved. This fear for her safety, this affection and this dread, what could it mean? When the ladies remonstrated with her about these solitary rides, and her dangerous playfellow, Honora said nothing in reply, but, disobedient for the first time in spirit, went directly to her uncle and said:

"Uncle John, I want to ride when I please, and without a grim footman behind me, as if I were a guarded prisoner taking an airing. Kildare always accompanies me, and you know he would be more than a match for three men, if the sight of so many at once, which I never saw here on these roads in my life, should not frighten his courage away; and you know how surefooted and gentle my pony is; if an accident befell me he would stand still by my side till Kildare came home, and returned with help. May I go on as before, uncle?"

Sir John looked with admiration at the slender, spirited girl standing beside him, with the air of a princess, and evoked the oft uttered wish, that there had been a boy to sustain the family name. Like a true soldier as he was, he admired her brave nature, and gave the desired permission. So the wilful heiress, docile on all points save this, continued her rides, and Miss St. Aubyn was doomed to suffer a continuance of her old fears, lest some adventurer should carry the young lady off bodily; and Mrs. Clare, with imagination quickened perhaps by her affection, shuddered at the vision that sometimes forced itself upon her—Kildare returning home alone, with bloody jaws; a hasty search, the mangled form of Honora, who had fallen a victim to some sudden mad freak of this ferocious, treacherous bloodhound, while the object of this solicitude, un-

ware of the reality of this, to her, impossible suffering, laughed gleefully at them both.

Time slipped away, and Honora's seventeenth birthday drew near; with it, also came an end to Mrs. Clare's instructions, and a removal to London for the benefit of finishing lessons before an entrance into the gay world, where her birth and advantages entitled her to a high position. Her governess was to be retained as a beloved companion, and before leaving Vernon Lodge, Sir John resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Honora entered into all the preparations with great spirit, assisted by the exquisite taste of Mrs. Clare. Invitations were sent far and near, and on the evening in question, the brilliant rooms were filled with buoyant forms and bright faces. The young hostess had amply fulfilled the promise of her girlhood; slight and graceful, the natural dignity and proud retirement of expression, still more remarkable than beauty, her simple robe of white, and coronet of ivy leaves, rendering her at once classical and distinguished, she received her guests with an air of easy self-possession, which astonished Sir John himself. Even the withered maids would have been surprised, had she not opportunely recollected that Honora was a St. Aubyn, when, of course, it became the most natural thing in the world.

Perhaps, too, for the first time, Sir John realized the consequence of Mrs. Clare, socially considered. Still in mourning, somewhat relaxed from that in which she first appeared at Vernon Lodge, the chiselled intellectual face with its lofty expression, the high-bred elegance of her manners, the irresistible, involuntary fascination of her lightest words, caused every one to inquire who she was; and several gentlemen who were well known in fashionable circles, declared her marvellously like the Marchioness of L—, a celebrated beauty, and *bel esprit* of the day.

"You think her charming, no doubt," said Honora, in reply to an admiring lord, delighted at the sensation her dear friend caused, "but you should hear her sing."

And forthwith the lady was besieged for a song. For a time she refused, but won over by her pupil's earnest entreaties, she approached the instrument, and performed a difficult aria from a rare but much admired opera; then refusing to comply any further, instituted herself chief directress of the amusements for the younger portion of the guests.

The evening sped swiftly away, and the different members of this happy company who were to remain at Vernon Lodge that night, had retired. Sir John and his sister drew up to the nearly

spent fire, for, although early autumn, the day had been chilly, and conversed in a low voice about the success of the entertainment, while Honora, standing slightly apart, gazed quietly into the hall, waiting for Mrs. Clare to join her; and momentarily expecting her guardian's affectionate injunction to retire to rest. He took no notice of her, however, and just as she was about to go in quest of her governess, she was arrested by a little pantomime in the hall. The footman advancing to Mrs. Clare, who was rapidly descending the staircase, handed a letter to her, apparently making some excuse for not having delivered it before, as he turned away.

Glancing at the superscription before breaking the seal, she turned very pale, and grasped the banister, but instantly recovering herself, read the contents hurriedly through. Then crumpling it up she thrust it into her bosom, snatched a shawl from the hall table, and sped out by the front entrance, unseen, as she supposed, and unheard. Then yielding to a hitherto restrained impulse, Honora stole out after her, intending to inquire if any bad news had been received. A very short search brought her friend in sight, but something prevented the young girl from coming forward; in silence she watched the dark, slender form move hastily to and fro, as if looking for some one. At length she seemed satisfied that she was alone in the grounds, and sinking down beside a garden-seat, raised her hands in the moonlight, which flooded every object around, and appeared to invoke aid from above. Honora was loth to spy upon the actions of her friend, but to have stirred from the spot where she stood, would have betrayed her near neighborhood, and motives of delicacy now prevented. When Mrs. Clare returned to the house, Honora quietly followed, and went to her own apartment, feeling guilty and troubled, yet sincerely pitying the evident distress she had witnessed, but which she was assured her friend did not wish known.

The next afternoon Honora rode down to the village to see a sick woman, and beguiled by her favorite exercise, to lengthen her way home across some wild moors, the early twilight of a cloudy day had set in, as she approached the house. Dismounting at the stable yard, instead of riding up to the hall door, she gathered her habit on her arm, and slowly walked along the avenue. The sound of steps, and a strange voice in another path arrested her attention, and ere she saw the persons, the agonized tones of Mrs. Clare, in pitiful entreaty, fell upon her ear.

"Mark, I beg, I implore you not to execute this threat. After years of misery, I have at length found a few rays of happiness. Let me

enjoy the little that is left me. What do you gain by so cruel an act?"

"I tell you I want some one to take care of me, and my matters, and there's no one can do that, and keep me steady, so well as you."

"But are you insane, to meditate such an outrage as this? When I have striven for years to obtain a situation in this family, to tear me so inhumanly away in the face of right, generosity, even nature itself? O, no! you do not mean what you say."

"But I do, though, and besides, what comfort can you find in staying among people who would despise the very sight of you, if they found who and what Mrs. Clare is? Even that girl, Honora, gentle and loving, and ignorant of the world, would be the first to turn the cold shoulder, fond as she is of you, for she has been brought up so; she is a true St. Aubyn, proud and set, like her uncle, and he would turn you out of doors if he suspected; how can you live in the same house with him, when you know all this? Bah! a woman like you ought to have more spirit." And the speaker seemed very much disgusted.

At this moment they passed across the avenue, and by the imperfect light, Honora saw that the man was a rather coarse, shabby, genteel fellow, dressed somewhat slovenly, in clothes that had once been showy, but in vulgar taste. As they passed on, she heard him say:

"Well, the amount of it is just here. I don't profess to have any sanctimoniousness, but a woman that makes the religious pretensions you do, has no business to stay with this family, deceiving them so, and be with that girl day and night, when they would see her dead, rather than your companion, if they knew who you are."

Almost dumb with amazement, Honora listened to the weeping reply.

"I know it, Mark, the child is fond of me, but it can do her no harm, since she is not aware whom she loves. O, spare me, Morris! This is inhuman."

Nearly paralyzed, Honora fled, as in a dream, up the now solitary avenue, and hastening to her chamber, endeavored to collect her bewildered senses. Mrs. Clare, her model of everything perfect, subjected to this rude abuse from a common, coarse fellow, accused of things, terrible from their very vagueness, and humbly acknowledging the justness of the charges? Surely if there was deception in her heart, she was a most unfit companion, independent of any other consideration. Then, too, this man's words would imply that she had once been connected with him in some manner. Of course she was not his wife, and certainly not his sister—what then? Honora

was sadly troubled, yet she had too long placed implicit confidence in Mrs. Clare, and become too entirely convinced of her fine qualities, to willingly admit these doubts. Yet still there was a shadow; not all the determination in the world could place matters as they were before.

At length, unable to endure this chaos of painful thought any longer, she changed her dress without ringing for her waiting-maid, and then sought Mrs. Clare's room, to confess all she had heard, and ask an explanation. On entering the apartment, she found it untenanted, and never having been accustomed to remain in her governess's chamber uninvited, was in the act of retiring, when, brushing against the little light-stand, it upset, and a beautiful inlaid box which stood upon it, flying open, a small, richly bound book fell out. Setting the stand up again, Honora collected the scattered articles, and was about to replace the volume, when noticing that some of the leaves were doubled down by the accident, she proceeded to smooth them out. In so doing, her glance fell upon the first page. Turning the hue of marble, with wild, dilated eyes, she gazed a moment longer, then calmly, apparently without consciousness, laid the book in the casket, closed the lid, left the room, and regaining her own, threw up the window-sash, leaning with her face buried in her arms against the sill, while the chill night winds of October swept around her form, through which the heated blood rushed with suffocating force. The few lines she had seen written in that fatal prayer-book were constantly before her eyes:

"Howard St. Aubyn, to his beloved wife, on their wedding day, Oct. 12th, 18—."

This was the name of Honora's father; what she had been able to infer concerning her mother, was soon told. An imprudent, hasty marriage with one far above her in rank, death from a broken heart at the loss of her husband within a year afterward, and that was all. Whenever the young girl had questioned her aunt, nothing but these bare, scanty hints had been gleaned. She only knew that her uncle, actuated by family pride, had taken pity on her early orphanage, and adopted her as his heiress. But who was this woman, in possession of a bridal gift of the mother, whose very name she had never been able to learn? Nay, was she entirely an orphan? Perhaps the poor young widow had given up her child to its father's proud relatives to be educated, and receive its birthright, consenting to be from that time as one dead; but as years passed away, impelled by a longing to once more behold her daughter, she had, under an assumed name, filled the post of governess, conscientiously remaining

unknown. And now a thousand trivial circumstances rose up to Honora's remembrance, which confirmed this supposition. She hardly dared to admit this wild hope for an instant, but fear soon fled. She would seek her uncle and demand an answer to these doubts. As she rose to execute this plan, however, a sudden weakness overpowered her, and with a faint, inarticulate cry for help, she sank senseless on the floor.

A long interval followed. For four weeks Honora lay unconscious, battling with a raging fever, which Miss St. Aubyn said was in consequence of those visits to the village people, and that the poor, dear child would fall a victim at last, as she had always predicted; as the doctor said, occasioned by a violent cold, and over-fatigue, while Mrs. Clare alone knew the true cause. The disordered stand and casket, the open window which she had closed on entering Honora's chamber, and the ceaseless, wild, strange ravings, incoherent and unmeaning to all beside, revealed to the pale, devoted nurse, that she had witnessed both of the interviews, and suspected a relationship between them. Although Sir John and Miss St. Aubyn were not recognized, the soft hand of the governess could calm the most painful paroxysms as if by magic, and to her was confided the post of watcher, which she so earnestly implored.

And this night was to witness the crisis of the fever. Honora opened her eyes with a sensation of feebleness, and a faint perception of past illness. The chamber was dim and shadowy; wrapped in a shawl, Mrs. Clare was gazing into the dying embers, amid a profound silence, broken only by a falling brand at intervals, and the dull, steady ticking of the great clock in the corner, which had struck the hour of midnight long ago. Too weak to move or utter a sound, the scene soon swam before her, and grew indistinct; drowsily she heard the slow hammer strike a silvery chime, and the anxious friend rise and approach the bedside, murmuring a prayer, for the safe passage of this important hour. As she concluded, with a great effort, Honora lifted her heavy eyelashes, and smiling languidly said, "Mother!"

The tone, the expression and manner were all like her natural self, and overcome by excess of emotion, Mrs. Clare, forgetting her usual caution, cried with a burst of glad tears, "Saved! My child, my child."

Night, and a fearful tempest on a wild, rocky coast of England. The surf and mountain waves dashed against the reefs with the noise of thunder, their foaming storm crests gleaming ghastly amid the darkness, and at intervals a lurid light divid-

ing the inky horizon from the waste of waters beneath. Perched high upon the crags, stood a little cabin, sheltered by an angle from the furious blasts that threatened to sweep all before them.

Around a table, spread for form's sake, clustered three trembling figures, listening in silent terror to the roar of the raging elements. At last, with one consent, they cowered over the red turf fire, previously trimming the beacon light in the window. As the moments passed by, and the storm seemed to increase, if possible, in fury, this stillness became oppressive, and the eldest, a woman about forty-five, but looking much older, pale and careworn, said faintly, as the rising blast met her ear: "Heaven help those who are on the deep this night!"

But scarce were the words uttered, when as if by an electric shock each started to her feet with a cry, while through the howling wilderness without, the sullen echoes of a heavy report died lingering away. Again that dull, distant boom trembled through the darkness, and rushing to the window, they strained their eyes to discover if they might pierce the gloom.

"O, that Mark was at home, that some brave, fellows could be found to aid that miserable ship!" groaned the woman.

"Dear mother," said the elder of the girls who were her companions, "what could a hundred or a thousand men do against this awful storm? No boat could go twenty rods without being swamped. No, our trust must be in Him who alike creates the tempest and watches over his children."

"Heaven forgive me, you are right, Faith," replied her mother, gazing almost reverently at the strikingly commanding girl before her. "We are too apt to trust in an arm of flesh."

Timid little Grace nestled closer to her sister, as if for protection, and so they remained, while the signals of distress continued to peal over the sea, like the death knell of the ill-starred ship. Thus an hour passed, and now the report became fainter, gradually dying away. Now, too, the wind went down, and the black scud flew in dense masses across the sky, till the wan, weary moon, near her full, burst the watery clouds; then rising, Faith took down a cloak, and wrapping it closely about her, approached the cabin door.

"Where are you going?" inquired her mother.

"To the beach," was the calm reply.

"The beach!" repeated her companions, in affright.

"Yes, if any of the unfortunates are washed ashore, we may yet save them; if we wait till morning it will be too late."

The firm, clear tones seemed to rouse her

hearers from their apathy, and they exclaimed: "You are right; let us go to the shore!"

"Grace, you must remain here, and keep up a good fire; get out all the blankets and liquors, in case we find any who will need them." And taking a lantern, the two women left the cabin.

Grace watched the red spark glimmer from place to place, as they descended the winding crags and were lost in the distance.

On reaching the scene of disaster, a sad sight presented itself. The beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and various floating articles; but in vain they sought for any of the crew, and they were turning away, when a pale face gleaming up from the waters, caught the eye of the younger. Claspings a spar, the figure of a young man rested against a rock, half out of water. He had swam ashore, and fainted from exhaustion. With great exertion the women drew him to the sands, and taking his head on her lap, Faith succeeded in pouring some of the cordial she had brought, between his clenched teeth. In a short time the patient recovered so as to follow his conductors to the cabin. His arm was broken, but in all else he was uninjured. He proved to be the younger son of a noble family, returning to England after his travels, and of the crew and passengers, he was the sole survivor. Towards morning a surgeon arrived, who set the broken limb.

But the long period of inaction following, was irksome to Howard St. Aubyn, and the beautiful Grace who devoted herself to his amusement, innocently won his heart with her sweet gentleness, and returned his love. And the noble, heroic Faith, who deeply loved him whose life she had saved, when she saw the heart promptings of the idolized sister, generously crushed out from her soul her own love for the stranger, and not long after gave her hand to William Clare.

At length Grace became Howard St. Aubyn's youthful bride. After his marriage, Howard wrote to his brother, stating the fact, and glossing his wife's station. But the doors of his former home were shut on him forever, and the scanty income of a younger son was his sole dependence.

St. Aubyn was in the habit of accompanying William Clare on his fishing excursions, and on these occasions Grace always was uneasy till she saw him safe again, for a presentiment warned her that the treacherous sea would some time prove a deadly enemy. Faith rejoiced when the birth of a lovely daughter diverted his attention for awhile, from this favorite amusement. But one fine autumn day, Howard again joined Clare, for an afternoon's diversion. The weather was delightful, and the blue waters slept in the sun-



shine, yet an unusual weight rested on the mind of Faith. At sunset a high wind rose, and gradually a gloom overspread the heavens; the green waves rolled in curling ridges, tipped with foam, on the reefy shore with a restless murmur, and yet no boat dotted the heaving expanse with its white sail. Soon the billows lashed in fury, and deep, hoarse mutterings filled the air. The sisters gathered by the window, gazing anxiously far and wide, for those who had gone forth that day in the flush and pride of young manhood, for the last time. Suddenly a group arrested their attention. Though at a distance too great to be plainly seen, a peculiar movement among the crowd struck a terrible foreboding to their hearts. Six men stepped forth bearing some dark object, like a hand bier, towards the hamlet. With an intuitive conviction, Faith sank down senseless with a piercing shriek, while Grace bent over her, wringing her hands in despair. The train approached the little cottage, and Grace frenziedly rushed forth to the bier, and flinging aside the covering, beheld the terrible fact which the rough but tender-hearted men had intended to reveal by degrees.

But not long did Faith allow herself the outward indulgence of her own grief. Her sister was sinking rapidly under the blow her gentler nature could not surmount; and in three short weeks, Faith was utterly alone in the world, save the priceless treasure she clasped to her heart—*Howard's child, her foster daughter.*

Not long was she permitted this sad consolation; the little one had just begun to syllable the first fond words of infancy, when the proud Sir John, hearing of his brother's death, and orphan child, determined that it should not be reared among its rude maternal relatives, to scandalize his name at some future day, and sought this lonely nook himself, with the offer to adopt it. This was a severe trial to Faith; but her strong sense of justice dictated the proper course; and promising never to interfere, or even make known her existence to the little being she now formally resigned, she saw her idol borne away forever.

But impelled by a vague plan for coming days, Faith entered an institution to fit herself for a governess; and though her history was briefly known, her remarkable strength of character won the respect of all who came in contact with her. Several years of preparatory teaching in a proud and noble family succeeded, ere the long desired opportunity to watch over her niece came. Eagerly she embraced it, but Mark Morris, her step-brother, dogged her to this retreat. The illness of Honora at this juncture had arrested his persecutions.

These facts of relationship Mrs. Clare had been obliged to tell the eager girl, who would not rest until then; but this devotion to her niece she attributed to her deep love for her long lost sister.

The setting sun lit up what had well nigh been the death chamber of Honora. By her side stood Sir John and Mrs. Clare. Something very like moisture was in the usually stern eyes of the general, who held his fair companion's hand, while in few but most expressive words he declared his undying gratitude for her ceaseless care of the dear girl, to which, under God, she owed her life.

"Believe me, dear lady, I sincerely feel that I can never repay this debt of gratitude; but henceforth Honora's home must be yours, let what will betide. You have saved her life; she belongs to you."

Could this be the proud Sir John? Honora took his hand, and with a sweet smile said:

"But you do not know all yet, dear uncle. I have still deeper cause to love my gentle nurse; and you must love her for my sake, also, dear uncle." Here her voice trembled slightly, and Mrs. Clare turned very pale. "This is my Aunt Faith—poor mama's favorite sister."

When Honora commenced speaking, Sir John had started violently, and his brow involuntarily contracted as the light broke in upon him, but as she finished, he took a hand of each, and lightly touching the forehead of both, said solemnly:

"This is the all-wise will of an over-ruling Providence! May God in his mercy forgive the errors of the past, and keep us united as now, evermore!"

#### A FROG STORY.

During our Revolutionary war, when the American army was encamped near Saratoga, there was in the army a Frenchman named *Udang*, [I know not whether that is the proper orthography, but the letters give the true pronunciation of the name.] He was on a scouting party one night, and being separated from his companions, was alarmed by the croaking of the frogs in a swamp through which he had to pass. He heard his name distinctly called from different parts of the swamp—"Cap'n Udang, Cap'n Udang!"—and supposing that he had been discovered by scouts from the enemy, he pushed his horse to its utmost speed, till he reached his camp, and reported the supposed discovery. His companions soon perceived that he had mistaken a bull-frog for a British soldier, and explained to him the nature of the noise that had alarmed him. He was rather incredulous, and unwilling to acknowledge his mistake, he exclaimed, "If he was de bull-frog, how de debil he know my name?" —*Boston Portfolio.*

Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age.

## HOUSEHOLD ECLIPSES.

BY IRLEN MONTAGUE.

They come—we know not whence,  
 With a cloud upon the brow;  
 And they fly, we know not hence,  
 Save that smiles are wreathing now.  
 They are shadows o'er the soul  
 From the dusky wings of care;  
 Threatening billows that enroll—  
 Treacherous pitfalls that ensnare.

Like misfortune, they befall—  
 Like an earthquake shock, they thrill;  
 Like a premonition pall,  
 On the heart, with fear of ill.  
 Dark eclipses of God's love  
 On the heart by dusky sin;  
 All the sunshine from above  
 May not light the soul within.

And where'er the shade is cast,  
 All is gloomy, trist, and sad;  
 But where'er the shadow's past,  
 All is happy, gay and glad!  
 They come—we know not whence,  
 With a cloud upon the brow;  
 And they fly, we know not hence,  
 Save that smiles are wreathing now.

## THE DISCARDED SON.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

IN his spacious and splendid library, sat the haughty lord of the broad lands of Woodleigh. Though surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and luxury, his countenance was shrouded with gloom and his head bowed in an attitude of deep despondency. The door slowly opened, and a man considerably younger entered, and advancing towards the earl with a soft, catlike movement, said a few words to him in a low tone.

"I trust that you have not forgotten, Jasper," said Lord Woodleigh, raising his head and speaking in tones which he vainly endeavored to render firm, "that, however erring, Edith was my wife, and as such, should be interred with all the honors due to her exalted station."

"Your directions have been obeyed to the letter, my lord."

The earl sank back again in his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"I am surprised, my dear uncle," said his companion, blandly, "that you should feel so acutely the loss of one so unworthy of you."

"I was thinking, Jasper," said the earl, in broken accents, "how she stood beside me at the holy altar, scarcely six years ago, in all her purity and youthful loveliness, and how cold and pale she lies in her winding-sheet to-day. Per-

haps if I had dealt more gently with her, she would never have brought this agony upon me."

"You do yourself injustice, my lord," replied Jasper St. Clair, warmly. "You have been all that is noble and generous. Poor, and of obscure birth, you made her the mistress of your proud hall, and she—"

"She is in her grave, Jasper," interrupted the earl; "let her sins and follies rest with her!"

"Amen!" returned Jasper, solemnly. "And now let us speak of the *living*. Her child, my lord, what do you intend to do with him?"

"Whose child?"

"The Lady Edith's."

"What do you mean, Jasper St. Clair?" inquired the earl, his brows contracting with anger.

"Simply this, my lord," replied Jasper, earnestly, "that it is not fitting that the son of Edward Huntley should bear the name and inherit the honors of the noble house of Woodleigh."

"You are beside yourself!" exclaimed Lord Woodleigh, turning deathly pale. "What proof have you of this?"

"These letters, my lord, found, after her death, upon the person of your late wife."

The earl took them mechanically, but as his eye glanced over them, his under lip worked convulsively, and the cold sweat started in large drops upon his forehead. "So fair, and yet so false!" he groaned, covering his face with his hands. As his companion gazed upon him, a light, mocking smile flitted around his thin lips.

"And these, my lord," said the wily man, after a brief pause, "were written *before* the birth of your reputed son."

"Fiend!" exclaimed Lord Woodleigh, starting up; "would you rob me of both wife and child? Ah, I have it!" he added, laughing bitterly; "in case you could *prove* this, you would be heir to the earldom of Woodleigh!"

"You wrong me—bitterly wrong me!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "My devotion, my long and faithful services, have not deserved this, Lord Woodleigh," he added, turning away as if in the bitterness of wounded feeling.

Tears quenched the angry fire in Lord Woodleigh's eyes. "Forgive me, Jasper," he said, almost humbly. "I am a desolate and broken-hearted old man—old before my time—and knew not what I say."

"My lord, my dear uncle," returned Jasper St. Clair, pressing warmly the hand extended to him, "you are still young! I shall yet see you happy with some woman worthy of you, with children springing around you to bear the proud name which has never, until now, been stained."

The earl shook his head mournfully. The

door opened, and a beautiful boy of about five summers bounded lightly in.

"Papa! papa!" he exclaimed, in a sweet, silvery voice.

A gleam of tenderness passed across the earl's features, and he held out his hand toward him.

"Lord Woodleigh," said St. Clair, in a low voice, as the child approached, "it grieves me to the heart to do this, but zeal for the honor of the house to which I am so closely allied, makes it an imperative though painful duty. This miniature was found with the letters; examine it, and see if it does not closely resemble the child before you."

The earl bent his eyes earnestly upon it, and then gazed searchingly into the face of the boy. It was the likeness of a very handsome, though rather effeminate looking man, with dark blue eyes and a high, pale forehead, around which clustered shining curls of soft brown hair. There was a striking similarity in the beautifully pencilled brows and the delicately curved lips, and a sharp pang pierced Lord Woodleigh's heart as he observed it. He did not stop to consider that it was Lady Edith's cousin, to whom she bore a strong resemblance, but pushing the boy aside, said hoarsely:

"It is enough—take him away!"

If his eyes had not been blinded by passion, he would have perceived the stamp of his own haughty nature on the boy's broad forehead—something of his own fiery temper in his dark, flushing eyes, as he thus harshly repulsed him.

"Jasper," said Lord Woodleigh, after a long and gloomy silence, "I wish to do what is right, but I must have *proof* that these letters and miniature belonged to the Lady Edith, before I can consent to disinherit her child."

"Though you seem to have so little confidence in me, my lord," returned St. Clair, in a slightly wounded tone, "you certainly have no reason to distrust Ellis, Lady Edith's waiting-woman."

"I have very little confidence in *any one*," replied the earl; "however, let her be summoned."

"Ellis," said Lord Woodleigh, as a middle-aged, respectable-looking woman made her appearance, "know you aught of this miniature?"

The woman cast a furtive glance at St. Clair.

"Yes, my lord," she replied, promptly; "it was given me by Lady Edith, together with some letters. She desired me to place them in the hands of her cousin, Edward Huntley."

"Then why have you not done so?" inquired the earl, with assumed sternness.

"I mentioned it to Mr. St. Clair, and he said that he would take charge of them," said the woman, hesitatingly.

"You did right," said the earl, in a gentler tone; "you may now withdraw."

His stern pride forsook him, as she obeyed.

"You, too, may leave me, Jasper," he added, feebly; "I wish to be alone."

Edith Huntley was the only daughter of the worthy and pious rector of Hadley. Previous to her birth, he had lost several lovely children, and she was scarcely five when he was called to lay in the grave his wife; and the affections of the bereaved father centered with peculiar intensity and tenderness upon his motherless child.

A few months after the death of his wife, he adopted the orphan son of his only brother, upon whom he bestowed the care and affection of a father. Associated together from early childhood, as they grew up Edward and Edith manifested for each other a warm affection, which the good rector encouraged by every means in his power; yet no thought of forming a closer connection was ever entertained by either.

It was an evil day for poor Edith when her young and artless beauty met the admiring eyes of the haughty Earl of Woodleigh. Though more than twice her age, he was still eminently handsome, and possessed the graceful dignity and polished ease which are usually associated with high birth and breeding; but his stern, proud heart, his fiery and jealous spirit, made him no fitting mate for one so young and gentle.

It was said that he had been deceived and disappointed in early life; but however that might be, the numberless manoeuvres of artful papas and mamas made no impression on his obdurate heart. He turned away from all the winning blandishments of the softer sex with a steadiness not unmixed with scorn. But there was something in Edith's childlike confidence which appealed warmly to his heart—something in the yielding gentleness of her manner very grateful to his haughty nature, and he learned to love her with a deep and intense affection.

Edward Huntley viewed with evident uneasiness the daily increasing intimacy between Lord Woodleigh and his lovely cousin. Some instances, which had fallen under his notice, of her lover's jealous and imperative temper, made him fear that she was placing her heart in unworthy keeping. With the freedom of a brother, he earnestly expostulated with Edith; but alas! love's bewildering dream had enthralled her young heart, and she would not believe that he would ever be otherwise than kind and gentle to her. Lord Woodleigh perceived Edward's opposition to his suit, and attributing it to far different motives, a deep and bitter jealousy sprang

up in his heart, which was, in after years, the source of much misery to both.

A cloud rested upon Mr. Huntley's placid brow, as Lord Woodleigh entreated his blessing.

"Do you love him, my child?" he said, with emotion, gazing earnestly into her blushing face.

The happy smile around the lips, the look of perfect love and confidence in her sunny eyes, as she raised them to her lover's face, spoke volumes.

The rector's eyes filled with tears, as he took her small, white hand and laid it in Lord Woodleigh's. "Take her," he said, tremulously; "she is my only child—the only tie that binds me to earth! She has never received from my lips a harsh or bitter word—be gentle with her!"

"As God is my judge," exclaimed Lord Woodleigh, passionately, "she shall never know aught of pain from which I can shield her."

Did Edith think, as she laid her bright head upon her lover's bosom, that the time would come when the cold grave would be to her a more welcome pillow—that the arms which so tenderly enfolded her would, ere long, throw her from him like a worthless thing?

Their marriage was celebrated with all the pomp and splendor imaginable, and it was with a heart swelling with pride and joy that the happy husband made Edith the mistress of his princely home. The rich and the high-born gathered around her with congratulations.

But there was one who stood by her with a hollow smile upon his lips, but with dark despair and bitter disappointment gnawing at his heart, who drew near to her with words of affectionate greeting, when his soul was filled with hate.

Jasper St. Clair was the only child of Lord Woodleigh's only sister, who died when he was in the first dawn of manhood. By her death-bed he promised to be a father to her fatherless and friendless boy, and nobly did he redeem it; he took him to his heart and home, and cherished him as a son.

Lord Woodleigh's aversion to matrimony was well known, and Jasper was therefore looked upon as the presumptive heir to his wealth and title. The earl's marriage was a bitter blow to his proud heart, and when in little more than a year Lady Woodleigh gave birth to a lovely boy, he inwardly resolved to lose no time in removing the usurper to what he had so long considered his rightful heritage. And he succeeded—not by the force of arms, but by dark hints and soft insinuations. Well did Jasper St. Clair understand Lord Woodleigh's temperament. He was quick to perceive the angry flash in his eye and the dark cloud which rested upon his brow whenever Edward Huntley addressed Edith, and he

was unwearied in his endeavors to convince him that she entertained for her cousin a more than sisterly affection.

Years passed on. The sunny light faded from Edith's eyes, her cheek grew pale, and her elastic step slow and listless. She sincerely loved her husband, but his fits of jealous rage, his fiery and domineering temper made her life miserable, and wore upon a constitution naturally frail and delicate. To please her exacting lord, she gradually absented herself from all society. The earl was extremely unwilling that she should visit her father, and finally, influenced by the evil genius forever by his side, he sternly forbade all intercourse between her and the dear friend she had always considered as a brother.

One day, nearly six years after her ill-fated marriage, a note was handed to Lady Woodleigh, in which was hurriedly traced:

"Edith, my sister, I am sick—dying; will you not come to me? EDWARD HUNTLEY."

A sharp pang of remorse pierced Edith's heart, as she thought of her long and cruel neglect of her early friends. Lord Woodleigh was absent, and without acquainting him with her purpose, she set out immediately for the home of her childhood. As she passed up the winding path which led to the house, she saw, to her infinite surprise, her cousin in the garden adjoining. She threw herself into his arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"Dear Edward, I heard that you were very ill."

"I have not been sick, Edith," he replied, in a surprised tone, affectionately returning her caresses. "But *you*," he added, gazing anxiously into her face, "you are looking pale and thin; I am glad that you have returned once more to your old home—forgive me, darling, but I sometimes think it would be better if you had never left it."

"Did you not write to me, Edward?" inquired Edith, earnestly.

Before he could reply, the garden gate was thrown violently open, and Lord Woodleigh stood before them! Ten thousand furies were busy at his heart, as he saw whose arm encircled Edith's, and upon whose breast her head lay so fondly, but with a violent effort, he controlled himself.

"I have not come, Lady Woodleigh," he said, in a tone of calm and icy politeness, "to interrupt your interview with your lover, but to tell you that you are *free*—that the law will soon give you a right to wed him for whom you have forsaken your husband and your child!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Edith, her cheek blanched to ashy whiteness.

"I mean *this*, Edith Woodleigh; that from this hour we are strangers—that we separate at once and forever!"

"You cannot be in earnest," exclaimed Edith, throwing her arms around him; "hear me, only hear me, my dear husband!"

At these words, his long suppressed fury burst forth. "Woman!" he exclaimed, fiercely; "never again address me by that title!" And thrusting her from him, he turned away, and mounting his horse, rode furiously from the door.

Edith gazed after him with a strange, bewildered expression in her large, mournful eyes, and then, with a low, heart-breaking moan, fell senseless to the ground. There was no need of the interposition of the law—for, in less than a week, the tie which bound Edith to her cruel husband was dissolved by the friendly hand of death.

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"His lordship is at home to no one to-day," said the liveried servant of Woodleigh Hall.

The person to whom these words were addressed was a tall, venerable looking man, dressed in deep mourning.

"Tell the earl, that the father of his late wife solicits an interview upon important business," was the stern reply.

The earl and his nephew were both in the library when this message was delivered.

"Show him up," said the earl, after a pause.

"Now be firm, my lord," said St. Clair, in a low voice, as the door was thrown open and the rector of Hadley announced.

There was an expression of sternness upon the rector's countenance, as he advanced towards Lord Woodleigh, but it involuntarily softened as he gazed upon the wreck before him. The sorrow of a few short weeks had done the work of years; his haughty head was bowed, and heavy lines were graven around the mouth and upon the brow. O, how unlike the strong, fiery hearted man, who had wooed and won the child of his old age!

"Lord Woodleigh," said the rector, after an embarrassed pause, "I received a letter from you, yesterday, stating that you wished me to take charge of little Arthur."

The earl inclined his head.

"I have yet to learn, my lord, the reason *why* your son is so unceremoniously banished from your heart and home?" returned the rector, warmly, his eye lighting up with indignation.

An expression of pity passed over Lord Woodleigh's countenance. How could he tell the desolate and bereaved father the sad story of his bitter wrongs? He glanced imploringly at

St. Clair. "Tell him," he said, in a low voice, "for I cannot."

With an expression of the most profound sympathy upon his countenance, St. Clair approached the rector, and said a few words to him in a low voice. Mr. Huntley disdained to reply, but darting upon him a look of the most bitter scorn, he turned to the earl and said, earnestly:

"Do you believe this, my lord?"

"The proofs are too conclusive for me to doubt," returned the earl, mournfully. "Yet do not imagine, reverend sir, that I blame your unhappy daughter. I alone am to blame. I knew when I married her that her heart was another's—"

"It is false!" interrupted the rector; "she loved you, and you alone! O, that she were present now, to plead with your stony heart for her child!"

A sudden tremor shook the earl's frame, but rising from his seat, he said, firmly:

"This conversation is useless; all that I can do, consistently with the honor of my house, will be done cheerfully. If money—"

"I scorn your gold!" exclaimed the rector, passionately. "While I live, the son of my wronged and murdered daughter shall never want. This is *your* work, Jasper St. Clair," he added, as he turned to leave the room: "but think not that you will escape the justice of the Almighty! The curse of the wronged and the betrayed will rest upon you and your children, and make your heart and home as desolate as you have made mine in my old age!"

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Nearly fifteen years have passed since the events last narrated, and, under the fostering care of the good rector of Hadley, the discarded heir of Woodleigh has reached the age of manhood—possessing much of his mother's beauty, and no small share of his father's haughty pride, modified, however, by the wise and judicious training bestowed upon him. Let us now re-visit Woodleigh Hall.

Upon a couch in one of its splendid apartments, lies Jasper St. Clair's only son, the last survivor of five princely boys, in the agonies of death. On one side of the bed is Lord Woodleigh, and on the other the agonized father—their eyes fixed intently on the countenance of the dying boy. The medical attendant is standing by, with one finger upon the slender wrist, counting the feeble, fluttering pulse.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" inquired St. Clair, eagerly, as he turned away.

The physician shook his head sadly.

"O, say not so, doctor!" returned St. Clair,

imploringly; "of many fair children, it is the only one that is left me. My precious boy! my only son!" he added, bending distractedly over the couch, "how can I give you up?"

"He is beyond the reach of human skill," returned the physician, sadly, but firmly. "Only One can save him—turn to him, sir."

The stubborn knee was bowed, and for the first time since he knelt at his mother's side, a wild prayer arose from his quivering lips.

"Save him, great God," he murmured, "and I will restore all—all!"

But even while he spoke, the warm breath grew still on the pallid lips of the child, and his spirit departed, unstained by the knowledge of his father's guilt.

We now turn to a different scene. It is the abode of wealth. Upon a luxurious couch, with its downy pillows and silken drapery, is Jasper St. Clair, his countenance expressive of agony and despair, over which is stealing the impress of death. At the bedside are three persons—two of them old men, whose heads are white with the snows of many winters. The placid brow and mild eye of one bear an expression of tranquillity and chastened sorrow; the other wears the trace of wild passions. The third is a tall youth, on whose forehead and finely chiselled lips is an expression of pride and resolution, in contrast, however, to the loving light in his dark, hazel eyes. It is the venerable rector of Hadley, the Earl of Woodleigh, and his discarded son Arthur.

"Jasper, my poor boy," said the earl, "are you in much pain?"

A fearful spasm passed over the dying man's face. "Pain?" he repeated; "I am suffering the foretaste of what I shall soon experience! Do not speak to me so kindly, or you will drive me mad! I sent for you, my lord, and your son, that I might repair the great wrong I have done both you and him."

Lord Woodleigh turned deadly pale. "My son!" he said, huskily. "You rave, Jasper; I have no son!"

"Lord Woodleigh," returned Jasper St. Clair, "I am dying! Listen to me. You took me from my dying mother's arms and gave me the love and tenderness of a father, and viper-like, I stung the heart that cherished me! You seemed averse to marriage, and, as I grew up, I imagined that on your death I should inherit your wealth and title. Your unexpected marriage was a bitter disappointment. I hated your wife and child, and determined you should separate from *her* and disown *him*. Forged letters, and artful excitement of your jealousy, accomplished both.

"There stands Lady Edith's son," he added, pointing to Arthur, and sinking back exhausted upon the pillow; "*her* child and *yours*! She was as pure when you flung her from you, as she was when you first took her to your heart—as pure as she is now, an angel above! Do not curse me!" implored the wretched man, as he met Lord Woodleigh's look of horror; "if you have been bitterly wronged, you have been terribly avenged. The wife of my bosom left me for the arms of another; the last of five lovely children in the next room lies cold and motionless, and I am dying, childless and alone! Grant me your forgiveness—I cannot die without *that*!"

A terrible expression gleamed in Lord Woodleigh's eyes. "Destroyer of my peace! murderer of my wife!" he exclaimed, fiercely; "forgive you? never! May the curse of—"

"Forbear, my lord," said the rector, solemnly; "the guilty soul of Jasper St. Clair is now before another and I trust a more merciful Judge."

The earl shuddered, as he gazed upon the distorted countenance from which even the hand of death could not efface its despairing expression; then looking eagerly towards his son, stretched out his arms to him. Arthur fixed his eyes earnestly upon his father, but remained motionless, pity and indignation struggling for the mastery.

"Child of my wronged and murdered Edith!" said the earl, tremulously; "have you no word for your wretched and guilty father? Repulse, curse me, if you will, but look not at me thus with your mother's eyes, my son!" he groaned.

As Arthur gazed upon the heart-broken old man, filial love triumphed in his heart, and springing to his side, he besought with tears a father's blessing. In three weeks Lord Woodleigh died; but not until he had acknowledged Arthur as his rightful heir and reinstated him in his heart and home, which was soon after graced by the presence of a young and lovely bride.

#### A CROTCHET.

"Go out in the woods, Sambo," said a southern master to one of his negroes, "and cut me some crotches for a fence—to stick in the ground like this," making at the same time an inverted A of two fingers on a table.

The negro took his axe, went into the woods, was gone all day, and returned at last with nothing but his axe in his hand.

"Where are your crotches, Sambo?"

"Couldn't find none, massa, nohow?"

"Couldn't find any?" said his master; "why there are thousands of them in the woods. Why look at that tree; there are half-a-dozen on that; couldn't you find any like that?" pointing to a forked branch on the tree.

"O, yes, massa, plenty o'dem kind; but dey all crotch up—t'ought you wanted dem kind dat crotch down!"—*New York Tribune*.

## SPIRITS OF THE DEAR DEPARTED.

BY ROLAND S. EDWARDS.

Spirits of the dear departed—of the loved ones gone before!  
Listen to me, broken-hearted—listen to my voice once  
more.

Whisper words of comfort to me—tell me that you're  
always near—

Tell me that you've not forgotten that 'tis dark and lonely  
here.

For the earth seems very dreary to my spirit filled with  
woe,

And my life is one long wishing—yet its end I dare not  
know—

A chained wishing—a foiled yearning—and its end I can-  
not know.

Can it be that we're deluded? that there is no future life?  
That our destiny's completed with these days of earthly  
strife?

That the struggles are all hopeless which the spirit makes  
to soar?

That to all these hopes and longings darkness answers,  
"never more?"

Must we think that life's bright waters are a dead and  
stagnant lake?

That the darkness is forever, and the morn will never  
break?

Hark! methinks an angel's hand is touching now my  
spirit's strings,

And one tone of sweetest music from its jarring discords  
brings.

Hark! the discords are all hushing, as the wave of sound  
rolls on,

Drawing all my spirit after, dark-dispelling wings upon,  
Till there seems to rise within me, by the melody upborne,  
A still voice of comfort, whispering, "Lonely wanderer,  
cease to mourn—

God forsakes not, though he seems to—he afflicteth not  
in wrath,

And his ministering spirits ever smooth your weary path;  
They will welcome you in heaven, when your cross shall  
be laid down,

And your brow forgets its troubles in the victor's glorious  
crown."

## THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

It was the eve of the Assumption, and balconies, casements and terraces were thronged with spectators, while the king's troops lined the long street of Forcella like a living wall, as the procession passed on from the cathedral. A general cry of satisfaction rose, as a charge of cavalry sweeping through La Rue Vescorato, driving the people from the reserved space (the regiments opening their ranks to permit their escape), announced to the delighted multitude that the cortege was at hand. The first of these companies was composed of artificers, cutlers and goldsmiths; then followed the religious orders, Dominicans, Carmelites, Carthusians, Capuchins.

These advanced with solemn port, their hands crossed on their breasts, and their eyes meekly bent on the ground. Yet, despite the devout bearing of the fathers, many among them looked most jolly—with heads, that might serve as a study for an artist, set on Herculean shoulders. Still there was a large sprinkling of hollow cheeks and lean, cadaverous countenances, as though paled by long vigils and expiation. These never raised their sunken eyes from the lava pavement over which they trod, giving forth to the spectator the embodied lights and shadows of monastic life.

Following the religious orders, came the king—his head bare, and a lighted taper in his hand—preceding a superbly dressed statue of the Virgin. Then came the city magistrates and gentlemen of the royal chamber, with the king's chamberlains and pages; and following these gaily-dressed officers, came a lengthened procession of pale-faced nuns and fair-haired young novices. These appeared following with evident weariness, looking wistfully up at the balconies, as though envying their stationary occupants, while it must be admitted that the conversation of the plumed and tastefully-attired young officers, heard often above the solemn chant of the barefoot monks, was of a rather unorthodox description.

Among the young girls scattering flowers before the Madonna, was one so supremely lovely as to attract the admiration of all who gazed on her slight and graceful figure; her head of beautiful, antique mould; round it was braided in classical contour dark bands of hair, smooth as velvet, that, fastened with a golden arrow at the back of her head, fell in heavy velvets on shoulders white and polished as alabaster. Her Grecian profile was of that patrician style of female beauty, now fast disappearing from the earth, merged in the more common moulds of less classical chiselling. Her rosy mouth seemed curved with a smile so ineffably sweet, as to give the beholder the idea of a focus of sunbeams, while her dark eyes, half veiled beneath their waxen lids, averted from the vulgar gaze, seemed intent only on the flowers with which she strewed the way before the statue of the Virgin.

Chief among those who gazed with admiration on this new beauty, was the young prince, Genarro. Of one of the most ancient of the Neapolitan branches of the royal family, he was wealthy, high-spirited, and withal eminently handsome.

Surpassing all the *attachés* of the court, whether in deeds of daring, or the number of his flirtations, our Don Juan noted the budding beauty

and winning graces of the young flower-girl with the eye of a connoisseur. His artistic taste conned her several perfections, from the girlish bust, set off to advantage by her close-fitting corsage of crimson velvet, to the small feet, round which fell the fleecy folds of statuesque drapery; and fastidious as he was, Genarro avowed he had never before looked upon such modest yet such perfect loveliness.

By the distinctive privilege of his rank, as prince of the blood royal, Genarro bore one of the four gilded poles that sustained the royal canopy, and this circumstance prevented him from wandering among the maskers to inquire who this fair apparition of surpassing loveliness might be; but beckoning to his servant Luigi, and ordering him to pick up a bouquet thrown at his feet by a pretty young marchioness from a balcony, he asked in a low tone, as the man presented it:

"Who is that young flower-girl, Luigi?"

"That? the young novice, Gelsomina."

"*Cospetto!* not that freckled absurdity; the young girl walking before us!"

"O, *she?* Why, a poor fisherman's daughter, your excellency."

"Indeed! Then you must contrive to get a billet to her this evening."

At this moment, the chant of the psalm dying away, the valet responded "*Amen!*" for his master, who in the same undertone ordered him to have a boat prepared by midnight, adding:

"If you lose sight of her, I will hang you up like a dog; so beware!"

It was the hour of deep midnight. The lights in Naples's storied castles were extinguished one by one. Portici, Castlemarre, Sorrento, stretching around in the distance, recalled a thousand memories of love and poetry, while the blue crests of Capua, looming up against the starlit sky, recalled the sacred solitudes where the ancients had located their Elysium, said still to be peopled with the spirits of other days.

A young girl looked out upon the foam-crested waves, wondering why her father tarried; and just as she was about turning from the casement, a small boat, rowed by two muffled figures, landed near the flower-trellised terrace she had just quitted.

The first of the two who got out of the boat spoke something in a low tone, to which the latter of the two, springing lightly up the steps, replied:

"You abominable rascal! have I not forbid you addressing me by my title?"

"Yes, my lord, I had forgot—"

"Then keep at a distance! I will not require you."

And approaching the window with a cautious step, he first essayed to sigh; but though he tried with all the strength of his lungs, it failed to bring the fair apparition back, when flinging his hands across the strings of his guitar with a master's sweep, he sung in a fine tenor voice the following serenade:

Wake, lady, wake! the silvery moon  
Is beaming bright through cloudless skies;  
The bulbul joins his sweeter song,  
To pray thee, lady sweet, arise.

The perfume-laden breeze blows light,  
Freighted with sweets from groves afar,  
As on the silence of the night,  
Soft breaks thy lover's sweet guitar.

Wake, lady, wake! my boat lies near,  
Waiting beneath, for me—for thee!  
O wake and hasten, lady dear,  
O haste, descend and fly with me.

Haste! ere another hour be past,  
Let us be on our course away:  
Then haste—descend, mine own, at last!  
My bride to be, ere break of day!

Aroused from her reverie, the young girl approached the casement, when noting the stranger, she began hastily to close the shutter.

"Stay, in compassion to a lonely wanderer!" cried the prince; "nor send me unheard from your presence."

"You do not belong to the island—who are you, then, coming at this unseasonable hour?"

"A poor student, who prays for shelter."

"I dare not let you in; my father is away."

"See yon foam-crested waves! a storm is coming on! Your father would not be inflexible—why will you?"

Casting a pleased look upon the good-looking young *vautrien* who begged so humbly, and a troubled one across the blue expanse of the sea, the fisherman's daughter unbarred the door, and, placing such refreshments as their humble means afforded before the stranger, listened with a new and strange delight to one whose elegant and graceful figure, noble air, and deep and musical tones contrasted strongly with the timidity and clownish manners, awkward gait, and bronzed features of her lover, Eligi Trespolo, a young fisherman, even then out in the bay with her father.

"By what name shall I petition the Madonna for thee, bright one?" asked Genarro, rising to go, as the sound of voices reached him and he liked not to meet the father and lover of the island maiden.



"My father is the fisherman Cacuzza, and I, his only child, am called Guillia."

Promising to return soon, the prince quitted the house, finding great difficulty in overcoming a disposition to laugh outright, well satisfied with the result of his beginning; and in a few moments, rowed by his servant, his boat was skimming the waters of the bay, light and fleet as the returning sea-bird in its flight.

The next day Guillia watched from her window for the promised return of the young student. But he came not; and wearied and disappointed, she turned, as darkness fell on the bay, to her orisons, with a flushed cheek and oppressed heart. Crossing herself devoutly, the poor girl bent humbly before the statue of the Virgin, her only confidant—vainly essaying to frame in prayer the torments of her distracted thoughts, that even then wandered far from Mary Mother's shrine. Still, with a mind relieved, she arrived at the conclusion of her simple prayer, wherein she vowed to request Eligi Trespolo, the young fisherman, to forego his claim, that she might, should her father consent, become the bride of the poor student.

Meantime the young prince Genarro, who it may well be surmised, would not have felt himself much flattered by her magnanimous resolve in his favor, resumed his disguise, and rowed by his trusty attendant, reached the fisherman's dwelling to learn that the old man, accompanied by Guillia's lover, had gone to Sorrento, and would not return for two or three days.

While the fisherman's fair daughter listened to Genarro's low-voiced praises of her beauty, a storm arose on the bay usually so calm and unruffled—one of those fearful storms, only to be witnessed in the south, when the heavy amassed clouds pour down such torrents of rain as to resemble a second deluge, while the incessant peals of thunder resemble the distant rolling of a cannonade, as the foam-capped waves, hurling themselves furiously against the shore, cause the intrepid fishermen to draw back their boats, while their frightened wives petition the Virgin for those at sea.

In the midst of the rain and darkness, a small boat, without sail or rudder, was tossing about like a nutshell on the sea, while its occupant, an old man, with bare breast and white locks blown by the tempest from his noble brow, held the rough hand of one much younger, pointing to the light still gleaming from the window of the fisherman's house, as he said:

"We cannot venture further out, on such a night; let us put back to Torre, Eligi. We can start for Sorrento to-morrow."

"You counsel right, my father," replied the young man; "neither strength nor courage can avail against this fearful hurricane. Besides, though it shames me to confess it, I feel an irresistible impulse to return—a feeling as though some pending evil was threatening Guillia. I even think I recognize a voice in the waves, and see a hand in the tempest, that has broken our oars, to warn us back to Torre."

"This is the first time I ever knew you to give way to such fancies, Trespolo," said the old man, who nevertheless caught up his broken oars; when both looking upward to that glimmering light, plied their oars with firm hearts, breasting the tempest gallantly.

The storm redoubled in violence. Bright flashes of lightning, breaking from the black, amassed clouds, illumined the surging sea with a wild and fitful splendor. During one of the intermittent periods of darkness, Trespolo, looking up to the window of the fisherman's dwelling, saw a tall, manly form approach, as if to reconnoitre if the storm king still raged on the bay. Dropping his oars, he plunged into the foamy sea, fighting his way through the white-crested billows with the rapidity of a thunderbolt, and bounding up the terrace, pushed open the door, and pale and dripping, stood in the presence of his betrothed.

Genarro, with his accustomed bravery and address, shook off the grasp of his robust adversary, drawing at the same time a glittering poniard from its sheath. The young fisherman smiled derisively, as plucking it from the grasp of the prince, he rushed upon him with the fury of a tiger when robbed of her young, felling him to the stone floor; then raising his prostrate foe, he hurled the bleeding form out upon the terrace.

On re-entering the room, the first object on which his troubled gaze rested, was the fainting form of the fisherman's daughter, as she lay at the feet of the Madonna, pale and rigid as a corpse. In a paroxysm of utter wretchedness that could find but one word to speak his misery—"dead!"—he pointed to where she lay, as her father entered the apartment.

It was a sad sight—that old man—with his hoary locks dripping down his sunken cheeks—the blood in his veins chilled—the tears that fell on the pale brow of his child, wrung from his heart! Fearful, too, was the young man's frantic grief, as he bent over her, wringing his hands in despair, forgetting his fury—forgetting to think whether his rival were living or dead.

Meantime Genarro, bleeding and bruised, it is true, yet still alive, and in no way daunted, rose from the terrace, his teeth set, his form convulsed

with rage, vowing revenge, as blowing on his small silver call, or whistle, for his servant, that worthy soon made his appearance, he having passed the time of the storm with a neighboring fisherman, whose boat he had helped to draw ashore.

While Genarro was deliberating with himself whether to venture out in the storm, or betake him to the neighboring cabin, Guillia, to the unspeakable rapture of the two who bent so distractedly over her, began to respire, gradually, then awoke from her deathlike lethargy. Assured that all was safe, Trespolo bethought him of his insulted honor, and determined to avenge it, if his rival still lived.

All this had passed in much less time than it has taken to relate it, so that he found Genarro venting his wrath on his attendant, who counselled remaining, in the not very commendatory epithets of "lazy hedgehog," and "cowardly rascal," as he stamped his foot with impatience on finding the boat's moorings rifted.

"Do not think to escape me so easily!" spoke a hollow voice near, and turning, he encountered the look of undying hatred and revenge that gleamed from beneath the knit brows of the young fisherman.

Casting off his grasp with a desperate effort, he regained at once his princely dignity, and asked in a tone of authority if he came to slay an unarmed man.

Drawing his athletic form proudly up, Trespolo cast a glance of withering scorn on the man who had assumed the garb of a poor student, aping a poverty of which he was unworthy, as he asked:

"Can the prince Genarro explain his presence in the house of Cacuzza, the fisherman, to-night, in his absence?"

Not for a moment did the admirable coolness of the prince forsake him. Putting on a look and tone of easy indifference, he replied:

"I must confess, appearances are against me. I saw your fair betrothed yesterday at the carnival, and unfortunately my princely father not being of my way of thinking, I could but resolve to carry her off—a bit of gallantry a young man of your age might well excuse."

"Did you intend to marry her?" asked the other, in a grave and gloomy tone.

The prince made a movement of impatience, as stepping back, he recovered his wonted dignity. Ordering his servant to procure a boat, he added:

"I would be spared the infliction of hearing any more of this boor's vagaries."

But a brawny hand was laid on his throat, a

powerful arm stayed his progress, as his rival interposed his Herculean frame, calling on the prince to defend himself.

"I fight with you?" spoke the prince, haughtily. "I fight with a base-born fisherman? Never!"

"When a Neapolitan prince forgets his dignity, stealing in disguise to invade the privacy of a fisherman's daughter, the barriers of distinction from that moment are cast aside, and we, my lord, are equals!"

"Away with you! You must be drunk, to thus forget yourself. The common herd are born to crouch beneath the will of the noble. Not all the lives of all the fishermen on the island would weigh against a drop of blood of mine. Bethink you—you are but a fisherman; I, the prince Genarro of Naples!"

And he strode away, while Eligi Trespolo, swearing a fearful oath still to be revenged, turned back to the fisherman's house, where he met Guillia very pale and very penitent—a cold sweat on her brow, round which her disordered tresses clung damp and neglected, until told that he she supposed a poor student was unhurt. Then, with a cry of gladness, she pushed back the wavy masses, and Trespolo thought, as he gazed on the pure, white brow, and in the beaming glance raised in thankfulness to him, that young Love had thereon surely placed his signet.

All was again peace and happiness in the fisherman's house. The next morning, however, the tramp of armed men sounded on the terrace. Soldiers filled the house, and a lieutenant of gendarmie seized Eligi Trespolo, arresting him for an assault upon his illustrious highness, the prince Genarro of Naples.

A month from that day, the old fisherman visited the condemned in his cell.

"Alas, my poor boy, and is there no hope?" sobbed the aged Cacuzza, as he wrung the manacled hand of one he had ever loved as a son.

"I am resigned, my father; but break the tidings of my death very gently to Guillia. Poor Guillia! We were to have been wed to-morrow."

"What say you, Eligi?—to-morrow! Ha! a glad thought! To-morrow, it is just twenty-five years since I won the prize at the regatta, and saved the life of Genarro's prince! Nay, I quit you joyfully, my son. I still hold his unredeemed pledge. *You shall be saved!*"

Twenty-five years before, the fisherman Cacuzza saved the life of Brancalone, the then youthful prince of Genarro. The pledge given to him, together with the prize won at the regatta, was redeemed. The priests were singing

the death psalm, the young fisherman, habited for the grave, sat on his straw pallet, the executioners were ready, when a noise of hurrying steps was heard in the passage, and the next moment the old man flung open the door, and hastening to the condemned, exclaimed :

"Free, my son ! free again, Eligi !"

And the shout was caught up, and "A pardon ! " "Eligi Trespolo is free ! " rang through the vaulted arches of the dark passages, and out upon the mid-day air, as the old man appeared, his venerable brow radiant with triumph, leading forward his long-chosen son-in-law, on whose pale cheek a warm glow of happiness and pride arose, as plumed caps were doffed to the aged man, long the patriarch of Torre, and shouts long and loud, spoke his name as **THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES**.

#### AN AFFLICTED HUSBAND.

The following scene occurred in a country store in one of the oldest settled districts in Western Virginia. The shop keeper was engaged in waiting upon a customer, when a sturdy Dutchman came in with a whip under his arm and said : "Good morning, Mr. Shones."

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Appleback," said Jones, "how do you do, and how is your family ?"

"Well, we are all well chust, now, except my wife, she is dead again," answered Appleback.

"Indeed !" said Jones, "I am very sorry to hear it, I have no doubt you are greatly disturbed in consequence of your loss, but you must bear it with the philosophy of a Christian."

"Well, yes,"—he replied, "dat ish so—be shure I don't know much about *flosophy*—but I do know dat I would sooner half lost one of my best horses, dan my wife, 'cause she was sick a feller for worrick (work)."—*Stamford Courier*.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite—an Englishman, to regret the trouble that it costs him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, or impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems to strengthen by habit. His back is India-rubber, his hams caoutchouc, his hat-brim is metallic, and looks never shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy at the first meeting does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold, cautious hand of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round the corner and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at the *café* door in hope of meeting a friend.—*New York Express*.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, that would have no hold on us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

#### DEFEATING A BEAR.

We have been told the following extraordinary process, and have been assured that it is frequently practised by the Russian mujiks, or peasants, who cannot easily procure fire arms. The facts are exceedingly curious and interesting :

The bear, as everybody is aware, has the greatest liking for honey. From a prodigious distance he will track his way to the hollow of a tree where the wild bees have hived. Once arrived, he pokes his long mouth into the hole, and, with marvellous dexterity, licks up, even to the last little cell, the produce of the indefatigable swarm, which, for a whole season have been laying all the herbs and flowers of the forest under contribution. He cares nothing for the stings of the despairing defenders. His skin, for which man hunts him, is here the source of his danger, but the means of his protection. In a forest known to contain bears, the hunters examine all the hollow trees, till they discover a wild bee-hive. A branch of the tree is then chosen, directly above the hole; if there is no such branch, a stout peg is driven into the trunk. To this peg a strong cord is fastened, and to the end of the cord a heavy stone or cannon ball is suspended, at about half a foot from the ground. The bear, in his researches, comes upon the treasures of honey. The pendulous barrier obstructs and incommodes him a good deal. He is an irritable brute—in such cases one of the most irritable, as well as one of the most stupid, in the forest.

He begins by shoving the stone or weight aside; but it presses against his head, and he gives it a slight knock to free himself from the inconvenience. It recoils a moment, and he receives a smart tap on the ear. His temper is roused, and he again pushes off the hard and heavy mass, but more violently; he gets rather a severe blow on the side of the skull, on its return. He becomes furious, and, with a powerful jerk, sends the rock swinging away. The pendulum cannot be the first to tire of this game; and it is a game in which the blows are felt on one side exclusively. The bear alone suffers; and the point is, that he suffers as much by the strokes he gives as by those he gets. He takes double punishment. His very retaliations are all against himself; and for every furious push which makes his skull ache, he receives an immediate equivalent, which makes it ache again.

At last his rage is unbounded. He hugs the block—he strikes it—he bites it—but whenever he would thrust his head into the hive, back on his ear falls the obstruction, against which neither his terrible hug nor the blows of his paw are of any avail. The brute is maddened. He faces his strange and pertinacious tormentor, and makes it once more rebound from his skull. But back it swings like a curse which returns upon the head from whence it started. The bear falls exhausted under these reiterated blows, one more violent than another; and if he be not dead, the hunters, who have watched the singular contest from their hiding place, soon despatch him.—*Ohlsen's Russia*.

As it takes a diamond to cut and shape a diamond, so there are faults so obstinate that they are worn away only by life-long contact with similar faults in those we love.

## HEART WHISPERS.

BY EMMA LINDEN.

Lonely, and sad at heart, I stand,  
Upon the border of an unknown land;  
Behind me, I have left the joys of youth;  
Before me, winds a dark and rugged path;  
And though my feet be torn, and bleeding, press  
Upon the flinty rocks, no hand can dress  
Their aching wounds.

Whither, or where, this path doth tend,  
I cannot see, though eagerly I bend  
An earnest gaze into the murky gloom;  
A whisper speaks: "It endeth at the tomb."  
The garland of sweet flowers I twined,  
With lightesome fingers, playfully to bind  
My girlish brow, has faded and is dead,  
And many high and brilliant hopes have fled  
With its perfume.

Above me bends a lowering, angry sky,  
And o'er its vast expanse doth swiftly fly  
Huge, frowning clouds, and in them I can trace  
The haggard features of a human face,  
Whose stony eyes gaze fixedly in mine,  
Until the rushing, wayward winds combine,  
And hide it from me in the shifting mass.  
O, can it be that I must onward pass,  
Along this dreary, dark and joyless way,  
With none to counsel lest I go astray,  
No hand to guide, no arm to lean upon,  
Fainting, care-laden, weak, and all alone?

A whisper breathes, "There's rest for thee in heaven,  
And strength to those who seek is always given.  
Trust in the guiding care of One who trod  
A gloomier path. Who meekly kissed the rod  
'Neath which he smarted, that he might befriend  
The lonely, hopeless wanderer, and extend  
The helping hand to weary ones who toll,  
Faint and despairingly, to reach the goal,  
A home above."

## ROSE SABINE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESBRO'.

It was a cold night near the last of December. There had been a cold, northeast storm, such an one as comes but once during a succession of years, and even then is known in its full power only to the inhabitants of the seashore. For three days the storm had raved with only occasional intervals of rest, and the wind wailed and shrieked, and sounded to the ears of the awe-struck villagers like the moaning of the wretched, perishing ones far out at sea. A storm like this, in a seaport town, is fraught with great and fearful events. The roaring waves dashing in fury against the rocky shore, tell frightful tales of wrecks, of loss of life, of suffering, and destruction of property.

Such a storm had spent along the coast, in the winter of 184—, and a cold, bright December night had succeeded. The wind had spent its fury, the moon shone out full and clear, and the busy town was astir again with its usual life.

Groups of people were hastening to the beach, to look for floating wrecks, or to listen to news of disasters at sea. The narrow sidewalk of the business street was crowded with excited, anxious faces, many of whom were sailors and sea-faring men, who had been so fortunate as to find a safe harbor before the storm had driven them beyond the reach of this protection. Business men were hurrying past the idle groups that had collected about groceries and public resorts, and many a one groaned to himself as he rushed on, thinking of the probable fate of his possessions, invested in ships at sea. The shop windows were brilliant and attractive, for the tradesmen knew that such a night as this would drop money into their coffers. The billiard-rooms and saloons threw out a pleasant, inviting light, to entice into their perilous nets the pleasure-loving, generous sailor. The din of voices on the street mingled with the faint rumbling of the sea, that had not yet become calm, while against the wharves, leading directly from the business street, flapped the torn sails and broken masts of many a massive vessel.

Leading from the main street, which was mostly devoted to warehouses, shops and offices, were short streets rising in ascent, terminating in a long, beautiful avenue, where were located the finest residences in the town. Here lived the retired sea captains and ship owners; enjoying the bountiful fruits of their early labor and success on the sea. Many of these people were distinguished for liberality, and lived in easy luxury.

Sea-faring men have gained the world-wide reputation of nobleness of soul; but human nature on the seashore is not unlike human nature elsewhere, so here we find all shades of character, and amid noble examples of disinterestedness, we find specimens of avariciousness, and hard, unflinching selfishness.

In one of these luxurious homes, in an elegant parlor, loaded with rich furniture, and hung with costly adornings, on this evening, sat two women, one of them busy with some light needle-work, the other poring over the pages of a book. The eldest was a woman of forty-five years, and mother of the young, handsome girl by her side. There was nothing particularly interesting in her face or appearance. Her dress spoke of devotion to fashion, more than deference to good taste. Her features were regular, and Mrs. Sabine was undoubtedly called a fine-looking woman, by the clique which she governed by

right of a certain hauteur of manners, that stamped her a leader in social circles.

"I hope, Rose, that your father's ships are beyond the reach of this storm," she said, rising and restlessly moving about the apartment.

Rose lifted her sweet, young face, glowing with excitement, caught from the pages of the book she had been perusing, and answered:

"O, I hope that father's ships are free from danger! Is there any prospect of their being included in the wrecks?" and her voice trembled as she added: "O what a frightful loss of life, if father's ships are wrecked! O, it is too dreadful to think of it!"

"Yes, and what a loss of property, child. It is for us to think of *that*. We have, thank Heaven, no friends at sea for whom to be anxious!"

"No friends! have we no friends for whom to be anxious?"

Without seeming to notice this remark, Mrs. Sabine went on:

"Your father scarcely closed his eyes in sleep, last night, Rose. Twice he rose and went to the observatory with his spy-glass, but the wind blew so violently that he could see nothing but dashing water, or hear little save the frightful roaring of the waves."

Rose closed her book, and moved her low chair nearer to the cheerful grate, and her face took a painfully anxious look. Her slight figure trembled with agitation, and her lips were white with excitement and fear.

"O, mama! how dreadful is this life on the ocean. Such suffering and dreadful loss of life!"

"Why need you grow nervous over that, Rose? Did I not say that Heaven had saved us the trial of sending out our friends upon the waters?"

Rose dropped her face into her hands, and uttered a low cry of pain, as if a poisoned arrow had pierced her heart.

"Mother, it is cruel for you to talk thus. If father's ships are wrecked, my happiness goes down with them. I am wrecked, too!"

"Foolish girl!" cried the indignant mother, "how often have you been told not to place your happiness on him whom I hoped you had, ere this, forgotten."

Rose lifted her head, and her face stole a shade of that same pride that characterized the mother, and she answered:

"Mama, I have never deceived you. If George Hammond, the brave, young captain of the Cambria, comes back alive, I have my father's promise that I shall be his bride."

"What obstinacy! What ingratitude!" cried the angry woman. "You mourn more for the

life of that foolish youth, than for the loss of all our vast wealth."

At this moment the hall door opened and Mr. Sabine came into the parlor.

"O, this is terrible! this suspense, this having all one's wealth invested in ships, and subject to every wind that blows. O, what a life to live!"

"Then you have heard no tidings of your vessels?" timidly asked Rose, moving her low chair to his side.

"No, Rose; but the beach is covered with wrecks, and as far as the eye can reach can be seen timbers and floating masts. My only hope lies in the bare prospect that my ships are beyond the reach of this storm. O, such a wild storm as this, it has never been my lot to see! But what makes your cheeks so white, pet? You need not fear. I shall surely have enough saved to buy your pretty dresses, new music and bright ribbons, so don't go to moping over it, Rose."

"Papa, you treat me like a child."

"Well, pet, what else are you, pray?"

The anxious man forgot for a moment the value of his fortune on the fickle sea, in his joy that he possessed a treasure of untold worth in his beautiful daughter. He lifted her on his knee, and drew her head forward upon his bosom, and became as quiet and happy as if his wealth all lay in glittering piles at his feet.

Rose could not resist this affectionate embrace from her father, and she sobbed upon his bosom.

"What, Rose, crying? Why need you be afraid of any future harm? Have you been exciting yourself over this new novel?"

"O, he will never understand that I am above such childish causes of sorrow," thought Rose. Her pride came to her aid, and raising her head from her father's bosom, she said:

"Papa, I shall be seventeen years old next Christmas."

"Yes, pet. What present shall I buy you this year?"

"O, none, none, dear papa! Give me something better than a present."

"Tell me what it is, Rose. If it is in my power to give it, it shall surely be thine."

"It is my father's confidence I would ask."

Mr. Sabine was about to burst into a merry laugh, when he was instantly checked by the seriousness that rested on the face of his daughter. He sat quiet for a moment, then said:

"Is it possible that I have no longer a child to pet? Are you indeed becoming a woman? O, Rose, I mourn over the change. Now I know what it is you would ask of me. O, Rose!"

"My wish cannot then be granted, dear father?"

"I have promised, child, that if George Hammond returns home alive and virtuous, to leave the matter of your love between you and him. I grant this, because I am too weak to deny any request that comes from your pleading lips. O, that you had not put my affections to such a test!"

"Does your child's best good teach you to yield to such weakness?" asked Mrs. Sabine. "Better to wound slightly, if by that means you avoid a life-long smart."

Her proud, stern look fell upon the father and child, and they both felt the power of will that flashed from her eyes. Their own weak wills quailed before her stronger nature; they felt that it was too true she would sacrifice happiness, present and future joy, everything, to worldly ambition.

For an hour, silence reigned in that room. Rose buried her face again in her father's bosom. What bitter thoughts swelled each of their hearts in that hushed hour. Rose at length tore herself from her father's arms, and glided noiselessly to her chamber. So quiet had been her departure, that her light tread scarcely aroused her parents from their absorbing thought.

The father of George Hammond was an early friend of Mr. Sabine. They both commenced life with equal prospects, and for many years enjoyed the confidence of intimate friendship. But diversity of fortune often separates friends. It was so in this instance. Mr. Sabine married into a family of wealth, and thus obtained a large capital to invest in business. He sent out ventures to sea, that returned unto him fourfold. He bought new vessels, and fitted them out for foreign trade, and soon outstripped his friend in the race for worldly gain.

Young Hammond with more natural quickness, and greater power of intellect, was not able to cope with the superior advantages of his more fortunate associate. His small capital went on for a time, gradually increasing; but it was all the result of his own labor. After a season of success, losses that were beyond his power to obviate, threw him back, so that at the time of his death, ten years previous to the opening of this story, he left his family possessed of barely a moderate income. It raised them above want, but enforced the necessity of economy and labor.

George was the only son, and it had been the parents' wish that he might be educated to a profession. The preparatory studies had been already acquired, when the sudden death of Mr. Hammond checked this long cherished plan.

It was not so great a disappointment to the son, as to the mother. George had been born and bred within the sound of the dashing waves, and his young imagination had already pictured a life

on the great sea, as the one above all others to be preferred. He was ambitious, and too impulsive to be willing to toil through a four years' course of study, then as many more of a profession, with the prospect of never achieving great honor in the career. The beauty and danger of the sea lay before him. He longed to throw his small venture to the rippling waves that kissed the pebbly beach, and watch the billows bear it off, increasing in magnitude, until it cast up a fountain of wealth and power at his feet.

Up to the death of Mr. Hammond, the two families had been on terms of intimacy. But now their circumstances had changed, and the ambitious Mrs. Sabine did not care to number among her friends the poor widow of the half-bankrupt merchant.

Rose and George had been playmates from their infancy, and no difference in worldly position could separate them now. The young sailor had gone on from one post to another, until the last voyage, when he sailed as captain of one of Mr. Sabine's vessels—the *Cambria*. Before sailing, he revealed his affection for the beautiful girl, and had asked her hand in marriage. The mother gave an indignant, haughty refusal, but Mr. Sabine, whose love for his child for the moment conquered every other feeling, had given a partial consent, more to ease his daughter's mind, and prevent present grief, than from any definite expectations that a marriage would take place. He reasoned that, George constantly absent, could be readily forgotten. Rose would be brought into the society of the neighboring cities, and would be likely to meet many people superior to George Hammond.

Besides this, Mr. Sabine had meditated another scheme, suggested by his more ambitious wife, which was to employ the vessel of which George Hammond was captain, in the service of foreign trade, from one distant port to another, thus keeping him constantly from home. Mr. Sabine's conscience would have reproved him for this act, bearing such direct reference to his daughter's happiness, had he not foreseen that such a plan, faithfully carried out, would greatly increase his wealth, and also that of the brave, young captain. A few years of success would bring him home a rich man; then he saw no serious obstacle in the way of a union between the young lovers.

Rose knew nothing of this scheme. It had been communicated to her betrothed after he had sailed from our port, and he, seeing in it his own road to wealth, which was the surest way to the possession of Rose, gladly accepted the proposal. Thus at the very time when the poor girl was

weeping for the fate of her lover, exposed to the fury of the storm, he was far beyond the reach of the tempest, gliding over smooth waters, with a light heart, braving all, for the sake of the results that were to follow.

A week of anxious suspense had passed, and the evening mail brought news that bleached many a hard, furrowed cheek. A company of a dozen men, retired sea captains and ship owners, had assembled at their usual evening resort, and to while away the time, called for a game of billiards. The arrival of the post-boy broke in upon their game. Each read the news in the telegraphic column, and each one in that number had a painful interest involved in those few lines.

"Confound us! Confound us!" cried one of the more excitable ones of the party.

"No need of calling down imprecations now, old fellow. We are confounded without that aid."

"Gone, gone! All staked and lost! Gosh! what a fool I was to risk so much on board that unlucky vessel!"

"Twenty thousand gone—clean sweep—thank my lucky stars I have twice that sum left!"

"Lucky dog, you! I am bankrupt. And you, old tar, what luck to you?"

"Better luck to me, than to the poor widows and orphans made so by the sinking of my ships."

"Pooh, pooh! there you are, crying over other people's spilt milk. But say, what is your loss in round numbers?"

"Thirty thousand, strong."

"You don't say so!" cried two or three of the party. "Will it embarrass you?"

"Certainly it will; but I can weather it if I can contrive to eke out enough of my residue to pay off the families of my poor sailors, to keep them from starving this cold winter. Can I do this, I shall thank Heaven, and bless my stars."

"Instead of cursing your evil fortune, as we are doing, eh? Well, you are a hero."

"My wife will have to knock off a little from the width of her flounces I reckon, after this."

"We shall all have to haul in our cables and cut expenses, my way of thinking."

"Yes, yes, extravagance is killing us all. This is a good lesson for us, all round."

"Stop, don't go yet. Let's have one more good stiff game at billiards, and a glass of brandy, to keep up our spirits and help us to break the news to our better-halves."

No one felt inclined to accept this proposition, for each one now caught his hat and cane, and hurried down the staircase to the street.

Mr. Sabine lingered a few moments on the frosty sidewalk, then walked slowly towards his

sumptuous home, engrossed in deep thought. His actual loss was not great for a man of his wealth, being even less than many of his neighbors; but every loss was something taken from his well-filled coffers. This was not, however, the burden of his thoughts, as he, on arriving at his own house, retraced his steps and wandered off by himself, on a lonely walk. He was thinking of his daughter, and his brain ached and throbbed, devising means whereby her happiness could be secured, at the sacrifice of her lover.

It was not at all probable that the vessel commanded by George Hammond was in the least affected by the present storm, but might he not honorably use the circumstance to his advantage? Already had his daughter's anxieties been excited for the safety of her betrothed. Might he not encourage her fears, and leave her to believe he had perished amid the general wreck? She would mourn his supposed death for a time, but the elastic spirits of youth would not remain long depressed by grief.

It is surprising how a thought like this, once allowed a foothold in the mind, increases and grows in power, until it becomes a consistent and plausible act. Mr. Sabine was not strong enough to resist the tempter, and he yielded with scarcely an effort to conquer. When he again reached home, after an hour's walk in the frosty air, he felt almost brave in his well devised plans. He expected Rose would give way to violent grief, and he had well calculated this, and had a ready consolation at hand. What was his surprise to find her prepared for the news. She received it with a face calm and pale as marble, and without any visible emotion, she sat with her white hands clasped, and her eyes riveted on the face of her father, as if tearing from his soul some portion of the sad recital, kept back, to save her pain.

Mr. Sabine did not mention to his family the full extent of his loss, for at this moment he felt it to be a thing of minor importance. On the contrary, his spirits rallied with his excitement, and he announced his intention of closing his house by the seashore, and taking them to New York, to spend the remaining winter and spring.

Rose showed no sign of joy at this announcement, neither did she disapprove of the plan. At an early hour she stole away to the quiet of her lonely room, to throw off the unnatural restraint that had held her in bondage, and to give her poor heart the solace of tears. The night was spent in preparing her soul to accept the hard discipline, yet there was to her despair one gleam of light left. The rumor might not be authentic. Many such instances came to her mind, and she gathered hope from them.

The news of the wrecks flew over the village like wildfire. About fifty vessels, manned from this port were reported wrecks, and vague were the rumors of the loss of life. It was impossible to tell how many, if any, had escaped.

Over the village went the sad news. It ran along the pleasant avenues, through luxurious homes, down through the business streets, and along the wharfs, further on to the houses of poor fishermen, down to the abodes of squalid poverty, ran the sad news, and a wail of sorrow went out upon the air, a piteous wail of broken hearts, disappointed hopes, wrecked happiness—and the wail was taken up and borne on, until the great human heart beat as one. A link, until now unseen and unrecognized, connected the mansion and the hovel, the warehouse and the home of poverty. O, what heart could resist the cry of despair that went up to heaven on that night! Ah, it is a fearful thing to risk all—health, happiness, all of joy and hope that is left us, to say nothing of wealth, upon the fickle ocean.

The following day found Rose, not in busy preparations for a season of pleasure at the metropolis, but in the homes of sorrow; in the dwellings made childless and widowed by the recent storm. Her life had thus far been spent in sympathy with this class of society. Her father (eager to gratify his child, when it did not interfere too much with his own plans) allowed her the means for alleviating poverty and distress, and she was known and tenderly beloved, in all the homes of the sailors in the harbor.

Rose was surprised to find how the thought of others' sorrow relieved her own. *She* had not lost all; but the poor woman whose only hope lay in the safety of her brave sailor-boy, now sleeping in the cold sea, had a right to grieve and mourn. The young bride, and the widow, the orphan children suffering for bread and clothing, they were the ones to send up cries of despair. Her own grief, great as it was, seemed selfish, compared with such trouble. Rose felt this, and it helped her to bear her own trials.

A fortnight from this time found Mr. Sabine and his family located in fashionable quarters in the city of New York. This was a new experience for Rose. How strange and sickening to her sad heart, all this false glare of fashion, and mocking semblance of pleasure appeared. Young and pretty, she could not escape the attractions and flatteries of the pleasure-loving throng.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabine's great effort was to secure an advantageous alliance for their daughter, that a new affection might be taking root, and thus crowd out the old love. But the months passed away, and found the family

again at their home on the seashore, without the least success in their ambitious plans. Rose repelled all advances, and took so little interest in the costly pleasures offered her, and seemed so little like herself, the gay, happy maiden, that even Mrs. Sabine was glad to be at home again, hoping thus to bring back her cheerfulness.

Thus the year in its swift flight went by, and other years succeeded. Mr. Sabine learned of the success of his ship, commanded by George Hammond, and he foresaw that in the end, the brave captain would become his equal in wealth and power. He was astonished at the skill and knowledge shown in managing the complicated business entrusted to his charge.

After a four years' absence, it was necessary that the vessel should be recalled. Here was indeed a dilemma. Rose was yet unmarried, and all efforts to induce her to accept the hand of wealthy suitors had proved unavailing. She mourned her lover as dead, and resolved to be true to his memory.

After much deliberation on the matter, Mr. Sabine resolved to go abroad, and thus remove his daughter from the prospect of again meeting her lover. This could be easily and successfully arranged. The vessel would remain in port only a length of time sufficient for fitting her for another voyage, and the business could as well be transacted by the other members of the firm, as by Mr. Sabine. Immediate preparations were made for the journey abroad.

Rose rejoiced at this change in her life. Time had softened her sorrow, and the world again began to look bright and attractive to her. She was even elated at the prospect of visiting new countries, and seeing the far-found antiquities of the old world.

Six months from this time, found a party of gentlemen standing on one of the British wharfs, looking out upon the vast fleet of ships and vessels nearing the port. It was a beautiful sight, and particularly attractive to one of the party, who having all his life dwelt by the sea, had learned to find beauty and interest in each sail and mast of a vessel, and to view with feeling, that only those accustomed to such scenes can realize, the magnificent display of numerous fleets of ships, riding proudly over the water.

One of the party, apparently an Englishman, and a seafaring man, was pointing out the different flags displayed from the masts, designating the countries they represented.

"As I live," said he, "there is the American flag, the stars and stripes of a United States vessel."

"Indeed, indeed, this is home-like and agree-



able," said Mr. Sabine, taking the spy-glass from the hands of the speaker and directing it to the vessel mentioned.

"It is coming into our port!" said the first speaker. "It seems to be homeward bound, but from its appearance seems disabled, and will probably put in for repairs."

One glance at the vessel through the glass convinced Mr. Sabine that it could be no other than the *Cambria*, and on board of it must be the captain, George Hammond. The fates seemed against him. How could he keep this news from the ears of his daughter! It was necessary that he should see and communicate with the captain of the *Cambria*, but after his fears were quieted, he thought it might be done without betraying the secret to his wife or Rose.

The gallant commander reached the wharf, and stepped on English soil. The first familiar face that greeted him, was that of Mr. Sabine. With delight and astonishment the young captain grasped his hand. His first inquiry was for Rose. Taken by surprise, Mr. Sabine uttered some confused reply that awakened fears in the mind of the ardent lover. Was she alive? Was she yet true to him? Where was she? and why that stammering reply?

It was now in vain that Mr. Sabine endeavored to calm the fears so suddenly awakened, by resorting to deception. "She was at home, well and happy, and true to him," etc., but his cheeks flushed with shame at the low device he was employing. The nobleness of the young sailor, contrasted with the mean subterfuge he was using, threw him off his guard, and convinced George Hammond that, beyond the shadow of doubt, something was wrong.

They separated, ill at ease, the one to meditate some way out of the web he had woven so intricately for his own downfall, the other to brood over vague fears and half-shaped forebodings of future ill. George Hammond walked quickly from the wharf, and found himself in a thickly populous city. Every face was new and strange to him. His thoughts took a gloomy turn, and wishing to be free from intrusion, he loitered into an old picture gallery, thinking there to find quiet for his thoughts, and silence to compose his mind. While he sat here, absorbed in his own gloomy reflections, little heeding the groups of people who entered and retired from the apartment, his eye chanced to fall upon the figure of a young lady, who had just emerged from a recess hidden from his view. There was something about her person that accorded well with the subject of his thoughts. The lithe form, the grace of each step and movement, were all familiar.

His heart beat quickly and impetuously. He could hardly restrain his emotions.

The lady, after examining the works of art before her, turned to leave the room. In an instant George Hammond had bounded to her side. It was Rose, the same sweet being he had borne in his heart through seasons of peril and dangers without number.

Rose, taken by surprise at seeing the person of her lover whom for four years she had mourned as dead, was struck dumb and half-senseless by the vision appearing before her; nor until she was gently forced into the open air, and saw the tide of human, *real* life rushing past her, did she fully realize the truthfulness of the vision.

What joy, what unlooked-for joy, was now awakened in the heart of Rose, and what pain was to come from a knowledge of her parents' deception. Sorrowful as this thought made her, she freely forgave all, in the great happiness that flooded her soul.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," said Mr. Sabine, as he took the hand of the youthful pair, and wept bitter tears over his own dishonorable conduct. "My retribution is at hand. Read this letter from home; news, bad news! My vessels have been wrecked, and my treasures lie at the bottom of the sea. We are bankrupt! Surely I have reaped the reward of my folly."

"Not so!" cried the captain of the *Cambria*. "In my absence I have been gaining you riches, that you can scarcely realize. Here are papers that will convince you of the facts, that might else seem fabulous. You are yet a wealthy man, and thank Heaven, I have had it in my power to save you from a bankrupt's fate."

The *Cambria* sailed a week hence for New York, bearing homeward the happy married pair, and with them, the parents, who now are proud to own their rescue from a life of poverty and hardship, to the skill and faithfulness of her brave captain.

#### GETTING AN INVITATION.

It is related of a clergyman who had travelled some distance to preach, at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him home to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from here, sir." "No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me." This, of course, the minister did cheerfully.—*Essex Register*.

The nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

## KIND VERSUS UNKIND WORDS.

BY JOHN W. ALLEN.

How quickly the heart  
Is made to smart  
At a word unkindly spoken;  
While a gentle word,  
By the sorrowing heard,  
May heal the heart that's broken.

The child that grieves,  
And the deep sigh heaves,  
And weeps almost to blindness,  
Will forget its pain,  
And be glad again,  
When it hears the words of kindness.

The poor and the rich—  
It matters not which;  
For all are subject to sorrow—  
Are delighted to see  
In immensity,  
The signs of a bright to-morrow.

As words nothing cost,  
So nothing is lost  
If none but kind words are given;  
For each would be sure  
That he is secure,  
And has the kind favor of Heaven.

MY HUSBAND,  
AND HOW I WON HIM.

BY MARIA T. RUSSELL.

I HAD been watching Mrs. Ransome's face for an hour or more, thinking how soon the light would be gone out of it, and how we should miss its kindly look, and how completely friendless I should be, if it were not for the new attachment I had found, when she woke, and smiling feebly upon me, asked if I wasn't weary of standing over a sick bed. When I answered that I never weasted of doing anything for her, she drew my face down to her lips, and kissing me, told me she did not know what she should have done in this long illness, but for her little girl.

"It was bread cast upon the waters, when you took the motherless child home, wasn't it, auntie?" said I.

"Yes, indeed it was!" she answered, "and it has returned me fourfold. But isn't it most time for Edward?"

"In an hour, if the coach comes in season," I said.

"Then go out and walk in the garden to rest yourself, dear, and you can send Jane to sit by me. You do look very tired, and you will need all your strength, my child."

I kissed her hastily, for any allusion to her

approaching change always brought the tears. Then summoning Jane, I went out across the piazza and down by the lake side. Though it was rather past the first of September, the weather was very sultry, and the landscape had all the appearance of midsummer. Great battlements of fleecy clouds lay motionless in the sky, looking down at their shadows in the lake, undisturbed by a ripple; the trees were motionless, even the aspen leaves had forgotten to flutter; there was no sound but the chirp of a cricket, and the hollow bubble of the little underground brook that flowed across our garden.

I sat down on the flat stone, beneath the old pine tree by the lake side, and thought of the great change that was coming to our household. An orphan, without kin or intimate friends, and dependent for love and protection upon the noble-hearted woman who had taken me when an infant from my dying mother's arms, and cherished me from that time, as her own, I might well look with dread upon the event which was to take her from me. But for one thing, I should be utterly friendless, for her only son had always misunderstood and disliked me, and was not very likely to change his opinion and feelings now. I had little to expect from him, but O! how much from that other one whose image was seldom absent from my mind, even in its most sorrowful moods.

How selfish we are! Even then, I could think with a joyous thrill of my lover, and forget the approaching death of my benefactress, and the sorrow of her only child, in my anticipated happiness.

"A copper for your thoughts, my lady!"

The voice brought the blood to my cheek, and I started up from the rock, and stammered out that I had been thinking of Mrs. Ransome, and how soon we should lose her.

"No you wasn't thinking of her at all!" he said. "Your mind was on something pleasanter than that, Louise. Now confess that you were thinking of me."

I tried to say that he should not be so vain as to imagine me thinking of nothing but him, but he stopped my mouth playfully, and making me sit down again, put his arm round me, though I begged him to consider that some one might be looking.

"Let them look, if they wish!" he exclaimed. "If a man can't put his arm round his betrothed wife, it's a pity. But now, Lou, you were thinking of me, wasn't you?" he asked, looking mischievously into my face.

"No matter whether I was or not," I answered. "What made you think so?"

"For the best reason in the world. That I am always thinking and dreaming of you," he answered.

I drew a little closer to him. He would soon be all I had in the world. For a while we locked out on the lake, while he played abstractedly with the rings on my finger.

"How old is this son of Mrs. Ransome who is coming home?" he asked, suddenly.

"Nearly thirty," I told him.

"And is he handsome, and talented, and interesting, and all that?" he asked.

I smiled a little, for I saw the drift of his inquiries, and I was willing that he should not feel too sure of me.

"Yes," I answered, "Mr. Ransome was called fine-looking, and very attractive, though he could be rather disagreeable, when he wished to be."

"How long has he been from home?"

"Nearly all the time since he was of age," I answered. He had been at college, and then went to Europe for a tour, which he prolonged very much. He had been away now for three years, travelling in South America and California.

"I suppose you were always great friends?" he asked, looking earnestly at me.

I laughed at him, when I asked if he didn't think brother and sister should be friends.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "He's no more your brother than I am, Louise; and the fact is, I'm rather afraid of this paragon. When he comes home, and you are taking care of the old woman together, I've a suspicion that my game will all be up."

"Please not to call her the old woman, Maurice," I said.

"I beg your pardon, dear. I'll say anything you wish, but you see, I'm jealous of everybody you love. You wont grow to love him better than me, will you, Louise?"

I looked at him in a way he understood, for he kissed me and said he knew I wouldn't, only when a man loved, he was always afraid of losing his idol. And then I told him how Edward Ransome had been jealous of me when his mother first brought me home, a little baby; how he had always quarrelled with me when a boy, because his mother ought not to love anybody but him, and how, since he had been a man, he had treated me with coldness, and seemed always to be suspicious of me. That re-assured him, and very charitably hoping that we might hate each other cordially, for which I boxed his ears, he talked of the time when he should be in business, and would come to take me home with him. He was going into business with his father the next year, and his health was now so well estab-

lished, that he might do so much earlier than he had intended. In the mean time, I was to write very often, and to be sure that I loved him always. As for him, there was no fear of his forgetting. All the danger was of my being fickle, as women too often were.

I scolded him for such an ungallant assertion, and getting away with difficulty, went in to Mrs. Ransome. She was sleeping again, and I thought myself that Mr. Edward's chamber had no flowers in it, as it always used to have when he came home. So hastily gathering some, I filled the vases on the mantel and bureau, and putting a little glass with one rose and some geraniums in it on the dressing-table, I laid his new dressing-gown on the easy chair, put the slippers we had worked before it, and half-closing the blinds, went down and sent Jane to carry up some iced water on a tray, with glasses.

By the time that I had given the invalid her medicine, and smoothed back her hair, and bathed her hands, the coach drove up to the end of the avenue, and I heard Mr. Edward's quick step on the gravel walk. I was so afraid of her being agitated, that I went out hastily, and met him on the portico. He scarcely noticed me, except to ask for his mother, but I expected nothing better and didn't care.

"How is she?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"She is comfortable, but you must remember that she cannot bear much, Mr. Ransome. You must be calm."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, impatiently, but he went in quite calmly. I saw him fall on his knees by her bedside, and put his arms round her, and I closed the door softly, and went out to see that his supper was prepared. I went to the door once or twice, and heard them talking, and sobbing sometimes, so I began to be afraid of the excitement for her, and at length I went in, and begging pardon for the intrusion, told Mr. Edward that his supper was ready, and that his mother ought to rest a while now. He started up impetuously.

"By what right do you interfere?" he said.

"My son! Edward, she knows best," Mrs. Ransome said, feebly, very much distressed.

I looked firmly in his face. "Your mother has but little strength, Mr. Ransome," I said, "and I wish to keep her for you as long as possible. If you reflect a moment, you will see that I am reasonable. If you wish to keep her long and make her happy, you must control yourself."

He seemed to be ashamed of his anger, and held out his hand to me.

"You must excuse my haste, for I am very weary and unhappy," he said.

I took his hand cordially. "It's of no consequence about me," I answered. "When you have some tea, and are rested, you will feel better, and then you can take my place by your mother, only you must not talk much to-night."

Mrs. Ransome did not require much attention during the evening, as I wheeled a sofa up by the bedside, and put some pillows upon it, and leaving the mother and son together, crept out into the garden to meet Maurice, who always came for a few moments to see me there, after my charge had fallen into her first evening nap. He was waiting in the avenue for me, and without speaking, drew my arm within his, and led the way to the summer-house. When we were seated, he told me that he had just received a letter, calling him home immediately, to take charge of his father's business, while he went to Europe to settle some unexpected difficulty. I knew that he must go before long, but I was in no state of mind to bear so sudden a departure (for he was to go in the morning), and forgetting all my pride, clung round his neck, weeping, and begging him not to go. It was very unreasonable, but it pleased him to see that he was so necessary to me, and holding me closely in his arms, he called me fond names, promising to love me always, and to come for me at the first opportunity, when we would be married, and have no more partings or trouble. We spent an hour or two, as lovers usually do, when they part to be separated by a wide distance, and with one long embrace, and a promise to be true to one another, we parted at the garden door, and I stood watching to see his figure in the moonlight, and then to listen to his footsteps until I could not distinguish them from the bubble of the brook.

It was fortunate for me that the sick-room was partially darkened, for my face was swollen with weeping, and in spite of my best efforts, a great gush of tears would come every little while. But the next day Mrs. Ransome discovered that I was in trouble, and I told her the cause, lest she should think it was on account of her son's treatment. Mr. Edward was out in the garden when I told her, and she drew my swollen face down by hers on the pillow, and gently smoothed my hair, calling me her dear child, and telling me where I must always look for consolation in all my troubles. Her son came in while I lay there, and I went out immediately. I think he must have said something about it, for I heard her say: "Poor child!" she is having her first sorrow." And then he asked her some questions, and she answered them in a low voice, and I heard him say, "what a pity!" and then I went up stairs lest I should hear something they did not intend

I should. After that, though Mr. Edward seemed to like me no better, he treated me with a grave kind of consideration and respect, for he was very noble-hearted and kind to every one against whom he had no prejudice, and impetuous as he was, would not willingly have trodden on a worm.

The weather remained fine for several weeks, and Mrs. Ransome appeared better, and in excellent spirits. Her son was almost always by her side, and tried to treat me more kindly than he had always done, out of consideration for her feelings. Perhaps an interview we had one evening, shortly after his arrival, had something to do with it. He had said something to me that she noticed that morning, and just at sunset I met him in the back garden, going down to the lake. So I stood still in the path before him, and asked him to listen to me a moment. He opened his eyes rather wide, and bowed without saying anything, and I just plainly said, that unpleasant as it was for him to know it, his mother had much affection for me, and was wounded at any symptom of misunderstanding between us. I said I didn't care how he treated me when we were alone, he might be as haughty, or as rude as he pleased; but I wished for his mother's sake, that he would put some restraint upon his feelings in her presence, and we would try to keep up an appearance of friendship, that there might be nothing to trouble her last days.

He looked very much astonished, and hardly spoke at all, but bowing, passed on, as though he had something new to think of; but from that time he treated me with great respect in his mother's room, and I think really thought better of me than before.

But I cared nothing for his feelings or acts, as long as my benefactress seemed so comfortable and happy, and as long as every week brought me such a long, loving letter from Maurice. Those letters were my delight. How I slept with them beneath my pillow, taking them out to him, when I waked, how I read them again and again, never wearying of the fond expressions in them, any girl who has given her whole heart away, and has no doubt of the future, can tell. I was happy in spite of absence and constant anxiety.

But Mrs. Ransome began to fail towards the close of October, and on the very last evening of the month, called us round the bed to give her last commands. She called us her dear children, and begged us to be united as brother and sister for her sake. She told her son that I had been a most faithful, tender daughter to her, ever since my childhood, an inexpressible comfort to her in her hours of sickness, and begged him to be a

friend and protector to me whenever I should need one, and she asked me to remember if her son should be in trouble and need a friend, that he was the darling and pride of her heart, and that any kindness done to him, was a kindness to her, even though she should be in her grave. She said some other things to us, and then she slept a while, and her senses wandered until the next morning, when she died so softly that we did not know when she went.

I never saw a man more stupified with grief than Mr. Edward was. Even though he had expected her death, it seemed to fall upon him with a sudden shock. He would sit by her after she was dressed for the grave; he could hardly be got away from the coffin when she was buried; and I had to go at midnight, in the chilly November nights, to lead him away from the grave. When he grew somewhat more composed, the will was opened in our presence, and to my surprise, I was named as an equal heir with him, to his mother's large property. I don't know whether he was aware of this fact before, for he exhibited no surprise; but I was unwilling it should remain so. I said firmly that I only wished for enough to live simply upon, in the cottage where my benefactress had died; that however much she might have loved me, I had not the rights of a daughter, and I should give all the bulk of my property to her son, who was the heir.

Mr. Edward seemed surprised out of his sorrow for a while, and joined the notary in requesting me not to do so rash a thing without reflection. And he added that his mother had an undoubted right to dispose of her property as she chose, and that he had so much respect for her memory, that he did not wish to alter any decision of her's. But I said she had done thus, to let the world know she considered me as a child, and not a dependent, and that I was quite sure that if she were living, she would approve of my resolution. When they found me determined, they gave up, and the will was drawn and signed, conveying a large property from me. What did I care for wealth? I had youth, health, and my darling Maurice. Surely these were sufficient for me!

I wrote to Maurice, telling him all the particulars, and waited anxiously for an answer, for I expected a little praise for my honesty. I thought it would be so sweet. I did not hear for nearly a fortnight, and then Mr. Edward brought me home a letter. I went to my chamber, and broke the seal with a smile on my lips, for I could almost hear Maurice call me "dear little simpleton," or his "foolish little pet," as he had done so often. How my very heart sank as I read! The letter was short and stern, reproving me for doing so

foolish a thing without once consulting him, and saying that I had alienated much of his regard, by taking such an extraordinary step. My spirit rose against the injustice of his reproof, but my heart was deeply wounded, and I shed bitterer tears than ever I wept before.

It was near tea-time, and I had to bathe my eyes and go down to the table. Mr. Edward darted a quick glance at me as I went in, but seemed engrossed in his papers, and said nothing more during the meal. As soon as possible I crept away and went to her grave. It was cold there, but it comforted me to lay my head where her's had been put, and wept silently, for I could not help thinking that my lover had not shown the noble spirit I had worshipped in him, thinking him all I had wished for, and dreamed of in my romantic girlhood, and I was deeply and bitterly disappointed. I did not know that any one was near, until Mr. Edward took hold of me and lifted me up, drawing my arm through his, and going into the house with me.

"This is very dangerous, Louise," he said, calling me by that name for the first time, "you will make yourself sick in this way. Now let me speak of your affairs for a moment, and we won't talk of them again. Your friend does not approve your action in relation to my mother's will. I knew he would not. Now it was my mother's wish that her legacy should be settled upon you and your children, and if you consent it shall be so now. I should not wish her property and home to go into the possession of a stranger, but you have been very kind to her, and I don't wish that your happiness should be sacrificed through any mistaken sense of honor."

My spirit rose at his words. "It is no mistaken sense of honor!" I exclaimed. "It is a simple act of justice. I owe everything to your mother, a thousand times more kindness than I can ever repay, and I have no right to anything here. I am only an alien, as you have often told me, Mr. Ransome."

"I beg your pardon for it now," he said.

"You need not," I answered. "It was nothing but the truth, and I have always felt it. I wish to retain this little place, because it was hers and she loved it, and I keep enough to prevent my suffering ever, for I know that she would not have wished me to be penniless. Anything more would be encroaching on your inheritance, which I am too independent, and too honest, I hope, to do. You are very kind to make the offer you do. It is like her, and like you, but I would break my heart a thousand times before I would take a cent of it."

He looked very earnestly at me. "You have

the right spirit," he said, "but there are few in the world who feel so. What if this sense of honor comes in competition with your best hopes?"

"Let it come!" I said. "I will have a good conscience, if I haven't a friend in the world."

"You will always have a friend while I live," he said, gently. "You must not forget that my mother requested that, and I wish to fulfil her commands entirely. I am going away for a year, and in the mean time, I wish you to let me know if there is any emergency needing my presence, and to call upon my agent when you are out of funds. You will not refuse to do that?"

I said that I would not, and asked when he was going. It was the very next day, so I made what little preparation was necessary, and bade him good-by, too much absorbed in my own sorrow to care for his coming or going.

I did not hear from Maurice for nearly three weeks, though I wrote twice after the receipt of his letter, and I suffered an agony of fear and sorrow, in that time. At length a letter came, a very kind, affectionate one, though not like the others, but I comforted myself with the thought that his anger was wearing away, and that we should be united again. I wrote at once, telling him how lonely I was, and asking him to let me hear as often as possible, for it was my only consolation; but nearly three weeks elapsed again before I heard, for which delay he pleaded business as an excuse. At length he wrote only once in a month, and the letters grew colder and colder, and in the spring ceased altogether. It was then that I had expected him to visit me, and for some time I watched daily with an ever-increasing fear and despair at my heart, for he was my all, and I had poured out my whole heart upon him.

When I had nearly given up all hope of seeing or hearing from him, I received a letter from Mr. Edward, announcing that he should visit me for a few days before sailing for Europe. It was necessary for me to exert myself and rise out of the despondency and listlessness of my life, and I succeeded partially, though Mr. Edward seemed very much shocked at my appearance, and said that I looked ten years older than when he saw me last. I said that I had been sick, which was true, and there the subject was dropped, though I think he wished to say something to me, but dared not.

One evening he brought me home a daily paper, and on opening it, the first thing I noticed was Maurice's marriage. I was standing in the bow-window, and Mr. Edward saw my face change, and caught me just as I was falling. It was a long time before I was conscious, and then he was rubbing my hands, while the housekeeper

bathed my face. I heard her tell him that my heart had been breaking for ever so many months, and I heard him say, "Poor child! how she must have suffered!" And then I opened my eyes and tried to rise. Mr. Edward helped me to a chair, very tenderly, and waited upon me as though I had been a baby. It put me in mind of his mother's way, and then tears came fast when I thought how much I needed her now. But after a night's meditation I was calmer. The blow had struck deeply, but I knew now that all hope was past, and I made a great effort, and resolved to be mistress of myself from that day. Mr. Edward talked with me very kindly, and even offered to give up his projected tour if his presence could do me any good, but I would not hear of it. Time, and my own sense of right and self-respect were all that could heal the wound, and I parted very kindly from him, and entered upon my lonely life. A widowhood in heart, if not in fact.

Time is the best physician for spiritual diseases, and his ministrations are so unobtrusive and unsuspected that the cure is all the surer. In six months, though the wound festered still, I could think how foolishly I had laid my heart open to it, and could despise the one who dealt the blow. In one year I could not have received his love again, for all the wealth of the Indies, and was growing contented, and even happy, in my studies and various employments. In a year more I was busy and hopeful, interested in plans of charity, of study, and of self-improvement, growing young and strong again, and when four years had passed, I was all the better and stronger woman for my disappointment, with no sting in my heart, and no distrust in the warm professions of friendship and devotion that I received from my circle of friends and admirers.

I only heard from Mr. Edward at rare intervals, for he was either wandering in distant provinces, or leading a gay life in the capitals, and had little opportunity to think of me. Nearly four years after his departure, when I had not received a letter for several months, he wrote to me from Liverpool, that he was very sick, almost too much so to travel, but should be at home in the course of the summer, and begged me to receive him under my roof, to care for him a little while, and then lay him by his mother.

I was greatly shocked, and waited anxiously for some other news from him, but two months passed without a word. At length I received a letter from a physician in Philadelphia, saying that Mr. Ransome was under his charge, and would probably never be able to proceed any further, and wished him to announce the fact to

me. I sat until deep into the night, thinking of my benefactress, and of her only child dying there among strangers, with no kind hand to bathe his head, or bring his draughts to him, or sit by him through the long nights when he must toss wearily on his pillow, and long for the mother who, when she lived, hardly allowed the wind to blow on him, and my resolution was taken.

Hastily packing a few things, I snatched a little sleep just before the day was dawning, and then leaving ample directions with my faithful girl, I started for the city. It was eleven o'clock when I reached the office of our lawyer, and the clerk said he was out, and would start for Philadelphia that afternoon to see a friend. I went directly to his house, where I found him, and after some argument about his being able to find the best of nurses, and leaving Mr. Ransome in good hands, I obtained his consent that I should accompany him. We started immediately after dinner, and as there were no rails at that time, we had a long, tedious journey, and were almost exhausted before we reached the hotel where Mr. Edward was stopping.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and I only waited to wash, and take a little hot tea, before I requested to see the sick man. The waiter had told him that some friends had arrived, without saying that one was a lady, and when I entered the room with Mr. Andrews, the twilight was so deep that he did not know me.

"Here is another friend who could not be persuaded to stay at home," said Mr. Andrews.

I held out my hand to the invalid. "You have a welcome to give your mother's protegee, have you not, Mr. Ransome?" I asked.

"Miss Henshaw! is it possible that you have taken so much trouble to come and see me?" he said, faintly, stretching out his hand.

"Did you think I would leave your mother's son to the care of strangers?" I asked.

"You were always kind, and you loved my mother too," he said. "I am glad to see you. It is pleasant to hear a friendly voice again."

He tried to reach some water, and I gave it to him, adjusting his pillows when he sank back, and bathing his forehead, which was very hot.

"Ah, that seems like old times; that seems like my mother," he said, with a sigh.

We spent a part of the night in his room, and then I went to my room until the morning. When I went to see him after breakfast, he was looking very sick, and seemed exhausted, and I knew that he had not had the attention he needed. I had seen the physician when he went out, and heard his decision that his patient could not possibly live, and was glad to find Mr. Edward alone.

I could not help starting when I saw his face by daylight, and he noticed it.

"You find me much changed," he said, "but I suppose there will be a greater change yet. You are improved much from what you were when I saw you last, though," he added. "You don't look a day older than when I went home to see my mother die."

"I am well and very happy," I answered, "but I wish to say something to you while we are alone, if you can bear any excitement. Shall I say it?"

"Say anything you please," he answered, turning languidly on his pillow.

I sat down where he could not see my face. "You remember the charge your mother gave me on her death-bed?" I said. "You have not needed my services before, but now the time has come when I can repay something of the great debt I owe her. You need a faithful friend now, and with God's blessing I mean to be that friend to you, if you will permit me."

He tried to see my face, and stretched out his hand towards me. "Thank you a thousand times for your goodness!" he said, with much feeling. "I never did you justice, and since I have been lying on a sick bed, I have thought much of it, and wished to ask your forgiveness."

"We won't speak of those old things now," I answered. "You have been very generous to me, and I have nothing to forgive. But what I wish to say is this. You say that you have no hope of recovery, and the physician says so too; You need a constant watchfulness and care, such as no one can give you. You must pass some miserable hours."

He sighed deeply. "I do lie awake, thinking of my mother, and wishing she were here to nurse me," he said.

I spoke as quickly as possible. "No one but a wife can give you such care. Will you give me a right to nurse you, and be with you always, a wife's right, Mr. Ransome?"

He rose up on his pillow and looked at me in astonishment. "Are you in earnest?" he exclaimed. "You, so fresh and healthy, to tie yourself to a dying man like me! Impossible!"

My face burned, and my eye sank under the piercing glances of his, but I would not give up my point. "I know it is unmaidenly for me to offer myself thus," I said, "but it is the only way in which you can be nursed as you ought, and I cannot bear to think of her only child lying neglected, or wanting anything, while I have health and strength. I have set my heart on this thing. You won't refuse me?"

"I ought not to accept such a sacrifice. It

would not be honorable," he said, in a low voice. "I might live a long time, Louisa, and you would be tied to my sick bed, when you should be enjoying your youth and health. No, it would not be right," he added, sinking back on his pillow with a sigh. "I have enjoyed my share of life's blessings. I have had the foam, and now I must drink the dregs."

"I beseech you to consent!" I cried, touched deeply by his desponding tone. "I know that you will not repent it, and I am sure I shall not. You will not refuse me again, will you?"

I wept as I spoke, and stood up by his side, in my earnestness, for I thought of nothing but my dear, lost friend, and her dying charge to me to be a friend to her only child.

He took my hand and looked very earnestly in my face a moment. "I don't know that I ought to resign this last blessing, when it waits for my acceptance," he said, more to himself than to me. "No, Louisa, if you will persist in sacrificing yourself, I will not refuse you."

I thanked him, with a light heart, and went to find Mr. Andrews. I never saw a man more astonished than he was, and for a time he absolutely refused to listen to my arguments. But with much pleading, and a resolution as strong as his, I won him over, and that very afternoon we were married. There was but one more thing to be settled. I would not have my husband think that I had married him for any pecuniary advantage, and no one else should be able to accuse me of such a thing. He had already made a will, giving me the bulk of his property, thinking, as he told me, that I could make a better use of it than any one else; but I burnt it myself before them all, and the next day I had another drawn, in which I was only named for a small legacy. It was of no use for them to reason or persuade. I was determined, and I had my way. From that time I had no thought but to make my husband comfortable. My husband! How strange it seemed to me to know that I was a wife! I could scarcely realize it when the excitement was over, and our friend had gone home and left me to the quiet, monotonous duties of the sick room. I would often close my eyes while he was sleeping, and wonder if it was not all a dream, and I still at my country home, quiet Louisa Henshaw, with my books and pets. He, too, seemed to feel as strange in the new position of things as I. Often when I had watched through the night with him, has he taken my hand, and asked if I did not repent of my marriage. He seemed to be continually troubled lest I should regret that.

But I never did regret it, for a moment, and the duties of my new life grew dearer to me,

daily. I began, after a time, to feel the same fondness for the sick man, that one feels for an infant. He was mine, and he was dependent upon me for every comfort, and I found no place so pleasant as his sick room, no occupation so welcome as some little service for him. At first I had called him by the old names of Mr. Ransome, and Mr. Edward, but it seemed so formal, that one day I asked him if I should not call him Edward, as his mother had done.

"I have been wishing that you would, but did not like to ask you," he said, very much pleased, and from that time I always called him by his name. It was so with other familiarities. I was very guarded for some time, treating him with all the old, distant respect of manner, but it was very hard to keep it up, when I lifted him back and forward, and bathed his face and hands, and sat by him so many hours while he was sleeping or waking. Gradually I fell into many of the affectionate familiarities of a wife, and instead of being repulsed, I was met gratefully, as though he had longed for some tenderness, and had not dared to ask for it.

At last, he always stretched out his hand to take mine, when he was about to fall asleep, and slept hours with it held against his heart. Then he would draw my head down beside his upon the pillow, and smooth my hair until he was weary, or lie talking or silent, with his arm thrown round me. I went out every morning for a short walk, and always brought him in a bunch of fresh flowers, for he was passionately fond of them, and would weep over them sometimes when he was weak and nervous. One morning, we had been married three months, and the reserve was wearing away from us, I came in with my daily offering of flowers, and his face wore such a happy, bright expression, as I entered, that I went up to him and parting the hair on his forehead, stooped down to kiss it. I had never done so before, and as my lips pressed his brow, I was almost sorry, fearing he might not like it; but to my surprise he threw his arms round me, and pressing his lips to mine, held me there a moment, whispering, "God bless you, my dear wife!" How precious those words were to me!

The winter wore away without any change for the worse, and when the warm spring days came, he was so much better that I took him out in a carriage sometimes, sitting with his head lying on my shoulder, and he could bear to sit up for an hour at a time, while I sat at his feet, reading or talking to him. He seemed to be entirely happy then, for he was free from pain, and his face used to wear a look of perfect contentment.

When the summer came, we took a small house



in the suburbs, where I tended him into such a state of health, that he was not obliged to lie down at all through the day, and could even take long walks with me into the fields, and work in the garden for hours together. The physician said another winter would develop the disease more fully, but distrusting the advice, I urged my husband to consult another, who gave him strong hopes of ultimate recovery, and advised us to seek a warmer climate, on the approach of cold weather. After some consultation, we decided on staying in New Orleans, where my husband had some acquaintances, and by the first of November were settled there, taking a house that we might be able to live more as we had been accustomed. Very soon we had plenty of company, and as my husband's health grew better instead of worse, we went out often, for he said I had been housed already too much, for one so young as I.

But as this season passed, the tender intercourse that had made the sick room so pleasant to me, and endeared my husband so strongly to me, gradually gave place to the polite, almost formal attentions of the society we moved among. I could not tell when the first coolness began between us, but it grew more and more, and by spring, although we were kind and attentive to one another, there was no fondness, no sign of tenderness ever displayed, no endearing word spoken. I reflected much about it, and tried to imagine wherein I had offended him, if indeed he was offended, which I could scarcely think, for his manner to me was exceedingly gentle and respectful, and as watchful of my comfort, as ever.

Finally a dreadful thought crept into my heart, and grew stronger there. My husband's affection had been only a sick room weakness, mingled with gratitude, and now that he was well and strong again, he wearied of me, and wished him self free. He was very proud, and it must chafe him to be bound to his mother's dependant, when so many beautiful women would be proud to wed him; no doubt he would as willingly have died, as have a wife who forced herself upon him, constantly by his side. The thought was agony, but I cherished it day and night, drawing more and more within myself, and shunning my husband whenever I decently could. As for him, he seemed to regulate his conduct, exactly by mine, and to indulge my wish to be absent from him, for I only saw him at table, and in the evening.

Early in June we came home to the little cottage from which we had been absent so long, and were soon surrounded by a circle of friends, who left us to ourselves but very little for the first few weeks. As the summer heats came on, however,

our house was empty of company, and we were thrown on our own resources again. How drearily that time passed to me! How hard I strove to be calm and self-possessed, to hide the sorrow that was eating into my heart, hourly, to treat my husband with the attention due him, without disgusting him with any show of yearning love.

I lived in a constant excitement, and my frame showed and felt the effects. I grew pale and thin; could scarcely walk any distance without faltering, and had no appetite for the tempting viands that my faithful Jane prepared for me. My husband asked me several times if I were not sick, or if he should not consult a physician, but I always answered that it was the heat, and I should be better. At last, after long reflection, and seeing that my husband grew more and more depressed, and seemed uneasy in my presence, I resolved that I would offer to leave him, and thus make him as free as he could be. At least if he must be bound to me, he should not be compelled to endure my presence.

I came to this conclusion one evening after tea, while I was sitting by the lake side, and I went directly up to his chamber where I knew he was, for I dared not stop to think, lest my courage should fail. I tapped softly at the door, and he bade me come in, supposing it was a servant, but rose at once when he saw who it was, and setting a chair, asked me to be seated. I sat down and told my business at once, without faltering, for I had worked myself up to a sort of desperate hardness. I said that when I had forced myself upon him, I had thought him dying, and had taken the step out of deep gratitude and affection for his mother. That now he did not need me any more, and that I was sensible of my unsuitableness to be his wife, being only a plain girl, and his mother's dependant. That I regretted deeply my inability to make him as free as before, but would do all I could, and then I requested permission to go away, west or south, anywhere, it mattered but little where, so that we should be separated. I spoke rapidly, lest my strength should fail, and he sat listening, with his hand over his face. Then he got up without speaking, and began walking the floor quite fast. I got up also, for I could not stay there with him long and not betray my suffering, and hurrying to go out, asked if I had his permission. He came towards me and looked in my face a moment, and then he held out his hand.

"You have suffered very much before asking this, Louisa," he said, in a choking voice. "Forgive me for making you miserable, and since I could not die in the proper time, you shall be free in any way you wish."

I took his hand, and could not help pressing my forehead and lips to it, but he drew it away with some passionate exclamation I did not understand, and walked to the window. I begged his pardon for the liberty and went out. I went down into the little parlor beneath his room, and threw myself on the floor beside the open window. I felt as though I should die.

How long I lay there I know not, for such suffering takes no note of time; but at length I heard some one coming slowly down stairs, and I knew it was my husband's step, and lay breathless, lest he should see or hear me as he passed. He stopped as he crossed the hall, and then came towards me. I suppose he saw my white dress.

"Louisa!" he said, stooping down and taking my hand. "Louisa, are you asleep here?"

"No," I said, "I was only tired and lay down to rest."

"You are ill then, certainly," he said, in an anxious tone, putting his arm round me as I rose, for I staggered and reached out my hand to support myself. If he had been cold or stern I could have gone away then and made no sign, but he supported me so kindly and tenderly, his voice was so gentle, his breath so near my cheek, that I could hold out no longer. I could die there, but I could not leave him. Throwing my arms round his neck, I clung to him, with my cheek on my shoulder, my breath coming fast between sobs and broken words of love, that I could no more have prevented than I could have stopped breathing. He held me closely to him, and I felt that his heart beat hard and fast.

"Louisa," at length he whispered, "what is it? Tell me what troubles you so, child."

"It is hard leaving you. It is like death!" I said. All my pride was swept away before the great sorrow of parting.

"Do you love me as much as that?" he asked.

"Better than all the world!" I cried, looking up into his face, for there was something in his manner that gave me hope. "There was a smile on his lips, and a glad light in his eyes. I could see that, even by the starlight.

"Is it indeed so, Louisa? say it again," he said.

"I love you so that I cannot live without you."

"And I you, my darling, my darling!" he whispered, winding his arms about me fondly.

"Will you go away into some quiet place out of the way now?" he asked, at length.

"Yes, when you will send me," I answered.

"I was only going to please you."

"And you are not tired of me, Louisa?"

"No! but I thought you were of me."

"What a blind little thing you have been!" he said, smiling. "Couldn't you see that I wor-

shipped you, all the time? See!" he exclaimed, drawing a ribbon I had lost from my neck out of his vest pocket, and kissing it. "That is the thousand and first time, Louisa, but you may have it now, for I have something better. My precious wife! Did you think I could be parted from you? There isn't a place in the wide world but I would have found you in it. If you had hated me I would have kept near you as long as you lived, if only to look at you sometimes, and hear you speak. I have lived on that for a year, when I had no other hope. O, if I had known that you loved me!"

He was the same impetuous Edward Ransome of old times; the boy who had hated, the man who had scorned me, the husband whom I had won so entirely. He was mine, heart and soul, I loved him, and I was content

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#### NAPOLÉON'S DISCONTENT.

"I have come too late," said Napoleon; "men are now too clear-sighted; there is no longer anything grand to be done." "What! sire," said Decres. "To me your destiny seems brilliant enough. What could be more grand than to occupy the first throne in the world after having been nothing but an artillery officer." "Yes," Napoleon answered, "my career is a fine one, I admit. I have made a pretty way for myself, but how different it would have been in antiquity! Look at Alexander after conquering Asia, and declaring himself to be the son of Jove—why, with the exception of Olympias, and Aristotle, and a few pedants of Athens, all the world believed it. But as for me, if I were to announce myself to-day to be the son of the eternal Father, and were to return him public thanks for that title, there is not a fishwoman, who would not hiss as I went by. People know too much; there is no longer anything grand to be done."—*Memoirs of Marshal Marmont.*

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#### AN ACCOMMODATING WIFE.

It is said that Lady Gage, the wife of the first baronet, Sir John, when first a widow was only seventeen, beautiful and rich; she was courted by her three husbands, Sir George Frenchard, Sir John Gage, and Sir William Herve, at the same time; and to appease a quarrel that had arisen respecting her between them, she threatened her everlasting displeasure to the first that should be the aggressor—which, as she had declared for neither, by balancing their hopes against their fears, stilled their resentments against each other; adding, good-humoredly, that if they would keep the peace and have patience, she would have them all in their turns; which, singularly enough, did happen.—*Spectator.*

Polite manners may have no kin with genuine feeling, while this and an uncouth bearing may spring from the same origin. Thus plants, apparently alike, may be in nature most dissimilar, and the lordly palm and the blade of grass are of one family.

## TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. R. T. KIDDERGE.

There is a charm in the still twilight hour,  
It holds me captive in its wondrous power;  
I know not why heaven seems so very near,  
When the bright star-gems in the sky appear.

At twilight hour all care is lulled to rest,  
And naught save joy pervades my weary breast,  
And every face I love then seems to wear  
A look as heavenly as a child at prayer.

Do angels come from their bright home above,  
To cheer my spirit with their soothing love?  
O what sweet music through my heart is stealing,  
It seems to touch each cord that thrills with feeling.

O, glorious hour! when the pale queen of night  
Flings o'er the darkened scene her veil of light;  
Then whispered prayers are gently borne above,  
And heard and answered by a God of love.

## THE ESCAPE.

BY WALTER O. DANTON.

WHILE cruising about the streets of Liverpool, some years ago, I chanced to fall in with a former shipmate, Ben Billings, a man of fifty odd years, endless odd experiences, and innumerable odd yarns. Having nothing to do, we agreed to help each other do it, and for the remainder of the day sailed in company. While backing and filling about the town, we drifted down Great Howard Street, which runs on a line with the docks, but some rods up the hill from them. Having reached a point nearly abreast Waterloo dock gate, Ben suddenly brought himself to anchor, and examined with much interest the walls of the French prison on the opposite side of the street. The prison consists of a number of low, dingy-looking brick buildings with grated windows, covering, perhaps, half an acre of ground—the whole being surrounded by a high, brick wall. Its name is derived from its being the place where hundreds of unfortunate prisoners of war passed years of hopeless captivity during the almost endless wars between Great Britain and France, at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century. Since the fall of Napoleon, it has been used, I believe, as a sort of jail where smugglers and such like are hospitably taken in and done for at the queen's expense.

"Well, Ben," I said, after waiting a reasonable time for him to become familiar with the architecture of the place, "are we to moor here for the night, or shall we slip and run for a harbor?"

"Slip and run, I reckon," returned Ben, re-

suming his walk; "though I wanted to have a look at the place to-day; there was a time when I didn't feel so anxious to hang round the old trap."

"How's that? Have you ever been inside?"

"Been inside? of course I have. I was there a good bit as prisoner at large, and a shorter time caged up to await the execution of my sentence to be hanged."

"The deuce you was!" I exclaimed, somewhat startled by the reflection that I might have an escaped pirate or murderer by my side.

"O, you needn't squirm," said Ben; "it was in the year '14 I was there."

"O, in war times! That alters the case."

"Yes, in war times. There were five of us taken in a privateer's boat off the mouth of the Channel, brought up to Liverpool, and chucked into that prison, together with two or three hundred other prisoners, French and American. We were of course put through the regular course of sprouts to which all captured American seamen were subjected—being coaxed, importuned and threatened, to induce us to join the British service. Failing to make traitors of us by this method, we were taken out of prison and sent on board a line-of-battle ship, where for two months we played green and made Johnny Raws of ourselves—having to march the deck all day long, at every six feet being compelled to step over a rope three feet above the deck, and all the while with a tin pot slung round the neck of each, and a handspike shouldered musket fashion.

"After two months, came another spell of coaxing and threatening; but as we all held out and refused to touch a rope in his majesty's service, we were given up as impracticable, and once more sent back to prison, there to remain till the close of the war; and you may believe we prayed it might be soon, when we had for our companions in the place French prisoners who had not once been outside the wall for over ten years, and a certainty that we should remain there as long unless peace came to relieve us. Having got through with our persecutions, we settled down as comfortably as circumstances would allow. Our treatment, on the whole, was not so very bad, except that we were kept six upon four—that is, six men being compelled to submit on the regular rations for four. We were permitted the range of the yard and free communication with each other, which served to kill the time, and lived for the most part on hope and poor whiskey, the former being manufactured in large quantities within the walls, while the latter was smuggled to us by friends on the better side of the gate. But a prison is never very pleasant, under any circumstances, and one sniff of

air outside would have readily sold for ten thousand sniffs of such as we had within.

"It may have been six months, or so, from the time of our capture, that Bob Smith, a long, tall chap from Vermont, who had been a prisoner for a year or more, communicated to us five privateers a plan for escape, which was no other than to muzzle the guard at the gate some fine morning, lock the gate behind us to prevent the others following, and so creating an alarm outside, and then to set sail across the country in different directions, so that with the worst possible luck, we flattered ourselves, two or three of us, at least, would be sure to get clear. We were careful not to let any others into our plot, for the atmosphere of a prison is conducive to treachery, and half a dozen men were quite as many as could hope to leave the gate together without arousing the suspicions of passers-by.

"It was several weeks before circumstances at all favored the execution of this notable scheme; but when, at length, fortune grinned at us, we fancied it was laughing all over her face, and acting on a concerted signal, we made no bones of smashing the guard with the butt of his own musket, and of tipping the gate-keeper a men-doza under the chin that laid him out as straight as a handspike, when we hurriedly possessed ourselves of the key, opened the gate, slipped out, and shot back the bolt from the outside before any of the rest of the guard or our companions in captivity recovered from the first shock of astonishment at the boldness of our proceedings. No sooner was the gate closed behind us, than, leaving the key in the lock, we started off with the speed of so many pickpockets; and so well arranged were all our plans, and so propitious the fates, that the fleetest of our party had the exquisite satisfaction of running nearly a dozen rods before we were all brought up with a round turn by the sharp points of a long row of bayonets and a file of marines that stood some two feet behind them.

"We must have looked a very sheepish band of patriots indeed, as, after an absence of about one minute and three quarters, we were marched back to the prison, where we were promised twenty days of the black hole and bread and water for our exploit. But the black hole and bread and water were by no means the only evil consequences that resulted from this affair. Among the marines who so suddenly put stern way on us, was a fellow who had been shipmate with Bob Smith and two other of our chaps, and for some reason which I can't call to mind now, hated them inveterately. This was an excellent chance for him to take his change

out of them, and what does the cowardly, pipe-clayed son of a quarter-deck gun do, but go to headquarters and report that, to his certain knowledge we were all six of us British subjects, and had been shipmates with him some years before on board one of his majesty's cruisers?

"To be proved a British subject, after having been captured on board an American man-of-war, as was the case with Bob Smith, was treason; but to be taken from a privateer, as the rest of us had been, was piracy—and the English laws provided the same punishment for both, to wit, death.

"The very next morning we were brought before a naval court-martial, and underwent a swift trial for the crime of being British subjects, fighting against our king and country. The rascally marine, who was the main witness, swore right along without winking—rolling up a stack of lies big enough to hang a whole ship's company. Several other witnesses were called, who testified that they believed they had seen us somewhere. This was quite enough to convict us before a naval court composed of enemies, and our only defence, our protections, were contemptuously torn up before our faces, with the remark that any man could get an American protection in New York for a dollar, which, by the way, was true enough at that time, and is now, for that matter.

"Well, the long and the short of the trial was that we were to be strung up at the yard-arm at ten o'clock the following morning, and having been sentenced in due form by an officer who stopped twice while reading the sentence to yawn and stretch himself, we were conducted back to the prison and shut up in the condemned cell, together with a Danish sailor who had that day been convicted of mutiny and a murderous assault, and was to be executed at the same time.

"Now few persons, who have been sentenced to be hanged on the morrow, can appreciate precisely how we felt on the occasion; for most gentlemen, who have passed a night of elegant leisure in a condemned cell, have had ample time to become familiar with the idea of dancing upon nothing, while with us, it came so suddenly, and we were altogether so green in the business, that it naturally struck us somewhat aback.

"We all remained pretty silent for an hour or two after being shut up, each one having a little private thinking of his own to do. Presently Bob Smith jumped up on his pins, and in a lively way, asked:

"'What are you all looking so glum about?'

"'Why,' said Jack Burns, 'I was thinking what a jolly pity it is that the executioner is to

fit a hemp cravat to such a brisk young fellow as you are, before this time to-morrow.'

"'I'll be hanged if any executioner lays a claw on my throat this many a year,' said Bob.

"'Yes, we're all pretty sure of that, if he does fasten his theiving irons on us,' returned Jack.

"'Well, for my part, I sha'n't give him the chance to do so, and you're fools if you do.'

"'Why, what d'ye mean?' asked Jack.

"'Mean?' returned Bob; 'I mean to give them the slip, that's all.'

"'How?' we all asked, with great interest.

"'Why, you've all got silk handkerchiefs that will twist four feet, haven't you?'

"'O, you mean, do the job ourselves, and so save the government the trouble of hanging us? For my part, I can't see where the difference is.'

"'Hanging be hanged!' exclaimed Bob. 'No, I don't mean anything of the kind. What I mean is, that I have travelled in Europe about as long as is altogether pleasant, and shall leave for New York to night, and you chaps will go along.' And all of us getting in a bunch in a corner, he detailed a plan of escape—the Dane, of necessity, being taken into our counsels.

"Bob's plan involved an immense amount of risk—that is to say, it would have been excessively risky under ordinary circumstances; but nothing can be either difficult or dangerous to men under sentence of death. We all entered into the scheme at once and with hearty good will—all except the Dane, an evil-looking rascal, who objected and hesitated, pointing out the difficulties here and there, till we were out of all patience, and finally declaring that he would have nothing to do with the matter—choosing rather to trust in the chances of a reprieve or pardon, than to lose all hope of either by an attempted escape.

"This objection on his part to remove his neck from a halter, by no means affected our own resolution in that respect, and we proceeded with our arrangements. While busily employed talking over the possibilities and probabilities of success, we suddenly became aware that the Dane was standing at the grated door of the cell, signaling to the guard, who marched fore and aft at some distance on the opposite side of the building. With a bound Bob Smith sprang to his feet, and with a stunning blow felled the traitor to the floor, when three of us seized him and dragged him to a corner of the room, hiding him behind our own bodies, while Bob and Jack began skylarking about the floor. The guard, who had been attracted by the signals, moved across the court and looked in through the bars of the door, but perceiving nothing but the friendly

scuffle going on, and that all hands appeared half choked with laughing, he doubtless supposed we were merely trying to keep up our spirits with some sort of game, and marched back again, leaving us once more to ourselves. It was lucky that we discovered the treachery of the Dane when we did, as it was evidently his intention to betray us, with the hope of in some way bettering his own condition by the means, for he had no faith whatever in our being able to escape from the prison, or if we did get outside the walls, of our finding means to escape from the town. That he was no longer to be trusted was plain enough to all of us; so fastening his hands and feet securely with a handkerchief, we stuffed his mouth full of flannel shirt to prevent his singing out, and covering him up with a blanket in a corner, we left him to his own reflections.

"The impatiently-awaited night came round, as usual, at the tail of the afternoon, bringing with it a double allowance of darkness, together with a driving rain storm with frequent and heavy squalls, which howled and whistled charmingly in our ears, however it may have sounded to ears in better luck. At eight o'clock, the lights were extinguished all over the prison, and at ten we commenced operations. The window of our cell was high and narrow, with two perpendicular iron bars running from top to bottom, but with no cross pieces. Twisting each of our silk cravats into a sort of rope, we platted the whole six together into a thick, stout strap, which was placed round the upright bars; then inserting the leg of a chair, which we had wrenched off for a heaver, we quickly brought the bars together in the centre, leaving room enough, on either side, for a thin person to squeeze through—and our half year's diet at six upon four aided us amazingly in the passage. The strap was then unlayed, and the handkerchief knotted strongly together at the ends, making a rope some eighteen or twenty feet in length, to the end of which we made the chair leg fast by its middle.

"We now cast adrift the hands and feet of the Dane, whom we were afraid to leave behind, but still keeping him securely gagged and threatening him with instant death, if he raised his hands to his mouth, or made the slightest noise. The next thing was to discover the whereabouts of the guard who usually paced the court some twenty-five feet below us. Bob Smith squeezed himself through the window, and holding on by the bars, took a grand look about the premises. The sentry was not to be seen or heard, having, doubtless, sought shelter from the storm within the building. It was not any part of our plan, however, to descend to the court, for that would

have brought us within a few feet of the guard house. Our only hope lay in gaining the roof; and to do this, it was necessary to get in communication with the men in the cell above our own. Taking the bight of our handkerchief rope in his hand, Bob swung the end to which the chair-leg was attached several times against the bars of the window overhead.

"'Who's there?' asked a voice.

"'Hush!' said Bob; 'you'll raise the guard. It's us chaps who are to be lagged to-morrow. We've started the bars of our window, and if you'll lend us a hand, we stand a chance of having a good sea room under our lee by the morning.'

"'Say the word, my hearty, and I'm on hand.'

"'Well, then, just catch the end of this string of handkerchiefs and make it fast to your window, so that I can come up.'

"'Come right along,' said the voice, after a pause of a minute, spent in making the string fast.

"Bob gave a smart pull, to see if it would hold, and then mounted, hand over fist, to the window, where he was soon standing with his feet on the ledge, holding on to the bars. Detaching the rope from the place where it was fastened, he prepared to mount still further. The only way to reach the roof was by getting hold of the copper trough that ran along the eaves of the building, between two and three feet above and beyond the furthest point he could reach. There was but one method of obtaining this object, and that was to jump, and trust luck and his own agility for a hold. The risk was a fearful one. Should he fail, there was forty feet of space beneath and a row of sharp iron spikes at the bottom. For a moment he hesitated; but the thought of a halter inspired him, and quitting his hold upon the bars, he sprang with a desperate energy from the narrow ledge.

"Few landmen could have made that leap with the slightest possible hope of success; but with seamen the case is different, for it is well known to anatomists that a sailor has no body whatever, being made up altogether of legs, arms, and a hat. It is therefore not surprising that Bob, being a sailor, managed to catch one hand hold of the gutter, which bent fearfully beneath his weight, and that, after several minutes of desperate wiggling and struggling, he managed to swing himself, panting and exhausted, upon the roof. Having recovered his breath, he braced his feet firmly in the gutter, and taking a turn round his body with one end of the rope, passed the other down to us, by which means we lost no time in ascending, in less time and in much greater safety than Bob had done—the Dane being the third one up, for we didn't consider it

safe to leave him alone with any single man, for fear of a noisy scuffle. The last man having reached the roof, we moved cautiously along, with one hand on the slates to steady ourselves, and at a sufficient distance from each other to prevent too great a strain on the gutter.

"The part of the prison in which we had been confined was merely the wing of a larger building, and our course along the roof was soon terminated by the wall of the main building, which rose some fifteen feet above our heads. To reach this second roof, there was nothing but a smooth copper rain-spout, which ran down the corner of the main building, and by the side of the one we were on, to the ground. It was necessary that some one should ascend this for the purpose of taking a turn round the chimney with the rope, by which the others might mount, and myself, being the lightest of the party, was selected for this service. It was a pokerish-looking job to shin up that smooth, slippery spout, so many feet from the ground, but I went at it with a will—being shoved and boosted by my companions until out of their reach—and had nearly reached the top, when the spout and eaves-trough to which it was attached, suddenly parted from its hold upon the building and swung off several inches from the roof—the gap growing momentarily wider and wider. I could not repress a slight, involuntary scream, as I felt myself going, but instantly recovered my presence of mind.

"'Hush, what are you thinking of, Ben?' said Bob Smith. 'If you fall, you will strike on the spikes and probably not make noise enough to alarm the guard, unless you sing out; and it is your duty in this case to die like a man, with a shut mouth, and give the rest of us a chance. Now go on; I'll do all I can to steady the pipe.'

"With frantic eagerness I struggled upward—the pipe shaking and swaying like a rope. At length I reached the top, but the trough had swung off from the building more than a foot, and there was nothing whatever to catch hold of but the sharp edges of the slates, slippery with rain, which projected over the gable end of the building. To this frail hold I clung with a strength and tenacity that forced the blood out from beneath my finger-nails, as I slowly, and inch by inch, worked my body upward on to the roof—even catching hold of the slates with my teeth at times, as I felt myself slipping backward. At length, after incredible exertions, I was fairly on the roof, and working my way easily up to the ridge pole, I fastened the end of the rope round the chimney, and passed the other to my companions below.

"Jack Burns seized the rope and was by my

side in an instant, and another was preparing to follow, when the Dane suddenly broke from the two men who were holding him, and grabbing hold of the rickety rain-spout, gave it a violent shake. He was instantly seized and forced flat down upon the roof, in which position we all threw ourselves at once. The rattling of the spout had evidently been heard, for we could see the glittering musket and upturned face of a soldier who came out of the sentry-box and gazed up towards the spot where we were concealed. We remained quiet as the grave—scarcely daring to breathe for several minutes—though it required the utmost strength of two men to restrain the struggles of our treacherous companion and prevent him removing the gag from his mouth. The soldier having looked attentively about him for some time, marching several times across the court, apparently became satisfied that the sound which disturbed him was produced by the wind, for after lingering some minutes at the door of the guard-house, he entered and all was quiet again.

"'Now then,' said Bob Smith, when the coast was again clear, 'we'd have nothing to do but go on, if it wasn't for this infernal drag of a Dane. If we go any further, it must be one at a time, and if this no-sailor thief is left alone for a minute, he's sure to betray us. What's to be done?'"

"'The lives of six good men are worth more than that of any Dutch traitor that ever lived,' muttered Jack Burns.

"'That's a fact, sure, responded the others.

"'True,' said Bob Smith; 'I was thinking of that myself. Hold him fast, boys.'

"The struggling wretch was pinned firmly down in the iron grasp of three determined men, and Bob, grasping him by the hair, forced his head over the edge of the roof; then taking from his pocket a long, sharp knife, he plunged it twice into the throat of the Dane. There was a short struggle, a rushing sound of blood falling into the gutter, and all was over.

"It was an ugly job to do in cold blood, but the fellow was an enemy, and we should have been lauded to the sky for cutting up a hundred better men than he on the deck of an enemy's ship. Besides, all is fair in war. It was a plain case—either our lives or his. We offered him the same chance that we had ourselves, and he refused it; so there was nothing for it but to anticipate fate by a few hours, for he would have been hanged to a dead certainty, and we along with him, if we had acted differently.

"The body, having ceased to exhibit any signs of life, was then drawn up and balanced across the peak of the roof in such a manner as to prevent its rolling off, and there being no further

impediment to our progress, all hands mounted to the roof of the main building, which we traversed in safety, and descended to a wing on the opposite side, corresponding to the one in which we had been confined. Between this wing and an outer wall, some twenty feet in height, was a space of about two fathoms. To cross this space without descending to the ground, the rope was made fast to the chimney, and each man letting himself down to the end, swung backward and forward, pendulum fashion, by springing his feet against the brick work, until sufficient motion had been communicated to bring him over the wall, when he quitted his hold and dropped, and forthwith made a twenty-foot leap for the street. In this manner all hands made the passage successfully, the last man leaving our handkerchiefs blowing out from the chimney like a streamer.

"Being fairly outside the walls, we made a break for Dennison Street, a few rods distant, where a townsman of Bob Smith's kept a boarding-house. This man was of the right stuff for a friend, and, at the risk of his own neck, set himself to work so diligently, that before sunrise the next morning we were slipping down channel, covered up in the shingle ballast of a Portuguese brig bound for Lisbon, at which port we arrived just in season to hear that peace was declared, and that we were consequently at liberty to go wherever we chose, without being in danger of having our necks pulled. So that was how I happened to be taking such a good long squint at the old French prison."

#### CURIOUS MURDER.

The late well-known Turkish minister at Paris, Vely Pasha, now governor of one of the Turkish provinces, has just instigated a suit against the Independence Belge, for libel, in the publication of a statement which incriminates that gentleman in the crime of murder. The charge is, that, when Vely Pasha left Paris, eighteen months ago, he took with him a Paris *lorette*, who had been for some time a favorite of his Turkish highness. Arrived in his new residence, the Parisian beauty was placed in the harem, and for a while the governor paid little attention to this part of his establishment, owing to the active duties which the organization of his new government required. But, all at once he found there was trouble in the harem, and, making observations for a few days, he discovered that his Christian importation had been teaching European customs to her Mahometan sisters in bondage, and that the sacred precincts had been defiled by other male feet than his. In fact the before quiet and submissive harem was now in open rebellion. To save the honor of his household, there was no other resource left but the time-honored custom of strangling his victim, placing her in a sack, and throwing her into the Bosphorus, which was done.—*New York Sun.*

## INNOCENCE.

BY C. C. WAGHT.

It is a diamond from the throne of heaven,  
 Possessed by angels, yet to mortals given;  
 It is a prize 'twere worth a world to own,  
 And yet how seldom is its value known;  
 How often careless from the bosom thrown,  
 How often crushed beneath a heart of stone,  
 Heaven's greatest gift most thanklessly received,  
 Its simple truth most shunned and disbelieved.  
 How strange it is! and yet how strangely true,  
 'Mongst all mankind it lingers with so few.  
 How strange that men will blindly close their eyes,  
 And cherish their most deadly enemies.  
 Poor, weak mankind, to yield a heaven of bliss,  
 And bind the soul to such a world as this.

## A TALE OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

BY SIMÉON A. OSBORNE.

ABOUT a league from Simpheropol there is a small sepulchral mound, in commemoration of that fidelity which no mortal bribe could corrupt, and of that unchanging bond of love which death alone could dissolve. A French soldier, but recently married, served under Dumourier. Events thickened around. Each day brought its death-roll, and the warm hearts of *yesterday* swelled the mortal catalogue of *to-day*! His young bride, however, undaunted by the present, and unshrinking from the still greater dangers that seemed to await them, clung to her husband. Her affection kept pace with the destruction that threatened them, and even acquired fresh ardor at its approach. Her courage equalled her affection, and hope promised a speedy reward to both! The midnight march, the bivouac, the ambuscade, the retreat, had alternately inflicted upon her delicate frame the ravages of terror and fatigue. But that heart, so tremblingly alive to the safety of *another*, forgot and neglected its own! In vain he pressed her to retire, and, in the bosom of her family, calmly wait the issue of the campaign. She shuddered, she shrunk with disdain from the selfish, the lonely security, which this seemed to promise. With a spirit that rose superior to every privation, she was ever at his side—a ministering angel that soothed him under all his toils, or shared where it could not soothe.

This spirit of the purest devotedness to her husband appeared to gather new force as her exertions multiplied. But the body, under the constant watchfulness to which it was exposed, and the unequal conflict it had to maintain, began to evince symptoms of exhaustion from which

she attempted in vain to rally. Other circumstances, too, which brought with them a new succession of hopes and fears, called aloud for personal consideration, and some relaxation from the attendant rigors of a moving camp. Still her resolution remained unshaken; and now she had cause to summon all her fortitude, for in three days a decisive battle was expected. The opposing troops had chosen their position, and answered the summons of Dumourier with a haughty defiance.

From this time, a melancholy presentiment took possession of her mind. A weakness, which no eye had hitherto witnessed, and for which she herself could not account, betrayed her into frequent tears. When she strove to address her husband in those animating words which, on many a previous battle-morn, had inspired hope and fortitude, sighs choked her utterance, and she could only throw herself into his arms and weep.

Here the conflicting duties of husband and soldier, of loyalty and affection, struggled for ascendancy. His hand was the right of his country, but his heart was here! She observed the struggle, and in a moment all her former energy returned.

"No, my husband," she exclaimed; "this becomes not a soldier's bride! A momentary weakness has betrayed me, but now it is gone, and I will make thee amends for these tears, so unreasonably shed. Thou shalt have smiles, and glory, and victory, and I shall only live to be worthy of thee!"

The young soldier pressed her with enthusiasm to his breast. He spoke not a word, but raised his eyes in silent supplication to Heaven, invoking protection for her, and success to the arms of his country. The bugle sounded! In an instant, the arms piled in the centre of the camp were in the hands of the troops. The enemy approached by a rapid and unexpected movement. The Russian banner floated vauntingly above her dense columns, and the roar of artillery announced a fearful crisis. The combat thickened, and where were they? Like a fortress in the sudden storm, he hurried to his place in the van; a chivalrous spirit of adventure, and a patriotism which no circumstance could damp or subdue, stifled for a time the yearnings of affection, and steeled his breast for the struggle. The fixed in purpose, the firm in principle, are never unprepared. While the irresolute and wavering may shrink at a shadow, the former exult amid substantial dangers, so they be found in the path of honor. Fear, indeed, may fling her chilling visions across the imagination, as they hear the



startling note of preparation; but in the heat of combat, hope is ever predominant.

She, with a proud but palpitating heart, took her station on a small eminence to the right, which overlooked the combatants, and from which, in her excited imagination, she could distinctly follow the movements of her husband and his troop. His heroic stature was ever before her eyes, his voice thrilled on her ear with the shout of his victory, and the standard he bore floated proudly in the morning sun! She exulted in the belief that she met his eye, and that he acknowledged her well-known signal. This, indeed, might be fancy, but stripped of this consoling idea, what were life to her? A heartless, hopeless reality.

She gazed, with strained eyes and breathless anxiety, as the contest became general, and the dense smoke rolled in sulphurous masses at her feet. They charged—they broke—they rallied—they returned to the charge—but the standard of Damourier disappeared! She saw no more. A fatal persuasion that the day was lost, and the fate of her husband sealed, flashed across her brain, and with that impression she sank powerless to the earth.

It was not long, however, before she opened her eyes in the arms of her husband, who now laid at her feet a Russian standard. The bugles, too, responded to victory, while the remnant of the enemy's line was seen in precipitate retreat. It was a moment of speechless emotion. This was indeed a resurrection to her—her husband not only safe, but crowned with hostile trophies! His comrades, too, as they passed in eager pursuit of the enemy, offered him their hasty but hearty congratulations on that day's exploits, and recognized him by the flattering epithet of "Le Brave!"

They now moved onward in quiet and security, selecting the easiest path to reach the place of encampment for the night, which was already in view. The pursued and the pursuer had disappeared beyond the wooded acclivity which overlooked the field of their late fierce contest. Here and there the contest seemed partially resumed; but it was only the stray shots which an occasional straggler fired at random, as he followed in the wake of the victorious troops. The ascent was steep and covered with copse-wood, through which a variety of serpentine foot-paths conducted to the summit. To her, whose countenance expressed a fear or a faintness which her words would not avow, everything that affection could suggest was eagerly employed to facilitate the ascent.

"Dearest Henri," said she, as they proceeded,

"when will these dreadful scenes give way to the peaceful hearth? When, under the shadow of our own vines, shall I call thee husband, and pursue the calm tenor of our rural industry? Though I glory to share in the cares and hardships which our bleeding country exacts from thy hands, still I feel that my affection tends rather to encumber than advance"—she here hesitated—"and there are other cares under a fonder name."

"Cheer thee—cheer thee, my beloved! Life, indeed, were but a small price for such devotedness as thine! To-day has decided the fate of the campaign. Another week, and thy soldier shall only fight under thy banner, and all his future ambition thy smile shall well repay! Our honeymoon was on the height of St. Orme. Wars and warfare have followed us ever since; but cheer thee! before the autumn leaf falls, *we shall press our own grapes in the valley of St. John!* Cheer thee—cheer thee! we shall sleep soundly to-night!—yes, thanks to our country's arms, we shall sleep soundly to-night!"

Alas! the words were prophetic, and scarcely uttered, till, with a piercing shriek, she sprang to his arms. A flash—a shot—and they fell transfixed by the same bullet! A rustling of the leaves on her own side of the footpath had roused her attention. In a moment her eye caught the musket of a Russian levelled at her husband's breast; to see and to save him by the sacrifice of her own life was the act and impulse of a moment. Alas! how frail, but how devoted was the shield which her love had interposed between him and death! In vain her hand was raised in its hopeless effort!—in vain she strove to shelter him by her breast! The treacherous shot conveyed its fatal summons; they sank together, and "sleep soundly to-night!"

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#### HINDOO WIDOWS.

An incalculable and unutterable amount of wretchedness is produced by the Hindoo law, which condemns the female to perpetual widowhood on the death of her husband. This is the case, even where the preliminary ceremony of betrothment only has taken place. Not only is absolute and unending widowhood imperatively commanded, but she is required to practise the most rigorous austerities, and to mortify herself as it were unto death. "The widow shall never exceed one meal a day, or sleep on a bed." She is required to observe a rigid fast every eleventh day, besides many other seasons of abstinence. She is forbidden to taste animal food of any kind; and even the one meal of pulse, roots, and vegetables, that is allowed her, must consist of such articles as can be cooked together in one pot, to make up a single dish.—*Christian Freeman.*

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Make other men's shipwrecks thy sea marks.

## TO CHARLIE C. C.—

BY FANNY E. MOULTON.

We've parted, and years may pass away,  
Ere we shall meet again, if ever;  
But O, we mourn not love's decay,  
For dearer still the bonds we sever:

And though the ocean will roll between,  
And the dim future lie before us,  
With many a cloud to intervene,  
A deathless ray of hope shines o'er us.

But all our memories of the past,  
Our friendship's home, the scenes we cherish,  
O, be our sad farewell the last,  
Of all its treasured wealth to perish.

May God's best blessing rest on thee,  
His love surround thee as a spell,  
And bear thee safely back to me;—  
Till then, dear Charlie, fare thee well.

In this dark world, we often hear  
That word, so like a passing bell,  
And sunniest days of joy and cheer,  
Are ever followed by "farewell."

But on that loved, and loving shore,  
Where death and sorrow cannot dwell,  
Fond, trusting hearts shall part no more,  
Nor breathe that tearful word, "farewell."

## THE HISTORY OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

BY MARGARET D. VERNES.

I WAS very beautiful once. I can say it without vanity now—now when the shining hair has lost its gloss, the lip its scarlet, and the brow its polish; now when the prideful eyes have faded from their brilliancy, and the swaying form has forgotten its lithe gracefulness, now, in the shelter of a happy home, with a strong arm about me, and a kindly heart, true to me as the stars to heaven, to strengthen mine; standing so near the portals of that dear home beyond the shadows, that its waves of infinite peace baptize my soul, I can look back dispassionately through the past, and tell you, with no other emotion than devout gratefulness, how it has fared with me thus far, and how the hand of the good Father has troubled my heart to its depths, only to draw thence the white pearls which might otherwise have lain there undisturbed forever.

Yes, I was very beautiful. It was a strange, exultant throb that leaped into my heart with the first consciousness of this. Fortune had not been lavish of her other gifts, and I grasped this one with a joy that was almost insane. My education had been a curious, undisciplined one. Parentless, poor and unfriended, I stepped upon

the threshold of young womanhood, with feet almost weary of their journey, and a heart defrauded of half its faith in life and humanity.

I have a clear recollection of living, when I was very small, with a woman who taught me to call her "grandmother." Then she was all I had to love, and love her I did, with the whole intensity of my childish nature; but now, though still holding her memory sacred, I think she must have been a stern, exacting, self-willed sort of person. Every forenoon and afternoon she used to hear me read and spell, and once a day I was allowed a short run round the house and through the garden. The remainder of the time I was required to sit quite still, with folded arms, or, as I generally preferred, with small bits of patchwork, and stray bits of thread, teaching myself the mysterious art of sewing. If I made any litter about me, as a punishment for my carelessness, I was deprived of my little brass thimble and blunted needle for the rest of the day.

At such times how tired I grew of the monotonous figures on the papered walls, and the steady ticking of the old clock on the mantel! And how I enjoyed my daily, out-of-door recreation, stunted as it was! How I leaped and ran about the narrow dooryard, laughing till the air rang with echoes! What would I not have given for one unprohibited race outside the brown gate, which I seldom passed through save on Sundays? Sometimes, too, I came very near hating our uneventful lives, child though I was, and yearned for something, no matter what, to break up the continued routine of eating, drinking and sleeping—reading, running and patchwork.

But restriction and rebellion both had an end at last. One wild, wet, sobbing October day, a kind neighbor lifted me in her arms to take my farewell look at the only friend God had ever given me. I was unused to the solemn whiteness of her face, and the still folding together of her busy hands, and when the woman who held me talked of death and eternity, and how good I must be if I ever wished to see her again, I comprehended only enough to make me nestle down closer against her shoulder, in a mute spasm of terror, wonder and childish grief.

"A powerful pooty child that! what will become of her?" queried a woman I had never seen before, of my friend. I remember as if it had been yesterday, her stiff, brown merino dress and steel-bowed spectacles.

A sigh and a shake of the head was the only reply she elicited.

"I suppose the old lady left a leetle property, didn't she?" asked another, a lady with a very sharp nose, and eyes that glittered like coal.

Another shake of the head followed, and a look of surprise passed between the two questioners. Afterwards came the dreary funeral, and the bustle of a country auction-sale, and then the woman in brown merino and the woman with the sharp nose went away, and I was carried home by the one who had taken care of me through the whole.

Looking back from the ease and comfort which surround me now, I can hardly realize the years that followed—years of toil, of childish inexperience wrestling with poverty, of tender hands wringing a scanty subsistence from labors the most severe. Mrs. Jarvis, my self-installed guardian, was kind but poor, and a life of dependence in her household was not possible for me. At first there were light chores about the house for me to do, but as I grew older and stronger, my sphere of employment widened, until there was no one in the village but knew where to come for "help," in time of necessity. I became mistress of all trades—now a seamstress, now kitchen-girl or chamber-maid, and anon, attendant in nurseries and sick rooms.

Was it any wonder that a knowledge of my beauty came to me like a revelation from Heaven? Here was a triumph. The scornful Misses Sears, whose dresses I helped manufacture, and who passed me with such supercilious glances, had, each of them, red hair and freckled faces. There was enjoyment for me in the thought that they would have given half their finery to exchange looks with me. A similar consolation revenged me upon Jenny Gleason, the greatest heiress in town, for venturing sarcastic remarks touching my menial condition and proud manners.

At last I grew almost to worship the features that looked out at me from my little mirror. Nothing which my limited means allowed, in the least calculated to heighten or set forth my charms, did I begrudge myself the means to obtain. I remembered the stories I had read, of maidens marrying above their station, of great men stooping to gather to their hearts humble women who wore upon their faces the marvellous gift of beauty; and my joy heightened into ambition.

My fate came sooner than I expected. Not more silently or imperceptibly do the budding violets of April gather up their blossoms, than my heart took in the richness and strength of love that deepened and broadened till the passionate waves had swallowed all my life.

I was employed as a nursery maid in the house where I first met Leonard Sherburne. By accident we became acquaintances, and finally friends. I saw him attracted at first by my face, drawing nearer and nearer to me every day, in

spite of our unequal circumstances, and I gloried in my power. I saw that power deepen, till the whole fabric of his proud life swayed to and fro beneath my influence.

Nor did my own heart remain stationary all this time. The affections that had lain dormant ever since my grandmother went to heaven, sprang into luxuriant life, and wound their blossoming tendrils about this new friend.

He installed himself my teacher, and a new world was open to me, the world of intellect. With him for an instructor how could I help learning? My rapid progress surprised not more than it delighted him, and his approbation would have repaid me for an eternity of study.

He had come to our village in early winter, and it was the middle of the following summer, when one day he said to me:

"Margaret, I think you might obtain a situation as teacher in a primary school here or elsewhere. I must leave you to-morrow, and nothing would give me so much pleasure as to see you freed from this degrading servitude before I depart."

"Leave me!" I exclaimed, springing towards him, and taking both his strong hands in my trembling ones. "Leave me! for what?"

"Business, Margaret! Did you think I could always stay with you?"

Alas, yes! He had come to me so unexpectedly, our intimacy had progressed with so much rapidity and smoothness, save for the coarse jokes and insinuations of those who could not comprehend how pure that intimacy was. I had wrapped myself up in such fulness of content, that I had not dreamed of change or separation. I dropped his hands and moved away uneasily. At any other time, his belief that I had power to rise above my condition of abject servitude, to a position pleasanter and more independent, would have overjoyed me. But I had no thought of that now. Leonard was going away! All the glory of existence seemed dashed out at a single stroke. He had never spoken to me of marriage, never followed up his professions of affection by any expressed wish or plan for the future, and when he spoke so calmly and decidedly of going, I felt that he had wronged me, wronged my womanly confidence, stabbed my womanly pride. Was it indeed a matter of as little consequence to him as he appeared to think it was to me? Had I been so bitterly mistaken in my fancied power?

All these thoughts came to me, but I did not speak them, only stood with drooped head and folded arms, a torrent of fierce anger and intense sorrow pouring over my heart, and crimson flashes of mortification sweeping across my face.

"Will you care, do you think?" he inquired, a moment afterward.

I lifted my head haughtily. *He* should be the last witness to my emotion, if I did. He should see how indifferent I could be, while he remained, and after that—I dared not look further.

"No! Why should I?" I answered, lightly, and I knew that the mocking surprise in my eyes, and the forced smile on my lip, gave assent to the falsehood.

"I do not know," he said, fastening his earnest eyes upon mine; and I saw the quick fire come and go on his proud face, as he added: "but I am very sorry. I have been preposterous enough to hope that you would be lonely with me away; so lonely that you would let me come back sometime, never to leave you again. But promise me one lesser consolation, since that one is denied me. Promise me to leave this life to which you are so illy adapted, for one less menial."

"I promise. Your pupil shall do you credit yet, Mr. Sherburne, for gratitude's sake, if nothing more."

It was all I had power to utter, although my heart ached to unsay that lie my lips had spoken.

"Thank you! Did I not know, Margaret, how frank and truthful you have always been with me, and how unalterable your decisions generally are, I might still hope that the words which have dropped such a black night suddenly at my feet, were not the faithful expositors of your feelings. But forgive me, if I am paining you. I have been strangely self-deceived. I am sure of your friendship, at least. Good-by."

He had advanced towards the door as he spoke, and stood now with one finger on the latch.

I held out my hands pleadingly, took a step forward, faltered, and then cried out in an eager, choked voice: "Leonard—Mr. Sherburne! wait one moment. Let me take back what I told you. I *do* care—very—much indeed!"

He came back quite close to me, so close that I could hear the strong, rapid beating of his heart. Taking my head between both his hands, he drew it to his shoulder, stroking back the curls from my forehead with the tenderness of a mother, and kissing me over and over again. But he only said: "May God bless you, my beautiful Margaret!"

We had been berrying all the day—Mary Jarvis, Ellen Jarvis and I. Tired, heated and dusty, we threw ourselves down in the border of a thin wood-lot to rest, previous to returning home. Our baskets, heaped high with the crimson of the delicious raspberries, and covered over with wet leaves, stood in the shade beside us; and on some bushes we had hung up our brown sun bonnets.

I had been thinking of Leonard the whole afternoon, and my heart ached with its fullness of joy, yearning to show some one the precious secret that trembled in its depths. My foster-sisters were kind-hearted, simple girls, capable of neither malice nor envy, from the natural unselfishness and sweetness of temper native to their characters. And so as we sat there, with the summer sunbeams quivering slyly through the screen of leaves, I told them all, the occurrences of the past, the hopes and plans for the future.

They listened with little flushes of interest on their cheeks, and when I had concluded, Mary came to me and wrapped her arms about my neck, saying, while the tears of honest joy glistened in her eyes:

"I am glad that you will sometime have a better home than ours has been, and some one good, and noble to care for you."

"It is not that your home has not been good enough, nor so much because I am tired of this depressing, slavish life, that I am glad," said I averting my head; "but because in all the world I could not find a spot where life would be endurable unless *his* presence blessed it; because if heaven and earth should pour their treasures at my feet, I could not choose among them one that would weigh more than so much air, against the mighty treasure of his love."

There was no reply. Neither of them had experienced, and so could not comprehend an affection like that of which I spoke.

Some time we sat there silent; I, bowing my head upon my arms, and giving myself up to the thoughts occasioned by our conversation, thoughts which come like a delicious rush of music, to the soul of every woman, with the dear certainty that she is beloved; and they, too sympathetic to disturb me. All at once Ellen spoke:

"Look, girls! we must hurry home. Do you not see a storm is coming up?"

Sure enough. All over the northern sky the black clouds were huddling together, like wandering giants met for council; and the trees about us began to stir with the low murmur of the rising wind.

"We shall have time to reach home, without doubt," said Mary; "but I heard you say, Margaret, you wished to get some clothes you had left at Mrs. Sprague's. If so, your nearest way will be across the fields. Nell and I will take the berries and go around by the road."

I nodded assent, and hurrying on their bonnets, they swung the well-filled baskets over their arms, and with a few gay words of parting, left me to follow them at my pleasure.

The storm did not seem very near, and so I

was more leisurely in my preparations. With my handkerchief I wiped the berry stains from my fingers, smoothed back the hair from my temples with my hands, arranged my dress, and then walked slowly homeward, continuing the pleasant thoughts from which I had been temporarily roused, as persons sometimes try to re-dream a delightful vision.

Leonard was coming back some time in the next month, and it was then the last of July. The grass that bent its green plumes under my feet, looked fresher for the thought; and had the clouds which trailed their black wings across the heavens, been gold and purple instead, they could not have been more beautiful to me.

The scene about me was one of peculiar loveliness. Not far away lay the little village with its neat cottages and slender spires; on one side three or four hills stood grouped together, rounding their green foreheads to the sky; and at their base gleamed a miniature lake, like a huge basin filled with molten silver. In a distant part of the field adjoining the one which I was traversing, a number of stalwort mowers were staking up the newly-cut hay, to prevent injury from the coming rain. Near the stile which divided the two fields, grew a gnarled apple-tree, on a low branch of which one of the workmen had hung up his scythe, in haste.

This stile I was to cross on my way, and as I stooped to let down the bars, my hand struck the handle of the scythe, swinging back and forth in the wind. I looked up just in season to see it glimmer, and to spring backwards just as it fell. I was too late. The sharp edge struck my exposed face just below the temple, tearing a gash across my cheek, and then dropping, with a ringing sound, to the ground.

I did not scream or cry. My first thought was of my disfigured face, and what Leonard would say. Then I looked over to where the men were at work, to see if any of them had noticed me, and wishing some one would come that way. The earth seemed whirling around beneath me—I reeled and fainted.

The rain beating in my face, first aroused me. The blood had trickled down and lay clotted among my curls; and my thin shawl and gingham dress were completely wet through. It was almost night, and as I staggered to my feet, I saw that only one person remained in the field, and he was running towards me. Instinctively I shook out my saturated garments, and drew my bonnet over the wounded cheek. As he came near, I recognized him as a farmer of the village, and an old acquaintance.

"I believe I left my scythe somewhere here-

abouts; I had well-nigh forgotten it. Ah! it seems to have taken quite a leap since I left it. Got overtaken by the shower, didn't you?" he said, in a manner which betokened he did not care about stopping long.

"Yes, sir!" I replied.

Something in my voice must have attracted his attention, for he looked up, and the next moment sprang to my side.

"What is the matter, ma'am—Miss Lall! Are you hurt?" he inquired.

I pointed to the scythe and then pushed away the bonnet from my bleeding face.

I was conscious of his taking me in his strong arms, as though I had been a babe, and rapidly crossing the fields with me, and then there was a blank. \* \* \* \* \*

I could hear a low, buzzing conversation, out of which I distinguished the words:

"What do you suppose her nice lover would say, if he should see her now?"

"I don't know—pity her, probably;" replied a voice which I knew to be Mary's.

"She is very much altered," said Ellen, the first speaker.

"Yes; but that *ought* not to make any difference," spoke up Mary again. "I'm sure I should hate him if I thought it would."

"She loves him so, poor thing! how she has raved these past few days!"

I comprehended it all in a moment, as I took in the meaning of these words, and the memory of the accident with the scythe came back to my mind. I had been sick. The injury, the fright and exposure had been too much of a shock for my constitution to rally under without a struggle, and from the conversation I had overheard, it was also evident that I had also been delirious. But what had transpired during my illness, or how long I had lain there, I could not tell.

I looked about the room. Mary and Ellen were sitting with their backs to me, and facing the open window, through which the warm, dreamy, summer air came in, laden with the low, indistinct sounds of country life, and bringing the fresh smell of hay-fields. On the little table at the head of my bed, a few china asters and sprigs of southernwood looked over the brim of an earthen mug; and in a mirror opposite, I could see a few squares of the patch-work spread which covered me. I raised myself partially, hoping to get a glimpse of my features, but fell back weak and faint.

"Mary!" I called.

The honest girl gave a bound which came near overturning the chair in which she sat, and was at my side.

"How long have I been sick?" was my first query.

"Not quite a week."

"Has Leonard come?"

"Not that I know."

"Bring me a mirror, if you please."

Mary hesitated, looked at Ellen, and then did as she was requested.

One glance was enough. The freshness of my complexion had faded, giving place to a sallow paleness, and through the thin plaster which covered nearly one side of my face, I could distinctly trace the long, half-healed gash, extending across my cheek. My hair had been cut close, for convenience sake, probably; and had my outward appearance been the only method of self-identity, I never should have recognized Margaret Lull, in the invalid looking at me from the glass. I gave it back with a great feeling of dismay at my heart which made me for a time weaker than an infant.

Mary pitied me, and half-understood my sensations, I was sure, from the delicate manner in which she expressed her sorrow at my misfortune, her joy that I had regained my senses, and her careful avoidance of mentioning the change which she knew I could not but notice.

"I took a letter from the post-office for you, yesterday; do you think you are able to read it?"

"O, yes!" I cried, eagerly. "Let me see it."

She smiled and left the room, but almost immediately returned with the letter, which I snatched without stopping to thank her.

It was a long, tenderly-written missive from Leonard, and at any other time would have been hailed with untold delight. At its close he said:

"I think I do not realize half thankfully enough this new blessing that God has given me. I was always a skeptic in love affairs, dear Margaret, until your beautiful face dawned, like a young moon of hope and happiness, in the eventless horizon of my life. And even now I am inclined to wonder if the fidelity, and purity, and earnestness of all loves, past and present, have not been drained and concentrated into one, and that one yours and mine; if any one can ever love a Lizzie or a Susan, or a Mary, as I love Margaret. I do not think my mother has ever been to me what a mother ought; the cold, heartless world of fashion in which she lives, runs like a great barrier of ice between us. The only sister I ever had closed her blue eyes in death while I was a babe; and so you have become to me, not only the dearest divinity my heart acknowledges beneath its Maker, but the type and essence of all womanhood. I repeat it—I do not think I can be half thankful enough, that in a little time our lives will be united by ties so strong that neither death nor eternity can unbind them."

I crumpled the letter in my hand as I finished,

reading, and crouched down in the bed, drawing the clothes over me so closely as to shut out every iota of sunshine and sweet air. Why should such a man as Leonard Sherburne, I thought to myself, pass by all the other women whom he may have met, to offer me his heart? He found me a poor, ignorant serving-girl, with nothing but my looks to recommend me. He poured sunshine over my life, till every barren rock and desert spot ran out the rose-tendrils of happiness. I knew then, as I had known all the while, that had my face been plain as my heart was simple, and my life lonely, we should never have been more than strangers to each other. Were not his last words to me, "God bless you, my beautiful Margaret?" What *else* could he love me for, uneducated, poor and humble as I am? I did not care *then*, if the key was a frail one that opened the portals of his heart to me. I was confident that some time I should be a great, noble woman—one whom he would not be ashamed to acknowledge as his wife, even before the proudest and most accomplished—that sometime I should win his respect, as I had done his admiration; that he would take me to his heart and say: "You are all I have desired." But now—if he could see me *now*! I buried my head in the pillows to choke back the great sobs of agony that swelled up from my heart.

"He shall not see me," I almost screamed, in my disappointment, as a sudden and desperate thought flashed through my mind. "It is enough that I must give him up, without being a witness to the gradual cooling and withdrawal of his affection. His first sudden start of surprise and pity would quite kill me."

"But perhaps," suggested a weak hope, that clung to him and would not let him go so easily, "perhaps his love *does* strike deeper than the surface, after all; perhaps he would care for you all the same."

This thought was bitterer than the other. Should I, who had only beauty to bring him as a dower, in exchange for the wealth, luxury and position he would confer upon me, now that *that* was lost, go empty-handed to the altar? If he should, as a brave, honorable man, repeat his offer of marriage, would it be generous in me to accept it? How the white veil and orange flowers would become that hideous scar upon my cheek! How proud he would be to take me with my disfigured face, before his haughty, fashionable mother, and her circle of rich acquaintances, as the beautiful woman he had singled out from all her sex, the only one fitted to be his bride! I laughed a bitter, mocking laugh, as I thought of it.

No! I would go away. I would spare him

the pain, and myself the mortification of a meeting. I would be generous, even in my grief. Somewhere in the great world, I knew I could go, and while I labored for a livelihood, God would help me be the noble woman I had planned, even though I climbed the steep alone; and maybe, in his own good time, whether on earth or in the blessed home beyond, he would fill up the vacant place in my heart with a holy calm.

My resolution was taken, my only fear was, that Leonard would come before I could put it in execution. With zealous eagerness, I hurried on the cure which my own anxiety retarded. I scolded the doctor for keeping me so long confined to my room, when, but for the new purpose that actuated me, I should have been prostrate with weakness. I ate when I loathed the sight and smell of food, that they might think my health returning with my appetite. I walked around my apartment when it required all the combined energies of physical strength and a determined will, to keep my feet steady and my head firm. I had no time to lose, and could not stop to get well naturally. I insisted upon it that I *would* recover because I *must*, and my haste came near defeating itself several times.

One morning, as I sat alone, after hours of forced exertion, I yielded, for the first time, to tears. The sweetest dream of a life-time was soon to be broken up, perhaps needlessly. My own hand was to be its executioner, to stab through and through its delicate heart with the sharp dagger of my resolute will. It was a time when tears might well be pardoned, and I wept without restraint.

On the table before me lay two notes, written that same morning. One of them was for Leonard, telling him briefly the history of my misfortune, my determination to relinquish all claims upon him, and desire to put it beyond his power to act as his generosity would, I feared, prompt him to do. It was a cold, methodical letter, containing not one word to show how desolate my heart was while I wrote; for I had planned too unalterably to let irresolution be visible anywhere, and the great, despairing sob of farewell that I fain would have flung to him, ere our life-barks drifted apart forever, was moulded into a formal leave-taking.

The other missive was for my good mother and sisters, thanking them for their kindness to the helpless orphan, and praying Heaven to rain its richest blessings upon them all. In neither did I say aught of my plans or destination; I hardly knew them myself, only that I was wild, wretched, reckless, and was going somewhere to live, where no one I had loved could ever find me.

It was a bright, autumn day when I left the humble cottage home of my foster-relatives, never to return. I had deceived them in regard to my intentions, evading a direct falsehood, yet giving them to understand that I wished to pass the day with a lady for whom I had formerly worked. They made some objections, saying I was not strong enough for the attempt; but I overruled all opposition, playfully promising to remain over night, and not task myself by returning.

The depot was a mile and a half from the village, and I was too early for the coach; so I walked along, thoughtfully, drinking in the fresh air, with a dreamy unconsciousness of benefit, wondering what they all would say after my disappearance became known. I feared to look the future in the face. I had only a vague unsettled, half-formed purpose in my mind, on which to depend for action, and if that failed, I could not imagine what I should do. Exhausted as I was, however, by sickness, anxiety and grief, I was in no fit condition of mind to contemplate exigencies, or reflect upon the perplexing situation in which I was voluntarily placing myself.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive startled me from my disconnected reverie, as I neared the depot, and the purple wreaths of smoke that rolled up skyward, seemed to me, as I watched them, like so many huge birds of ill omen.

I was just in season, and took my seat in the cars, faint and dizzy, yet compelling myself to be strong, and finding amusement in watching the people on the platform, as they parted from or welcomed their friends. Suddenly I caught sight of a well-known form and familiar face. My heart leaped to my throat—it was Leonard! He had been seeking me, at the very time I was flying from him. In that very car, perhaps by that same window, where I sat trembling with the hope of escape, and the fear of detection, he had anticipated the pleasure of a meeting.

I kept my eyes fastened upon him, taking in, with almost adoration, every lineament of his handsome face, every motion of his proud form. All at once, as if conscious of scrutiny, he looked up. He gave a quick, puzzled glance at me, and turned away. Glad as I was to escape recognition, there came along with my self-gratulation, a bitter certainty of change that had not been realized in its full extent before. He would recollect, that unexpected and unknown meeting, I thought, after he knew all; but whether he would ever search for me or not, I did not pause to care. All I asked was to get beyond his immediate presence, I would risk the rest.

The signal was given for starting; with a swift, gliding motion, the cars flew past the little vil-

lage where I had seen all I knew of life ; and leaning my aching head upon my hands, I wept burning tears.

It was a quiet summer twilight. In the magnificent parlor of the Sanfords, a few fading rays of sunset still lingered, lighting up with a dim lustre the rich carpet and velvet lounges. In one corner of the apartment, by a window overlooking the gardens and summer-house, I sat alone, calling back the past.

Nearly seven years before, I had fled from home and friends and lover, to knit up the tangled thread of my destiny, among strangers. Nearly seven years before, my heart had bled under the fierceness of a bitter trial, and all over my life had been flung the dark ashes of desolation. I remembered it all, the anguish, the flight, the long sickness among strangers, when death came very near to me, and the kindness of the wealthy people who took me to their hearts because I looked so much like the precious daughter they had just given to the grave. I remembered, too, with a heart-leap of gratitude to Him whose hand was leading me in pleasant places, that they had not only given me of their pity, and cared for my wants from their abundance, but had brought me to their luxurious home, and been to me father and mother. I was Margaret Lull, the poor, forlorn working-girl, no longer, but Irene Sanford, the pet, the adopted heiress, and, strange as it may seem, the belle.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sanford I had revealed the events of my life, withholding only Leonard's name ; but it had grown to be an old story with them, and they seldom questioned me about it. I had changed much since that sad time. My new parents, as they wished me to consider and call them, spared nothing upon my education, and I applied myself to my studies with an assiduity which gratified their pride, while it detracted nothing from the satisfaction with which they installed me in the privileges of their lost daughter. I had outgrown, also, the disfigurement that had caused me so much trouble. My cheeks had regained their fresh flow of color, my shorn hair its length and luxuriance ; and nothing remained of the ugly scar, but a short, seamed line beneath my right temple.

I had ceased to value so highly the restored beauty which came too late. My heart was sacred to the memory of its first love, and Leonard was the same as dead to me. I had never heard from him, or the village I had left, even in the most indirect manner. Sitting there, that still, summer evening, with the memories of the blessed by-gone time flooding my soul, I would have

given all the luxury about me, and gone out once more, a homeless wanderer into the world, could I but have known how life had dealt with them, or lived over again that brief parting hour with Leonard, when he held me to his heart, and kissing, blessed me.

Steps on the garden-walk, and the sound of men's voices in conversation, made me put aside the silken curtain and peer curiously out of the window. But in the obscure light, I could only distinguish two figures, one of which I was sure was Mr. Sanford's. Just then the servant brought in lights, and taking up a book of engravings, I commenced turning the leaves carefully, and was so engaged when Mr. Sanford entered the parlor, followed by another gentleman.

"My daughter, Irene, Mr Sherburne."

I started at the mention of that name, and the hot blood rushed into my face, as I looked up, and saw the stranger's eyes fastened intently upon me. Those eyes ! I should have known them anywhere. For seven long years, I had kept the memory of their light shined in my heart of hearts, and now they seemed searching my inmost soul, and reading the secret I had kept guarded so sedulously. I stammered, and my heart beat so loudly with fear and agitation that I thought he must have heard it.

He, on the contrary, appeared not in the least disconcerted, after the first glance of surprise ; and but for a slight paleness which overspread his fine countenance momentarily, I should not have guessed he traced any resemblance between me and his betrothed of other days.

"This is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Sanford, smiling at my embarrassment, "whom I have not seen before for many years, and but for accidentally meeting him at the hotel a few days since, I might not have the pleasure now. I have brought him in to pass his opinion upon that portrait of yours, sent home yesterday."

Drawing Mr. Sherburne's arm within his own, he walked to the further end of the room, neither of them suspecting the tumult in my heart. Stepping back into the shade of the curtains, where I could see without being seen, I waited the result of the examination. I understood why, as my father lifted the covering from the freshly-painted canvass, Leonard dropped his head upon his breast, and could not look at it steadily. I understood why, when he raised it again, the expression on his face had deepened into melancholy. I knew, with a quick thrill of happiness, that the memory of the past was sacred to him, as it had been to me, and there was something in the picture which awakened that memory into new life.



"Tolerable," I heard him say.

"I am sorry to hear you speak of it so slightly," replied Mr. Sanford. "I imagined it quite a fine painting."

"I think I could paint a better one, novice as I am."

"What shall I give you to try?" asked Mr. Sanford, with a little laugh.

"Nothing but time, and your daughter's consent."

"Agreed!" was the answer, accompanied by another laugh, this time louder and heartier.

Then they came back to where I was standing.

"Irene," said my father, "Mr. Sherburne has promised to give us a better portrait, if you are willing. How is it? Will you sit to him?"

"Certainly," I replied, repressing my surprise. "I was not awage before that he was an artist."

Unlucky words! Leonard bent his clear, blue eyes keenly upon me, as if wondering how I had ever heard of him before, and again the tell-tale crimson swept over my face.

"And so I never was," he spoke, at length, as if fearing I would consider his scrutiny impertinence, "until recently. During my late travels in Italy, I took up the study, partly from a natural love for the art, and partly to while away time, which has become a miserable burden; and although I have never set up as a portrait-painter, or in fact, had any experience in that line, I shall be only too happy to copy beauty like yours."

I bowed low, as if in return for the compliment—which he did not dream I appreciated so well—but in reality, to conceal my emotion.

It was arranged that he should make Mr. Sanford's house his home while he remained in town, and before he went away that evening, I had learned to talk with him quite freely. He thought me the daughter of his host, and I was safe.

A fortnight passed away, and the portrait had progressed finely. Morning after morning I had sat in Leonard's room while he painted, sometimes winning from him glowing descriptions of his life abroad, although, for the most part, he was reserved and silent, busying himself with his pencils and brushes, or sitting, watching me abstractedly.

It was my last sitting, and he had called me to criticise his production. Trembling with the happy consciousness that I was other than he thought me, I stood up beside him. It was not Irene Sanford, the mature, dignified, accomplished woman, that smiled out at me from the canvas; but the girl Margaret, as he had seen her last, in the May of her young beauty. There was the finely-modelled features, the soft, peachy

complexion, the lustrous eyes and sweeping tresses; and over all hung a dreamy, indescribable expression of what I had been, that told me how he had worked, and what had been his inspiration.

"That is not I," I said, looking at him steadily; "but some half-ideal representation, which you have tried to make resemble me. The expression is too youthful."

"You are right, Miss Sanford. I cannot paint your portrait."

"And why?" I asked, resolved to wring his secret from him, at all hazards. "You were not of the same opinion a fortnight since."

"Yes I was, and if I practised deception, it was to gain an object, which, I trust, might excuse even a greater crime. Once," he continued, and his strong voice quivered a little as he spoke, "I had a friend, whom you strikingly resemble. You will understand me if I say she was more than a friend—and I lost her!"

"How?" I inquired again, pushing him on cautiously and resolutely to speak the words I most coveted to hear.

"Perhaps you will condemn me as a simpleton, if I make you my confidant; but I am sure I could not have a better one, and if you will listen, you shall hear the whole," he replied, leading me to a seat.

How I longed to throw myself into his arms, and tell him who I was, as he told me of his old affection, of the great blight which fell upon his life, and how he had wandered, a weary, disappointed man, in foreign climes, seeking everywhere the comfort he could not find.

"Did you never search for her?" I asked, in a husky tone, as he concluded.

"Yes, but vainly, and I gave up in despair. But I have come back to renew that search, after all these dreary, wasted years, and to find, if she yet lives, the woman, without whom I am so wretched. No sooner did I see your portrait, than I was seized with a desire to possess one like it. I did not expect, as I said, to surpass it in execution, but feared your father would refuse my wish to copy it. This," he added, going towards the portrait, "is Margaret, as she was, and always will be to me, beautiful beyond compare, and I hope you will all forgive me for the trouble I have caused, when you know, that if I should never see her again, this will be the only solace of my life."

"But if you should find her," I said, eagerly, without heeding his last remark, "and she should be degraded, ugly and poor, could you love her still?"

"Degraded she could never be," he answered,

proudly; "no scar, however frightful, could have made her ugly, to me; and were she as poor as the meanest beggar in the street, God knows I would lay down wealth, rank, and all the achievements of an industrious life, to have her once more where my arms might shelter, and my love gladden her!"

I stole softly to his side, and my voice was broken and unsteady as I said:

"I can tell you how to make this picture look more like Margaret, as she is now."

"How?" he asked, flashing a quick glance of surprise at me, from his blue eyes.

I lifted the hair from my temples, and pointed to the scar.

He looked at me, half-wonderingly, half-comprehendingly, and then springing forward, caught me by the arm.

"Tell me," he faltered, "if—but no, it cannot be!—what do you mean, Miss Sanford?"

"Can you not guess? Have none of them told you that I am not the real daughter of these kind people, but only a simple, unprotected orphan, who ran away from all that was dear to her, and found a refuge in their hearts, seven years ago? I am Margaret, Leonard!"

With passionate caresses he snatched me to his heart, kissing and scolding me all at once; and looking up through my happy tears, I thanked God, as I have thanked him ever since, that out of the black night of my desolation, he had brought, at last, such a wealth of blessing.

#### EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

Nature has qualified man to breathe an atmosphere of 120 degrees above zero, or 60 below it, without injury to health; and the doctrine of physicians that great and sudden changes of temperature are injurious to health, is disproved by recorded facts. There are very few navigators who die in the Arctic Zone; it is the most healthy climate on the globe to those who breathe the open air. We have among our associate observers one who observes and records the changes of temperature in Australia, where the temperature rose to 115 degrees at three o'clock, P. M., and next morning it was down to 40 degrees—a change of 75 degrees in fourteen hours; there the people are healthy; and another at Franconia, N. H., where the changes are the most sudden, the most frequent, and of the greatest extent of any place with which I am in correspondence on the American continent—and yet there is no town of its size where so great a proportion of its inhabitants pass the age of threescore years and ten. It is the quality of the changed air that constitutes the difference that physicians notice, and not the temperature.—*Hartstene's Expedition to the Polar Sea.*

Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

#### LOVE.

BY JOHN CARTER.

O, ask me not what wo and bliss  
The secret heart may know,  
When opening to the morning's kiss,  
Love's blushing flowerets glow.

But bid me paint the tints that play  
On yonder glowing west,  
Where all the lingering charms of day  
In dazling beauty rest.

Or bid me paint the clouds that rise  
O'er midnight's sable crown,  
When angry thunders rend the skies,  
And hurl destruction down!

For such is love!—th' entrancing ray  
That glids the sky so blue,  
And lingers round the parting day,  
Plays in the lightning, too!

#### THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

A MURMUR as of little children—a song of birds in the hedges—the sound of waters leaping from rock to rock, and then stealing through the long grass, and over gravelly beds—the scent of sweet-briars and clover blossoms—the chime of a distant Sabbath bell—a happy child playing with tiny boats in the stream, another, looking on as she sits on a rock, with a face full of sober, grave thoughtfulness. All these things come to me like a dream of yesterday, for I was myself the child playing in the stream, and the other was my little sister. We had followed our nurse, I remember, out to the woods on a Sabbath morning, in summer. The girl was to meet some person at that time and place; and when she did so, they wandered far from the children whom she was to guard.

When they returned, the melancholy looking child sat upon the rocks, as they had left her. The other—myself—had disappeared.

I have a faint remembrance of feeling that it was wrong to leave little Lulu behind; but the tempter was with me, in the shape of a good looking, benevolent woman, who offered me comfits and sweatmeats in profusion, if I would go with her. I willingly took her hand, and trotted off by her side. She led me a weary way, through woods, and over rocks, and briars, and bushes. My feet were torn and bleeding, my Sabbath frock torn in tatters, and my limbs weary and exhausted. The woman gave me bread and some raisins to eat, and as I cried for thirst, she scooped up some water in a little cup

which she carried in her basket, and I drank eagerly.

It was night when we ceased our wanderings, and I was weeping bitterly. She carried me into a low, unpainted house, where there were several grown people, and a boy about my age.

When this child spoke to me, and smoothed down my tangled curls, I became quiet at once. I suffered the woman to put me into a high bed that stood in the room, on condition that the boy should sit down in the arm-chair that was at the head. I fell asleep to dream of little Lulu, and woke to see the woman who brought me away, preparing my breakfast. She took me up, and dressed me in some clean but ragged clothes. I did not like them, and cried loudly for my little plaid silk, and my bracelet. I was told that they were worn out, and that I must wear those which they gave me.

After breakfast, the woman took me out again, and told me what to say, when I should go to the houses. I was to tell them that my mother was dead, and that I was very hungry, and that I also wanted clothes. It was very hard at first, and my poor feet were worn and bleeding every day; but I got used to it after a while. I must have been five or six years old, when I was taken away; and I think that I staid in this place until I was nearly ten; but I had no particular date by which to be perfectly correct; but so they tell me now.

I was attached to my mother, as I called the woman who carried me off. She was very kind to me, and did not beat me, as the boy's mother did him. I have cried often to see little Clyde whipped. I called him Clyde because he looked so much like a child I knew by that name. So Clyde he was called by every one. It seemed that they were not particular about the name. They called me Milly, though I knew it was not right, for I had always been called Fannie.

I grew up without learning anything. My mother (Margaret they called her in the house) did all my sewing, which was not much, because nearly all the clothes I wore were what I begged, ready made. I could sing, and learned all the street songs, getting abundant payment for every one I sung. Clyde sang too, and our voices harmonized finely together. I liked to have him sing with me, and would not utter a note alone. I think now that I carried a good deal of sway in that household, for they would rarely contradict me. The woman, Margaret, was uniformly indulgent to me; and I think she watched over me faithfully, in every other respect than in teaching me lying and begging.

Clyde and I went out together almost always.

Generally, we were brother and sister, with two or three others at home, and our mother very ill. Clyde excelled in fiction, and seldom came away without throwing in several new touches, which, coming from the meek lips which he contrived to make up, were irresistible; and never failed of bringing something valuable to our stores. Margaret would pat our heads on our return, and when I gave all the praise to Clyde, she would predict future greatness to the successful beggar boy! My heart sickens as I record this profaning of the sacred innocence of childhood. I hasten to pass over these hours, and turn with a feeling of pleasure to other scenes.

Two or three times we had been at a house, where there was a beautiful child about my own age, whom I heard some one call Beatrice. I looked upon her, in her pure white dress, with a few blue ribbons about her, and thought she must be one of those little angels of whom some of our songs were so eloquent. I looked at my own torn and shabby dress, and wondered why it should be so different from hers. I had looked in Margaret's broken looking glass often enough to find out that, in all but the dress, my appearance was as striking and beautiful as hers. My eyes were black—hers were blue. My hair curled naturally, and hers was evidently trained to curl. Her arms and neck were of a more glossy fairness, and her cheeks had a clearer pink, but I could not help thinking that mine were quite as pretty.

We struck up a great friendship—these two—the wandering beggar girl and the little fairy queen. I carried her all the berries and flowers I could pick up, and, notwithstanding she had a splendid garden, and a green house and grapes, she seemed to value my wild wood presents more than any of her own elegancies.

Rare times for Clyde and me now! All the best cheer that Beatrice could command, was reserved for us by her hands, and her mother could not say nay; she loved her too well.

Could you have seen the fairy queen as she sat waiting for us in the summer house, book in hand, and then springing up to meet us, as if we were the most favored of all her court!

"Milly," she said to me one day, "can you read?"

"No, indeed! can you?"

I looked at her with the thought that such a little creature could not possibly know so very much as to read!

"Yes, Milly, I can read, and will teach you too, if you wish to have me."

I could only express my thoughts by a grateful look, which might have spoken volumes, if

she could have read it. To read! I thought it almost too great for me; but Beatrice fulfilled her promise, and not only taught me to read, but supplied me with books, which I kept closely hidden from Margaret, because I had a vague idea that she would not like to have me know how to read. Beatrice taught Clyde too—and although it was uphill work at first, we soon came to like it, and when we could master the reading of a book, so as to understand and comprehend it, I will venture to say, that two prouder creatures could not be found than we two.

I had either grown so large and tall, or else it was my new book knowledge, that made me feel ashamed now to beg at houses where we had begged before; so I asked Margaret to let us go away into another town, which I had heard adjoined ours, and where we were not known. She consented, and we started early in the morning to commence our travel.

It was a sweet, dewy morning in June, and the green lanes through which we wandered, were full of the delightful fragrance of apple blossoms, not yet wholly fallen off. There was a little silver thread of water running in and out among some pine trees that stood at the foot of a hill, among whose rocks the water had its birth, and came flowing down its sides into the valley, with a soft, low murmuring sound. Just above our heads a bright-winged oriole had hung his nest, and all through the woods that separated the two villages, the birds were singing as if this day was a jubilee, got up expressly for their benefit.

As we parted some low bushes to make our way across a field, the scent of sweet-briar was crushed out by our footsteps, and the old memory of a time in my childhood came back to me. Never, except when inhaling that delicious scent, and standing in the midst of such scenes, can I fully and entirely recall it.

It came upon me now with such force, that I sat down on the grass and cried. Clyde tried to comfort me, and asked me what was the matter.

"I cannot tell you," I sobbed out, "only when I look at this brook and these trees, and smell this green branch, I can remember something more; it seems to bring to me a day when I had a basket of roses in my hands, and a soft white dress, and long white ribbons hanging from the waist."

"Do you remember anything else, Milly?"

"Yes—there was a tall man who used to walk in the garden, and held my hand as he walked; and in a little place, where the trees hung over, I can seem to remember that a lady was sitting,

and she too had a white dress, and I left the man's hand, and ran to her. She kissed me, and I called her mother.

"And then I remember going out another morning, when some one else was with me, and another child too, and we heard the bells ring; and all at once, I hardly know how, Margaret came, and I never saw the others again."

"Well, Milly, do you know that I have just such thoughts sometimes? I don't believe that I have always been with Margaret and the rest of the people in that house; and though she is kind and pleasant to me, I know that I have lived, sometime, with people who looked better, wore good clothes, and did not go begging."

Thus we talked until we both grew very sad; but as I saw how full Clyde's eyes were of tears, I sprang up from the turf, and called gaily to him to follow me. Mine were the spirits that rallied first, for Clyde walked on gravely and thoughtfully for some time longer.

At last, he said, "Milly, I think now that I can remember something more. There was certainly a man that I called 'papa,' and he wore just such clothes as the people did on board that ship, where you and I went begging one day, when we went off on the railroad, to the waters' side."

"What, with the bright buttons and the gold round their caps?"

"Yes; just so was this man dressed; and when we went down to that ship, it all looked natural to me, as if I had seen it before. But there, Milly, I suppose it was nothing but a dream, after all."

We journeyed along slowly—now stopping to gather branches of the fragrant blossoms, then chasing butterflies, or peeping softly into new made nests, where four little speckled eggs would be lying, and the parent bird would be twittering on another shrub close by.

"Clyde!" said I, with a provident eye to breakfast, "don't let us ask for any clothes to-day, but only money, and something to eat. We shall be too tired to carry anything home."

"So we shall—unless we can get a ride in some of the market carts going home."

By this time we had entered the village, and the sun was already up. We were faint and hungry. Several people whom we met in the first streets we came to, mechanics going to their work, and shopkeepers to their stores, gave us a few coppers, with which we bought some smoking biscuit, at the baker's. A drink of clear, cold water from a pump, in the public square, washed it down. We shook off the dust from our clothes, and went on.

We came at last to a quiet, retired street, where the houses seemed larger, handsomer, and where the fences were of wrought iron, and beautiful shade trees all around them. Through the fences, we could see long gardens stretching away off, and full of beautiful plants and flowers. We resolved to apply at each one of these houses. We went to several, and obtained a little money at each. At the fourth or fifth, we saw two splendid lions, wrought in iron, as we thought, crouching, one on each side of the front door.

The gentleman who came to the door, was dressed as if going out; but when we told our errand, he turned back to the room from whence I supposed he had just come, and told us to follow. He led us into a room, hung with beautiful pictures, and having a small round table in the centre, where breakfast had been served. Everything on the table was glittering like silver, except two large cups and saucers, which were like gold, and with flowers painted on them. Delicate little loaves of bread, a plate of butter with ice lying on it, slices of cold meat, and a large silver goblet full of radishes, were on the table, and, not yet risen from breakfast, was a lady, whose white morning dress and pretty cap made me look at my dirty clothes with shame. She exchanged looks with the gentleman, who told us to sit down at the table. He then went to a closet, and took out two more cups, and passed them to the lady, who filled them with coffee, from a splendid silver vessel, and poured cream into it.

We were ashamed to eat, where there was so much elegance; but they both helped us so bountifully, that we were obliged to take it. Never had I tasted anything so good before. They watched us with pleasant smiles, which yet had something sad in them; and especially when their eyes rested on me. They conversed in a low voice together, and I heard the gentleman say, "Fannie would have been as large as she is now;" then turning to me, he said, "how old are you, dear?"

I blushed with shame, because I could not tell him, I did not know. I stammered out that Margaret would not tell me.

"And who is Margaret?"

"She is the woman that we live with. Sometimes we call her mother."

"And why not always?"

"I don't know—we don't think she is exactly our mother. We don't think we always lived with her."

They exchanged looks, and I began to cry, for I was afraid I had said something wrong. Clyde, bashful as he was, could not withstand

my tears. He put his arm round me. "Don't cry, Milly," he said, affectionately. I wiped away my tears, but saw the lady weeping too, and I began again.

She rose and went to the window, and her husband, as we supposed he was, followed her. They talked long and earnestly. At last I heard her say, "O, James, what if this should prove to be our little Fannie!"

"It is almost impossible," he said; "yet it almost seems to me, that if Lulu could see her she would know her."

Involuntarily, at that name, I cried out, "LULU!"

They came towards me. I had risen from the table, and stood by the door. "What of Lulu?" they both asked at once. "I do not know," said I; "but I remember a little girl that was named so, and I used to play with her."

The lady dropped down into a chair, as if she had received a blow. The gentleman was calmer, but his hand trembled as he came and took off my tattered hat. The long, black curls swept down below my waist, moist with the morning's exercise and my own agitation.

"Look at the eyes, Matilda," said he, "they are precisely like Fannie's. I wish Lulu were here!" and he paced the floor quite nervously.

"That boy, too," said the lady, "he never came of low parentage. James, I believe these children are both stolen. O, if Fannie had only had some mark by which I could identify her!"

At this moment, Clyde, who was now looking from the window, started and cried out, "Milly, Milly, look here! Here is Margaret, looking up to this house! I saw her through the blinds."

We both started to go after her, but the gentleman detained us. "I will go," he said. "Matilda, keep them here till I come back."

We watched him, till he called her; and saw her come up the steps. She looked pale and frightened. He did not come where we were, but took her into another room. They were there a long, long while, and then he came in, and staid with us, while the lady went to her. She was gone but a few minutes, and then she came and laid her weeping face on my curls, and kissed them again and again.

"Are you sure, Matilda?" asked her husband.

"Sure," she answered, sobbingly.

What Margaret had said, I did not then know, but I afterwards found that, between bribing and threats, she confessed the whole. She said that when we were planning to go out of town to beg, she thought we meant the town adjoining the other side of that in which we lived. She told everything, of her own accord, about her

meeting with our faithless nurse and her companion on that Sabbath morning; and how strongly tempted she was to take the other child too, but she said that the grave look of Lulu made her afraid to risk taking her, although so much younger than myself. When she found that we were on the road to this town, as she was told by a man who met us, her conscience brought back everything she had done to me, and she hurried after us, hoping to overtake us before we entered the town.

Clyde and I were still standing, only half comprehending what was going forward, until Margaret came in and called him away. You should have seen Clyde then! He clung to me convulsively, all his bashfulness with the strangers forgotten, and tried to take me from their arms. They were both weeping over me, hardly daring to believe that I was their child, and yet, as they have since told me, dreading lest they should be deceiving themselves.

Still, Margaret's testimony left them scarcely a doubt; and as they had promised her immunity from punishment, they were about to let her depart, when their attention was called to Clyde.

"And this, too, is a stolen child?" asked my father, for so he told me I must call him.

Margaret hesitated. "None of my stealing, sir," she answered. "I never took any child but Milly. Clyde was there, at the house, when I went to live with the people."

"Never mind that," said my father, "I am a magistrate, and shall detain him. You may now go, but any attempt to get back the boy will put you to trouble, depend on it."

Margaret begged them to let her kiss me once, to which they consented, though I could see them shudder, when she did so. She bade us good-by, and departed. I never saw her again.

"Do not let the servants see either of the children," said my mother, "until they have taken off these clothes. Let the boy go into your dressing-room, until you go out and order something for him to wear. Here, I will give you his measure. Lulu's clothes will nearly fit Fannie."

All this time the dear lady was weeping tears of trembling joy, yet trying to subdue her emotions, by busying herself about us two.

She took me up stairs to her own dressing-room, where there was a bath, and after I had been in it,—a luxury which, to my tired frame, seemed so delightful, she dressed me, in what she said were my sister's clothes.

My sister! O, what joy, I thought, to have a sister! She dressed me partly, then brushed and curled my hair, put on nice, fine stockings

and shoes; and then lastly a clean white cambric dress. I looked in the long glass, which came down to the floor, and thought of Beatrice. Just like that, had her clothes always been—fresh, clean and smooth. How often I had admired her looks, without a hope of ever imitating it! My hands were somewhat darkened by exposure, but they were smooth, and the nails had always been kept clean. My mother noticed this with great pleasure.

It was two hours, I think, before I met Clyde again. When I did, he was so gloriously beautiful, that I almost believed that he was changed into one of the fairy children whom Beatrice used to read about. His hair was combed smoothly away from his forehead, showing its remarkable beauty. He was dressed in a suit of silver gray, with steel buttons, and his linen was of the whitest and finest. His astonishment at seeing me was equal to mine. We stood, for some time, mutually admiring each other. At length Clyde said, "it is not that I like you any better, Milly, but I always felt that you had a right to better clothes." My new father smiled, and told Clyde he must always call me Fannie.

"What are you going to do with this little boy, James?" asked my mother. "As we have no boy, had we not better keep him ourselves?"

"Had we not better try to find his parents," said my father, "and give them the same joy that we have now in finding our own darling?"

I heard this, and a strange dread seized me, lest I should be parted from Clyde. That would be worse, I thought then, than not finding my parents. I would rather have staid with Margaret, and worn my tattered clothes, than to separate from my brother and friend. Clyde's parents might turn up, I thought, and they would carry him away from me forever; and I wept bitterly.

Lulu came home the next day; but I did not take to her at all. She was grave, cold and distant; and I fancied did not like to find a rival in her parents' affections. She found two—for Clyde wound himself about their hearts in a way that promised well for the future. In a week, we were all settled. Lulu was sent away to her school again, but Clyde and I were to have private lessons, until we could compete with pupils of our own age.

We were taken everywhere—shown everything that could interest us. We visited picture galleries, museums, collections of statuary; everything, in short, that could please or instruct us. Our present life was so pleasant that it soon made us forget the other, and my father did not wish us to converse together about it. Margaret's name was never to be mentioned between us.

We went, one day on board a frigate which had just arrived from sea. Clyde was perfectly delighted, and the sailors all noticed him, and the officers were very polite and attentive to us all. Clyde found occasion to say to me, "This is the very ship which my father carried me to see, one day, and he wore just such a dress as that gentleman wears," pointing to the commander.

"What do you say, my little fellow? Was your father in the navy?"

Clyde had bashfully shrunk away, when he found that he was overheard, but my father explained to Captain Porter that the child was a foundling. The deep flush that overspread the captain's face was followed by a deadly paleness. He eagerly asked my father to tell him all he knew about the child. He could tell him little indeed; but Clyde's answers, when questioned, were favorable to the impression that he was the child who was stolen from the captain, a few months before Margaret had taken me.

The child's mother was dead, and the woman who took care of him had left the room one morning; and when she returned, he was gone!

Captain Porter asked Clyde what his name was before he had been called Clyde, and he answered unhesitatingly, and as if the memory had come to him all at once, "Albert Porter!"

The only thing that was left to the bereaved sailor, of all that had brightened his hearth, a few years before! How he had mourned this child! Not with the calm and settled grief, with which he had mourned for his wife and the two sweet little girls he had lost at sea. He knew that their beloved heads lay "full many a fathom deep" in the ocean. But this child! he who was drifting about the world, and of whose fate he could learn nothing—this was the grief that was wearing away the tall, slender form to a shadow. And now to find him!

"You will not take me away from Fannie, papa?" said Clyde, a few days afterwards.

"Not if Mrs. Harrison will still be a mother to you, my son," answered his father. "It depends altogether upon her, whether you stay here, or rough it at sea with me."

"Then he will not leave us," said my mother, and my father sanctioned her words.

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O, how far back in the past does all this seem to me! Our parents' heads, then bright and youthful looking, are crowned with almond blossoms; Lulu, grave and dignified, is a mother; and Clyde and myself have been married a year. It all came in naturally enough. Lulu liked him, and was going to break her heart about him; and I looked on and wept.

Captain Porter, who has long since given up active service, and resides wholly at my father's, saw how matters were; and laid his plans. He introduced the gayest, merriest little midshipman that he knew, and he thought Lulu's dignified manners were exquisite; proposed for her, and she could not resist him. Never were two less alike, but they are quite happy, notwithstanding.

The moment he was accepted, Clyde and I were betrothed. We were made for each other, undoubtedly, and Fate, for once, was very kind in ordering our life. Fate! forgive the word, O, Heavenly Father, who alone ordereth all events, and who suffers not even a sparrow to fall without thy will! Thou alone brought two souls together in thy mysterious bond; kept them, when earthly parents knew not of their wanderings, and bound them in that mystic tie, which only death can dissolve.

Do we forget Beatrice? Never, for a moment; and our pleasantest time is when we can prevail on her to pass a few weeks with us. Even Lulu is not proof against her good-natured, pleasant ways. I always call my husband "Clyde," and so does Beatrice.

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#### STRENGTH OF IRON.

It has been generally supposed that the strength of iron was deteriorated after three or four meltings; but according to experiments made by Mr. Fairbairn, this opinion has proved erroneous. He ran the metal—hot-blast iron—into bars one inch square; lengths of seven feet were supported on two points, and weight was applied in the centre till the bars broke. It was found that the strength of the iron bars increased up to the twelfth melting, after which it diminished, and at each successive melting deteriorated rapidly. The breaking weight at the commencement was 403 lbs., and the deflexion of the bar before breaking was 1 1-2 inch; at the twelfth melting the breaking weight was 7 25 lbs., and the deflexion 1 2-3 inch; at the thirteenth melting, the bar broke with a weight of 671 lbs.; at the fifteenth, with 391 lbs.; at the sixteenth, with 263 lbs.—*Scientific American*.

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#### INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet; somewhat in the manner we have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from the hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms on which they feed, frighten them, and the worms, in attempting to escape, come to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey is related of the gull.

—Wilson.

## FAREWELL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Farewell—though fleeting years may roll,  
 Before thy form I see,  
 True as the needle to the pole  
 My heart shall turn to thee.  
 Yet like a sad and boding knell  
 Doth seem this mournful word, farewell.  
 Within my inmost heart enshrined,  
 Thy memory shall live,  
 And absence shall but firmer bind  
 The ties which love doth give.  
 Still fancy weaves a saddening spell  
 From this most mournful word, farewell.

O, fare thee well! I fain would speak  
 My sorrow in this hour;  
 And yet no other word I seek  
 To show to thee its power.  
 For all my grief to thee I tell,  
 Although I say but this—farewell!

## BEFORE THE CORONATION.

BY WILLIAM O. MORLAND.

THE winds of March were howling fiercely around the palace walls of the Count d'Artois. This palace, the creation of the count's ambitious taste, was fitted up with almost regal splendor. In one of the magnificent rooms, sat the Duc d'Enghien. Impatient of the delay of some person for whom he was evidently waiting, he rose from the richly embroidered couch, and paced, with rapid and unequal steps, the tessellated marble floor.

His youthful figure—tall, straight and commanding—his face, which bore the impress of all the best qualities of the Bourbons, was reflected again and again in the splendid mirrors lining the walls of the spacious apartment. Some slight touch of vanity prompted him to pause before one of these, and as he did so, a slight, girlish figure came behind him, and two white arms, sparkling with jewels, were wound about his neck.

"Ah, traitor, you must admire nobody but me. You were looking altogether too lovingly on the handsome face reflected there. But no, you are looking very sober. Have I offended you with my foolish chat? Think of it no more, Louis!" And she tried by every endearing art to banish the remembrance of her jest from his mind.

"It is not that, *ma chère*, believe me," he said, in answer to her penitent excuses; "but I have had a miserable presentiment to-day, which doubtless your society will dispel. I will not tell you what it is; in fact, I hardly know what I

dread, but I start at every sound. But with you, my white rose of Ettenheim, I shall be able to banish everything that does not breathe of love and joy."

The short, wintry afternoon wore away in lovers' impassioned talk, and the shades of evening were drawing on. They did not ring for lights, but closing the heavy damask curtains, they sat down before the bright fire which burned up clear and cheerful in the porcelain stove, and threw fitful shadows over the rich crimson hangings. The sadness of her lover had partially communicated itself to Adrienne d'Artois, and she leaned her hand upon her head and sighed. At that sound, Louis pressed her to his heart and besought her not to permit a silly fancy of his own to disturb her.

His loving words restored her cheerfulness, and they sat with clasped hands in the bright firelight, weaving sweet dreams of the future, and coloring them with the purple and orange tints of a love which had hitherto shone brightly down upon their youthful hearts.

"Your father must consent to our bridal, this spring, my Adrienne," said Louis; "or perhaps we will wait until beautiful June comes, with its wreath of roses. I have heard it said that it was unlucky to be married in May. April is too tearful—and I would not ask you, love, to wed me in this stormy month. It is enough to make one shudder to hear this wild wind! No, my beautiful, we will wait for sunny June!" And in this way, he imparted to her a feeling of cheerful hope and serenity which he did not feel himself.

The great clock on the grand staircase struck nine before the lovers could believe that the evening had glided by so swiftly, and at its sound, Louis rose to depart. His short cloak and plumed hat lay carelessly on a chair, just as he had thrown them down on his entrance. He threw them hastily down, and taking up the short, jewelled sword, which they had concealed, he fastened it beneath the tri-colored sash which he wore, and stood before Adrienne as handsome and noble a cavalier as could be found in sunny France. He held out his arms to the maiden, and she sprang to his embrace; and again she felt that indescribable sadness come over her.

"Stay with us to-night, dear Louis," she tearfully pleaded. "Something tells me that it is not safe for you to leave this house."

He smiled at her fears, but her terror, imaginary though it was, was communicating itself rapidly to his mind. He half determined to yield to her suggestions, and then, as if ashamed of such womanly weakness, he said, playfully:



"If I listen to you, Adrienne, I should make but a sorry knight-errant, after all. Do not fear for me, love—I will meet you again in the morning."

A heavy tramp of clanging hoofs was heard at this moment in the court-yard, and loud voices demanding the Duc d'Enghien. Louis opened the door into the hall, and ere he could speak, a heavy hand, gauntleted above the wrist, was laid upon his arm.

"Louis, Duc d'Enghien, I arrest your person in the name and by the order of the First Consul of France!"

Thunderstruck at this missive, Louis involuntarily turned to Adrienne, to mark its effect upon her. She had fainted, and now lay like marble upon the tessellated floor.

"Poor child!" he exclaimed; "her foreboding was but too true!"

Scorning to resist, yet with a fiery spirit in his face, he submitted proudly to his captors, and leaving Adrienne to the care of the frightened servants, he followed them to the court-yard—the officer still keeping his hand upon his arm.

He calmly entered the carriage which stood ready for him, and into which entered three men, thus providing a sufficient guard, while a dozen outriders kept closely by the side of the carriage.

Louis smiled contemptuously at all these precautions for so slight a youth as himself; but he forbore to speak. By the route they took, he judged they were taking him to Strasbourg; but for what purpose, or upon what pretence, he was profoundly ignorant. It was as he thought, and Strasbourg was the first stopping-place. Here he was detained in custody for three days, and then, on the reception of further orders from Paris, he was conveyed to Vincennes, where he arrived at night on the 19th of March, 1804.

"Every scene of this horrible affair," says Bourrienne, "took place during the night; the sun did not even shine upon its tragic close. The soldiers had orders to proceed to Vincennes during the night—it was at night that the fatal gates were closed upon the prince—at night the council attempted to try him, or rather to condemn him without trial."

Innocent of any share in the conspiracy which had been formed against the First Consul, and not dreaming that he could be implicated, D'Enghien had remained at Ettenheim without a shadow of fear, unless the vague and apparently groundless presentiment experienced by himself and Adrienne d'Artois may be thought so.

Through the whole of that long, dismal night, too proud to question his companions, he remained silent and wrapped in his own bitter

musings. The thought that he—a Bourbon—one of that imperial race which had ruled France with a nod, should be thus subjected to indignity by the Corsican adventurer, was sufficiently cutting. That his ignorance of the conspiracy could not be substantiated, never entered his thoughts; for he began to have a dim remembrance that once, at Ettenheim, it was whispered to him that he was suspected. He had then spurned the insinuation, believing that were anything conjectured against him, his near relatives would be the first to put him on his guard. Forgetting the affair altogether, he had remained at Ettenheim, devoting heart and soul to the beautiful Adrienne, and scarcely remembering the gaieties of Paris, in which he was once a willing partaker.

And how fared it with Adrienne? When she recovered from the swoon, she found herself surrounded by her attendants, who were weeping bitterly around her couch, and mourning the capture of the duke, whom they all truly loved for his amiable and generous qualities. As she slowly recovered her consciousness, she remembered the event that had deprived her of it, and the most intense anxiety and terror seized her mind. Yet she was powerless to avert danger from Louis, or even to learn its extent, for her father was unfortunately absent, and she dared not take any active steps even in ascertaining his fate. The thought that the personal liberty of Louis was endangered, was sufficient to throw her into the deepest distress. That there was any fear to be entertained for his *life*, never passed her thoughts; otherwise, she would herself have flown to Paris and humbled herself at the very footstool of him whom she deemed the usurper of the rightful claims of the Bourbons.

Thus passed a week of undiminished anxiety, uncheered by aught save the thought of returning liberty to Louis. In vain the poor girl strove to take an interest in what was passing around her. She wandered through the splendid apartments, listlessly folding her arms upon her bosom, and deaf to the entreaties of Felice, her favorite attendant, who tried in vain to be allowed the privilege of arranging the disordered hair which hung in loose tresses over her beautiful shoulders. Exhausted, at length, by want of sleep and food, Felice persuaded her mistress to lie down on her own bed, where she fell into the heavy slumber which intense grief sometimes produces.

As the carriage passed through the heavy gates of the prison at Vincennes, a woman's face might have been seen from the window of an

apartment belonging to the suite appropriated to the commandant. It was that of Madame Harrel, the wife of the commandant, who was the foster sister of the duke. As the bright light from the immense lantern at the top of the gateway shone down upon the persons who emerged from the carriage, she uttered a scream which might almost have waked the dead, so loud and piercing was the sound as it rang on the ear and roused the slumbering echoes of the night.

Louis looked up and wondered what it could mean. The next moment he recognized her voice, as she eagerly questioned some one below the window.

"Is that the Duc d'Enghien?" she asked. "Heavens! is Louis, my beloved foster brother, to be an inmate of that horrible prison?"

"Hush, woman!" said the harsh voice of Harrel; "do you dare to reflect upon the decrees of Bonaparte himself?"

"But tell me—why is he a prisoner here?"

"Ask me no questions, Marie. Your shriek may have already cost me my post. Keep quiet, and do not meddle with what does not belong to your province."

Marie withdrew from the window and threw herself upon the bed, but not to sleep. Her quick woman's wit had divined the cause already of the being whom, more than any other on earth, she had truly loved. The remembrance of her miserable union with Francois Harrel—her knowledge of his idle and reckless life—her fears lest he should discover a more tender sentiment in her heart than the affection of a foster sister towards D'Enghien—all crowded, this night, upon her mind, and after tossing for a weary hour, she again rose and looked out upon the stars until they faded out and the gray light of early morning appeared.

There was a world of love in the little heart of Marie Harrel, and she manifested it now by a shower of affectionate tears when she thought of him who was the inmate of yonder gloomy prison. Her husband surprised her in the midst of her weeping. He had been out, learning all that could be known from the fierce-looking men who had accompanied the unfortunate D'Enghien. He talked, in a coarse and brutal way, of her tears, jested upon D'Enghien's being arrested while in the prosecution of a love affair, and then told her that he was about to leave for Paris, to attend the orders of the First Consul, which could be only given in person.

Marie saw him depart with ill-concealed joy, for she knew that, in his absence, she could gain access to the prison. The jailor had been so won by her kindness and attention to his little

motherless Rose, that he would do anything she wished; and as soon as Harrel was fairly out of the gates, she repaired to the prison.

"It is as much as my place is worth," said Pierre Lanusse, the jailor, "but I would risk anything for one who has treated little Rose so tenderly." And the grateful father allowed her to be shown to the presence of her foster brother.

Louis, who had ever cherished a tenderness for Marie, and who had shown his friendship in providing her with money when her idle and dissolute husband was discharged from his former service, was unfeignedly glad to clasp his foster sister's hand once more. Their interview was long and touching, for Louis related to her his engagement to Adrienne d'Artois, and the manner in which he was torn from her side four nights before. Marie wept bitterly. It was the first she knew of his love, and there was a feeling of anguish at the thought that she, whose childish years were passed with him, should be thus separated from him by her own unhappy marriage, and his love for another. Not that her most sanguine hopes could ever have aspired to a marriage with Louis, but it would have been something to have retained his mere brotherly affection, without the intervention of any other object.

Strange thoughts—romantic visions—came thronging into the mind of the little French woman, of opening his prison doors by night—of magnanimously restoring him to the arms of his promised bride—of throwing herself on their protection, to screen her from the wrath of her husband, and flying with them to some distant land, on whose favored shores tyrants and usurpers were unknown.

Alas for her dream of freedom! that pleasant myth which was just stealing over her, as with her hand clasped in that of Louis, she was giving herself up to its influence, when little Rose Lanusse came running in, and with terrified looks and gestures besought Madame Harrel to fly, for there were several horsemen approaching, among whom her father thought he could distinguish the commandant. She pressed one short kiss upon the hand of Louis and followed the weeping child, whose tears were flowing because her father seemed so agitated, and because she feared that madame was in danger.

Faster and faster came the horsemen, covered with dust, but urging on their steeds. Already they were near, and still Madame Harrel had not got over half the distance which separated the prison from the commandant's private dwelling.

"Run—do run, dearest madame," urged little Rose, whose fears every moment increased.

Marie saw their approach, and hid herself and the child behind the projecting angle of a wall. It was impossible to go further without passing them; and an indefinable dread had seized her mind that her husband would divine that her presence so near the prison was connected in some way with D'Enghien. And poor Lanusse, too, so obliging and self-sacrificing as he had been! How dreadful might the consequences be to him! Alas, the most terrible of all had not occurred to her mind.

Emerging from the cloud of dust which they themselves raised, and throwing themselves from their reeling and panting horses, the commandant and his companions proceeded directly to the prison. When the jailor had admitted them, Marie and Rose escaped from their hiding-place and reached the chamber from which Marie had first recognized the duke. The last words which Louis had said to her, before Rose came in, had been these:

"Marie, if aught of harm happens to me—if my life is in danger, or my imprisonment prolonged, go yourself to Adrienne and tell her that I loved her still. Promise me!"

And Marie had promised. Through the long day, strangers were coming and going, and something terrible filled the heart of Marie as she watched them all from her window, as she sat concealed behind the heavy curtain, with only a loop-hole to look through.

Night set in, dark, starless, and with a drizzling rain, breaking up the ice in the rivers and sending a chill through every frame. She could see no longer, and she turned wearily from the window after sending away little Rose. She had not tasted food for the day, but now her maid brought her a bowl of fragrant coffee, which she eagerly swallowed.

Her anxiety remained undiminished. The heavy tramp of iron heels was distinguishable amidst the dropping rain, and she trembled at every sound. At last she fell into a heavy sleep, from pure exhaustion. When she awoke, the broad daylight had appeared, and struggling up from his thick mists, the sun was rising in all his glory. Rose Lanusse stood by her bedside, with her eyes bathed in tears.

"The poor prisoner, madame!" was all that she could sob out.

"What of him, Rose?" asked Marie, starting up in alarm.

"He is dead!"

In an apartment at Malmaison, surrounded by luxury, sat Josephine and her attendants. She was replying to some quick-witted jest of the

women about her, when some person asked admittance. It was M. Savary, the flatterer and confidant of Bonaparte.

"I come, madame," he said, "from a scene so fraught with melancholy—nay, terrible events, that I am almost unmanned with my emotions. I bring you this," he continued, giving her a small miniature case, set with diamonds, "from the Duc d'Enghien, who this morning suffered execution. He wished you, madame, to give it to the daughter of the Count d'Artois, and to tell her that in death, as in life, she was remembered and beloved."

Josephine was speechless with emotion. She took the miniature, and pressing the spring, she gazed upon a face which bore the impress of everything good and noble. Enclosed in the same case was a lock of his beautiful hair. She pressed both to her lips.

"And you witnessed his death?" she asked, at length, when she could trust her voice to speak.

"I did, madame; and it was impossible to witness the death of such a man without feeling the bitterest emotion."

"Ah, Heaven!" exclaimed Josephine; "what barbarity! Had I but known it, I would have thrown myself at the feet of Bonaparte and entreated his life as a sacred boon. Gracious God, what will become of us?"

It was a bright sunny day—one of those in which March seems to attempt a successful imitation of her more genial sisters. Already the early flowers were beginning to peep from the sheltering hedges, and the tender blades of grass to lift their trembling heads.

A carriage was seen approaching the broad avenue leading to the mansion of the Count d'Artois. Soon it entered the spacious gateway, and stopped at the principal entrance. A lady stepped from it, and demanded to be shown to the presence of the master of the house.

"The count is absent, madame," said the porter, "but his daughter will see any friend of her father, although at present she is in deep affliction."

"Announce me to her as Madame Bonaparte," said Josephine. "I wish to see her alone, and my mission to her is important."

Opening the door of a large room, the servant retired to perform the message. In a moment more, Adrienne entered the room. She had seen Josephine before many times, and now approached her with graceful and easy politeness, but with a face pale and anxious with grief and watching. She sat down near Josephine, who laid her hand affectionately on her arm and tried

to speak to her; but those earnest, inquiring eyes were more than she could bear. She averted her head, while she held out the miniature. Adrienne eagerly grasped it.

"Louis!" she exclaimed. "He is safe, then! Tell me of him, dear lady; I have suffered so much in not hearing from him! Thank God, he is safe! But where is he?—and why did he not come?"

"Safe? Yes, my poor child," said the good Josephine, "safe in the arms of God!"

Ah, what a cold, stony look is that which meets the eye of her who would fain be the comforter to this poor sufferer! Josephine thought it would be merciful if she would never awake from the stupor which had come upon her.

Another figure now entered the room—a young and beautiful woman, clad in the deepest mourning. It was Marie Harrel. She seemed to have overheard the last words uttered by Josephine, for she approached the stricken maiden, and winding her arms around her neck, she whispered softly:

"And I too loved him. I am the foster sister of Louis. He bade me seek you, if any harm should befall him, and say that he loved you to the last!"

The simple act and words of the young and beautiful Marie seemed to effect what the statelier kindness of Josephine had failed in doing. Adrienne threw herself upon Mario's neck and wept long and bitterly. \* \* \*

On the 15th of May following this tragic event, Napoleon was named Emperor of France; and on the 15th of July, he appeared before the Parisians, as Bourrienne relates, "in all the pomp of royalty." On the same day, Adrienne d'Artois entered a convent for life. On the succeeding day, Marie Harrel was separated from her worthless husband, and sought protection from the abbess of the same convent.

Two gray-headed women, old and withered, sometimes pass each other on their way to or from vespers. They do not recognize each other openly, but as often as the elder sister is conscious of the younger's presence, she whispers—"And I too loved him!"

#### HIS OWN SERMON.

Rev. Wm. Fay, once stopping with a lady at Cheltenham, was requested to attend a certain church, where a preacher was to occupy the pulpit, who it was feared did not preach the gospel, that he might give his opinion in the matter. After the sermon, Mr. Fay was asked if he called that preaching the gospel. He replied, "Really, that is a very awkward question for me to answer, for it was my own sermon."—*Zion's Herald*.

#### A DIRTY SHILLING.

Bishop Meade, in the Southern Churchman, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among these he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice is in these words: "Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain straightforward industry, under the guidance of oldfashioned honesty, and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed, there was not one dirty shilling." This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase "filthy lucre," used more than once in his epistles. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and few men care for the soil upon their shillings, provided only they have enough of them. Yet the wisest of men says that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulation of a life-time. It is worth while for any man, before he makes a new addition to his heap, to examine the color of his coin, and keep out the filthy lucre, the dirty shillings.

#### NATIONAL BEVERAGES.

All Europe has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland and England, in tea; while poor Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet wherever his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table-lands of Tartary and Thibet, and the plains of Siberia—has climbed the Altai, overspread all Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee-leaf yields the favorite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian chaat as the indigenous warm drink of its Ethiopian peoples.—*Musical World*.

#### LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

The dials of the English Parliament clock are twenty-two feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing from fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four hundred weight.—*Charleston Courier*.

## PERIODS OF REMARKABLE COLD.

A. D. 401. The Black Sea was entirely frozen over.

462. The Danube was frozen so that an army crossed on the ice.

763. The Black Sea and Straits of the Dardanelles was frozen over.

822. The Danube, Elbe, and Seine, were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month.

860. The Adriatic was frozen.

874. Snow fell from the beginning of November to the end of March.

891—893. The vines were killed by frost.

1133. The Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea. Wine casks were burst, and trees were split by the action of the frost with immense noise.

1216. The Po was frozen fifteen ells deep. Wine casks were burst.

1234. Loaded wagons crossed the Adriatic to Venice.

1236. The Danube was frozen to the bottom and remained so for a long time.

1261. The Categat was frozen from Norway to Jutland.

1292. The Rhine was crossed by loaded wagons, and travellers crossed the ice from Norway to Jutland.

1323. Foot and horse travellers crossed from Denmark to Lubeck and Dantzic.

1344. All the rivers of Italy were frozen over.

1408. The wolves were driven by the cold from Denmark and crossed the river to Jutland.

1434. It snowed forty days without interruption.

1460. The Danube was frozen two months.

1458. The wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut in pieces with hatchets.

1544. The same thing happened again, the wine being frozen into solid lumps.

1565. The Scheldt was frozen so hard as to bear loaded wagons three months.

1594. The sea was frozen at Venice.

1621—2. All the rivers of Europe were frozen, and the Zuyder Zee and the Hellespont was covered with a sheet of ice, and the Venetian fleet was frozen up in the Lagoons of the Adriatic.

1658. Charles X., of Sweden, crossed from Holstein to Denmark with his whole army, foot, horses, baggage and artillery. The rivers in Italy bore heavy carriages.

1684. The oaks were split in England by the frost, and coaches drove upon the Thames.

1691. The cold was so intense that the wolves entered Vienna and attacked men and cattle in the streets.

1707. The frost penetrated the ground in England to the depth of three yards, in France the olive trees were killed, and in Italy the citron and orange trees suffered severely.

1716. Fairs were held on the river Thames.

1740. An ox was roasted whole upon the river Thames.

1776. The Dneiper below Vienna froze five feet deep, and in Holland and France wine froze in the cellars.

1814. Frost fair was holden upon the Thames. —*Scientific American.*

## ILLEGIBLE MANUSCRIPT.

What *guessers* printers must be! A New York editor, in decanting upon the guess at half-of-it-style of writing, in which many articles are sent to the printer, gives the following amusing specimen. A piece of poetry before him, written in what, at a reasonable distance, seemed to be intelligible words, when examined a little closer, appeared to present the following:

"Alone tosse'd rolls a tear by Moses,  
A many things we mourn by day;  
Tom and the shouting Indian chorus,  
And see the their limbs at play."

Knowing, however, that his correspondent was not a fool, he more carefully examined it; and he guesses that the following version is nearer the author's intention:

"I love to stroll at early morn;  
Among the new-mown hay;  
To mark the sprouting Indian corn,  
And see the lambs at play."

## JOKING BY ACCIDENT.

Nothing is more amusing than to hear people use language which has a double meaning, of which the speaker is unconscious, while everybody else sees the joke as "plain as a pike-staff." Sometimes the "fun of the thing" consists in one's telling, in his way, an unintentional truth; as when the man who carried round the contribution-box in a church observed to another, who inquired the amount of his own contribution—"Other folks gives what they likes; what *I* gives is *nothing to nobody!*" Another instance is that of a gentleman who was boasting of the rapidity with which he could write verses. "It takes some people," said he, "half an hour to make a couplet; but I write a forty-line poem in twenty minutes, and *make nothing of it!*" There was doubtless more truth than poetry in the confession, which affords a capital comment on "fast writing." —*Post.*

## ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

A corporal of the Life Guard of Frederick the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but at the same time was a brave fellow, wore a watch-chain, to which he affixed a musket ball instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king, being inclined to rally him, said: "Corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch; it is six o'clock by mine—tell me what it is by yours." The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew out the bullet from his fob, and said: "My watch marks neither five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every minute that it is my duty to die for your majesty." "Here, my friend," said the king, quite affected, "take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also." And he gave him his watch adorned with diamonds. —*Anecdotes of Military Life.*

It is a sensitive self-love that cannot forgive the self-love of others. The more self-love we have, the more severe our censures. The less we love ourselves, the more considerate we are of others.

## Curious Matters.

### A strange Act.

It is stated in a foreign paper that a German musician, resident in Jutland, having occasion with his wife and daughter to leave home to play at a wedding party, left three boys aged 13, 11 and 9 at home. Those boys wished to contrive some way to avoid going to school, and actually resolved to cut out their tongues. The second boy undertook the performance and partly succeeded, when he begged of the elder brother to finish it, which he did by cutting off a piece an inch long. The boys, as the blood flowed freely, became terrified, the neighbors were called and the fellow suffered great pain, and his life was considered in danger.

### Extraordinary Affair.

A startling event took place in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the arrest of a foreign doctor, on a charge of wilfully poisoning three sisters, and forging a will, by which he became their heir. Having attempted to raise money on the security of this supposititious will, it fell into the hands of a law agent, in the confidence of these unfortunate ladies, who instantly saw that the whole was a counterfeited. One sister still lingers, and the bodies of the two others will be exhumed.

### A rocking Stone.

Some gentlemen recently exploring in the neighborhood of the Chawton lime quarries, in Alabama, found a rock of some hundred tons weight, so nicely balanced that it could be moved by the hand of a child, although no practicable force could be imagined which would throw it from its base. Its motion was about six inches of space.

### Peculiar Crime.

A young girl, named Greenwood, at Royalton Centre, Niagara county, was badly stabbed in the shoulder, while at church at that place, one Sunday evening, by a lad of only eleven years, in revenge for some fancied love insult. Young America has long been amorous as well as precocious; he is now becoming dangerous.

### Curious Discovery.

A French gentleman has discovered a vehicle for painting, which he calls colozorium, and believes it to be identical with that used by Pompeian artists. It is described as being brilliant and durable—as having no smell—and capable of being used in any kind of weather.

### A wonderful Vessel.

The largest vessel ever built since Noah's time is to be launched in England, about the middle of this month. Her first trip will be to Portland, Me., where wharves for her accommodation are now being built. A vessel of 30,000 tons is a novelty in the maritime world.

### Remarkable Feat.

Mrs. Bently, a sick lady, weighing less than eighty pounds, is said to have walked thirty consecutive hours, without resting, at Lafayette, Ind., last week, and ended with leading off a cotillon party.

### Strange.

A little girl in the town of Waterville, Ct., more than a year ago, swallowed a needle, and on New Year's day it came out of her knee.

### Daring Enterprise.

Humboldt has received a letter from Robert Schläglin, dated from Leh, in Ladak, 26th of September last, announcing that he and his brother had succeeded in crossing the chain of the Kuenlun mountains, and reaching Eitshi, the capital of the Khotan, in Central Asia, where no European had set his foot since the time of the Benedictine monk Goss in 1604.

### The Mysterious Finger.

The finger of Galileo is shown under a glass case in the Florence Museum. It stands on a bit of parchment, pointing toward heaven. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth, and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion.

### Artificial Fire Balls.

Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a bottle which contains three or four ounces of water. Place the vessel over a lamp, and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial fire-work, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

### A strange Accident.

A prison van proceeding from the assize court at Liverpool to Walton Jail, was brought suddenly to a stand still from one of the wheels taking fire. The van was filled with prisoners, two of whom had sentence of death recorded against them. The whole were detained until another van could be procured.

### Extraordinary Longevity.

Miss Elizabeth Gray, teacher, died in Edinburgh in April, 1856, at the age of 108. Her oldest brother died in 1728, twenty years before her birth, and her father in 1756. So that she survived her father 101 years, and her brother died 128 years before her.

### To melt Steel.

Make a piece of steel red in the fire, then hold it with a pair of pincers, or tongs; take in the other hand a stick of brimstone, and touch the piece of steel with it. Immediately after their contact, you will see the steel melt and drop like a liquid.

### Strange Being.

Hyman Laseros, a Jew miser eighty-six years old, was found dead and frozen stiff in his miserable shanty at Malta, Ohio, where he had lived alone for eighteen years. Three or four thousand dollars were found on the premises.

### Something New.

A London dentist applies ice to the patient's jaw when extracting teeth. The ice so deadens the sensibility that the tooth is drawn without pain.

### Antique Relic.

A silver-hilted sword, bearing on each side the figures of a thistle, lion rampant, and the date 1500, and a steel helmet, has been dug up at Flodden.

### Remarkable.

The island of Japan is said to be the only country where a change in the fashion of dress has not occurred during a period of 2500 years

## The Florist.

Sweet flowers in silence seem to breathe  
Such thoughts as language cannot bear.—ANON.

### A beautiful Flower.

The bearded cypripedium is a striking plant, from Java; it has very curious flowers, finely striped and spotted with brownish purple, and the leaves are beautifully checkered with black. The clothed calanthe is an exceedingly elegant species; the flowers, which are very abundant, being of most beautiful form, and in color white, with rose-colored eye.

### Evergreens.

The effect of a neat lawn about a dwelling-house is much increased by the selection of a few shrubs of evergreen character, on which the eye may rest when the ground is robed in winter's white mantle of snow. The different species of arbor-vitæ, &c., as some call it, white cedar, a very beautiful shrub, is frequently employed for this purpose.

### Flowers from Bulbous Roots in three Weeks.

Put quicklime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

### Onions and Roses.

It is said that onions certainly increase the fragrance of flowers, and that if a large onion is planted near a rose-bush, so as to touch its roots, the odor of the flowers will be wonderfully increased, and the water distilled from those roses far superior to any other.

### Water for House Plants.

Water is often injudiciously applied to plants in rooms, and the evil arises from falling into the opposite extremes of too much or too little. Fear of spoiling the carpet, forgetfulness, and sometimes a dread of injuring the plants, are the chief causes of an inadequate supply of water.

### Kisses and Flowers.

There is a tradition at the Hague, in Holland, that Johannes Secundus, the Dutch poet who sang of kisses, and whose house, near the flower-market in that city, is still to be seen, wrote always with a nosegay on his table.

### Myrtles.

These delightful plants should be grown in a soil composed of peat and loam, in which the former predominates, and should be regularly watered and frequently syringed.

### Daphne.

The daphne, of which there are two varieties, one with pink blossoms and scarlet berries, the other with white blossoms and yellow berries, is a sweet-scented shrub, and blossoms in April. The berries are said to be poisonous.

### Monkey Flower—Mimulus.

These spicy and curious plants are perennials in the green house, where they are easily propagated from cuttings.

### The Land of Roses.

Persia is the very land of roses. "On my first entering this bower of fairy land," says Sir Robert Kerr Porter, speaking of the garden of one of the royal palaces of Persia, "I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees, full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with exquisite perfume. Indeed I believe that in no country of the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia; and in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives."

### Rhododendron.

In the northern States, this is a straggling shrub of very irregular growth, but one of the most magnificent in foliage and flower that can be imagined. It abounds in the Middle States, and in the mountains of the South, but is rare in New England. It is found near Portland, Leicester, and in a swamp in Medfield, in this State. The leaves are evergreen, the flowers rose-colored, with yellow or orange dots on the inside, and sometimes pure white, or shaded with lake.

### Scarlet Trumpet Flowers.

None of our readers who have a fresh garden patch or yard in the city should fail to set out this spring, a scarlet trumpet-flower (*bignonia radicans*). It is a splendid climbing plant, producing magnificent trumpet-shaped orange-scarlet flowers, from July to October. It is a little tender in the North, and should be protected by matting and manure throughout the winter.

### Canary Bird Flower.

This is a very beautiful garden climber; it is of the nasturtium family, and receives its name from the very peculiar resemblance of its half-expanded blossoms to canary birds. If the seeds are planted early in the spring, in a light rich soil, it will grow rapidly, and bloom from early mid-summer till frost.

### Lavender.

The spike-flowered lavender is a highly odoriferous shrub; on a dry, loamy or gravelly soil it will endure our severe winters with little protection. The agreeable scent of lavender is well known, and it is the common custom in England to scatter the flowers over linen, as some do rose leaves, for the sake of their sweet odor.

### A Hint from China.

Sir George Staunton, in his account of his embassy to China, tells us that the Chinese husbandman always soaks the seeds he intends to sow, in liquid manure, until the swell and the germination begin to appear, which experience has taught him will have the effect of hastening the growth of plants and defending them against insects.

### Fragrance of Flowers.

Many a poor seamstress finds her hours of labor sweetened by the pot of dear mignonette at her elbow, whose odors she can inhale even when she dares not spare the time to lift her eyes and feast them on its delicate beauties.

### English Ivy.

This is a beautiful evergreen climber, and there are some specimens in this city which flourish well on the rough granite walls of buildings. It is easily propagated by cuttings or layers. It attaches itself firmly to walls without any assistance.

## The Housewife.

### To preserve Green Peas.

Shell and scald full-grown peas, spread them on a cloth to dry, harden them by putting them on dishes in a cool oven, and keep them in paper bags in a warm place. When being used, they are improved by a sprig of dried mint boiled with them.

### Mildew.

A lady friend and subscriber sends the following for our Housewife's Department: To remove mildew from linen, take soap and rub the spots well. Then scrape on some chalk and rub also well into the linen; lay it on the grass, as it dries wet it a little, and the spots will come out.

### Superior Cologne.

You may make a most choice and fragrant article thus: take of 90 per cent. alcohol one gallon, add one ounce oil of bergamot, one ounce oil of orange, two drachms oil of cedrat, one drachm oil of nevoli, and one drachm oil of rosemary. Mix well together, and it is fit for use.

### To clarify Cider.

The following is an old but good receipt: put newly made cider into a clean barrel, and leave it to ferment a few days, and then put in it six ounces of ground mustard, tied up in a rag; the cider will become sweet and clean, and remain so until exposed to air.

### Loing for Cake.

One pound of pulverized white sugar and the white of five eggs; beat the white until quite dry, to which add the sugar gradually. When used put on the first coat without thinning, but afterwards add a little rose water to the mixture.

### Russian Sauce.

Four table-spoonfuls of grated horseradish, two spoonfuls of made mustard, one salt-spoonful of salt, the same quantity of pounded loaf-sugar, and vinegar enough to cover the ingredients. Keep it closely bottled.

### To strengthen the Voice.

Raw eggs are useful for clearing and strengthening the voice, and are excellent food for weakly persons. A raw egg (if fresh) is more easily digested than any other known article of food.

### To remove Stains.

Fruit and red wine stains may be removed by a preparation of equal parts of slaked lime, potash, and soft soap, and by exposure to the sun, while this preparation is upon the stain.

### Burning Fluid.

A brilliant burning fluid is very simply compounded thus: take four quarts of pure alcohol, and mix it well with one quart of spirits of turpentine, and it is ready for use.

### Powdering the Face.

The use of magnesia, as a powder for application to the face, is decidedly injurious, and ultimately ruins the complexion, by rendering it hard and liable to eruptions.

### For Rheumatism.

Pulverize an ounce of saltpetre, and put it into a pint of sweet oil. Rub the parts most affected patiently, and relief will be experienced.

### Orange Biscuits.

Take the grated rind of an orange, six fresh eggs, a quarter of a pound of flour, and three-quarters of a pound of powdered lump sugar; put these into a mortar and beat them to a paste; put the paste into cases, and bake it in the same way as biscuits.

### Cleaning Stoves.

Stove lustré when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new.

### To cure Cramp.

A cold application to the bottom of the bare feet, such as iron, water, rock, earth, or ice, when it can be had—the colder the better. It will relieve in five minutes. If in the upper part of the body or arms, then apply the remedy to the hands also.

### Cooking Vegetables.

If one portion of vegetables be boiled in pure distilled or rain water, and another in water to which a little salt has been added, a decided difference is perceptible in the tenderness of the two. Vegetables boiled in pure water are vastly inferior in flavor.

### A pleasant Perfume.

Cedar wood split into little slips is very convenient for lighters, to keep handy upon the table or mantel-piece. They emit a pleasant flavor when burning. Small strips placed in the clothes-drawers render the articles fragrant, and tend to keep away moths.

### Almond Pudding.

Blanch one pound of almonds; beat them in a mortar to a smooth paste, with three table-spoonfuls of rose-water. Add one gill of wine; one pint of cream; one gill of milk; one egg; one large spoonful of flour. Boil half an hour.

### The Inkstand.

This indispensable convenience is apt to become mouldy, and thus offensive and dirty, with time. Put into the ink thus placed for use a couple of cloves, and it will not become mouldy in any length of time.

### For Burns.

The inside of a potato scraped and mixed with equal parts of olive oil, and turpentine in sufficient proportion to make a poultice, will form a soothing and healing application for burns.

### Veal Cutlets.

Half fry your cutlets; dip them in a seasoning of bread-crumbs, parsley, shallots, pepper, and salt, and the yolk of an egg; enclose them in clean writing-paper, and broil them.

### Tooth Wash.

The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

### Be saving.

Never waste animal or vegetable refuse. The very soap suds from the laundry are rich manure.

### Candles.

One candle kept well snuffed will give as strong a light as two with neglected wicks.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### MORE PARTICULARLY.

A little more than two years since, we commenced the publication of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, thinking there was a good opening for a cheap magazine, in which the people might obtain at a low price, just as good a work as they had been heretofore charged three times that price for. Thousands upon thousands of readers who did not feel inclined to pay three dollars for a magazine, would thus be enabled at a cost of one dollar, to enjoy a luxury that only wealthier people had heretofore felt able to afford. Our publishing house has been supported by the million; they are our patrons, the class to whom we addressed ourself, and whether we made one cent of profit, or not, on the work, we should have continued to publish *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*.

It was but a few months before we found that our enterprise was endorsed by popular favor to an unexpected degree, and we were obliged to re-set our forms and re-print all of the back numbers from the commencement. With the increased demand, we were enabled to improve the work, print it upon fine paper, and otherwise render it more readable. It grew rapidly into public favor, and we added an illustrated humorous department, determined to keep pace with the remarkable popularity it was attaining. Now, we have added another excellence, without increase of price, and the first pages of each number, in the style of the present issue, will be regularly illustrated.

The complete success of the *Dollar Monthly* has made it a theme of considerable remark, while its present increase in circulation surpasses all comparison. With hearty thanks to our army of readers and subscribers, we can only promise to merit this extensive popularity by constant vigilance and unremitting effort to render still more perfect the *Dollar Magazine*.

**CRYING THE HOUR.**—In Pittsburg, the custom of the watchmen crying the hour at night has been resumed by direction of the mayor, who thinks the ancient custom a good one.

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—One of our American writers says that woman is the heart of the family, if man is the head.

### AMUSEMENTS.

Sir Thomas More was wont to say to his children—"Let virtue be your meat and amusement your sauce;" an excellent piece of advice which wise men ought to follow in both respects, since relaxation is as necessary for the mind as temperance is for the body. When Sir Walter Raleigh was in the Tower, his friends began to be afraid that close confinement might prove dangerous. A physician, therefore, of his acquaintance was desired to visit him, and on being asked how he found Sir Walter, answered, "Never fear; he will do very well, for I found him playing by himself at push-pin." Dr. Samuel Clarke, the profound scholar and divine, was lively and fond of playing games with young children. One day, while thus engaged, Beau Nash was announced, on which the doctor gravely said, "Now, boys, let us be serious, for here comes a fool," a plagiarism, by the way, from a speech of Plato's under similar circumstances.

**CLUBS.**—It is an observable fact, in looking over our large and growing list of clubs on "*Ballou's Dollar Magazine*," that a very great proportion thus sent in to us, has been by the ladies. They frequently write us in this wise:—"Having a few hours leisure, I stepped out among my friends this afternoon, and having procured you eight subscribers, enclose the names with the money, and according to your terms, am now entitled to my own copy gratis." Who will not subscribe to such a work, at one dollar a year?

**A WEALTHY CHURCH.**—Trinity Church Corporation, New York, has now sixty-six churches under mortgage, to the extent of near \$600,000, and thirty-eight clergymen held by the golden chains of stipends at pleasure.

**A BIG STICK.**—A white oak log sawed at Wayne, Michigan, recently, made 2423 feet of sound lumber, free from knot or shake. It required six yoke of oxen to draw it.

**TIGHT LACING.**—A young woman died lately in England, in consequence of following this absurd fashion.

## THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

Our friend Deuteronomious Muggins has sent us a long communication on the treatment of convicts, which is altogether too lengthy and too rambling for us to publish, but which contains ideas we are willing to circulate, not with our endorsement, but as an expression of individual opinion. Mr. Muggins thinks that no one is reformed by harsh treatment; and he starts with the proposition that all offenders against moral and divine law are "insane"—no novelty, by the way, and Muggins does not claim a patent for it. Though he is willing to suffer the exterior of our prisons to remain as gloomy and forbidding as they are at present, still he insists that the interior should be brilliant and attractive. He proposes that the cells should be gemlike boudoirs, and the large apartments be fitted up like Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms. The walls should be hung with beautiful paintings, for he insists strongly on the reformatory results of the cultivation of the eye. A fine band of music, large enough to be divided, so that squads of six or seven musicians should be able to relieve each other at intervals, should fill the air with constant melody—because "music has charms to soothe the savage breast." The gentlemen—he would style them gentlemen—who are secluded from the world in this charming retreat, should not be called upon to perform any hard labor, or indeed to do any, except voluntary work. Their æsthetic tastes should be sedulously cultivated. They should be encouraged and instructed to draw, paint, to touch the piano, and to perform in private theatricals. In the place of the coarse, parti-colored dress now worn, they should be attired in the latest Parisian fashions. In the evening, a taste for refined social intercourse should be cultivated by the institution of serial *soirées*, to which ladies of the highest respectability from the exterior should be invited to attend, to mingle with the secluded gentlemen and sweeten their solitude by waltzing and polking with them, or joining their sweet voices to the manly bases and baritones of their unfortunate hosts. The table should be furnished with every luxury that the market could afford, and the skill of the best French cooks could prepare.

According to Muggins's theory, this ingenious though costly method would develop in offenders the principles of taste to such an extent, that, on being restored to the world, their "moral insanity" would have been banished by the power of refinement. They would not commit murder, because they would regard it as uncleanly; nor theft, because the world looks upon it as ungentlemanly; nor forgery, because it would

then appear vulgar. Instead of being below the average level of society, they would be above it, and fitted to be, not only its ornaments, but instructors and exemplars. We must confess that we have little faith ourselves in this system, but it is possible it may obtain favor, and be regarded as a legitimate improvement on the harsh barbarism of even the present time.

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IMPROVED SCRIPTURE.—In the new translation of the Book of Job, just issued, the passage from our version—"Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not"—is rendered: "Man, of woman born, is of few days and full of trouble. Like a flower he goeth forth and is cut off; he fleeth as the shadow and abideth not." What reason is there for changing a word in a sublime passage imprinted on the memory of millions? The sense is precisely the same in both versions.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the present number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly," we commence to illustrate the work. This valuable and important feature will in the coming numbers be regularly kept up, and the illustrations will be better and better, besides being more numerous as we advance. We are now perfecting arrangements which will enable us to render this new feature very perfect and beautiful.

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IS IT SO?—The Lowell Courier thinks that, notwithstanding the immense sums spent for education in this State, not one man in a hundred of our native population is capable of writing a grammatical and properly composed public address.

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☞ Have you seen the new Boston paper? It is just about the sauciest little craft that ever sailed upon the sea of literature, and is called "*The Weekly Novelette*." The first number contains one of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s great novels.

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PROSPEROUS.—Chicago, which is more of a commercial than a manufacturing city, now produces nearly fourteen million dollars worth of manufactured articles yearly.

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TOBACCO.—The people of England spend \$40,000,000 a year for tobacco. Lovers of the weed, "put that in your pipe and smoke it."

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CRIMINALS.—The criminals in the United States cost nineteen million dollars annually.

**COLD WEATHER A MORAL AGENT.**

The editor of the *New England Farmer* says: "Fireside amusements are the peculiar blessing of Providence, to compensate us for the deprivations of winter; and there is probably more poetry, as well as more good practical philosophy engendered in the family circle, around the winter evening fire, than in the field, or even in the closet." No one, who will reflect upon the subject a moment, will fail to endorse the latter assertion; and it is a very consolatory conclusion to arrive at, considering that here at the north we must keep up evening fires in nine months out of the twelve. But the fact is indisputable. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate of Iceland, the inhabitants are remarkable for their æsthetic aspirations and culture, and are so contented with their fireside and home enjoyments, that they consider their frozen island the most blessed abode on earth.

To one nurtured in a tropical clime, it would appear as if a cold snap would make its victims snappish, and a freezing spell of weather beget a freezing demeanor; but from experience, we know that hospitality is never warmer than when the skies are most unkind. Lovemaking is never more energetic than in the chimney corner; there are sparks on both sides of the grate or andirons—and many a latent passion has been kindled into a blaze by the ruddy fire on the household hearth, in the reflection of which every face seems bright, genial and cheery.

Then, where is music heard to better advantage than in the snug, warm drawing-room? Music in a midsummer moonlight is very well to talk about; but the night air plays the dickens with violin strings and lungs, and serenades are very apt to produce rheumatisms both in the romantic young gentleman who twangs his guitar by the back piazza, and the romantic young lady who airs her thin attire at the chamber window. And books and papers—how enjoyable they are by lamp and firelight! So if the cold weather hangs on till June even, let us make the best of it, and remember that there is a silver lining to every cloud, and a bright as well as a dark side to every picture.

**A CHANGE.**—An example has been set in India by a Hindoo widow marrying again. Formerly Hindoo widows, it is well known, were used as kindling stuff to the funeral pyres on which their dear departed were burned.

**A DRUG.**—Beautiful Circassian girls are quoted as a drug in the Constantinople market. We thought this traffic had been put an end to.

**A WARNING.**

The awful death, by his own hand, of Hugh Miller, the great self-taught Scotch geologist, one of the most remarkable thinkers of the age, is fraught with solemn warning. It was the direct consequence of mental over-work. To the great work in which he was engaged, and which he had just completed at the time of his death, he sacrificed his health of body and mind. Hours after other men had retired to rest, his lamp burned in his solitary study. Over-taxed nature at last avenged the outrage; the delicate fibres of the brain gave way beneath the gigantic strain to which they were subjected. The sufferer at times felt "as if a sharp poignard had been driven through his brain." At last, haunted by constant visions, shuddering with vague terrors, surrounded by nameless spectres, his irresponsible hand destroyed what life was left in him. But the suicide had been committed before that. The pistol-shot was but the consummation of suicidal practices. A great light, that might have poured its rays on the world for years to come, is thus suddenly extinguished. It behoves all enthusiasts in science and literature to heed this lesson well. It is nobler to fall a victim to high aims, than to the pursuit of worldly pleasures; but no man, whatever be his pursuits, has a right to trifle with his health. We believe that mental over-work has slain its thousands. The victim is unconscious of his danger to the last, and then his mental powers suddenly give way—and he is hurried instantly to the asylum or the grave!

**BACK NUMBERS.**—We are constantly receiving letters desiring us to furnish the back numbers of "*Ballou's Dollar Monthly*" from the beginning, or for the last year. This we cannot do. The remarkable demand for the Magazine has not left us a single copy on hand. We can only supply it from January 1, 1857.

**EFFECTS OF FASHION.**—A young bride in Canada died lately in consequence of having her head frozen from exposure to the air, her bonnet being, of course, worn on the back of her head.

**THE REASON 'VY.**—A cockney appearing with a costly new fur cap, explained it by saying: "Ven the weather's colder ve wears hotter caps"—a very *fur*-fetched pun.

**SENSIBLE MOTTO.**—A wedding ring, of the year 1594, has ciphers and date, and on the inside this inscription: "One-Quiet both Happy."

**JUST SO.**—Among the base, merit begets envy—among the noble, emulation.

## THE UNITED STATES.

There can be no doubt that the year just past has been 'one of unexampled prosperity in this country, and one unrivalled in the vast development of its great national resources. The various sources of true national wealth, the cultivation of new lands, the increase of the crops, the extension of manufactures, the working of mines, the import and export trade, foreign and home commerce, the construction and working of railroads, the growth and embellishment of cities, have all wonderfully increased, and, by adding largely to the capital of the country, have given such impulse and activity to business of all kinds, that it has far surpassed the best results of any preceding year.

\* The increase in the cultivation of new lands, one of the chief elements of our prosperity, is shown by the large sales of those lands, and by the grants of the public domain, amounting to seventeen million, six hundred thousand acres, nearly four times the extent of Massachusetts, or more than Belgium and Holland united. Besides these large appropriations, Congress has granted during the year to railroads, or to States that will sooner or later partially make a similar disposition of them, about twenty-one million, seven hundred thousand acres—making a total of sales and grants in a single year of thirty-nine million, three hundred thousand acres, equal in extent to Virginia, or to almost a third of France. Notwithstanding the great decrease for so many years in the federal domain, the public lands yet remaining unsold in the territories are equal in extent to the thirty-one States, or more than all Europe, except Russia. Farming and industrial productions have kept pace with other departments. Its approximate value, as estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury from the returns of the census of 1840 and that of 1850, was, during the year 1856, about \$2,600,000,000, or triple that of 1830.

At the close of 1855, there were 21,069 miles of railroad. There are now more than 24,000 miles. The telegraph, which does so much to diminish the loss of interest on capital, and to quicken business, by annihilating, as it were, the "magnificent distances" of our territory, now extends in almost every direction throughout the States. It is estimated that the aggregate length of our electric telegraph is from forty to fifty thousand miles. Our merchant marine has made great progress during the year. There have been constructed two hundred and twenty-one steamers, and seventeen hundred and three sail vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 469,394 tons.

Thus, year by year, are the United States ad-

vancing in material prosperity, and, as a natural result of the development of their boundless resources, becoming, in a measure, independent of the aid of foreign capital, to which nothing but the desire to develop with still more startling rapidity their great natural advantages need now induce them to resort. A vast, bewildering estate of national wealth and glory is before them, which the great future offers to their eager hands. May they not madly forfeit the noble prize due to national virtue!

## ORIENTAL TYRANNY.

Mr. Knighton, author of "Forest Life in Ceylon," and other works about the East, stated in a recent letter that the last king of Kandy, Sir Wickrama Singha, was an unmitigated tyrant, who ordered the wife and family of his prime minister to be seized when the offender had himself escaped. The poor woman, with her four children, was brought out in front of the palace, and, in presence of the king, her children's heads were cut off one by one and thrown into a large rice mortar, the pestle was put into the mother's hands, and she was ordered to pound them, under penalty of being disgracefully tortured. She did so. The tyrant was dethroned by the British in 1815.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES—as a cure for Costiveness and Dyspepsia, endorsed by the medical profession, are very effective, painless and pleasant as a confection. Being so compact, they are carried by travellers in the vest pocket, and are superseding every other remedy for constipation and its multiform results. Proprietor's office, No. 3 Tremont Temple.

QUEER THINGS.—There are two old proverbs which have some truth in them—"the nearer the church, the further from God," and "none goes so poorly shod as the shoemaker's wife." The city of Cologne, where the famous perfume is manufactured, is the most offensive place to the nostrils of any in Europe.

A GENTLEMAN.—Whoever is courteous, honest, frank, sincere, truly honorable, generous and candid, is a true gentleman, whether rich, learned, or a laborer.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—There are 152 custom-house and other buildings constructing by our government, to cost, in all, \$10,000,000.

LITERARY.—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has a private library, containing 12,000 volumes.

### THE DOWN-TRODDEN OF ITALY.

It makes the blood curdle in our veins to read of the atrocities perpetrated by the tyrants who rule Italy in the name of law and order. Foremost among these blots upon the fair face of the world is King Ferdinand of Naples, who, in his treatment of men who have committed no crime save that of desiring liberal institutions for their natives, goes beyond even the cruel laws enacted to uphold his throne. Our readers have read, perhaps, of Baron Poerio and his sufferings, and a description of the treatment of this victim and his fellow-martyrs may not be uninteresting: The prisoners, four in number, are confined in a cell about twelve feet long, ten broad, and eight high; their beds are arranged so as to form a square; in the middle of the room is a large iron ring, to which are attached four heavy chains of two links, each link weighing seventeen pounds; these are fastened to the waists by a strong leather girdle, and are just long enough to allow them to sit on their couches, and to lie down. In addition to this, each prisoner is loaded with fetters, fastened to this girdle, and reaching to the ankle, to which they are fastened by rivets.

One would imagine that this was enough; but the unfortunate creatures are chained together in pairs. This extra chain is composed of eight heavy links. The dress consists of a red jacket of coarse woolen cloth, and trousers of blue cloth of the same quality; the trousers are made to button up on the sides, so that they may be taken off without disturbing the girdle to which the chains are attached. Each prisoner is provided with a cap of the same coarse material. They are obliged to cook in the cell in which they are confined, and to provide what they can for their own warmth. The place is exceedingly damp, and the unfortunate prisoners have suffered dreadfully in health; they are allowed to see their friends for *half an hour, each week*, outside the cell; the rest of the time they are strictly confined within it. Such is the fate of Baron Poerio, a man of the most amiable disposition, at one time the favorite minister of Ferdinand. He has been confined with felons of the lowest class in this way for five years, and unless released by death, he is destined to suffer for twenty long, dreary years; then and then only will these chains be removed, for under no circumstances will they be taken off during the period assigned for his punishment.

Glad should we be if we could point to this as a solitary instance of the cruelty of this worse than tyrant, or this wretch, for whom so much consideration is shown by the two great powers of Europe, who calmly look on and refuse to en-

force the stipulated terms by which they allow this monster to possess the throne he now occupies. It may be stated that the persecution against Poerio was further augmented by the king stopping the allowance which was at first made by his friends of ten scudi per month, and allowing him only to receive one corlino, or a penny per day, the allowance made to the commonest felon, thereby preventing him from the luxury of fire during this dismal confinement. This cell may be accepted as a fair specimen of those death-pits which annually swallow up hundreds of the victims of Ferdinand's villainous spite. Yet England, with such atrocities existing in the neighboring continent of Europe, can confine her sympathies with suffering humanity to remonstrances and empty menace! If her guns and bayonets should demolish King Bomba and his filthy lazzaroni, she would be justified in the act.

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**A HORSE STORY.**—A correspondent of "Porter's Spirit of the Times" reels off the following rather tough yarn: A lady had a pet mare, which followed her about like a dog. The baker's cart stopped at the house every day, and the lady used to give the animal a three-cent piece, which the mare took to the baker and received therefor a three-cent loaf of bread for her own (the mare's) use. One day the lady, in a hurry, gave the animal a one-dollar gold piece, and the baker had the cruelty to give the mare thirty-three loaves and a roll, all of which she devoured and died of the colic! The man who tells such a fib as that ought to blow his brains out with a horse pistol.

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**WHAT WE SWALLOW.**—In one of our exchanges we find the following paragraph:

"Do you know, sir, what you swallow every day of your life? Are you aware that your food resolves itself into twelve divisions—aqueous, mucilaginous, saccharine, amylaceous, ligneous, pectinaceous, acidulous, alcoholic, oleaginous, proteinaceous and saline?"

Good gracious! only think of it!

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**WHO IS HE?**—The boy is now living who will be President in 1900. Of his precise residence we are not informed, but hope he is carefully qualifying himself by cultivating only good purposes.

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**EASILY DONE.**—Plant your school-houses and raise up men. In the six New England States there are seven hundred thousand children who attend school regularly.

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**ECLIPSES.**—It is calculated that from the present time to the end of the nineteenth century there will be six total eclipses of the sun.

## AUTOGRAPHS.

We do not put much faith in the pretensions of those who assert that they can ascertain the character of men by their penmanship, though we admit that some chirography is strongly characteristic. Some amateurs of autographs contend that they can trace the action of the various temporary passions that agitate the mind while the hand holds the pen, whatever may be the sentiments which it traces. But let us call to mind the style of autograph of a few eminent persons: Napoleon wrote an illegible scrawl, which must have sadly puzzled some of the officers to whom his orders were addressed. Louis XIV. of France wrote tall, angular, stilted letters, indicative of his pomposity and vanity. Queen Elizabeth of England made half-printed characters, huge and formal, yet intermingled with dashes as odd as those of arabesque ornaments. It has been described as denoting stiffness, preciseness, stubbornness and ostentation; but it also displays firmness and correctness. Her rival, the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, wrote an easy, round hand.

Madame de Sevigne, the famous letter-writer, wrote a legible hand, but the letters were delicate and faint. Frederick the Great of Prussia wrote a small but familiar-looking hand, the words half written, half dashed, yet perfectly legible and flowing. Voltaire wrote a plain, regular, easy hand. Rousseau wrote a small, clear, careful hand. The handwriting of General Washington was clear and regular, without any flourish or ornament. That of Franklin was decidedly characteristic—plain, rapid, yet without hurry, not wanting in symmetry, but without ornament. That of Rufus Choate is certainly not characteristic of the author's mind—for it is neither brilliant nor intelligible.

**FOOLISH PRIDE.**—Many a woman stints herself and family for a twelvemonth to give one smashing party in a season.

Her beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

**WINE AND BREAD.**—A man in Berkshire, England, makes wine and bread of mangel-wurtzel. What will turn up (turnip) next?

**A GOOD TURN.**—He who receives a good turn, deserves another—even if it's the twist of a note-shaver's vice.

**BAD BUSINESS.**—The vitriol throwers are again at their work spoiling ladies' dresses in New York city.

## GRETN GREEN.

Formerly a couple under age, or whose union was frowned upon by hard-hearted parents, jumped into a post-chaise, fee-ed the postilions heavily to drive like Jehu, and if they crossed the Scottish border, could easily be united at Gretna Green, or Graitney, in Dumfries, on the Solway Frith, eight miles north of Carlisle, and the first stage in Scotland from England. For eighty or ninety years this was the place of refuge for fugitive lovers, and many an imprudent marriage was contracted from the facility thus afforded to light-hearted and light-headed runaways, or deluded, inexperienced heiresses. Previous to the recent revision of the British marriage laws, it was enough for a couple to declare their wish to be united before a justice of the peace, to constitute a legal marriage. Over sixty runaway matches used to be made here annually. The officiating priest was a blacksmith, and the son of Vulcan was usually paid fifteen guineas for forging the fetters of matrimony. But now his occupation's gone, and the glory of Gretna has departed forever. A recent act of parliament prohibits these marriages.

## SPEED ON RAILWAYS.

The policy of running railway trains at a high rate of speed is being seriously discussed by railroad men. The Virginia Board of Public Works has recommended to railroad companies in that State, "to adopt regulations for such lower rates of speed as will eventually diminish the cost of repairs and furnish greater security for passengers." In accordance with this suggestion, the directors of the Virginia Central Railroad Company have passed a resolution looking to a reduction of speed. The railroad commissioners of New York state that a speed of forty miles per hour causes an increase of fifty per cent. of expenses over a speed of twenty miles. The magnitude of the interests related to this subject invest it with much importance.

**ABOUT LAGER BEER.**—Some anonymous writer has denounced the world-famed "lager" very savagely. He says the rosy hue of the lager beer drinkers is an indication of ill health.

**CURIOUS FACT.**—A railway train, so swift as to travel from New York to St. Louis in a day, would be sixty millions of years in reaching the north star! Just think of it!

**RELIGION.**—One may venture to affirm that no man ever *wished* the Gospel true, who did not *find* it so.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, has recently taken the degree of a Free Mason.

Demonstrations continue throughout Britain against the oppressive income tax.

There are three hundred and sixty thousand houses in London.

About thirty fresh watersprings are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.

Upwards of 2000 persons are at present employed on the trigonometrical survey of Britain.

Paris is surrounded by a wall, measuring about twenty-nine miles, and having fifty-six gates.

Crawford, the sculptor, is said to be seriously ill at Rome, afflicted with a cancer over one of his eyes.

The population of London last year was as follows:—Males, 1,225,546; females, 1,309,792; total, 2,616,248.

Senor Moron, a Spanish political writer and orator of note, has been lodged in the jail of Valencia.

A great-granddaughter of Corneille, Mme. Veuve Girard, *nee* Corneille, died recently in France, at the age of eighty-five years.

A writer in the London News says that last year a portion of polar drift ice was diverted by the winds, and actually brought into the port of Archangel.

The Societe Regionale d'Acclimatation of Nancy, in France, have issued a curious pamphlet, in which they earnestly recommend farmers to breed horses for human food.

The coals raised in Yorkshire, England, in 1886, amounted to 7,747,450 tons; the iron ore to 1,225,306 tons; the lead ore to 9,378 tons; the silver to 273 ounces.

The rebuilding of Covent Garden Theatre is not yet commenced; but it is still faithfully promised to that portion of the musical world, which is not content with one Italian Opera House in London.

Lord Palmerston has granted to Mrs. Laurie, widow of the author of the well-known work on "Foreign Exchanges," and other subjects connected with commerce, £100 from the royal bounty fund.

Among the wedding presents given by M. de Morny to his bride, are the diamonds of the Queen of Oude, which were lately purchased for the count in London. It is stated that he paid as much as £20,000 sterling for a single necklace.

It is stated that the minister of the interior of Austria has made a general prohibition, hitherto applicable only to certain provinces, by which the Jews are prevented from manufacturing or trading in church vases, crucifixes and images of saints.

The laboring classes in France make not the slightest scruple in devouring cats, which they consider a delicacy at least equal to a hare or a rabbit. This is so well known and understood, that no careful housewife, who entertains the least regard for her grimalkin, will suffer it to pass the threshold outwards, while workmen of this description are employed in the vicinity.

The enormous quantity of 10,262,000 eggs were imported into England in eleven months.

A new line of steamers is to run between Copenhagen, London, Hull, and Leith.

The city of Marseilles has 250,000 people, without counting the floating population.

A letter asserts that Yeh, the Governor of Canton, has during the short time he held office beheaded no less than 70,000 persons.

In 1842, 1,460,000 squirrel skins were exported from Russia to China, in exchange for tea. Most of these skins came from Siberia.

An account of Sir Charles Napier's Baltic campaign, from the pen of the Admiral himself, is about to be published in England.

Eugene Delacroix has been elected a member of the Academie des Beaux Arts in Paris, in place of the late Paul Delaroche.

A canny Scot has introduced the spirits among the Parisians, and "table moving" is at present the rage among the circles of Paris.

The Wesleyans in France maintain 136 pulpits and 78 preachers of various grades, 29 Sabbath schools, churches numbering 1130 members, and congregations amounting to 15,000 hearers.

The bakers of Paris have world-wide celebrity for making beautiful fermented bread. Their skill and science are mostly displayed in managing the temperature of their ovens.

The highest single passenger fare in the world is £165 (\$825), which is the sum charged by the Peninsular and Oriental Company for a passage from Southampton to Shanghai.

The Rev. A. P. Stanley has been appointed by Lord Palmerston to succeed the late Dr. Hussey as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, England.

J. Pimont, of Rouen, France, has obtained a patent for a method of restoring old steel pens which have been thrown aside as worthless, by long use or bad ink.

Dr. Landerer, a medical man at Athens, announces that he has discovered a sovereign specific against sea-sickness. His remedy is to give from ten to twelve drops of chloroform in water.

Rochester Bridge, in Kent, England, four centuries old, has been blown up, having become dangerous and an obstruction. A detachment of the Royal Engineers from Chatham executed the professional duty.

The Star, the new London penny paper, has reached a daily sale of 27,000 copies, while on extraordinary occasions, as during the Palmer trial, or the day after the Spurgeon catastrophe, it rises to 40,000 and 50,000.

A woman has just been condemned by the tribunal correctionnel of Rouen to the penalty of a fine of 1000f. for the offence of sticking a postage stamp, which had been used before, upon her letter. This extraordinary sentence was because the woman had set up a fraudulent defence.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, Dr. Dionysius Wieloboyko, a homoeopathic physician of considerable eminence, whose income from his profession was from \$5000 to \$6000 per annum, has been convicted of forging a will, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

## Record of the Times.

Every man, woman and child in the Union consumes twenty-nine pounds of sugar a year.

There are said to be 120,000 converts to Christianity in India and Ceylon.

The University of London has refused to confer medical degrees on ladies.

Love is a heavenly feast which none but the truly sincere and honest can partake of.

Coral ornaments for ladies are much in vogue, especially with light ball costumes.

The banking capital of New York is now over \$96,000,000.

The Ohio valley raises twice as much produce as England, Scotland and Ireland.

Eighty-eight persons killed themselves in New York in 1856—the same number in '55.

The first hat manufactory in this country was established in the town of Danbury.

Connecticut has a larger productive school fund than any other State in proportion to population.

The human ear can hear a sound that lasts only the twenty-four thousandth part of a second.

The amount of mercantile business transacted in Springfield, Illinois, is put down at an aggregate of \$2,591,000.

The Lowell Advertiser says one of the legislators from that city conceived the idea of cultivating peat from the seed!

Marriage may as effectually be prohibited by the expenses of millinery, ware and house furnishing, as by a police regulation.

Chicago is becoming the religious metropolis of the West; there will soon be within and around it not less than five theological seminaries.

The ingenious artisans of Middletown, Conn., have recently invented several new composing sticks for printers, or improvements in the article.

A child in Oswego, left alone in the cradle by its mother, with a box of matches for a plaything, was found on his mother's return, burned to death.

Two rocks, weighing, respectively, thirteen and fourteen tons, and destined to be used in the improvement of the Dudley Observatory, have lately been quarried at Kingston, N. Y.

There is an oak tree near Raleigh, North Carolina, which, at the sun's meridian, covers with a shade a space of nine thousand feet. It would afford shelter for four thousand five hundred men.

The public schools of New Jersey contain 176,350 pupils, the cost of whose education, including expenses of school houses, was, last year, \$514,248. There are nearly two thousand teachers in the State.

A fair average grape crop for a series of years is found to be 200 to 300 gallons to the acre, in well cultivated vineyards in the Ohio Valley. The cost of producing this crop will not exceed \$50 to \$60 per acre—even less, with proper economy.

Camels have ceased to be a wonder in Texas. They trudge about there without creating notice.

A railroad is projected from Davenport to Dubuque, along the west bank of the Mississippi.

The cigar-makers of New York protest against the making of cigars by State Prison convicts.

The Odd Fellows of the United States number 3397 Lodges, with 198,614 members.

Clay is frequently sought for by horses, and eaten with avidity, and, it is believed, with decided benefit to their health.

Some searching genius has found out that the people in Paris drink two billion cups of coffee daily!

It is stated that Marblehead is one of the best places in the State for the sale of literature. It is a reading community.

N. P. Willis, speaking of the dress in vogue in public circles in New York, generalizes the class as "fifth avenudity."

Four millions of dollars have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.

Why does not some publisher here reprint the late Hugh Miller's vindication of Scotland, against the charges brought by Macaulay?

A new hotel of gigantic dimensions is now being erected at Chelsea beach. John R. Hall, Esq., is the architect.

It is stated that Col. John Preston, of Louisiana, has lately made \$360,000 from one year's crop of molasses at 60 cents per gallon.

During the year 1856, the land agent of the State of Maine conveyed 29,152 acres of the public lands. The receipts of the land office were \$148,087.

The largest gas holder in the world is in Philadelphia. It is 100 feet in diameter, and weighs 25,000 pounds, and will contain 1,800,000 cubic feet of gas.

The power of a horse is understood to be that which will elevate a weight of 33,000 pounds the height of one foot in a minute of time, equal to about 90 pounds at the rate of four miles an hour.

The paved streets in London are more than five thousand in number, and exceed two thousand miles in length. About three hundred of them are duplicated in names, an evil which is about to be remedied.

The same iron ore furnishes the sword, the plowshare, the pruning-hook, the needle, the graving tool, the spring of a watch, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass and the cannon ball.

Persons whose range of vision is limited by brick walls, are near-sighted in far greater numbers than the same number of inhabitants residing in the country. The eyes of sailors become almost telescopic.

Franklin's grave is in the Christ Churchyard, Philadelphia, the congregation of which is so reduced by removals and changes, that it is proposed to erect a church elsewhere, and efface the old one and the graveyard attached.



## Merry-Making.

Why is a tight boot like a windmill? Because it grinds the corn.

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.

Here is a very good domestic toast: "May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

A man has been sent to the Insane Asylum at Worcester for attempting to stop a shower with a *check-rein*.

A young lady said to her gallant, "Please clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, putting his arm round her, "and the contents also."

"Don't crow before you are out of the woods," is politely rendered: "Do not jubilate prior to emerging from the forest."

In Oregon, lately, hailstones fell as large as water melons. The snow flakes of that country are frequently as large as umbrellas. So it is said.

*Young Lady* (to matter-of-fact parent).—Papa, how much stuff do you think there is in this dress? *Papa*.—Humph! I should think it was all stuff and nonsense!

There is an old proverb which says that contentment is the true philosopher's stone. Brown says it's very likely, for nobody has ever found either one or the other.

Mr. Charles Cooper, of Loughborough, will hang out the lid belonging to the pan which was stolen a few nights ago, if the person who stole it will send word what night he will fetch it.

In a dialogue which Dobbs had with himself, the other day, he came to the conclusion that the best way to succeed with a woman is to brag of her baby, and speak well of her bonnet.

"You see, this is a house of size," said a manager on showing his theatre to a friend. "Yes," replied the latter, "and one of tiers as well," pointing to the circles.

A newspaper announcement, that a lady was to give a brilliant party in the evening, is made to read in another print, thus: "The lady gave a billiard party."

Master Gibbs is a phenomenon. He is only two years old, and yet draws pictures of all possible kinds. He does it with a stream of molasses on his mother's table-cloth.

A person was saying not at all to the purpose, that "really, Samson was a strong man." "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger; for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

A recent advertisement read as follows: "Stolen.—A watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

A Turk asked an American to lend him a rope. "My rope," said the American, "is being used to tie up flour." "How," demanded the borrower, "can you tie up flour with a rope?" "Because," said the American, "I can apply a rope to any use when I do not wish to lend it."

When is leather like rust? When it is an ox-yde.

"'Tis false!" as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

To cure deafness, tell a man you've come to pay him money. It is infallible.

An amateur farmer lately said the "Hydraulic ram was better than merino for fleece."

The natives of Japan called the magnetic telegraph *bichara angier*—wind speech.

A preacher, walking through a graveyard, said, "Here lie the dead and here the living lie."

Why are persons blind from birth unfit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.

When is a lady's saddle like Pythias? Ans. When it has a (dame on). Damon.

What relation is the door mat to the scraper? A step-father.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

"Money makes the man." Perhaps it does; but Punch thinks it particularly necessary that man should make money first.

At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Trolbathe excellent bread, meat and wine, *provided you bring them*."

"John," said a doting parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

An eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce so extraordinary an effect; "I mix them with brains, sir!" was the answer.

A subscriber writes to a Western editor, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

An artist of our acquaintance drew a horse so naturally the other day, that when he put on the traces they commenced drawing him. When last seen, the artist was pulling one way, and the quadruped the other.

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme; "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

A morning paper, in a recent notice, evidently intending to be complimentary to a washing company, whose works it was describing, says: "It matters not how dirty the work is, the company are prepared to do it."

A western editor, having heard that to persons in a drowning condition all the events of their past life rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

### GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BAILLOU'S PHOTOGRAPHICAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address a line, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BAILLOU, Boston, Mass.

# Nathan Bumblebee's City Experience.



Nathan Bumblebee starts off from his native cottage for the city.



Nathan affectionately takes leave of his betrothed, Miss Dorothy Ann.



Nathan frightened and bewildered in the cars by the noise of a passing train.



Beast by hackmen for a fare, on arriving at the depot in Boston.



Nathan's appearance after escaping from their earnest solicitations.



Rings the bell in his room at the hotel at the same time the gong sounds for dinner. Thinks he has done it!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



Visits the theatre, and purchases a ticket of an 'outsider,' which proves to be a pawnbroker's ticket, and no go.



Is delighted by making the acquaintance of a citizen, Mr. Take-him-in.



Is cordially invited by his new friend to take a social drink.



Strange appearance of the street after he has taken a "social glass."



Nathan passing the night in the station house. Don't know how he came there.



Return to the parental roof minus his money and grandfather's watch!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 5.

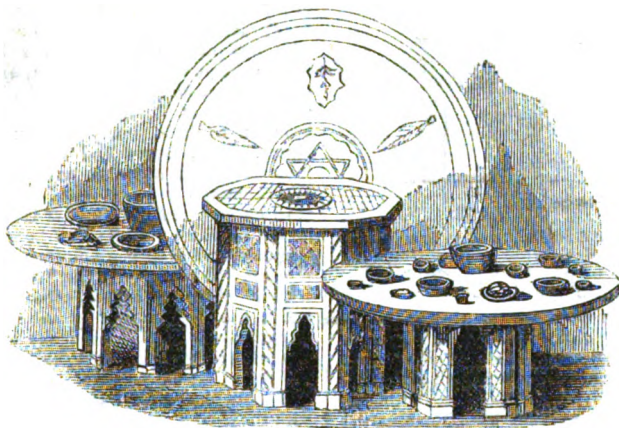
BOSTON, MAY, 1857.

WHOLE No. 29.

## ANCIENT AND CURIOUS ARTICLES.

In the present number of our Monthly, we shall describe, by means of letter-press and engravings, various domestic articles and implements, arms, carriages, etc., either curious and rare in themselves, or illustrative of the social life of the ancients, or of distant peoples of the present time.

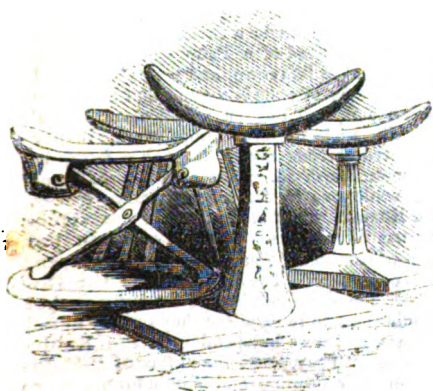
Our collection forms a sort of *curiosity shop*, and cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers. It is always interesting to contrast the past with the present—what is foreign with what is domestic; and in so doing, we often meet with valuable hints and suggestions. No people should be above borrowing what is useful or elegant from other climes and nations. Much of our modern furniture is borrowed from very ancient times. Many a lady reclines upon a couch unconscious that, centuries past, some fair lady of Pompeii received her visitors, sitting on one of the very same model. Our divans came from the East, and many of the ornaments of our drawing-rooms are made from classical patterns.



Eastern Tables

In endeavoring to obtain some little insight into the materials and forms of the furniture of ancient times, we are dependent to the country under consideration. If it be ancient Greece or Rome, the description by the classical writers and the paintings at Pompeii are our chief

authorities; if ancient Egypt, the paintings on the walls at Thebes and other places; if in China, or India, or Asia generally, the specimens still existing—for the Asiatics are more stationary in their usages than the inhabitants of any other quarter of the globe; if in England, or our own country, the furniture still existing in old houses, or illuminated manuscripts. Many large



Oriental Pillows.



Queen Elizabeth's Salt-Cellar.

and valuable books of plates have been published on these subjects, which, however, are very costly and rare. We have skimmed the cream of these for the illustrations of our present number. The paintings discovered by Rossellini, Wilkinson and others, on the walls of the buildings at Thebes and the surrounding districts, and the



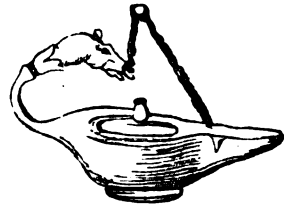
Bronze Lamp and Stand, found at Pompeii.

relics found in the tombs, show that the furniture of the ancient Egyptians bore a closer resemblance to that of modern Europe than we might at first be apt to imagine. They had handsome chairs, arm-chairs, low seats and stools; some of the chairs were made of ebony and other rare woods, inlaid with ivory, and covered with rich stuffs. In chairs of a plainer kind, the seat was only from eight to fifteen inches high, sometimes made of wood, and in other instances, interlaced with string or leather thongs, not unlike our own straw or cane-bottomed chairs. Some of the chairs were made on the principle of a camp-stool, capable of folding up, and furnished with a cushion or a hide covering; they were sometimes bound with metal plates, or inlaid with ivory, and the leather covering was frequently fancifully painted. On page 415 will be found the picture of a carved Roman Chair, with a round cushion in the seat, a solid and substantial piece of furniture. In the Tables which are depicted in our first engraving on the previous page, the top of the table is a sort of round tray, detached from the ornamental stool or pillar which supports it. The second picture presents a group of Oriental Pillows, exhibiting a recess for the neck, which a Yankee would probably find it very difficult to become accustomed to. Queen Elizabeth's Salt-Cellar, the next article depicted in our "Curiosity Shop," is a very singular piece of plate. The larger figure in the cut is to hold the salt, while the other portion, scarcely inferior in size, is the cover. The salt-cellar, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," was evidently regarded as an important adjunct at the dinner-table, and served to mark the distinction of rank amongst



Roman Lamp.

the guests. It occupied a particular place near the top of the table, and the places of the guests were determined by their being "above the salt," or "below the salt," the "upper ten" being seated above, and the "lower twenty" below this important article of table furniture. While speaking of table furniture, we come to the consideration of modes of domestic illumination, and the lamps which so often threw their light upon the festive board. We present on this page pictures of a Bronze Lamp and Stand, found at Pompeii, very graceful in form, and surmounted by a figure of a boy playing with a swan, a Roman Lamp in the shape of a human foot, and a hanging lamp, with a horse's head for the handle. The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have brought to light many elegant specimens of lamps. Both lamps and lamp-stands were objects of much attention among the Romans. Winkelmann remarks:—"I place among the most curious utensils found at Herculaneum the lamps, in which the ancients sought to display elegance, and even magnificence. Lamps of every sort will be found in the Museum at Portici, both in clay and bronze, especially the latter; and as the ornaments of the ancients have generally reference to some particular things, we often met with rather remarkable subjects." Some of the designs were curious. One specimen met with represents a Silenus, having a face beaming with the joyous hilarity ascribed to this god, and an owl sitting upon his head between two beams, which support stands for lamps. Another is a flower-stalk growing out of a circular plinth, with snail-shells hanging from it by small chains, which hold the oil and wick. A third exhibits the trunk of a tree, with lamps suspended from the branches.



Roman Lamp.

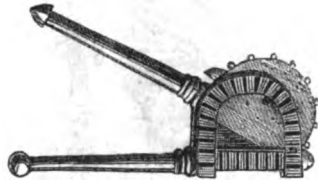
Another is a beautifully wrought specimen of a boy, with a lamp hanging from one hand, and an instrument for trimming it from the other, the lamp itself representing a theatrical mask; beside him is a twisted column surmounted by the head of a Faun or Bacchanal, which has a lid in its crown, and seems intended as a reservoir for oil; the boy and pillar are both placed on a square plateau raised upon lions' claws. The wicks of these lamps were simply a few twisted threads drawn through a hole in the upper surface of the oil-vessel; and there was nothing analogous to the modern lamp glass. But the Romans were not ignorant of the structure or use of lanterns. In some of them the light was transmitted through thin plates of horn, or pieces of bladder. The candelabras of the Romans bore the same relations to the lamps, that our candlesticks do to candles; they simply acted as supports, and were independent of the lamps themselves. "They," says the author of "Pompeii," "in their original and simple form, were probably mere reeds or straight sticks, fixed upon a foot by peasants, to raise their light to a con-

venient height; at least such a theory of their origin is agreeable to what we are told of the rustic manners of the early Romans, and it is in some degree countenanced by the fashion in which many of the ancient candelabra are made. Sometimes the stem is represented as throwing out buds; sometimes it is a stick, the side branches of which have been roughly lopped, leaving projects where they grew. Sometimes it is in the likeness of a reed or cane, the stalk being divided into joints. Most of those which have been found in the buried cities are of bronze; some few of iron. In the general plan and appearance, there is a great resemblance, though the details of the ornaments admit of infinite variety. All stand on three feet, usually griffins' or lions' claws, which support a light shaft, plain or fluted, according to the maker's fancy. Many of these lamp-stands were four feet and over in height, of marble, and richly carved. As to the



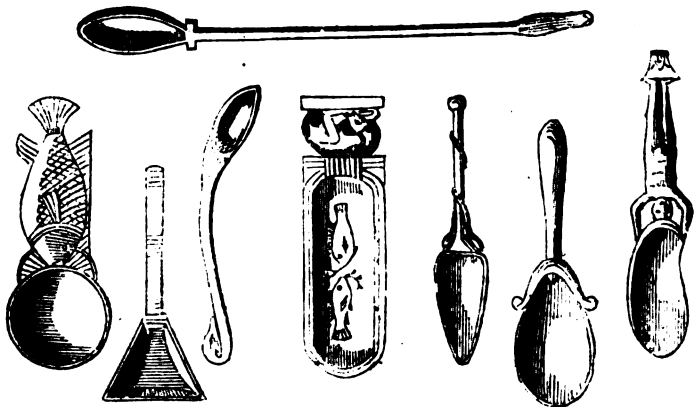
Lanterns—Shakespeare's Time.

adaptation of candelabra for particular purposes, it has been found that those used in public edifices were usually of considerable size, and made with a large cup at the top to receive a lamp, or sufficiently unctuous material to feed a large flame, as were also those employed for burning incense in the temple. Those, on the other hand, which have been discovered in the private dwellings of the ruined cities, consist generally of tall, slender bronze stands, having at the top a flat circular tablet to hold a lamp, or a vase-like projection fitted to contain oil, and having also projecting feet at the bottom of the long stem. But lamps were only one form of the ancient means of illumination. There were torches, flam-beaux, lanterns



Ancient Egyptian Snuffers.

and cressets of various kinds. We have added to our pictures of lamps a pair of Egyptian Snuffers, or rather a cutting implement to trim the wicks of lamps, for candles were little, if at all, used in ancient Egypt. The various lanterns delineated in the second engraving on this page, were those used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. As a specimen of the domestic articles of the ancient Egyptians, we give a number of their spoons, some of which are very curious and fanciful, like that which has a fish for a handle, and another, a full length figure of a man. On the next page will be found a picture of an Egyptian musician playing on a double-stringed viol with a bow. It is a singular shaped instrument, very little calculated, apparently, to produce anything like a body of sound. It is noticeable, that the modern Egyptians possess many of the different kinds of instruments which are met with in Europe, the same at least in respect to the general principles on which they are planned. An instrument like the lute, common among the ancient Egyptians, undoubtedly led to the guitar of modern Europe. A spirit of fanciful ornamentation is manifested in the Bone Sword and Helmet from Pompeii, shown in the last engraving on the next page. There seems to be pretty good evidence that in almost all rude countries, cutting tools were made of bone, of flint, or of stone, before iron or steel tools were known. And the reason for this is plain enough; since the fashioning of a rude kind of knife out of a bone or stone is simply a mechanical operation, whereas the possession of a piece of iron depends on a previous process of smelting. Most of the early navigators, in their ac-



Ancient Egyptian Spoons.

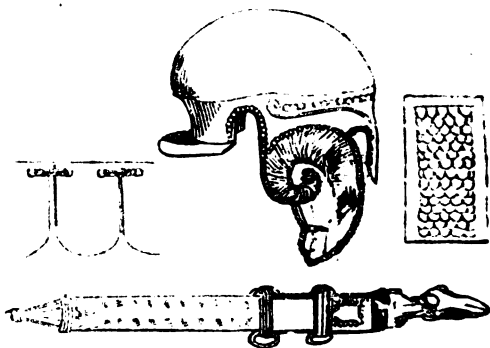




Egyptian Double-Stringed Viol.

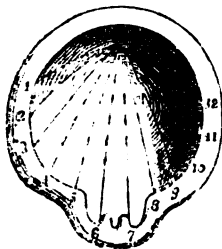
counts of the new islands and countries which they discovered, speak of the use of such cutting tools. The New Zealanders, for instance, have been accustomed to make saws and various kinds of tools of bone. A few pages further on will be found pictures of a curious and elaborately carved New Zealand Saw, of Pick-Axes, Fish-Hooks, Clubs, Pestles, and a Chopping-Knife, all made of bone. Flint knives were used among the ancient Egyptians, and many other countries present specimens of a similar kind. With regard to the knives and other cutting instruments made, and used by the nations of the East in past times, Dr. Kitto, in the notes to the "Pictorial Bible," observes:—"They (*i. e.*, swords, knives and cutting instruments generally) were successively, and afterwards simultaneously, of flint, bone, copper, iron and steel." The two engravings on the opposite page represent ancient sun-dials, one in the form of a circle, and the other in the form of a shell. One of the modes adopted by rude nations, both in past times and present, has been to measure the length and direction of the shadow which the sun's light causes when an opaque object is interposed. The sun, as is well known, reaches its greatest height on any one day at twelve at noon. Consequently, if a stick of any given length were employed, and the length of the shadow derived from it on each of the successive hours noted, it might furnish a rough means of determining the hour of the day at any subsequent period; provided some mode were adopted of making allowance for the varying elevation of the sun at different seasons of the year—a matter, however, of considerable difficulty in such rough observation. So far as it went, this mode of determining the lapse of time was, and probably is, followed by many nations of the East, and of Africa. The sun-dial, however, which measures time by the direction of a shadow, instead of by its length, is a much more serviceable piece of apparatus. In this there is always a "style,"

or "gnomon," or straight rod, so fixed as to maintain a position pretty nearly parallel with the axis of the earth. Besides this gnomon, there is always a surface more or less flat, on which graduated marks are engraved. These afford the means of obtaining the desired indication, for the gnomon is so fixed as to throw its shadow successively on all the lines; and the construction of the instrument is so managed that these conjunctions of the shadow with the lines shall take place at regular hours every day—subject to that correction which is known as the "equation of time." Provided the gnomon be parallel with the earth's axis, it matters little what the shape of the dial or graduated circle may be. The manner of graduating the surface must depend on this shape; but this being attended to, there is room for wide diversity in the form of the instrument. Sometimes there is no separate piece of wood, or metal, or stone, to form a gnomon; but one of the edges of the instrument is so contrived as to throw the requisite shadow. This is the case in the shell-shaped dial we have delineated. In the ring dial, the centre-piece, throwing its shadow on the circumference, indicates the hour. Besides this method of adopting the sun's shadow as a time-measurer, many others have been partially used, depending on principles having very little mutual relation. In the time of Alfred the Great, time was often measured in England by the burning of candles—a custom which has been handed down in an altered form in certain sales at auction "by the candle," in which each bidding must be made by the time a certain length of candle has been burned out. In Japan, they formerly used to burn matches made of plaited rope, which burned from knot to knot in one hour. Among the ancient Greeks, a time-measurer was in use called the "clepsydra," or water-clock. They were, in general, so arranged, that a given quantity of water would flow out of a vessel in exactly half a day, or in exactly a whole day; and the aperture by which the water escaped was so placed, that the quantity which flowed in sixty minutes was always equal, whether the vessel were nearly full or nearly empty. This being the principle,



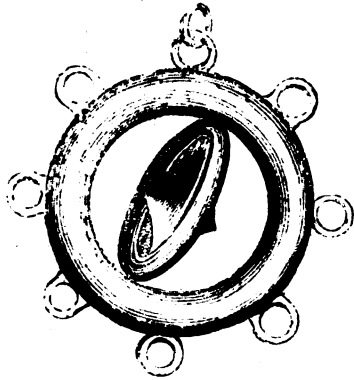
Bone Sword and Armor, from Pompeii.

the modes of carrying it out were varied according to the ingenuity of the workmen. Among the clepsydræ, of which descriptions have been handed down to modern times, one made by Ctesibius had a little model of a human figure, whose head was dejected and drooping; out of the eyes came tears of water, which fell into a vessel beneath, and on the water in this vessel gradually rose a second figure, which floated on it, and pointed with a wand to the days and hours marked on a vertical pillar in front of him. All this was brought about by syphon tubes and small water-wheels within the machine, and by filling a small cistern with water every twenty-four hours. Other clepsydræ had such an elaborate combination of wheelwork added to the mere hydraulic part of the apparatus, that the machine would not only indicate the division of the day into hours, but also the age of the moon, and the position of the sun in the ecliptic. In Rome, the use of clepsydræ became very common, and was made the subject of singular customs. Some of them were so large, that one of them was considered sufficient for the smaller provincial towns of the empire. It was generally situated in an open place or square, where it was attended or guarded by a slave. The wealthy classes used to employ servants, generally young boys or girls, to go to the spot when necessary, in order to bring word as to the hour of the day. At regular intervals, the attendant of the clepsydra, when the water reached certain graduated marks, blew a horn as a signal for changing the guard, and the horn being heard pretty well throughout the town, served to notify the hour to the inhabitants generally. In the senate and Roman courts the speeches of the senators and advocates were limited in length according to certain rules, and a clepsydra was kept to measure the time correctly. So jealous were the speakers of their right to the full time allowed, that if any interruption of their speech occurred, they would stop the flow of water in the clepsydra until the interruption had passed; and if any one of them had ended his speech before the prescribed time, he was permitted to lend the remaining water to any other speaker who might in turn do him a similar favor on any other occasion. Following our sketches of sun-dials, will be found, on page 410, a curious Pompeian Drinking-Vessel, the bottom and handle being formed by the head and horns of a stag. This is a specimen of the pottery of the ancients, so celebrated for its beauty. On the same page will be found representations of Egyptian Sherbet Cups, graceful in form and highly ornamented. The manufacture



Ancient Sun-Dial.

of pottery has always occupied a very large space in the industrial achievements of mankind. In reference to chemical constitution, there are only two kinds of baked stone-ware. The first consists of a fusible, earthy matter, along with an infusible, which, when combined, are capable of becoming semi-brittle



Ancient Sun-Dial.

and translucent in the kiln. This constitutes porcelain or china ware, which is either hard and genuine, or tender and spurious, according to the quality and quantity of the fusible ingredient. The second kind consists of an infusible mixture of earths, which is refractory in the kiln, and continues opaque. This is pottery, properly so called; but it comprehends several sub-species, which graduate into each other by imperceptible shades of difference. To this head belong earthen ware, stone ware, flint ware, *fayence*, delft ware, iron stone, china, etc. The earliest attempts to make a compact stone ware, with a painted glaze, seems to have originated with the Arabians, in Spain, about the 9th century, and to have passed from thence into Majorca, in which island they were carried on with no little success. In the 14th century, these articles, and the art of imitating them, were highly prized by the Italians under the name of *majolica*, and *porcelana*, from the Portuguese word for a cup. The first fabric for stone ware possessed by them was erected at *Fayenza*, in the ecclesiastical state, whence the French term *fayence* is derived. The body of the ware was usually a red clay, and the glaze was opaque being formed of the oxides of lead and tin, along with potash and sand. *Bernhard de Pelissey*, about the middle of the 16th century, first manufactured white *fayence* at *Saintes*, in France; and not long afterwards the Dutch produced a similar article, of substantial make, under the name of delft ware and delft porcelain, but destitute of those graceful forms and paintings for which the *Fayenza* ware was distinguished, and which characterized the classical and oriental specimens we have shown in our engravings. Common *fayence* may, therefore, be regarded, as a strong, well burned, but rather coarse-grained kind of stone ware. It was in the 17th century, that a small workshop for making earthen ware of a coarse description, coated with a common lead glaze, was built at *Burslem*, in *Staffordshire*, England, which may be considered as the germ of the vast potteries now established in that county. The manufacture was improved about the year 1690, by two Dutchmen, the brothers *Elers*, who introduced the mode of glazing ware by the vapor of salt, which they threw by handfuls, at a certain period, among the ignited





Pompeian Drinking-Vessel.

goods in the kiln. But these were rude, unscientific and desultory efforts. It is to the late Josiah Wedgwood, that England, and the world at large, are indebted for the great modern advancement of the ceramic art. It was he who first erected large factories, where every resource of mechanical and chemical science was made to co-operate with the arts of painting, sculpture and statuary, in perfecting this valuable department of the industry of nations. So sound were his principles, so judicious his plans of procedure, and so ably have they been prosecuted by his successors in Staffordshire, that a population of upwards of 100,000 operatives now derives a comfortable subsistence within a district formerly bleak and barren, of eight miles long by six broad, which contains two hundred and fifty kilns, and is significantly called "The Potteries." Mr. Wedgwood, in his works, re-produced the classic forms of the Greeks and Romans, so endless in their variety, and striking in their beauty. The best English porcelain is made from a mixture of the Cornish kaolin (called China clay), ground flints, ground Cornish stone, and calcined bones in powder, or bone ash, besides some other materials, according to the fancy of the manufacturers. A liquid pap is made of these materials, compounded in certain proportions, and diluted with water. The fluid part is then withdrawn by the absorbent action of dry stucco basins or pans. The dough, brought to a proper stiffness, and perfectly worked and kneaded, is fashioned on a lathe by the hands of modellers, or by pressure in moulds. The baking and glazing processes then follow. The French manufacture very beautiful ware, and the Serres porcelain is renowned the world over. Specimens of Egyptian jewelry are given on this and on the opposite page. These articles, both the Nose-Rings and the heavy Necklace, are such as are worn by the

Egyptian women of the present day. The fabrication of personal ornaments and luxury, principally from gold, has been carried on from the remotest date to the present day. Many such articles are made of solid gold, whereas others are formed mainly of some cheaper material, coated on the surface with gold. Gold-lace may be regarded as a striking example of the latter kind; since it is very beautiful in appearance, and yet consists really of gold only to an extent so minute as almost to surpass belief. This can only be understood by describing briefly how gold-lace is made. Gold-lace consists of threads of silk; these threads being twisted and woven together in a peculiar manner. Every thread is bound round from end to end with a coil of gold wire; and even this wire, so far from being pure gold, is merely an exceedingly thin layer of gold placed upon a centre or core of silver wire. In the first place, a rod of silver is prepared about two feet long by one inch in thickness; this is heated over a charcoal fire, and is then covered with a coating of leaf gold, which is burnished down securely upon it. Upon this a similar coating is applied, and so on until five or six thicknesses of leaf gold have been used, by which a thickness is obtained sufficient for the object in view. The quantity of gold thus applied is not much more than a hundred grains to a pound of silver. The silver is annealed, and is then



Egyptian Sherbet-Cups.

brought into the state of fine wire by a wire-drawing process. It is first reduced by successive gradations from the thickness of an inch to that of one fifth of an inch; and is then worked through holes smaller and smaller in diameter until it becomes as fine as a hair, which hair-like filament is bound round the silken thread to make gold-lace. Now this wire, no thicker than a hair, is made mainly of silver, the thickness of which is enormously greater than that of the gold that envelops it; for it will be remembered that there was in the first instance only a hundred grains of the latter to a pound of the former.

It has been calculated that the exquisitely fine film of gold thus obtained on the surface of the silver wire for gold-lace, is not thicker than one third of a millionth part of an inch. Thus it will be seen that in jewelry, as in some other worldly matters, "all is not gold that glitters." The second picture on the opposite page is a specimen of the famous Roman Vases. The pottery art was largely practised among the Romans. In every country where the Romans were settled for any length of time, are to be found specimens of pottery evidently manu-



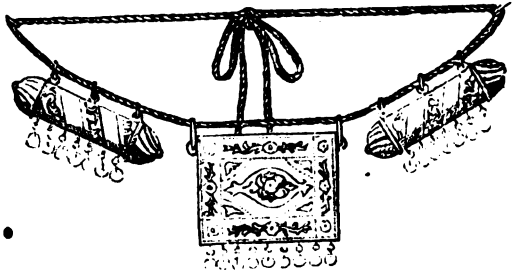
Egyptian Nose-Rings.

factured by them. England is particularly rich in such specimens. Scarcely a year passes without bringing such to light, in the case of excavations going on at any spot where the Romans once had a city or an encampment. Vases and urns formed part of the sepulchral or funeral apparatus among many ancient nations; and a reason is thus found for the existence of so many vessels whose uses might otherwise appear to us difficult to understand. During many of the improvements which have taken place in London within the last few years, Roman pottery has been dug up in considerable quantity. Such pottery comprised vases, urns, small statues, lamps, wine vessels and cups, and other articles of varied form. The greater part of the vessels which have come down to us are



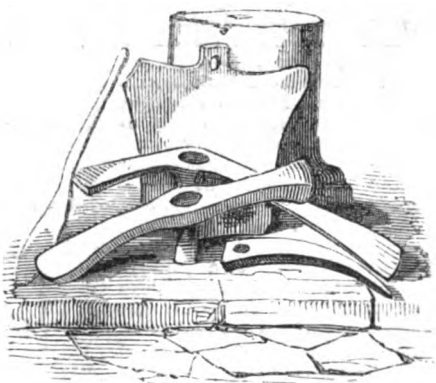
Roman Urn.

Pompeii have been exceedingly valuable in showing us in perfection the houses and domestic implements of the ancient Romans. It was in the year 79 A.D., that Pompeii was overwhelmed, together with Herculaneum and some other towns, by an eruption of Vesuvius, from the crater of which it is situated about five miles. For the long period of some sixteen centuries its existence seems to have been unknown, and even its name almost forgotten. But in 1748, some peasants employed in cutting a ditch, met with the ruins of Pompeii, which soon became an object of interest and attention. Excavations were commenced in 1755, and have been continued up to the present time, uncovering some two fifths of the buried town, by which it is discovered that the place was enclosed by walls, and entered by several gates, six of which are already exposed. Its numerous streets were finely paved, and lined with low-terraced houses, of one story, with shops and shop-signs still plainly visible, also showing the remains of temples, theatres, baths, and some large mansions. Everything seems to be in an extraordinary state of preservation—statues, medals, jewels, household furniture, and even pictures being found perfect in all respects. The

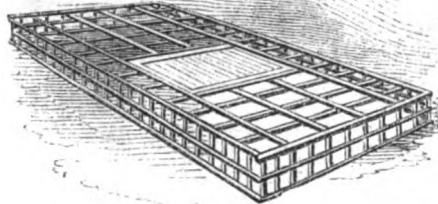


Egyptian Jewelry.

spot is one of vast interest to antiquarians and students of history all over the wide world. The Museum at Naples contains a very large number of the relics dug up from Pompeii, which form its greatest source of attraction. No traveller from this country ever fails to visit, and carefully examine and study the remarkable story of this spot, which forms a mysterious link between the past and present, captivating and instructing in every feature in which it can be viewed. It is a subject indeed with which most of our readers are already well read and familiar. The Oriental Palm-Branch Bedstead, of which an engraving will be found on the next page, is one used for repose in the open air of a garden—a locality much more conducive to repose than a close room in a tropical climate. It is a very simply-constructed frame. On page 414 of this article, the reader will find sketches of some of the vehicles used for conveying passengers in ancient and modern times. First, we have the Sedan, in use in the time of Charles I., of England, a little sort of watch-box, with windows and doors, fastened to two parallel poles, and borne by two porters. The men in the sketch are waiting for customers—one of them is hailing a passenger as a modern hackney-coachman hails an anticipated fare. These sedans continued in use in England until late in the past century, and were also introduced into this country. They were convenient. A lady, in full dress, in a rainy night, going to a ball or party, could be carried into the house of her entertainer, and be sure to emerge without a fold of her dress being disarranged or



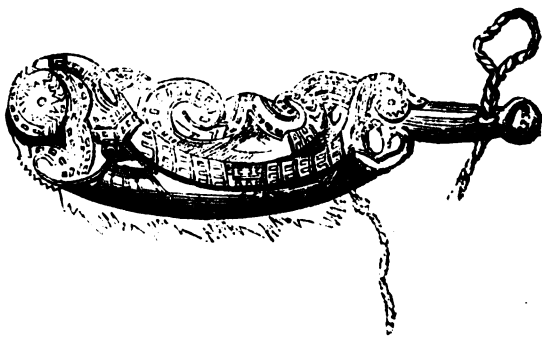
Building Tools found at Pompeii.



Oriental Palm-Branch Bedstead.

soiled. The idea of the sedan was probably borrowed from the Eastern palanquin, still used, and the antiquity of which is very great. Our picture of an Egyptian Palanquin is from a sculpture some centuries old. The pictures of carriages presented in this article naturally suggest a consideration of the various modes of locomotion used at different times and in different countries, a very interesting subject of study. The war-chariots of early times are among the very earliest kinds of vehicles of which we find any mention; and there is reason to think that riding, in distinction from driving, was the earlier mode of travelling. The horse and the camel, properly so called—two of the most precious and indispensable animals that nature ever placed at the disposal of man—are found abundantly in those regions which were first peopled; and as both animals, from their physical conformation, are capable of bearing burdens on the back, the use of them in rapid travelling could scarcely escape the notice of tribes who were placed under the necessity of emigrating in search of new pastures, or new centres of intercourse with other tribes. There are many countries in which travelling, understood in the usual sense, is rather an incidental circumstance than a custom, since the inhabitants are too poor and too rude to have established any system of such a kind. Not only have they made no progress in the construction of vehicles, but the training of animals to purposes of docile industry is almost unknown by them. Many tribes in the heart of Africa, for instance, and in the Polynesian Islands, are so situated. For the most part, however, the art of applying animal power in this way is known and practised under one or the other of its several forms. The horse, the mule, the ox, the camel, the dromedary, the reindeer, the dog, are all employed in this way. Even the ostrich is sometimes applied to a similar use. With respect to this latter-named and remarkable animal, its natural rate of motion, when at the swiftest, is said to exceed that of the fleetest horse; and the Africans can only run them down by a combined system of operations lasting from two to three days together. Occasionally the Africans journey on the back of an ostrich; and Adamson, speaking of two tame ostriches kept at a station on the Niger, says:—"They were so tame, that two little blacks mount-

ed together on the back of the largest; no sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village, and it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so well that I would have it repeated; and to try their strength, I made a full grown negro man mount upon the smallest, and two others the largest—this burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little, they expanded their wings as if to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed to be off the ground." In the northern parts of Europe and America, where snow rests for so large a portion of the year, dogs, reindeer and horses attached to sledges and sleighs afford a more agreeable mode of locomotion than wheeled carriages. At the Cape of Good Hope, clumsy wagons drawn by oxen are used to go from one place to another. Latrobe says, "The wagons in use at the Cape are still very heavy. The oxen draw by a wooden yoke, consisting of a strong bar laid across their necks, to which are fixed in right angles downwards four short pieces, so as to admit the neck of each animal between two of them. These are kept in their places by being tied together below the neck with a small thong. A strongly-plaited leather thong runs from the ring at the end of the pole to the yoke of the first pair of oxen, being fastened, in passing, to the middle rings of each yoke. The bullocks, by pushing, seem to draw with ease. The Hottentot driver has a whip, the stick of which is a strong bamboo, twelve or more feet long, and the lash a plaited thong of equal or greater length. With this, to European grasp, unwieldy instrument, he not only cracks very loud, but hits any one of the bullocks with the greatest surety. But the chief engine of his government is his tongue; and he continually calls to his cattle by their names, directing them to the right or left by the addition of the exclamations *pott* and *haar*, occasionally forcing obedience to his commands by a lash, or by whisking or cracking his whip over their heads. A boy leads the foremost oxen by a thong fastened about their horns, and they seem to follow him willingly." It will suffice to give one more example of this mode of travelling from an account of an emigrant party at Algoa Bay: "Our travelling train consisted of seven wagons, hired from Dutch-African colonists, and driven



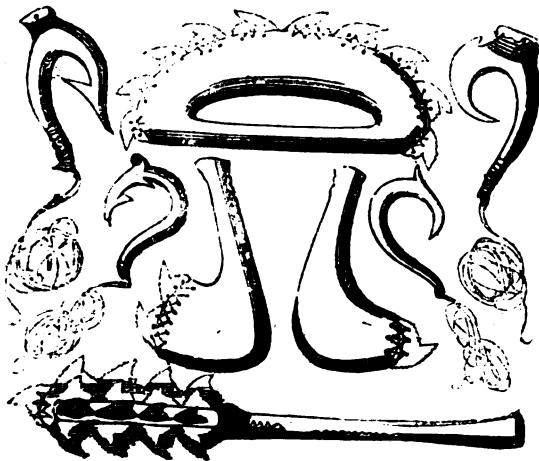
New Zealand Saw, made of Bone.

by the owners, or their native servants, slaves and Hottentots. These vehicles appear to be admirably adapted for the country, which is rugged and mountainous, and generally destitute of any other roads than the rude tracks originally struck across the wilderness by the first European adventurers. Each wagon was provided with a raised canvass, to protect the traveller from sun and rain, and was drawn by a team of ten or twelve oxen, fastened with wooden yokes to a strong central trace, or *trek-tom*, formed of twisted thongs of bullock or buffalo hide. The driver sat in front, to guide and stimulate the oxen, armed with a whip of enormous length; while a Hottentot or Bushman boy, running before, led the team by a thong attached to the horns of the foremost pair of bullocks. Where the road was bad and crooked, or when we travelled at a rapid rate, as we frequently did on more favorable ground, these leaders had a very toilsome task; and if they made any mistake, the lordly boor (who sat behind) not unfrequently applied his formidable lash to their naked limbs. A glance at the picture of our sedan chair, already noticed, reminds us that it is not very unlike the palanquin used so extensively in the East. Of palanquin travelling, Captain Saris, who visited Japan two centuries ago, thus speaks: "I had a palanquin, or one of their sedans, provided for me, and a fresh supply of men drawn out at every place successively, for the office of carrying me therein when I was tired of my horse; and for the greater state, a slave appointed to run with a pike before the palanquin. The king's harbingers also went before, and took up our lodgings on the road. This part of the journey was very pleasant and easy; the way for the most part was exceedingly even and plain, and wherever there was any rugged, mountainous ground, a smooth level passage was cut through it. This road (one of the great roads through the island of Nippon) is all along good gravel



New Zealand Tools, made of Bone.

and sand; it is divided into leagues for the benefit of travellers, and at every league of road are two small hills raised, on either side one, and upon each of them a fair tree planted, the design of which marks is, to make travellers competent judges of the length of their own journeys, just so they may not be abused by the hackney men and those that let out horses, and pay for a greater number of miles than they have ridden." Mr. Adams, in his very valuable "Treatise on Pleasure-Carriages," traces the steps by which a rude country would probably arrive at the use of vehicles for land travelling. The first and most simple form of it would naturally be a land-raft or sledge, which, if not heavily loaded, would move in favorable localities with considerable facility, as over dried grass, or green turf, or ice, or on the surface of hardened snow. In the northern countries, both of Europe and America, the sledge is constantly used upon the snow at the present day; for which purpose it is better adapted than wheel vehicles, the great length of the two bearers preventing them from sinking in the snow as wheels would do. In the island of Madeira the heavy pipes of wine are drawn on sledges from the mountain-vineyards to the seaports; and part of the driver's business is to walk by the side of them with a kind of mop, to keep the surface of the bare rock on which they run constantly wetted, to diminish friction. Another instance is the sledge used by the London brewers, and drawn by a single horse, to convey barrels of light weight. But it is evident that, except under peculiar circumstances, the friction of sledges is so great as to cause a great loss of animal power; and, therefore, better vehicles must have been objects of desire at a very early period. In mountainous countries, sledges could scarcely be used, except down hills, and accordingly in mountainous countries the next stage of improvement must have been first adopted. The next stage was, probably, the ele-



Fishing Implements, New Zealand.

vation of the sledge from the ground, and its suspension from the backs of two or four oxen or horses, by means of pack-saddles and lashings. Such an arrangement, under the name of a *litter*, has been adopted in many countries, and differs from the sedan or palanquin chiefly in being borne by mules, horses, or oxen, instead of by men. But, in all arrangements of this kind, the whole weight of the vehicle has to be borne, in addition to the drawing or pulling. To remedy this, wheels were introduced, by the action of which the weight is borne chiefly by the ground, while the onward movement is not much affected by friction. Following out the mode of improvement sketched by Mr. Adams, the next step would be to place a frame on the rounded axle of the wheels, capable of bearing burdens; the axle being confined to perform its revolutions at or near the centre of gravity of the frame by thole-pins or guides, similar to the row-locks of a boat. The form of the frame would be a central pile or beam, sufficiently long to bear the bulk or volume of the load, and also to project forward between the two draught-horses or oxen. Parallel with the central beam would be ranged two side-bearers, and these would be connected together by cross-framings or diagonal bearings. This would then be a car or cart, the simplest possible form of wheel-carriage. As a further step, means would be adopted for enabling the cart to turn in a circle or curve, without such an immense loss of power by friction as would otherwise occur. To effect this, each wheel would be made to revolve on its own centre; instead of fixing the cross-beam or axle in a square hole, it would be made to play easily in a round one of a conical form. After all, a machine made in this manner would not be well adapted for rapid motion, without a great expenditure of power; the axle, being of wood, must necessarily be of considerable size; and, working in wood also, a rapid motion would cause so much friction that it would soon be cut through, though the hardest wood might be sought. The wheels, too, being heavy and solid, would add much to the weight; and the invention of spoked wheels would be a notable step in advance. The history of the various elements of civilization is certainly an interesting study. The English carriages of the time of King John, as shown by our engraving on the opposite page, were clumsy, two-wheeled affairs, drawn by one horse ridden by a postilion. In



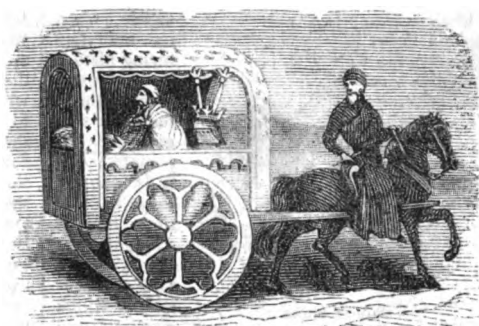
Sedan, Time of Charles I.

the time of the Norman conquerors of England, the "horse-litter" was much used, but chiefly for ladies. It was a kind of sedan with double shafts, having two horses instead of two men to bear it, one before and the other behind. During the feudal times which followed, the knight scorned the effeminacy of such modes of conveyance, and thought the saddle the only worthy mode of travelling. Both the country in which, and the time when, carriages were first used, have been much disputed—France, Italy, Spain and Germany all laying claim to the honor. Whatever may be the correct determination of these points, it is known that some sort of carriage, called a "caretta," was used in the 13th century, and that citizens' wives were wont to indulge in the use of such kinds of luxury more frequently than was deemed proper by their liege lords. Mr. Adams describes an illuminated MS. of the date of 1347, in which a lady is shown seated in a carriage richly colored; the outer edges of the wheels are colored gray to represent an iron tire; the horses are harnessed very much in the present fashion; the body of the vehicle is of carved wood, and the hangings of purple and crimson, turned up in the centre; the lady is seated inside, with an attendant behind, and her fool or jester in front; the carriage, which seems to be shaped more like a cart than a coach, is drawn by two horses, the charioteer sitting upon the left horse. It is said by Stow, that coaches were not used in England till the year 1555, when Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland. This differs slightly from the account given by Taylor, the "Water-Poet," for he mentions the year 1564 as that when a coach was first seen in England. The curious writer here named was a Thames waterman in the early part of the 17th century; and he committed to paper a long string of lamentations concerning the decay of his trade by the introduction of coaches. He says that Queen Elizabeth "had been seven years a queen before she had any coach; since when they have increased with a mischief, and ruined all the best housekeeping, to the undoing of the watermen, by the multitudes of hackney-coaches. But they never swarmed so much to pester the streets as they do now, till the year 1605; and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply." Whether one or the other of the above dates be correct, or both be wrong, it seems clear



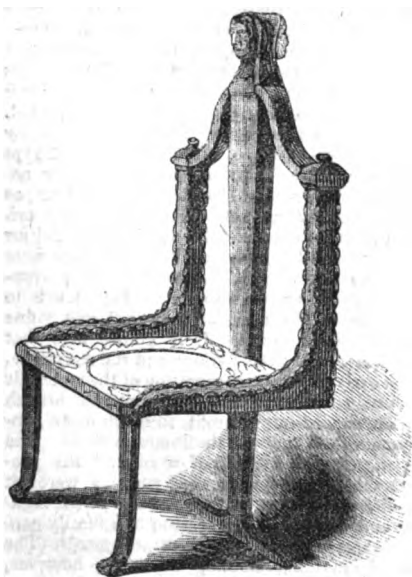
Ancient Egyptian Palanquin.

that the use of coaches spread very fast. Spencer speaks of "wagons," "coaches" and "chariots." Private families had their vehicles, and the taste for this luxury extended so far and wide, that a proposition was more than once made to prohibit their use, on the plea that government would be at a loss to mount their cavalry, by reason of the great demand for horses. From the time of Elizabeth onward throughout successive reigns, the allusions to coaches and carriages by various writers are frequent. Our last three engravings represent different varieties of Shoes—an important part of the costume. The Chinese Shoes encase a pair of feet belonging to a Chinese beauty, and cramped to the standard size of deformity which suits the taste of the Orientals. The High-Heeled Italian Shoe, precisely like that worn by our great-grandmothers, is still worn in some parts of the continent of Europe. The group of Choppines, or High Shoes, the last picture, is faithfully drawn from specimens of a most ridiculous fashion followed in Italy a couple of centuries ago. Coryat, in his "Crudities," thus spoke of them:—"There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice that no one whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad—a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted. Some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. So uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There



Carriages, Time of King John.

are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Evelyn, too, speaking of the same custom, says:—"When they walk abroad, they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them." We can scarcely conceive that so ridiculous a custom was of long continuance, though knowing how completely Fashion multiplies her votaries. The curious shoes, of which we have given a delineation, suggest instructive reflections on the importance to the world of the various lines of business brought into activity by the necessity of supplying clothing, and ministering to the caprices of fashion. With the single exception of alimony, in its countless and ever-varying forms, there is no one subject which occupies an equal amount of human thought, skill, invention, industry and capital, with that of clothing. It is not improbable that the correctness of this assertion may, by some, be doubted; yet a little steady consideration of what is going on around us, will show that the importance of the matter is not exaggerated. How endless are the ramifications which spring from the main system itself! The transit from place to place gives activity, and a means of support to carriers, coach-proprietors, canal and railway proprietors; coach, and cart, and wagon, and boat builders. The large undertakings of the manufacturers call for the services of bankers, agents, brokers, engineers, solicitors, clerks, and others whose services are rather professional than mechanical; while the emolument earned by them, and the wages earned by workmen, give rise to a demand for the daily necessities of life sufficient to maintain thousands of shopkeepers and dealers, both wholesale and retail—and it is in this way that we find how the population of such a district form an endless chain among them. It is true that, making an analysis in this way, it might be possible to show that a pin, a button, a hook, or any other



Roman Chair.

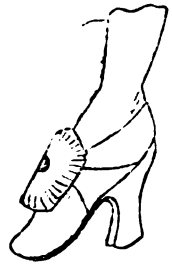


Chinese Shoes.

cy to all the links of the chain is the production of clothing. When we come to the metropolis, we find that the industrial arrangements relating to clothing apply rather to the making of garments from the woven and otherwise prepared materials, than in the manufacture of these materials themselves; and to the trading consequent on the actual sale of the garments to the wearers. To follow out this matter to its fullest extent is, of course, impossible here; but sufficient has perhaps been said to show how enormously the subject of clothing absorbs the attention of the people of every country. The ships that bring over the raw materials of manufacture; the workmen who build those ships; the machinists who give the means of working, and the men who do the work; the forming of garments from the prepared materials, and the sale of the garments so formed; the transit from one part of the country to another, and the shipment to foreign countries; together with the commercial, the financial, the professional and the legislative arrangements arising immediately from these employments—form a whole which has no parallel, except as relates to the article of food; and even this exception only applies under certain points of view. There have been many attempts to establish rules of *taste* as to dress; but the strange diversity of opinion which everywhere prevails, significantly shown by that which is called “fashion,” is enough to prove that the attempts have not been very successful. The flowing and easy

article, when its manufacturing history is traced, gives support to a large number of persons; but it is equally easy to see that, in the manufacturing districts, the main-spring which gives efficien-

cy to all the links of the chain is the production of clothing. When we come to the metropolis, we find that the industrial arrangements relating to clothing apply rather to the making of garments from the woven and otherwise prepared materials, than in the manufacture of these materials themselves; and to the trading consequent on the actual sale of the garments to the wearers. To follow out this matter to its fullest extent is, of course, impossible here; but sufficient has perhaps been said to show how enormously the subject of clothing absorbs the attention of the people of every country. The ships that bring over the raw materials of manufacture; the workmen who build those ships; the machinists who give the means of working, and the men who do the work; the forming of garments from the prepared materials, and the sale of the garments so formed; the transit from one part of the country to another, and the shipment to foreign countries; together with the commercial, the financial, the professional and the legislative arrangements arising immediately from these employments—form a whole which has no parallel, except as relates to the article of food; and even this exception only applies under certain points of view. There have been many attempts to establish rules of *taste* as to dress; but the strange diversity of opinion which everywhere prevails, significantly shown by that which is called “fashion,” is enough to prove that the attempts have not been very successful. The flowing and easy robes of the inhabitants of ancient Greece and Rome have often been alluded to as the nearest approach to the perfect in respect to form of dress. But this is after all mere opinion; for when we come to consider how much *climate* has to do with the comfort of dress, we see proof that that which may be easy and elegant in one country may be insufficient in another. There is this source of connexion or similarity between the Greeks and Romans as to attire, that the latter adopted the chief habits of the former, with such variations only as appear to have depended rather on fashion than on utility. If we could trace the proceedings of every nation up to its earliest origin, we should find the first attempts to provide clothing pretty much alike in all. The skins of animals, or the wool or hair forming the external envelope, form the first, as they are the most natural source; the interweaving of textile fibres being obviously a later step. The records of travellers and voyagers afford abundant evidence that the skins of animals precede textile fibres as a material for dress; and the history of the early nations corroborates this opinion. The art, likewise, of converting these skins into leather was very early known; for the outer coverings of the Tabernacle are said to have been made from rams’ skins and the skins of badgers; and as these are also spoken of as being dyed, some kind of tanning or dressing must have been carried on. Shoes and girdles, too, are often alluded to as having been made of leather. The nations of whose early history we have any authentic account soon, however, acquired the art of wearing fibres into the form of cloth. The phrase “*vestures of fine linen*,” used in Genesis as applied to the dress of the superior officers of Pharaoh’s court, shows that weaving of fibres into cloth must have been known at a very early period. All the allusions to woven textures as worn by the Israelites seem to afford proof that Egypt took precedence of Judea, and of all other nations then known, in that department of art, as indeed they did in most others. It is quite evident that linen constituted a notable material for dress among the Israelites, and that there were different kinds appropriated to different purposes; for there are allusions in the Pentateuch to “*fine linen*,” “*fine trimmed linen*,” and “*fine linen of woven work*.” It is known also that linen was worn by the Syrians and the Assyrians. In the early times the preparation of the materials for clothing was not, as now, a separate branch of trade carried on for profit, so much as an employment for females in the domestic circle. The dressing of flax, carding of wool, and the processes incident to spinning and weaving, were not considered unworthy of the attention of the high-born and wealthy. The matron of a family generally superintended all such arrangements. The task of providing clothing has now, however, passed into the hands of those who make a special business of it.



High-Heeled Shoe.



Choppines, or High Shoes.



The accompanying portrait is a good likeness of one of the most distinguished literary men of the day, whose fame as a writer of history eclipses that he has achieved as a poet, and throws into the shade his reputation as a political writer. He is the son of Zachary Macaulay, Esq., a wealthy British merchant, who made a large fortune in the African trade, and was born at Rothly Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, at Cambridge, and distinguished himself there by fairly winning some of the highest honors in the gift of the university. In 1821, he was elected to the Craven scholarship. He graduated as Bachelor of Arts, in 1822, and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1825. On leaving Cambridge, he entered as a student of law in Lincoln Inn, London, and was called to the bar in 1826. In that year he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his essay on Milton, one of the most brilliant papers ever contributed to its pages. It at once gave reputation to the author, evincing a thorough acquaintance with literature and literary history, a great analytical and critical power, and an extraordinary command of language. The rhetorical passages in this essay are absolutely dazzling, and there are many such which impress the memory without an effort. This was the forerunner of a long series of essays on a variety of subjects, continued through a succession of years, and forming a principal feature of the *Review*. In a collected form they fill many volumes, and are probably more read than the productions of any living essayist. A liberal in politics, Macaulay was not unnoticed by the Whig government when in power, but received the appointment of commissioner of bankrupts. In 1830, he was elected member of the House of Commons from Calne, and did good service to his party in the session of 1832. In 1834, he was elected member from Leeds, at which time he was secretary of the India



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

board. In the same year he resigned his appointment and his seat in the house, and went to India as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, a very lucrative post, which he retained for three years. In 1838, he left for England, and was shortly after elected a member from Edinburgh. On the general election of 1847, he was rejected by his constituents, his opponent, Mr. Cowan, receiving a large majority. Mr. Macaulay, as we have already said, evinced high literary talent at a very early age. During his collegiate days, he wrote his ballad, "The Battle of Ivry," and, if we remember rightly, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," founded on the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy, remarkable for their striking pictures of life and manners, the abrupt energy of their style, and the rapid progress of their narrative, were written at this period. Some of Macaulay's ballads will last as long as the language in which they are written; and all his poems are sufficiently stamped with genius to warrant us in the belief that, had he chosen, he might have taken a front rank among the poets of the 19th century. His poetic studies and practice, however, were not fruitless exercises; they helped give him that mastery of language, which renders his prose so vivid, copious and fascinating. The highest exhibition of his powers was reserved for his "History of England," now in progress, a work on which he even proposes to rest his fame. Who can forget the sensation caused by the appearance of the first volumes of this extraordinary work? It commanded an instant popularity, far exceeding that of any publication of modern times, and only equalled by that of the *Waverley Novels*. It was immediately in the hands of all classes of readers. Men and women, who had never perused anything but the most exciting romances, were as much fascinated by this as by any work of fiction. It was different from any history ever before written.



## MUSIC.

BY REYSBURN.

What like Music has the power  
Of soothing rage or easing pain?  
Natures fierce, in Music's bower  
Softens, through her magic strain.

When the trumpet, stern and deep,  
Sounds the charge in fiery notes;  
Mighty warriors forward leap,  
As its music o'er them floats.

How the bugle's silvery tones,  
Gliding o'er a lake's expanse,  
Melt the heart to sighs and moans,  
Or wake, in memory's mind, the dance.

The violin, in master hands,  
Pours out the soul of melody;  
The traveller lists in foreign lands,  
And thinks of dear ones far away.

The "tinkle of the light guitar"  
Transports the mind to "sunny Spain;"  
The soft piano's notes will bar  
Moroseness out, and love enchain.

But who of mortals e'er can write  
The magic spell which holds the flute,  
As, on the silence of the night,  
Its breathings keep the listener mute.

When pierced by death's unerring shaft,  
Let me not hear the gladsome lute;  
May angels up my spirit waft,  
To the soft murmurs of the flute.

## THE SERENADE.

## A TALE OF REVENGE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

BRILLIANT lights were beaming from the windows of Squire Tompson's magnificent country house, sweet strains of music filled the calm night air with melody, and light and joyous laughter echoed through the open windows of the ample parlors. Within, jocund mirth and glad eyed happiness ruled the hour. That evening the Squire's only daughter, the prettiest girl in the village, had been wedded to the man of her heart, Ned Rivers, the handsomest man and best catch in the county, and it was to celebrate this happy event that all this delightful rumpus was going on—that lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen galloped round the room to the scrapings of fiddles and the brayings of clarinets, that young men and maidens, old men and matrons crowded round the interesting couple, shaking hands, grinning and congratulating in such sort that it really seemed as though all the world united in calling down blessings and happiness upon the heads of the newly married pair.

I say such *seemed* to be the case. But alas! and O dear suz! even the garden of Eden, that tip-top and fertile piece of land, that number one and extremely valuable quarter section was infested with a real hateful breed of snakes! In view of this deplorable fact, why should we expect the little town of Pokunk to be free from treachery, deceit and crime. In the embrasure of one of the windows, and partially hidden by the voluminous damask and lace drapery curtains, stood two young men of promising and even noble bearing, who were conversing in low and earnest tones.

"I tell you it shall be done," said the eldest of the two, in an accent of unwavering determination, while at the same time he cast a glance of peculiar meaning toward the unsuspecting bride and bridegroom who were standing at the opposite side of the room.

"Perhaps, even now, it were better to give up the project," half pleaded his companion.

"Give it up!" echoed the first speaker, with a glance of contempt. "May Satan catch me if I'll give it up. Why, you chicken-hearted nobody, hasn't Mary Tompson jilted both of us, and hasn't that outrageously irresistible Rivers crossed our path more than once? Talk of giving it up, indeed! If your conscience troubles you so much, perhaps you had better give it up. I can get some one else to assist me, or, if need be, do the deed alone, but at all risks it shall be done, and this very night, too."

"Very well, then; if you are determined, so be it. I will interpose no further objections, but will stand by you to the end."

"Good," responded his companion, "let us go out into the room; we may attract attention, standing so long apart."

The two young men joined the throng that were congratulating the happy pair, proving to a demonstration the saying, that a man may "smile and smile and be a villain."

It may be that the lovely bride would have smiled less sweetly, and that the gallant bridegroom would have shaken hands less heartily with them could they have read their thoughts; but a smiling face oft hides a frowning heart, and in their happiness they expected nought of evil.

Several hours have elapsed; the mansion lately so brilliantly illuminated is now dark and silent; not a step is heard upon the floors, not a solitary light glimmers from the windows. The night without is dark also; thin and vapory scud floating slowly westward from the ocean obscures the stars, save here and there a patch about as big as a grocery store, and all nature seems in a

profound snooze. The clock in the church tower has just chimed the solemn and easily counted hour of one, and almost upon the stroke two figures emerge from the thicket by the roadside and enter into a whispered but animated argument. They are the young men we have noticed at the wedding party. Their conference ended, one of them conceals himself behind a low stone wall, while the other advances with stealthy tread and reconnoitres the house, particularly the west wing, in which they have ascertained the young couple alone lodge. Having completed his survey, he returns to his comrade behind the wall.

"'Tis all right, Bob; there's not a mouse afoot in the entire institution," he says, in a stage whisper.

"Well, then we may as well go to work at once, Dick," responded his companion, rising from a crouching position behind the wall, and hoisting a large bag upon his shoulder. The two conspirators now approach the house with cautious tread, and endeavor to make their way to the rear of the building. The night, as I have before mentioned, is dark, and they do not observe a new Manilla clothes line stretched tightly across the lawn, until Bob, who has his head raised to watch the second story windows, is, as he approaches obliquely, sawed smartly across the neck.

"Heavens to Betsy!" he exclaims, clapping his hand to his throat, "I've cut my head off!"

"Not quite, or you wouldn't yell loud enough to wake the dead," replied Dick. "But I snore to beans, chummy, this is just what we want; it's right under their window; it couldn't be bettered at any price."

"Fact," responded Bob, surveying at one glance the line and the window, and untying the neck of the sack which he had carried upon his shoulder. "Now stand by to leave suddenly."

"All right, fire away," says Dick, putting his best foot forward.

"Well, here goes, then," replied Bob, and he drew from the sack a span of exaggerated T cats, securely bound together by the tail, and slung them over the line. "Run," he exclaimed, setting a vigorous example.

"Not till I have stirred them up a bit," returned Dick, bestowing an assortment of buffets upon the unfortunate animals, which caused them to lift up their voices in awful remonstrance; then, as it were, taking the wings of the morning, he flew to the uttermost parts of the door yard and stowed himself away with his companion behind the low stone wall before mentioned.

Perhaps some of my readers have been in

Bedlam; or if not, the fact of their having read thus far shows that they soon will, or ought to be there. But let that be as it may, the uproar popularly supposed to reign in that celebrated institution was as nothing at all to the unearthly duet that followed the "stirring up."

Scott, in describing some tremendous row, says:

"Then rose the cry of women, shrill  
Like goshawks whistling on the hill;"

and Moore, hard pushed for something unto which to liken a jolly rumpus, breaks forth:

"So loud and terrible the shout,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fall  
Had pealed the banner cry of—" etc., etc.

We all know the quotation. But though Scott may have known not a little about women, who, it must be owned, make their share of noise in the world, and though Moore was, doubtless, on intimate terms with "all the fiends from heaven that fell," it is evident they were not posted in the matter of cats, or they would not have gone so far for a simile. Words cannot give an idea of the tremendous melody: such a squealing and squalling and squaking, such a howling and growling and spitting and fighting never was heard before. Not all the bulls of Bashan,—all the many and great bulls of Bashan that beset and compassed poor Mr. Psalms round about, though, without doubt, they roared right lustily, could so much as hold a candle, as the saying is, to the turbulent pussies; even the originators of the disturbance, behind the wall, were fain to put their fingers to their ears. Not many minutes elapsed before a second story window was raised, and a thinly clad gentleman poked forth his head into the night.

"That's him—that's Rivers," whispered Bob, fetching his companion a dig in the ribs.

"Shoo, scat, get out!" shouted the white-robed individual, impatiently. But the furry vocalists did not seem disposed either to shoo, scat, or get out at the first invitation, and the words were repeated, much more vehemently than before. This time with more effect, for the hideous roaring subsided into long low growls. The gentleman appeared satisfied with this state of things, for the window was closed, the curtain dropped, and all was still.

"You are not done with them yet, my noble bridegroom," said Bob, leaving his covert to inflict divers smart kicks upon the suspended cats, and immediately rushing back to his hiding place.

The effect was instantaneous and terrific:

"In the startled ear of night  
They screamed out their affright,  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They could only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune."

Again the window went up, this time with a bang; amid a torrent of vituperative epithets; and chunk, chunk, came various missiles upon the sod; now a blacking bottle, now a boot-jack, and again a piece of soap. Louder and louder squalled the cats, as they furiously dug their claws into each other's hide. With a sinful exclamation the persecuted gentleman vanished, and a light began to glimmer in the room. Approaching the window he thrust the lamp out at arm's length and took a deliberate survey of the premises. But the rays were not sufficiently powerful to penetrate the gloom, and the feeble light only showed him a dark, moving, howling object, without revealing the fact that it was made fast to the clothes line. Seizing the water picher by the handle, he discharged it with great force at his tormentors. The accuracy of his aim was beyond all praise; the heavy vessel striking the cats heavily in the flank, drove them round and round upon the line at a wonderful rate, while their vehement squalls kept awful time to the rapid rotary motion:

"How they clang and clash and roar  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

Their continued yowling and growling and howling was too much even for a newly made bridegroom's patience, and the window having come down with a slam, the indistinct figure of some one moving about the apartment was dimly seen through the curtain. Presently the back door opened and a gentleman clad only in shirt, boots and breeches advanced with wide, rapid and angry strides towards the obnoxious voices of the night. Grabbing them by the loop formed by their united narratives and twitching them spitefully from the line, he slung them several times round his head, as a boy would whirl a sling, and projected them bomb shell fashion into the road, where they fell amid a cloud of dust, an eternity of spitting, and no end of savage yells.

"There," he ejaculated, "I hope that is the last of you." But his hope was like Wordsworth's hope, "Beads of morning, strung on slender blades of grass," that vanished ere the wish could be expressed. No sooner had the wretched felines struck the bosom of old mother earth than each started in contrary directions for its home and abiding city. Now one gained a few feet, dragging the other after it, then the other, gathering strength from despair, retrieved the loss, and perhaps added a few feet of gain, which, harrowing the very soul of its companion in suffering, caused him to slew round and pitch in tooth and nail, with even deeper howls than had characterised their performance on the tight rope.

It was evident the trouble was not yet removed, and the unlucky bridegroom on homicidal thoughts intent, seized a sled stake and plunged towards the unlovely quadrupeds. But they, forgetting their private quarrel in the common danger that impended, turned tail and fled across the yard with the speed of frightened cats. Round and round the house, the stable and the out buildings the indignant bridegroom pursued them, puffing and blowing with heat and indignation. At length, after a good half hour of active exercise, he succeeded in heading them as they turned a corner of the house. A dull, heavy blow with the sled stake, two loud squalls, one big swear, and he placed his foot upon their united stems, then drawing a knife from his pocket he quickly severed "the electric chain wherewith they were darkly bound." With the velocity and silence of a summer breeze the liberated animals darted across the fields in opposite directions, and the much abused gentleman took up his line of march for the house, conversing earnestly with himself as he went. It may be that he was praying, I have certainly heard words similar to those he employed, made use of in prayer, though from his excited manner, it is possible that devotion formed no part of his thoughts.

Having waited until the door was slammed violently to, and the bolts rammed angrily into their sockets, the two wretched conspirators emerged from their hiding place, chuckling slandishly, then sinking into the shadow of the hedge they departed from that coast and all the region round about.

#### A HARD CASE IN LAW.

Mr. G——, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a great deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for \$40 at six months, *payable in cabinet ware.*"

Lawyer G—— was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the client was apprised that the matter was fully and amicably arranged. G—— saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick rode furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming:

"I say, Squire, am I bound to take coffins?"

It seems on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way.—*Olive Branch.*

## BE STRONG.

BY WILLIS E. PAROR.

It was a man who, growing weary-hearted,  
Would fain have fallen by the way;  
Weak with the memories of the departed,  
Who saw "the shadow" on the "noon of day."

The flowers he touched, were in his fingers faded—  
Just like the hopes he cherished with the years;  
And few could tell that on his forehead shaded  
Were lines that only come because of tears.

And from his lips there came a whisper slowly,  
As if his heart ebbed out with every word;  
"O for a grave rest with those lying lowly,  
Who hear no more the song of breeze or bird."

But just then manhood saw white wings before him,  
And faces; as to angel ones belong;  
And one—the fairest one—bent kindly o'er him,  
And whispered to his sinking heart, "Be strong!"

"Be strong! the wind to the shorn lamb is tempered;  
The way, though weary, leadeth to repose;  
Life, though with bitter memories hampered,  
Will yet outblossom as the summer rose."

And with the words, the man grew stronger-hearted;  
His pulse was quickened as by angel touch;  
Again upon the race of life he started,  
Content, if there were need, to suffer much.

## HEART CHANGES.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

A HIGH, hedge-bordered wall separated the field from the village street, and within, leaning upon a gate in the centre, through which a common pathway ran from the field to the road, stood, at sunset, two young girls, in conversation. Two girls, both fair, and young, and graceful; neither of them more than seventeen. One with a round, laughing face, and merry dark eyes, that were soft and kindly withal; the other with eyes of deep blue, and a countenance somewhat more quiet and thoughtful than that of her companion, and yet no less cheerful, especially as she smiled now, in speaking.

"So you were not sorry to bid Master Rodwell good-by, Mary?" she was saying.

Mary Burton shook head laughingly. "No, not at all, Elsie, nor, I am sure, were you yourself. I only hope his successor may please us better."

"That is, I interpret it, that he may be more merciful to you, when you take it into your head to play the mischief, and make the girls laugh in school, dear. Well, I confess I hope so too, for indeed he was a great deal too severe. But I don't think we need have any fear of the new

teacher. Master Rodwell was old, and cross, and pompous. Mr. Delavan, if I may judge from what papa says, is the very reverse. Amy Bruce, too, who has seen him, gives a glowing account of him. She described him as being young, handsome, gentlemanly, and, though somewhat quiet, of a cheerful and open disposition, and the kindest manner in the world. But the point on which Amy dwells particularly," and Elsie Mayhew smiled, "is his fine personal appearance, and the beauty of his countenance, which she declares is perfectly captivating."

"O, that will make it all the worse!" laughed Mary Burton, "the recitations are bad enough now. There will be no end of blushing and blundering. We shall wish him out of the school in two hours after he comes into it."

"Not when we think of cross Master Rodwell, Mary. And we shall soon get accustomed to Mr. Delavan."

The speaker paused a moment, looking down on the grass, with a musing look in her blue eyes, when she said, with a brighter smile than her pretty face had worn before. "Papa says he isn't married, this young Mr. Delavan; and according to all the romances I ever read, it is his bounden duty to fall in love with one of the girls in the school—there are a dozen pretty ones among them—and suppose it should be you! Would you have him, Mary?" And the blue eyes sparkled with sudden merriment.

"A school teacher, Elsie? No, you may pick out some one else for him if you like," answered Mary Burton, with a careless laugh, and a slight touch of contempt in voice and manner, though her cheek reddened a little at her companion's words. "School teachers," she added, "should not be presumptuous."

Elsie Mayhew colored too, and very quickly. "O, I forgot how proud you are, Mary," she said, in an altered and somewhat constrained tone.

"Young ladies, will you allow me to pass?" said a clear and quiet voice behind them, as the footstep of the speaker was arrested in the path.

Both the girls turned hastily, and simultaneously stepped aside, while the gentleman had spoken, and who had come up unperceived by them, lifted his hat with a slight, but courteous salutation, and passing the gateway, walked rapidly up the village street. Elsie blushed, wondering whether he had heard much of the last part of their conversation; and Mary, with her sense of the ludicrous, as usual, uppermost, laughed outright.

"Interesting colloquy for a gentleman to hear," she said, gaily. "I hope he found it edifying. But come, Elsie!" and she took her friend's arm

caressingly, "we won't talk nonsense about our new teacher. It is time for me to be at home. Will you go up and spend the evening with me? and leave Mr. Delavan for somebody else."

"But, Mary, stop a moment," said Elsie, seriously and earnestly. "I want you to tell me honestly—though I asked you in sport, at first—*wouldn't* you marry a school-teacher?"

"No!" said Mary Burton, briefly. And the two walked homeward in silence.

Mary Burton's parents were both dead. Her father was an old Virginia gentleman, of good family, of great wealth, and of great pride; and these two last Mary fully inherited. She was merry, good-tempered, kind-hearted and affectionate and proud, though one would have thought pride the trait most remote from such a character as hers, and few, excepting her most intimate friends, would have guessed its existence.

Since the death of her father, she had resided in New England, with her uncle, Colonel Walton, in one of the prettiest of its pretty country districts; and it was here, at the neighboring academy, that she was finishing her education, where she was a favorite with all, and where, among her classmates, Elsie Mayhew was her favorite and confidant.

The summer vacation was over, and the conversation which we have recorded, occurred on the afternoon of the day previous to that which called them once more to their studies. Their former instructor had resigned the duties of his office to another, and the morrow was to introduce them to him. He had arrived at the village that morning, and the pupils generally were eager to welcome his advent. Only one or two of them had seen him yet.

The morning of the next day dawned clear and bright, and at the accustomed hour, Mary Burton and Elsie Mayhew took their way schoolward. As they went, the mellow, musical chime of the academy bell floated out on the morning air.

"Already!" said Mary. "We must have lingered. See, there is Ellen Wilber, who is usually among the last. Let us hasten."

They quickened their steps. Both thought of the new teacher whom they were to meet, both thought of the conversation which had passed between them on the evening of the previous day; but neither spoke a word touching the one subject or the other. But each knew what the other must be thinking of; especially when, at the wicket of a little cottage by the way, they beheld, talking with an old woman, the stranger who had passed them at the stile the evening before. This encounter gave both rather an uncomfortable sensation, and Mary blushed, spite

of herself, as, glancing towards them, he lifted his hat in courteous recognition, and his glance, resting for an instant upon her face, was withdrawn again. She tried to shake off the confusion she felt, however, and as they passed out of hearing distance, said to Elsie:

"He has splendid eyes, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I wish he hadn't heard what we said yesterday," was Elsie's half-laughing, half-serious answer.

Down a lane close by, they saw a little lame girl hurrying up to school. They went down to help her along, and in five minutes were on their way; but they had only a few seconds to spare, when they reached the academy. Nearly all the scholars were assembled. A group of the girls were gathered about the master's desk, talking with him, for he had already taken his seat. Mary and Elsie could not see him; but as they approached their old seats, which were near the platform, the little crowd separated, and Mr. Delavan, reaching out his hand, touched the bell. Mary Burton started. In that slight, graceful figure clad in black; in the fine head; in the quiet, earnest countenance, so noble, so full of dignity; more than all, in the glance of those beautiful, serious dark eyes whose full glance she met now for the third time, she recognized the form and features of the stranger whom she had seen at the stile, the evening before!

For a moment, as their eyes met, her cheek was warm with blushes, and her heart beat fast and tumultuously, as the thought of all that he must have heard flashed through her mind. Before she had time to collect herself, the morning services had commenced.

Elsie Mayhew had started and colored as this discovery greeted her. But she could only hurriedly touch Mary's hand, in lieu of words to convey her feelings, as she took out her Bible.

Mr. Delavan commenced reading, and while his clear, distinct flexible tones, beautiful as the echoes of some sweet-voiced bell, rose and filled the silent morning air, Mary had leisure to regain some degree of composure. In those few moments her pride asserted its sway.

"What if he did hear?" she said to herself. "It was the truth. I have no reason to be ashamed."

Still, when the morning services were concluded, and the arrangement of the classes commenced, and, after he had examined a few others, the teacher called up Mary Burton, she felt a slight tremor of renewed agitation. She was glad, when she approached the desk, that he did not look up, but merely glancing towards the chair beside him, requested her to be seated, and im-

mediately commenced the usual inquiries with regard to the studies she wished to pursue. He went through the list briefly, his eyes on the paper he held, and his pencil busy with its notes; while Mary Burton, wishing herself a thousand miles away, answered his questions with all the indifference she could muster, and rose the moment he had finished, without waiting for the words that released her. Elsie Mayhew was called up next. She went up, blushing violently, but reassured by Mr. Delavan's seeming utter obliviousness to everything unconnected with the immediate business in hand, came back, looking a little relieved. So one by one the classes were arranged, and the morning's work was over.

But at its conclusion, before dismissing the pupils, Mr. Delavan spoke some words to them concerning their new mutual relations to each other. His remarks were few and brief, and to the purpose; but invested with a spirit of kindly good will, that won his hearers' hearts. Mary Burton's mingled pride, and anger, and shame, were all forgotten while he spoke. She listened, and forgot everything that had passed, in the dawning feeling of admiration. But memory returned with his concluding words.

"I trust and believe," they were, as he looked about him at his pupils, "that you will perform patiently and diligently your portion of the work here. I, on my part, shall never think that I can labor too diligently for your improvement. My greatest anxiety will be lest I should not fully meet my duty. Believe me, *I shall never be in the least apprehensive of exceeding it.*"

Quiet as they were, there was a gentle emphasis on the words, that with the full, direct glance of his fine dark eyes towards Mary Burton, gave those words a double meaning. Elsie Mayhew's cheeks were instantly covered with blushes again. But Mr. Delavan's look and tone had roused Mary's pride again with tenfold strength, and though her cheek, too, slightly reddened, it was with the same feeling that caused her lip to curl as she turned her head aside.

Mary Burton anticipated now, a display of coldness on his side, towards her. She looked for a distant, perhaps haughty demeanor, as the natural effect of what had passed, and not without reason, perhaps; as she knew so little of his nature, for not one out of ten would have heard himself spoken of with contempt, as she had spoken, without betraying feelings of either pique or of scorn. The words so significantly addressed to her: "*I shall never be in the least apprehensive of exceeding my duty,*" she interpreted as a commencement of hostilities between them, and her pride was up in arms.

But there were no hostilities commenced. He neither avoided nor treated her with coldness. He spoke to her courteously, when he had occasion to address her; he listened to her recitations with an attention and interest, and explained to her whatever required explanation in her lessons, with a care equal to that, and as kindly as that which he awarded her companions. But he made no advances towards a better acquaintance. If she needed his assistance, he was ready to give it, if not, he never intruded his notice upon her. In short, she felt that while he treated her with perfect courtesy, she was an object of utter indifference to him.

She was at a stand. She had taken the weapons of pride in her hand, and now she gradually found them blunted, dull, powerless. His calm, self-reliant dignity was so different from the display of resentful feeling she had anticipated, that she suddenly found herself disarmed. It had its effect upon her feelings. Almost before she was aware of it, it had shown her his superiority—a superiority that she could not but acknowledge. She felt that he was the more worthy, that she had lost her ground.

It was a little after the time of the commencement of—but let us explain a little.

Among Mary Burton's classmates, was Jane Eltham—or Jennie, as she called herself, and wrote on her visiting cards—the only daughter of one of the "great men" of the place. Jane had a brother George, a young man of very good personal appearance, but excessively vain, who greatly admired Mary. His chief ambition was to make an impression on her heart. His sister, who was not at all averse to have him marry the heiress, in the very face of half-a-dozen other admirers, who all declared themselves dying for Mary, went heart and hand with him in his views. She called Mary her "dearest friend," flattered, caressed, and hung about her, and was always unhappy when Mary was out of her sight; formed no plan of amusement without including her, and felt deeply hurt if Mary ever seemed to forget her. A little time, then, after the school recommenced, George Eltham returned home, from the completion of his college studies. His first inquiry was for Mary, and Jane was ready to answer all his questions; to dilate upon Mary's personal appearance, to tell how much prettier, if possible, she had grown since he had seen her last, and to enlarge upon their natural affection; for, as she told everybody how much she loved Mary, and everybody knew what she loved her for, she also affirmed to them how deeply Mary loved her in return.

George, very much elated, went to see their

light. Finest time of the season, I'll wager! And I know who'll be the belle!"

It was thus that Jane Eltham's brother expressed himself one morning in February. A heavy snow had fallen, and all the young people, far and near, had agreed to make the most of it, since winter was almost on the point of breaking up, and its opportunities for enjoyment were so soon to vanish. There was to be a general gathering of youths and maidens from every corner of the place, to make the party as large and gay as it might be. Everybody was looking forward with animated expectation, and particularly George Eltham, who talked of nothing else. He was to have his father's new cutter—a dainty little affair—out on the occasion; for besides the large sleigh, which had been obtained from a neighboring town for the accommodation of the bulk of the party, at least a dozen small ones were to be filled; and with himself, his new sleigh, and the beautiful companion whom he counted upon securing, he looked forward to the felicity of creating a decided sensation. He was more talkative than ever, and in his best mood.

"You know who'll be the belle?" echoed Mary, knowing very well whom he meant, but pretending utter ignorance, "so do I, and everybody else who has seen that pretty cousin of yours, who has come from the city. You will have the prettiest girl in the company in your sleigh, Mr. Eltham."

"O, hang it, I don't mean *her*, Mary—of course I meant you. I'm not going to take Margaret Winslow, she and Jane will go with somebody else. I want you, Mary."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Eltham," answered Mary, drily, "but you can't have me. It is your place to ask your cousin; I wish you wouldn't oblige me remind you of it."

He looked a little vexed—chagrined.

"Then you won't go with me, Mary?" he said. "When you've known all along that I expected you to. I settled to have you before ever Margaret Winslow came. Besides, Tom Maxwell is going to ask her—I know he is."

"That doesn't affect the case, Mr. Eltham. Your place is to invite your cousin," said Mary, quietly, "and I cannot infringe on her right."

George Eltham's brow looked cloudy for a moment, but he could say nothing against this.

"Well, I'll ask her," he said, reluctantly, at length; "but if she don't go with me, *then* you will go, I hope?"

"I can't say," said Mary, shaking her head. "Go and ask her first, and don't think about me." And he went.

That morning, during recess, while Mr. Dela-

van was out of the school-room, a knot of girls stood talking in one of the aisles.

"Mary!" ejaculated Jane Eltham, "George says you're not going with him to-morrow evening! That you refused this very day. I wish you hadn't! With whom are you going, then?"

"I don't know," said Mary.

"Don't know? I'm sure you ought to. I know as many as three or four have asked you already; but you might have gone with George."

Here her attention was attracted in a different direction, and another of the girls broke in:

"I wish Mr. Delavan would go! Wouldn't it be perfectly splendid? But he never goes anywhere!"

"Yes, I wish he would!" said another. "But then," she added, laughingly, in a lower tone, "George Eltham wouldn't like that a bit. Mr. Delavan would put him quite in the shade. And you know George always thinks himself the finest man in the party. He wouldn't bear a rival!"

"George Eltham!" said a third, with a slight curl of the lip, "don't mention him in the same breath with Mr. Delavan! Jane don't relish it, I know, that people like Mr. Delavan a great deal the best; and she always set her brother up above him; but though George is rolling in money, and Mr. Delavan a school teacher, 'for a' that, and a' that,' I guess we know whom we'd just like to put up for president of these United States!"

"Yes, that we do!" chimed in another. "I only wish Mr. Delavan were president!"

"Hush!" laughed the one who had preceded her. "Jane hears you."

"What is it, girls?" said Jane Eltham.

"O, only discussing the respective merits of Mr. Delavan and your brother, that's all!" answered the last speaker, nonchalantly.

Mr. Delavan!" exclaimed Jane Eltham, with a slightly supercilious accent, "I don't compare Mr. Delavan and my brother George."

"Well," laughed Lucy Evans, turning to Mary, "do you compare them, Mary Burton?"

"No, indeed!" said Mary, quietly, but with an irresistible impulse, "no indeed! *There is no comparison between them!*"

"Bravo!" uttered Lucy Evans, delightedly. "There's a delicate compliment for you! I never guessed you thought so highly of Mr. Delavan, Mary. I wish he could have heard and seen you then. What—blushing? And now crying, I declare. Why, Mary!"

"Don't, Lucy!" entreated Mary Burton, turning away to hide her glowing cheek, and the impulsive tears that rushed to her eyes; while Lucy Evans threw her arms about her and kissed her.

There was a shadow on the door-sill, that lingered there an instant, and was gone again, unnoticed by any. The shadow of some one who had approached, about to enter, and had gone away without entering. And Mary did not know how near Mr. Delavan had been. He was out there, pacing thoughtfully up and down, under the trees, for a long time afterwards.

That day, among the majority of the girls, nothing was talked of but the enjoyment of the morrow. Mary left them discussing the matter in the dressing-room, at the close of the lesson-hours; and tying on her hat, took up her books to go. Mr. Delavan was standing near the door, talking with one of the pupils, and simply bowing to her, as she passed, continued his conversation. Some words of what he was saying, reached her ear.

"I shall be very sorry to bid you all good-by, but I trust—"

That was all, but it rung in her ear long after it was uttered. She stood quite still, for an instant, after she had passed him, the words fascinated her so. Then recovering her presence of mind, she went on, out into the open air. But a strange sensation assailed her as she went. She felt cold—there was a weight, as it were, on her limbs—she could not see well.

Just reaching the outer entrance, she stopped, and held by one of the pillars, her head resting against the cold stone. There was a step near her. Some one paused and looked at her, and spoke her name with a frightened accent; and then, with a cold shiver running through her frame, she found herself seated in a chair close by, supported by Lucy Evans, with her head pillowed on Lucy's shoulder.

"Mary, you are sick, faint!" Lucy ejaculated, in alarm. "Mr. Delavan—some water!" she added, raising her voice.

"No, no!" Mary struggled to articulate; "I shall be better presently. Don't call any one."

The dread of meeting Mr. Delavan now, nerved her. Fortunately, the door at the end of the passage being closed, he had not heard the call, and as no one else came out, they were left alone for several minutes, during which, Mary gradually revived. But she was still very pale indeed; her lips regained but little of their natural color, while the look of pain and languor in her eyes did not go away. Lucy wished to get some water for her, but Mary refused, fearing to attract notice.

The moment that she could walk, she proceeded homeward, leaning on Lucy's arm; thanking her for her kindness, and asking her to say nothing about her illness, which Lucy herself attributed to over-application in the heated school-room.

That evening Mary learned from one of the committee, that Mr. Delavan was called away by the severe illness of a friend, from his school; and, as it was so near the spring vacation, that he would not return! They all felt his projected departure severely; but it was impossible for them to keep him. What were the emotions with which she heard all this?

It was early the next morning when she reached the academy, but Mr. Delavan was seated at his desk, as usual. He did not look up. He sat reading, with his head resting on his hand, which shaded his countenance. She went silently down the aisle, put her books on her desk, and entered the dressing-room. Many of the girls were assembled there, talking in subdued tones, and Mary knew it was not about the sleighing party.

They all looked serious, many of them sorrowful. She looked at them in silence, as she entered, feeling what their first words would be. The girls broke up their groups, and came to meet her.

"O, Mary, Mr. Delavan is going to leave us!"

"He is?" said Mary.

She hung up her bonnet and shawl, and without saying more, went back to her seat and opened her book. She was followed by one pertinacious little girl.

"Yes, Mary, and only think, this is his last day!"

His last day!

Mary kept apart from her companions that morning. At recess, they all gathered about Mr. Delavan. She remained at her desk, bending over her book—alone.

More than once he looked towards her, from the throng gathered about him; feeling then—he could not disguise it from himself—an earnest, unconquerable wish that she would look up at him. But she never raised her eyes, and he could only see that she was very pale.

The morning sped on. Lessons were resumed, closed—books put up, and then, in the silence that followed, Mr. Delavan spoke to them his parting words.

He spoke kindly—affectionately—with deep feeling, as he assured his pupils of the unqualified satisfaction and pleasure they had given him; of the good will he bore them, and of the pleasure with which he should remember them, one and all. His voice slightly wavered once or twice, as he went on, and strangely unsteady as he closed.

The girls gathered again in the dressing-room, talking regretfully of Mr. Delavan's departure, most of them; some mingling their regrets with anticipations of the evening's enjoyment. Two or three asked Mary with whom she was going.

"I am not going."



It was all she said, and went out into the school-room. Slowly she went up the aisle. One of the scholars had just taken leave of Mr. Delavan, and gone. He stood by the door, and Mary approached with downcast eyes. They met silently; Mary could not speak as she offered him her hand;

He took it, clasping it slightly at first, then, as it lingered in his, with an increasing pressure.

"Good-by, Miss Burton," he said, in a subdued voice, at length. There was a shadow of deep, earnest heart-feeling now, in his eyes, as they rested on her pale countenance; but it was blended still with one of pain and uncertainty.

"Good-by!" The words sounded now, as they had never sounded before, to Mary Burton's ears, but she forced herself to answer them; and slowly withdrawing her hand, passed on, without the courage to raise her eyes to his face.

And that evening, when all the rest had departed on their errand of pleasure, Mary sat alone by the hearth at home, and Mr. Delavan, mounting to the stage-box, was borne far away from all that had been. \* \* \* \*

February—March—April—May! Slowly, very slowly the months rolled away, the earth had grown green again in the warm sunshine of the opening season. A new teacher had taken Mr. Delavan's place in the old school-house, little to the satisfaction of parents or children, for every one, old and young, in the village and out, had become strongly attached to Mr. Delavan; and deep as their regret had been when he left them, time rendered that regret deeper still. School was closed now for the holidays; and the new teacher had received his dismissal, while the committee assembled for new arrangements.

The young people, generally, were enjoying themselves. Elsie Mayhew had come back from the city. George Eltham, notwithstanding Mary Burton's blunt treatment, had offered himself, and been refused. Jane's indignation at this knew no bounds; she cut Mary point-blank now. But George's heart was one of the kind that never breaks, and he had consoled himself with the reflection that if Miss Mary Burton, the simple thing! was insensible to his merits, he knew plenty of girls who were not. But nevertheless, he had some difficulty in finding one.

With the beginning of the warm and sunshiny days, there was an unusual commotion in the village. Stone-cutters, masons, carpenters, painters and whitewashers were called into sudden and combined activity. On the hillside opposite the village, a new academy-building was in process of erection, much larger and finer than the old one, which stood just on the left; and which was,

in its turn, being rapidly altered into an elegant and spacious dwelling-house. Meanwhile, the school-committee were in a state of mysterious restlessness. There was literally no end to the conferences between them; the results of which were religiously guarded even from their wives; so nobody knew or could even guess what it was all going to amount to finally.

The building went on, day after day, more and more rapidly verging towards completion; and finally, one August afternoon, it was finished. And there they stood on the hillside—the new academy, large, and pleasant, and cheerful; with its simple but beautiful and tasteful exterior, its wide, well laid out grounds, and its graceful trees; and just beyond, the handsome, new, red-brick dwelling-house, with its glittering windows of plate-glass flashing back the sunshine through the green foliage on the slope.

It was that afternoon, that Mary Burton went up to inspect the new academy, with a number of her old classmates. As they examined it, exclamations of pleasure echoed on every side, and then the little party adjourned to the new house on the slope, which they had obtained leave to visit.

All but Mary Burton. She lingered behind the rest, and closing the door, turned back with a slow, sad step. Pausing in the aisle, she looked lingeringly, thoughtfully around, on every object in the new hall, bringing up to memory, as she did so, all that had been in the old. And lastly, her eyes rested on the teacher's desk.

For many a moment it rested there, and then, with a deep sigh, she sat down in the seat near her, and leaned forward upon the desk before her, with her head bowed upon her clasped hands.

The door opened behind her. A step sounded upon the threshold and paused there. Rising hastily, she brushed away a tear that had fallen on her cheek, and turned round.

She started—every pulse in her frame bounded—thrilled as with an electric shock.

"Mr. Delavan!" she uttered, impulsively, the faint color wavering on her cheek.

"Miss Burton!" was his answering exclamation of surprise, as he advanced. "I did not expect to find any one here. I thought you were with your companions whom I observed to enter, and afterwards leave here a little while ago."

She had left her position, and they met now, in the aisle.

"No, I stayed behind a few moments," she said, and then paused.

For a single instant, her hand rested in his.

"You have been well?" he said, as he held it.

"Very well, I thank you. And you?"

"As well as I could wish. But I have been confined in the dusty city all summer, and it is sweet to find myself in the country once more."

His quiet, collected manner communicated some degree of self-possession to his companion.

"I had no—expectation of seeing you again," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"No—I had not fully decided, before the last day I was here, upon returning, and then I thought it best not to say anything, lest—I should have occasion to revoke my decision. I find the aspect of things somewhat altered here." And he looked about him.

"Yes—we have no longer the old school-room," she answered, with a touch of sadness—almost of melancholy in her tones.

He was silent a moment.

"But we have the old pupils, I trust," he said, at length.

The words brought an eager flush to Mary's face. She looked at him inquiringly for an instant, with a half-uttered question trembling on her lips, but she suppressed the impulse.

"Do you design to attend the academy this winter?" Mr. Delavan asked, breaking the silence.

"I think I shall—we do not know yet who is to be the principal."

He regarded her questioningly.

"Then they have not mentioned my—they have not told you?"

"No. Do you know, Mr. Delavan?—is it?" She paused.

"I am to take charge here. I thought they had told you," was his answer.

"You, Mr. Delavan?"

An irrepressible look of gladness filled her eyes with a soft light—a quick flush mantled in her varying cheek. She averted her face for an instant, that he might not see the effect of his words. But he had seen it. A strong—an irresistible impulse actuated him.

"Miss Burton," he said, with a subdued, but hasty and almost passionate tone, "is it a matter of the slightest consequence to you? Do you care who takes it—I or another?"

She did not answer; but with that faint flush covering her face—her forehead—she lifted her eyes to his, and then veiled them again.

He looked at her earnestly—eagerly—a moment; his heart throbbed quick and deep; his hand touched hers. Then it was hastily withdrawn. Some hateful memory seemed to chill him—to freeze the warm impulses that had moved him. He drew back.

"I ask your pardon, Miss Burton. I find I

am forgetting the constraint I have put upon myself hitherto. I have detained you here too long, perhaps; you must think it presumption—in a school-teacher."

"Mr. Delavan!" Her voice trembled—the quick, hot tears rushed to her eyes. "Mr. Delavan—is this generous? Is not my shame—my repentance—my humiliation—yet sufficient? Must I humble myself still more deeply, and ask you to forget my impertinence?" And the passionate utterance ended in unrestrained weeping, as she hid her face in her hands.

"Miss Burton! No—it is not generous—it is not manly! A thousand—thousand times I ask you to forgive me!" ejaculated Mr. Delavan, earnestly.

There was silence, while Mary, weeping still, answered no word.

"Mary!" Mr. Delavan's voice was very grave, full of pain, and yet of tenderness. "Mary—listen to me!" He drew one of her hands away, and held it clasped in his own. "Listen to me!" he said gently again. "Mary, I did not think that I should to-day break through the restraint which has held me so long. I did not dream that I should betray to you the true character of the feeling with which I have learned, despite my own pride, to regard you—the love that has filled my breast, day by day, for you, even while I dwelt bitterly and sternly on the memory of those light words you spoke so long ago. But I cannot—I will not conceal it, now. In a hasty moment, I have wounded you—and now I put my fate in your hands. Rebuke me—punish me, if you will—if you can; or tell me that Mary Burton's love is more merciful than her pride!"

Still, the bright tears fell from Mary's eyes; but they were happy ones, as the beautiful light in those soft eyes bore witness, while she raised them for one instant timidly to his, and then hid them on the breast to which her lover drew her, murmuring: "Mr. Delavan, I am not worthy of you!"

And lovely was the sunset light, rose-hued and cloudless, that shone in upon them both through the windows of the new academy.

What more remains to be said? And yet we must tell how the committee were forced to divulge, that evening, their long-guarded secret—and it was known all about that Mr. Delavan was to be established as principal of the school. And how Mary and Mr. Delavan were married that fall, and the new house on the hillside—Mr. Delavan's house—received them. Mary is very happy, in her home by the new academy—very happy, as Mr. Delavan's bride.

## FAME AND FRIENDS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

This thy craving, thy hope—"There's in store for us  
fame!"

Companions in labor, for separate ends;  
I give you my chances—if greater the same—  
For only the praises of kindred and friends.

The trumpet of fame may be tuned to your ear,—  
Welcome then to its blast, and the pleasure it lends;  
My wishes are compassed when simply I hear  
That æolian harp—the praises of friends.

Light may be to the feet, but not warmth to the heart,  
In the northern aurora of fame that ascends;  
Take joy in that light as you can—be my part  
By the home-hearth—a glow with the praises of friends.

A Psyche pursuing the long, weary way,  
While to one soft enchantment her every thought tends,  
I would earn the world's plaudits, if haply I may,  
Then forget all the due in the praises of friends.

## THE GREEK FISHER GIRL.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

ONONA! What a sea of beautiful memories expands as I remember that name! What a world full of rainbows and iridescent foam, of bubbles and great salt sea waves, of sunny basking in old Grecian bays, through livelong summer days, and scudding along terrible lee-shores under gray skies and driving storm! I heard of her in Greece, in those wild islands of the Adriatic. Many years ago she shared the exposed life of those amphibian sailors, and to this day they treasure the traditions that tell of her. Old Lassa, the most expert fisherman of the isles, had started one morning in his boat and had just cleared the land, when among the reeds in a cleft of the rocks a singular sound caught his attention. At first he thought it the waves gurgling in and out, then, some of the children of the tribe, but the neighboring people were too few for him not to know every child among them, and this was a softer, different sound from that made by them in their play. Reaching the spot, he looked into the little hollow. A small, lined basket, such as he knew were used from their elasticity to dandle high-born babies in on the opposite coast, lay high among the weeds, thrown there by the waves, and among heaps of light, floating clothes, as if just awakened from sleep, playing with its fists and singing a tuneless song to itself, lay the happiest, prettiest baby the fisherman had ever seen. It might be between two and three years old, for it had already clusters of gold-colored hair that promised to be darker, and

it must certainly be of wealthy parents, thought Lassa, for not only were its clothes soft and rich, but it wore little gold chains of curious workmanship, here and there disposed in the mass of wet drapery, which, together with the basket, had probably buoyed it up in its passage across the sea. Once or twice, the fisherman, more adventurous than his mates, had dared the open main and made that opposite coast. Palaces, he knew, stood close upon the sea, with their balconies overhanging the water's edge, and he at once conjectured that the babe, danced in this basket by a careless nurse, had fallen into the sea. If this was the case, a great reward would of course be paid for her; meantime, he would carry her home to Grill, his wife, and till he could discover whose she was, they would keep her. But then on the other hand, as Grill suggested when this additional care was bestowed on her, it might have been thrown away purposely,—and then? "Well, then," said Lassa, "she can help fish." And so, with her fine clothes laid away, the little child who in her broken talk called herself Onona, grew and flourished. No clue did the fisherman ever obtain of her identity; yet, still led away by this bright illusion, he believed in it, and resolved that she should one day marry his son Leppo, hoping that by-and-by such a connection would make a gentleman of the rough lump of humanity, scrambling at present among the fishes and tumbling round the shore. To this plan, Grill was nowise averse, especially since "she would have her bringing up," as she said, and having great honor in the community, of course all the other fishers of the Reggio were ready to enforce their wishes.

Time passed on, some fifteen years. Leppo had attained the perfection of his manhood, at best, a disgusting, lazy creature, the greatest stretch of whose intellect was the device of a cunning theft, and of whose bodily powers a wrestle with some one a little smaller. The girls of Reggio were a corresponding set, although it must be confessed that they far excelled the men, who were generally inferior to Leppo, if that were possible. From these it could hardly be expected that Onona would gather any good. Indeed, she went little among them, for Grill, who was not an islander, but had been a maid in some great family on the main land, taught her many milder things at home in the cottage, and with some natural instinct, she seldom consorted with them in her rambles, but spent long, solitary days in the wood on the mountain, returning at nightfall to be scolded by all three of this royal family of Reggio.

An Italian ship had been wrecked on the

island, some years before, and a box of books had been Onona's share of the spoil; these, the priest of a neighboring island, to which she frequently rowed alone, taught her at odd moments to read, and thus when she might have attained her seventeenth year, she had a store of learning, incongruous and unconnected, to be sure, but infinitely more than was known by any around her; and while eclipsing the fishers and their wives in intellect, she cultivated different tastes and had become an altogether different being from them.

At dusk, when having set torches in the niches of the rocks, these wild girls and their tatterdemalion lovers danced rudely on the shore, the waves breaking round their feet and the winds tossing their long, coarse, black hair, Onona sat on a cliff above, alternately watching their fiery, half-savage movements, and the dark, restless sea hurrying in long swells from the distant lights of the fishing boats glancing up and down on the horizon. Their glee fell strangely on her ear; she had become disgusted with them and thoroughly hated them. Of all the girls, she alone was without a lover, for since all knew of Lassa's designs for his son, no others would presume to approach her; Leppo, feeling secure, did not urge his claims, and from her haughty distance being unfamiliar with the Reggio damsels, they none of them dared hint that Leppo was her destined husband, and she still remained ignorant of it.

Restless and dissatisfied, she launched her boat in the wildest tempests and disappeared across the gray waste, amid the white wreaths of foam that hurtled over her, always returning drenched and safe at unexpected moments. Sometimes for days and nights together in warm, unclouded weather, she put forth and staid rocking on the sea; sometimes, they said, reaching the main land and mooring her boat there, she wandered up and down the shore, seeking some clues of her parentage, but if she met with any success, she kept it utterly to herself and endured the taunts at home with equanimity. The only thing she had condescended to learn of the fisher-girls was the touch of the rude ghittern that they played, and disdaining that made for her by Leppo, she herself constructed one of finer shape and neater instrumentation, to which she sang the wild seacoast songs with a strong, mellow voice whose sweetness and compass fully compensated for its want of cultivation, and this ghittern had become her constant companion.

One day, having been long at sea, she touched the main land and drew her skiff up a cove where no spray might touch the slender store of oat-

cakes, and departed on fresh wanderings along the Italian shores. It grew night while she walked, not the soft, lustrous night of the climate, but clouded over with the fierce *ponente* winds, which blew the sea up in gusty arches round her path. Battling with the elements she ran on, laughing and singing to herself, till at last, more and more weary, she hardly dragged herself along, still thinking to find some sheltered spot where she might pass the night and at dawn regain her boat.

The darkness had been impenetrable; all at once, turning an angle of the beach, she came upon a stack of buildings raised close at the water's edge, though, as she afterwards found, running back into woods and gardens. Other palaces she had skirted, their basements extending only into shallow water; this water she knew by its quiet, was too deep. Something also attracted her to the place; the great floods of light streaming out directly on her path, and the fragrance of the garden behind. She wandered up a sandy avenue, gaining the ilex trees and the great myrtles swaying in the wind; some sweet influence seemed to be at work at her heart, taming her into peace; the spray of a fountain, tossed out in a stream by the *ponente*, struck across her face, and at last she sat wearily down on a moss-bed at the feet of a marble Silence and unconsciously sunk asleep.

The wind had fallen when she awoke. A nightingale trilled from some thick shade; the fountain fell with a peaceful splash into the basin hard by; the roar of the sea was slumberous and sweet. A silver lamp shed its light into her eyes, and half rising, she saw a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life, gazing at her with a pitying, curious look, while a little in the rear, standing with folded arms, was a younger man, dark and handsome, smiling incredulously.

"Poor child!" said the elder, "in such a wind as this has been!"

"Your excellency will find her nothing but some Zingara," said the younger man, checking himself as he caught her large eyes fixed on him.

"Ah, well," was the response, "we'll have her taken care of to-night. I'm not often at home. When I am, I wish those more unfortunate than I to feel it. Besides, besides, Victor!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, as if the young man understood what he did not add.

"Yes, yes, indeed, my uncle," said Victor. "Truly, prince, Nanna will make her comfortable."

All this Onona heard as if in a dream, glancing from one to the other; something very natural struck her in the elder, but rising with dignity,

she reverentially kissed his hand and turned away. As she went, Victor caught her hand and detained her; her eyes flashed instantly upon him, and she endeavored to snatch it away.

"Nay, signorina—" began he.

"Signor mocks me! Let me go!"

"It is his excellency's wish that you go to the house yonder with him."

"It is not my wish."

"But to please him, signorina—"

"Signorina again? You know I am no signorina—nothing but the friendless fisher-girl, Onona. You laugh at my misfortune!"

"Not I, in very truth! Onona? There is music in it. Prythee gratify an old man's wish; he fancies you like his young wife, the Princess Varazzo, who died of grief.

A different light sprung into Onona's face, and turning quickly, with her hand still in his, they followed the prince up the avenue, into the lofty entrance, where he consigned her into the house-keeping hands of Nanna, whence she shortly emerged, having undergone a bath and a change of raiment. Very well pleased with herself, but not liking the restraint, in a yellow silk gown and a wreath of scarlet honeysuckles, although her heavy hair had half fallen from its silver bodkin, rolling in auburn length over her white shoulders—she stepped along.

"The young lady," said Nanna, at the door of the drawing-room, and there left her.

Onona entered at her ease, and advanced to the prince.

"You are very kind," said she, "but I do not desire this dress, and I wish to go back."

Victor was looking at her in astonished admiration as she spoke.

"O my God!" said the prince, "how like—how like! Is it possible there can be such another? Tell me, child—who are you?"

"No one. My name is Onona. I have lived with the fishers of Reggio fifteen years, but I am no child of theirs."

The old man sprang up.

"And have you nothing by which you may be recognized?" cried he.

"Nothing but the clothes which I wore when found."

"Fifteen years ago?" said he. "Victor—fifteen years ago we lost my child; if I found her you would lose much, my nephew—you would be no longer my sole heir."

"My uncle, I should lose all, with joy, in that event!" said the young man, with eager eyes.

"Onona, too. The very baby name of our own little Elena. Child, sit here by me and tell me all your life."

Onona did as she was bidden, and having concluded, the prince took her hand and conducted her to her chamber without a word, and then paced the floor restlessly the few hours that remained till daylight.

The next day, when Onona would have gone, she found it impossible, for both the prince and his nephew, Signor Victor, quietly forbade it; and for two weeks she staid with them in the palace, delighted and delighting, the old Nanna, who firmly believed what the prince hardly dared yet eagerly desired to hope.

Callers, dropping in at luncheon, beheld this beautiful girl, and saw with what deference both Varazzo and his nephew treated her, and it was singular to see with what graceful ease and becoming assurance she received them. The education, which she might be said to have given herself, now advantageously sat on her; she found her knowledge quite equal to that of most Italian ladies, and her freedom from the coarse vulgarity of the Reggio girls at once placed her on an equality with the prince's visitors. The fortnight lengthened to a month, and at last she authoritatively declared that she must leave them.

"But, my child," still urged the prince, whose parental fondness could not bear to lose her, "even if not by blood, I can make you so by law; you will allow me to adopt you?"

"I must go, your highness. Let me obtain the clothing that I wore, and then I will return."

"My own little Elena," said the prince, "wore some white garment, wrought with gay-colored flosses, I think—did she not, Nanna?"

"O most certainly, blessed mother!" cried Nanna, who was passing through the room, "that ever I suffered her—"

"Hush!—hush! There were several gold chains here and there about her dress, and the basket in which Nanna dandled her was of elastic cords and crimson wool. And my sweet wife died with grief at the loss of her!" he added, bitterly.

"Signor, I have never seen those articles. I will bring them back with me, if they answer your description."

"And if not, Onona?"

"Then, signor, I am not your child, and shall never come here again."

"And can you desert us thus, when you see how I love you as my own daughter?"

"No, no!" said she, with tears. "But you may find your own, and I cannot infringe another's rights; and I cannot rob Signor Victor!"

"I shall accompany you!" said Victor, in short, quick sentences. "You shall not escape

us thus. Then you *must* return. You must return with *me*, Onona!"

"By no means. I had best go alone. They may resist, and I can get them easily alone."

As she ceased speaking, a dark face flashed across the lattice where she stood, and very plainly she saw Leppo's evil bulk vanishing away in the darkness.

"Nevertheless, most peerless fisher-girl, I shall be there!" whispered Victor.

Nothing caring that Leppo had seen her there, and not thinking that he might have heard her words, Onona went away to don her old Reggio costume, and soon re-appeared with streaming hair, short skirt and sandalled feet, and her glittering hanging on her shoulder; taking it off gaily, she touched the chords and sung her sweetest, airiest melody, kissed her hand to them and ran down the steps. They both followed her as quickly, and when she reached the cove into which she had drawn her skiff, they were both beside her. To her dismay, it lay shattered and broken by the storms that had intervened, or by the malice of some of the smugglers who infested the coast. The spirit that had never broken before, for a moment quailed, and with tears welling into the large, dark eyes, she stood disconsolate.

"Now it is impossible for you to go!" said Victor, triumphantly.

"O then I could never prove it!" she said.

"Prince Varazzo," returned Victor, gaily, "how much nearer is a daughter than a niece?"

It being however finally settled that Victor should row Onona over in the barge and await her desires there, they retraced their steps. What words passed on the barge, which certainly was a longer time than necessary in crossing, or with what conversation the hours were beguiled, it is not necessary for the historian to state; enough that the reddest roses were pale beside Onona's cheeks, and a strange, new happiness dwelt in her eye. The keel touched the sand.

"Farewell!" said Victor, detaining her a moment in his arms as he lifted her out; "I shall wait daily here at this sunset hour, for the miracle that transforms my fisher-girl into a princess! Light-fingered Zingara who stole spoons, as I thought you at first, I find you even more adroit than are your confederates, for you have stolen my heart!"

"Signor Victor may have it back when he wants it."

"Is it then of no value to you?"

Her lip quivered; he repeated the question.

"O cruel! how many times must I tell you!" she responded.

"Only once more, darling Onona!"

She was standing a step above him, on a stone; turning, she put both her little hands on his shoulder; a moment passed so quickly that I cannot really tell whether it was filled by an embrace or not, and she fled up the rocks and out of sight.

"Why, Onona, where hast been?" was the pleasanter greeting than usual from Grill, as she entered after over a month's absence.

Old Lassa made room for her beside him, while Leppo relieved her of her glittern.

"Leppo has already told you," said she, nonchalantly, thinking there was some meaning in this extraordinary kindness.

Various things having been said and done, Grill took a gold coin from her pocket and showed it to Onona.

"See it well, girl!" said she. "It is thy happiness."

"Did I have," began Onona, looking up at her.

"Didst thou have?" laughed Grill. "Have this? When, pray! No, no, my pretty lady, Leppo earned it at his fish, and to-morrow he goes to buy a table and chairs with it, and then thou wilt commence housekeeping."

"I?"

"Yes, thou—thou and Leppo," renewed Grill, chucking her under the chin.

"I and Leppo?"

"I and Leppo?" mocked Grill. "I should think thou'dst never heard of it before! Bless me, what innocence! But, then, it's good for a girl to be modest. Why, yes—thou and Leppo, when you are married, as you will be to-morrow evening, and the company are already bidden to dance on the sands by the shore, since there's not room in the house."

"I—married to Leppo? You are mistaken. I have no such intention. I am not going to marry Leppo."

"You are *not* going to marry Leppo, eh?" said Grill, with fiery eyes, placing her arms akimbo. "I should like to know *why* you are not. Let me tell you, young woman, you *are* going to, and that to-morrow evening, by the blessed virgin! You'll be made to, and help yourself if you can! You're too grand for us poor folk, are you, with your airs? We'll see—we'll see!"

And she lifted her hand to strike her, but Onona stepping back, surveyed her a moment with her dark, unshrinking eyes, and then turning on her heel, with a contemptuous laugh, she walked from the cottage. Leppo sprang to pull her back, but turning round the corner in the darkness, she eluded his observation, while he ran on hallooing and seeking her at a distance. Quietly composing herself in a bundle of straw lying there, she drew it over her, and when Lep-

po returned, after a vain search, she sunk to sleep.

In the morning, early awake, she saw Leppo and his father, in smarter dress than ordinary, row away to the town for their purchases of chairs and tables, evidently believing that she, not daring to thwart them any more, would return; and Grill, having finished her household tasks, seek the fields to pick berries for the evening's entertainment. Rising cautiously, Onona entered the cottage and straightway sought the place where she knew Grill had her first garments carefully laid away. Her heart throbbed with expectation, and with difficulty in this moment of suspense could she command her trembling movements. There was not the least vestige of these things to be seen; neither in Grill's work-basket, nor in the chest of drawers, nor in any of the closets, nor behind the dresser; vainly she sought them throughout the whole house—they were not to be found. Standing full of amazement and despair, (for why, she thought instantaneously, should the prince believe that she was anything but an ambitious Reggio girl, if she failed to prove it otherwise, why should Victor honor her with the affluence of his love, if born vulgar and obscure?) a glitter beside the straw bed in the corner caught her eye. It might be straw; she stooped and pulled it out—it was a little gold chain. With vehement haste she opened the bed; the little basket described by the prince, lay folded, or rather crushed in among the straw, but the robes were not with them. A desperate thought seized her; if they hid the basket thus, why not the little robes in more unthought-of places? Grill's old red cloak, stuffed and lined, hung from a peg. Taking a pin, she unripped the lining; neatly laid and caught between was the white frock with its gaily wrought edge, and on one lappel was the delicately embroidered name, "*Elena da Varazzo*." Securing it triumphantly, Onona pinned it round her waist beneath her bodice, then sewed up the bed and the cloak, and taking the basket, went down and hid it among the rocks.

When Grill came home, Onona sat playing with the pigeons on the doorstone, for she knew very well that should she attempt to hide, the whole community would turn out and find her. Evening came, and with it Leppo and Lassa; the latter smoothed her hair down with his rough palm, glad of the prospect of a princess for his daughter-in-law, and informed her of the difficulty they had encountered in bringing home her household furniture, on account of the smugglers in the bay, who, they feared, would seize them.

"I thought she'd come to her stomach," said

Leppo, who was rather angry at the desertion on the previous night.

"Nonsense!" said Grill; "all girls are a little shy at first. I'm thinking it's time to go down; the room isn't big enough for all the folk here. Come, Onona, thou hast no trinkets on. Hasten, child!"

"You may go along," said Onona, rising; "I'll follow directly."

And having made a few preparations, they departed for the scene of the wedding. As soon as they were out of sight, Onona darted from the cottage, taking an opposite direction, and gaining the shore at another quarter, where she had hidden the basket, and where a barge, with its due complement of oarsmen, and with Victor in her stern, awaited her. The fishers had all assembled on the sand; the priest was there with his missal; the piper sat aloft; Leppo awaited his bride; the old folk leaned against the rocks, and the young men and maidens stood in laughing, expectant groups in the red light. All at once, the great barge, with its oars flashing and dripping gold, shot from the angles of the coast, swam an instant in their ken, and then silently floated away into the west.

That night, countless gold coins found on Lassa's table, placed him above want and labor, and in the situation of a millionaire to the rest of his fellows. But sailing steadily away into the heart of the red sunset, Onona had disappeared from their sight, whither they knew not. But Lassa was a rich man, and Onona was nevermore seen at Reggio.

#### A MONOMANIAC.

It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you know him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"—*London Leader*.

## REMEMBER ME!

BY T. S. WINTER.

Remember me! remember me!  
 When day in dawning crowns the East,  
 And Nature spreads her morning feast;  
 When first the birds sing forth in glee,  
 Though far I roam from home and thee,  
 The boon I ask, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!  
 When Eve her dusky mantle spreads,  
 And folds its shadows round our beds;  
 When low in prayer you bend the knee,  
 Though lone I wander far from thee,  
 The boon I ask, remember me!

## GRANDPAPA'S BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Do but hear me, papa,—do but have patience with me a few short moments, while I tell you exactly how I found them. In a cellar, papa, a dark, gloomy, musty cellar in a narrow lane, where the sunshine never beams, where the birds never sing, where flowers never grow, where all is filth and rottenness; and he lay, yes, our darling Charlie lay upon a few bundles of damp straw, with only a thin sheet to cover him, and so pale, wan and emaciated—"

"Mary, I *command* you to cease," and the old man's voice fairly trembled with anger. "He made his own bed—let him lie in it!"

"But, papa, the veriest sinner in the world would gain your pity did he suffer as now does your only son. And then his wife, so careworn, yet so saintly, and his two sweet babes—"

"Hearken to me, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Somers, in a vehement tone; "if you stop not this instant, further pleading for—" in spite of his anger his voice grew husky here, "that infatuated boy, that unfilial son, that rebel to home; if you ever speak again of him to me or any other friend, I'll cut you off with but one shilling. I will, ay, by all the saints in the calendar, I will. Go to your room, before—" I curse you, too, he was going to say, but then she glided softly to his knee, nestled upon it as in olden time, wound her fair arms about his neck, and hushed his voice with kisses.

"Go to, sis, you are but a foolish girl after all, and mean well enough," said he gently, as one and another sweet caress melted upon his lips and cheeks, but as you love me, and as you value your inheritance, never again allude to this subject. I interdict it henceforth and forever." And the old man, gently touching her pale forehead with his lips, and gazing a moment in her dark, blue eyes, brimful of tears, turned abruptly from

her, put on his overcoat, gloves and hat, took up his golden-headed cane and walked away.

It was a bright, beautiful winter's morning. A light snow had fallen the night before, and now every dingy roof sparkled like a marble terrace, while the streets and by-ways seemed lined with swan's down, so feathery were the pure drifting flakes that had whitened their dark pathways. It was yet early, and but few were abroad. Mr. Somers's footstep was the first that imprinted itself on the yielding snow, and childlike, he pleased himself with marking how straight was the path he made, and how regular the fall of his foot. But the long avenue was paced at length, and then he came to a crowded thoroughfare, and was jostled about as all the rest. He went to the market, the grocery, and the coal-yard, for the wants of his household reached to all three that morning, and then turned his steps once more towards home. The walks were not yet swept, and as he again traversed the noble street, at whose farther end stood his princely home, he saw with pleasure his own footprints yet fresh in the snow, and carefully followed the track. He had walked half the distance, when a slight, hoarse cough arrested his attention. The sound came from behind him, and looking back, he saw a little fellow but four or five years old, only a few yards distant, and was amused to see the efforts he made to follow in his own broad steps. "Now I go up, now I go down," would he say to himself, as he raised and let fall his tiny feet, and then, when they dropped in the right place, he would clap his little red hands and shout a loud hurra. But in the midst of his glee, his foot slipped and down he went. But he lay only a moment, and then was gently raised by Mr. Somers, who exclaimed as he held him in his arms, "now you are up."

"Yes, sir, and now I am down," and he slid from the arms and stood proudly alone. "It didn't hurt me, sir."

"You are a brave boy not to cry over a fall like that. Who are you, and where do you live?"

"O, I am only a little beggar now, and I live in a little cellar too. Please, sir, did you ever beg, and will you tell me how, 'cause mother sent me out to beg some breakfast for us all, and I don't know what to say, only I'm very hungry and so is little sis and poor mother, and sick father too. Are people good to little beggars, sir?"

There was a naivete about the little one, so earnest and so true, that it melted the old man's heart entirely, and too full of tears to speak, he only took the child's hand in his own and led him to his own warm breakfast room. Softly did Harrie, for such he told them was his name, soft-



ly did he nestle in the velvet chair that was drawn close to the glowing grate, and with wondering eyes did he look about him, while Mr. Somers and the maid rubbed his red palms and feet.

"And now that you are warmed, young Harrie, what would you like to eat?"

"Buckwheat cakes and honey, sir. I used to love them dearly, and we used to have them 'fore papa grew sick and poor." And it did the old man's heart good to see the little beggar eat.

"Why, you were half-starved," said he.

"O, yes, sir, we've been starving for a week, but mother couldn't bear to own we were beggars till to-day. Please sir, you've got so much to eat, wont you let me bring her and little sis to get their breakfast, and give us some for father. He's too sick to walk so far."

"Ay," said the host, "that will I. Fix up a basket, Susan, and bid Thomas bring the carriage. I am too tired to walk again. How would you like a ride, my little man?"

"A ride, and will you be so good? O, I should love it dearly, and you'll take mother and little sis along, and father too, wont you, 'cause he's so sick?" And the tears stood in his pleading eyes.

"Ay, ay. And little fellow, let me tell you, you know how to beg as do but few, for your words drop clean into the heart. You are a wondrous little beggar boy."

"And do I know how to beg? O, I'm so glad, sir, 'cause now I'll keep them all in virtuals every day, and maybe somebody'll give me wood and coal, 'cause it's so cold to be without a fire."

"Now we will ride," said Mr. Somers, in a husky tone, and taking up the heavy basket and bidding Harrie follow, he walked to the front door. While his hand was on the knob, Mary came gliding down the stair-way.

"Pray, who is this," said she, "and where are you going, father?"

"O, I'm a little beggar boy, and this good old man is going to take some virtuals to my home, and then give us all a ride. My name is Harrie—but you, lady, who are you? Why—you are—yes, yes—you are the same sweet one that came to our cellar once, and cried so over us. What did you tell me then to call you?—O, I know; it was Aunt Mary, and you said you'd tell my grandpa what a fine little grandson was growing up for him to love. Please, lady, tell me, is this my grandpa?"

"Yes, Harrie."

"Stoop down, sir, if you please, for mother always told me, when I saw my grandpa, I must put my arms around his neck and kiss him, O, so sweetly, and you're so big, sir, I can't reach you, unless you stoop! But what makes you

cry, sir? Aint you glad that I'm your little grandson? I wont have to beg my bread any longer; you'll give it to me, after this, if I don't ask, say, wont you?"

The lion in the old man's heart was tamed, and a little child now led him. The soft white arms were folded about his neck, the down-like cheeks pressed to his own, while lips met lips in kisses of love. \* \* \*

"Harrie stays very long," whispered a low, faint voice from one corner of the cellar. "Do you not fear for him, dear wife? He is very young to wander alone over this great city."

"God will care for him, my husband. His artless, winning ways and his sweet voice will make him friends. Yet it is hard that he, our darling, first born one, should be a beggar boy."

"My father, O, my father," moaned the sick man. "If he would only but see me once again."

There was a slight bustle at the door, and then it was pushed wide open. There was a pattering of two feet, and then a curly head rested upon the mother's knee. There was a firm, broad footfall, and a manly form bent over the sufferer.

"You called me, Charlie, a moment since," murmured the voice of the new-comer. "What would you have?"

"My father, O, my father," burst from the white lips in impassioned tones, "give me your blessing ere I die, and for my mother's sake love these, so dear to him who was so dear to her."

Words trembled on the old man's lips, but he dared not trust himself to speak. His knees grew weak beneath him, and he sank beside the bed of straw and hid his face. \* \* \*

In a luxuriantly furnished chamber were assembled a beauteous family group. There were a gray haired sire, a blooming maiden, a saintly looking woman, a pale sick man, and two lovely little children, a noble boy of four, and a tiny girl of some few months. A couch, silken and soft, was drawn close to the blazing grate, and on it rested the weak invalid, while beside him, on a velvet cushion, so near that she could hold his hand, sat the gentle lady. The fair young girl was toying with the babe before a splendid mirror, the boy building castles with some fairy blocks, the old man leaning against the mantel.

"A tablean, worthy to be wrought in goblin tapestry, or drawn on canvass by a master-hand," exclaimed a rich yet mellow voice. They started, one and all, and the maiden blushed.

"It is now complete,—the picture, I mean," said Mr. Somers, as he grasped the manly hand. "We are all here—thanks," and he clasped the child close to his heart, "thanks to my little beggar boy."

## ALICE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

A song for the ear of my Alice,  
A melody fragrant with rhyme!  
O bring me the Helicon chalice,  
And chant me some musical rhyme,  
And then, for my beautiful Alice  
I'll gather the blossoms of rhyme.

The meadow is fragrant of clover,  
The woodland is vocal with birds;  
Each valley has many a lover,  
Saying over the sweetest of words;  
And I?—I no more am a rover,  
Any more than the dove is—of birds.

I have gathered the pearl shells of oceans;  
But never could win me a pearl  
More worthy of lover devotion  
Than Alice, the beautiful girl;  
Who kindles such wondrous emotion,  
And sets many hearts in a whirl.

On the portcullis guarding love's place  
For a season of doubt I must wait;  
But meanwhile I slip from love's chalice  
With spirit by hope made elate;  
For soon, hand-in-hand with sweet Alice  
I will walk through love's magical gate.

## HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"How poor and contemptible everything looks here!" said Mrs. Aldrich, as she entered the parlor just as Margaret had lit the small astral and placed it on the centre-table amid her husband's evening papers; and the wife untied her fashionable little hat, composed of lace, ribbon, feathers and flowers, and gave it a nervous toss upon the plain sofa in the back part of the room. Then laying off her furs and cape in much the same manner, she drew a little nearer her husband and stood looking at him fixedly, with an expression it were hard for a stranger to define.

Mr. Aldrich had not yet looked up or spoken since the entrance of his wife, but he felt the red tide ebbing and flowing from his temples downward, and then speedily returning.

"Have you lost your tongue, Cyrus?" said his wife, pettishly after a pause.

Another pause, and then Mr. Aldrich said in a similar tone: "You have been to call on Mrs. Garland, I suppose."

"Yes, I have," returned the wife, without abating anything of her unhappy manner.

"And I suppose she has got some new article of furniture in her parlor, or maybe, a new pair of Congress boots," continued the husband, sar-

castically, and crumpling his paper in his hand, and then throwing it upon the table.

"You are the most provoking man I ever saw," said Mrs. Aldrich, with a defiant air, crushing back her tears. "You not only keep your family cooped up here in this little house, furnished almost as cheap as a day laborer's; but if I ever try to remonstrate with you, or wish to convince you that we ought to live in more style in order to be respected; why, you always insult me by some such provoking manners. I declare I do think it is too bad. You wouldn't catch Mr. Garland to do so, no, not he; he always buys his wife and children everything they ask for. Why, since I was in there before, which was only a little over a week, he has bought her a new pair of candelabras worth fifty dollars, and a pair of pictures for the parlor that cost one hundred dollars each. I declare I do think it is a shame that I can never have anything like other folks. If I want a picture, I have to get a plain pine frame, and have it covered with pine cones or shells, or else the walls would have to go bare till doomsday!"

Mr. Aldrich sprang from his chair, as if aroused by the buzzing of hornets in his vicinity, and with a nervous toss he sent it against the wall with such force that it brought a large, shell-decorated picture to the floor, and the fragile ornaments lay in every direction about the carpet. Mrs. Aldrich could restrain her tears no longer, but they were tears of passion; although she well knew that her husband did not intend to destroy the frame, she wished to make him believe she thought so, and the scene ended by the husband grasping his hat and rushing from the house to his counting-room.

"Don't cry, ma," said little Newell, a boy of seven years, now for the first time leaving his ottoman, and coming forward and putting his arms around her neck; "father did not mean to do it. I will pick up all the shells, and to-morrow I will go to the store and get you some glue, and then you can mend it as nice as ever."

At first Mrs. Aldrich half pushed the child from her, and the order nearly escaped her lips for him to go to bed; but his words of sympathy were spoken so unobtrusively, and his little dimpled cheek seemed to cool the fever of her own, that she hesitated a moment, and then drew him nearer, saying:

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"And do you love pa?"

"Yes."

"Just as much as you do me?"

For a moment he hesitated, and then turning

his mild, but firm blue eyes full into her face, he answered :

"Yes, ma, for I think pa is a good man. Before you came in to-night, he took me and sister Emma on his knees and trotted us, and said that to-morrow afternoon he was going to take you and us to the Museum, and I was just going to tell you when you came in, but I didn't have a chance ; and besides, pa looked so different from what he did when he was talking to us, that I didn't feel like saying anything."

A sudden change seemed to come over Mrs. Aldrich's thoughts and feelings, for she almost immediately dried her tears, gave the little soother a kiss on each cheek, and then gave a gentle ring to the little bell on the table for Margaret to go with the children to their chamber.

When the wife and mother was alone, she sat some time absorbed in thought. Her reflections were not the most pleasant, if her face was a true index to her heart, for it changed alternately from white to red with no smile to enliven it. Then rising, she gathered up the shells that had escaped from the frame, laid them away, and closed and locked the door that led from the parlor. Half reclining upon the sofa, she glanced around the room and scanned the carpet and each piece of furniture within that pleasant little domestic resort. She compared the small plain but pliantly cushioned sofa, on which she was sitting, with Mrs. Garland's large and elaborately carved one, and her plain, ingrain carpet to her rich acquaintance's tapestry, and her little astral to the new fifty-dollar candelabra—and then she broke into this soliloquy :

"I wish Cyrus were rich, and then I could live in a brick block, and have a silk velvet cloak and my house furnished to my mind ; for husband is always generous when he has money to spare, I know. But half the time, when I ask him for money now, he says : 'Why, Delia, I should be glad to let you have money, but you know that I must look out for my business ; it costs a great deal to live, even if we do live plain, and if I should let my notes go over to furnish you with luxuries now, by-and-by you and the children would have to lack for the necessities of life.' I suppose this is all true, but it makes me mad to think we are not as well off as Mr. Garland's family. I know we are not poor—absolutely *poor*—but that is not enough for me ; I want to be rich, live in a large brick block, and have my house furnished with velvet carpets, hundred-dollar pictures, and carved rosewood furniture, with marble-topped tables and mantels. Heigho ! I begin to believe that Cyrus is not my affinity, as the spiritualists say ; but after

all, I am sorry I entered in such a bluster, but I couldn't help it, for when I opened the door, there was such a contrast between Mrs. Garland's great palace of a parlor, all lit up with gas, and this with just that astral burning !"

And then the discontented wife relapsed into thought again, but in a few moments added :

"I believe it was unfortunate that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Garland's family, for somehow I never do feel so happy after visiting her as I do after calling on or passing an afternoon with Mrs. Drury. To be sure, she is furnished rather better than I am, but she don't try to display everything as Mrs. Garland does ; and if I look sad, or speak of the contrast between us, she has such a way of saying—'Why, la, Mrs. Aldrich, when I had been married no longer than you have, if my husband had been able to live in his own house, supposing it was small or built of wood, and in the fall of the year laid in stores by the barrel, and had the coal bin heaped, I guess there would have been no complaint from me. You must recollect that we are older than you are, and it is only a few years since we have been able to indulge in luxuries !' Somehow or other I never feel cross when I come home from there.

"Well, I guess I will not call on Mrs. Garland again ; but if she asks me what excuse can I make, I should be ashamed to tell her the real one—and besides, it is pleasant to have rich acquaintances to walk with in public. It gives you an air of respectability that makes the more common people feel that you don't reckon yourself one of them. But O dear ! I am very unhappy. I wish Cyrus would come ; I don't believe I will ever talk to him again as I did this evening."

Another hour passed away, and still Mrs. Aldrich sat in her parlor alone. Yes, another and another, till the astral began to burn dim, and the fire in the grate died out. The book trembled in the wife's hand ; she could no longer read, and going to the window, she looked out into the frosty air and thick darkness. But she saw no familiar form approaching, nor heard the wished-for step on the pavement. Her heart almost died within her, and most bitterly did she reproach herself for having said so many words that ought never to have been spoken ; but it was too late to recall them, and for this reason, she had spent the evening—ay, almost the night—alone. But the room was getting too chilly to remain longer in it without a fire ; so the lonely wife took her way silently to her chamber.

"I never knew Cyrus to stay out so late without giving me warning of it before he went,"

said Mrs. Aldrich. "I don't think that business can detain him, for it is plain by the pile of papers that lie on the table, that he intended to remain at home this evening. It seems to me that the older he grows, the more easily he is irritated. Why, once I might have said more than I did to-night, and in a few moments after, he would be as pleasant as ever and stay at home all the evening with me."

Could it be possible that Mrs. Aldrich's insight was so defective that she could not comprehend the cause of that change?—that being constantly irritated will ruin the most pliant temper, especially if that source of unhappiness comes from one who should love and encourage us in our efforts?

The Old South clock rang out the hour of midnight, and still the wife was alone! She sprang from her couch, and once more peered from the window into the darkness without; but the muffled forms of the watchmen were all of life that met her gaze, and returning to her bed, she buried her face in the pillows and wept. They were not tears of pride or anger now, but of remorse! A moment more, and the night-key clicked in the lock and Mrs. Aldrich heard the well-known step of her husband. A thrill of joy gushed up from the depths of her heart, and her first impulse was to rush to the door to meet him; but her unhappy pride was paramount again, now that she knew he had returned safe, though for a few hours back it had remained dormant, so when he opened the chamber-door, she smothered her kindlier feelings and pretended to be sleeping. Mr. Aldrich silently prepared himself for his couch, and then pressed his head to his pillow—but not to sleep! No, he was thinking of the change that had come over her who was lying by his side so soundly sleeping now, for he did not imagine that her sleep was feigned.

"Yes," he said, mentally, "it is plain that Delia no longer loves me as of old, when I brought her to the city a bride; she has transferred that love to other objects—to wealth and show. I indulge her all I am able to, but I must not make myself bankrupt and ruin my reputation by gratifying her in extravagance that I am not able to maintain. I have often tried to reason with her, to urge her to be contented to live within our income, but it is all to no purpose; she only charges me with being parsimonious and points out the great indulgences of other men to their families. I can stand it no longer; I must have a happy home or none. To me the spot where dwell my wife and children must be a heaven or its opposite. I do not believe in a

medium of happiness in domestic life between two who have sworn at the altar to love and cherish each other as long as life shall remain. There must be one of two things between Delia and me—love or hate; I sometimes fear the latter is just approaching, for I cannot endure these daily bickerings. I must love or hate—it is my nature."

And then the husband tried to compose his mind to sleep; but it seemed as if his brain were on fire, as thought after thought rushed through it.

"Poor children!" he mentally uttered; "it will be a bitter lesson to them, but still it shall be done. There is no greater boon to man on this wide earth than a happy home; to win it, some have faced even death; so I will not falter in the plan I have marked out to-night. If I succeed, she shall see me again; but if I fail, she shall—I must not speak it—it would unman me."

Could the wife have read the thoughts of the husband, as he pressed the heated pillow, how quickly would she have acknowledged that she had been in the wrong, and henceforth no love of idle show should make her forget the love she owed to him. But she could not; so she judged that the morrow would make all calm again, as it had often done before, and in the future she would be more guarded in her speech. She still feigned sleep, as he tossed from side to side; sometimes she half unclosed her lips to speak, but then she recollected how abruptly he left her in the evening, and how long he stayed away; so she continued silent.

Scarcely had gray morning dawned, when Mr. Aldrich arose and again sought his counting-room, from which he did not return until after the children had gone to school. Delia had spent the morning very unhappily, and more than once she half resolved to tell her husband of her decision; but when he entered, her thoughts died away.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich, pleasantly, and approaching the side of his wife as she sat on the sofa, "you know that you have often spoken of my going to California, and thought I would do a great deal better there than here."

"Yes," returned the wife, with surprise pictured in every feature; but you—you—"

"Well, I have been thinking it all over, and I have made up my mind to go. I am not able to enlarge my business here, and with my present income, I cannot live in the style you wish; so perhaps if I spend a few years there, I shall have plenty to meet your every want."

Mrs. Aldrich felt a chill creeping through every vein, and it seemed to half congeal her life-blood; and yet she had not the courage to

firmly oppose her husband's going, for in her anxiety to obtain wealth, she had often urged him to do so—yes, and when he spoke discouragingly, she had taunted him with his lack of fortitude as the cause of his not succeeding more rapidly in his efforts to make a fortune; but now what would she not have given if she could but recall the past! And yet she was too proud or stubborn to say so, for she feared that if he should not succeed in the future, he would remind her of his present intentions, and that she thwarted him when he would have sought for gold where she had previously begged him to go.

The husband did not appear to notice his wife's confused manner, but told her that the evening previous he had arranged his business by selling out to his partner, Mr. Noyes.

"You will have no rent to pay, Delia," said he, "nor furniture to buy; therefore, as your expenses will not be very great, I have deposited five hundred dollars in the ——— Bank for your immediate wants, and of course before that is gone, I shall be able to send you more."

Mrs. Aldrich could not speak; there was a choking sensation about her throat that prevented her utterance. So her husband went on stating that he should have been able to let her have more, but that he had drawn largely on the firm within a few months, to make the last payment on his house, and that in selling out, his partner had assumed all the debts and allowed him a certain sum, from which he had extracted five hundred dollars for her. The rest was to defray his own expenses on his journey, and support him when arrived in California until he could determine in what manner he could best turn his time into gold.

From that hour there seemed to steal over the ambitious Mrs. Aldrich a kind of apathy; she wandered from room to room, collecting various articles of apparel that her husband wished to take with him, and said but little to any one.

The husband did not wait for great preparations, and in twenty-four hours after he informed his wife of his determination, he pressed his children to his bosom, while he with difficulty restrained the tears that dimmed his vision.

"Take good care of the children, Delia, and of yourself too," he said, as with a blanched cheek he extended his hand, and touched his lips to her forehead. It was an icy cold hand that the husband grasped, and the pallor of death rested on her features for a moment; she could not speak, but with a groan she sank back on the sofa,—present objects became indistinct, and when she was once more conscious, the room was vacant save the forms of her children.

"O, my God!" she half shrieked, "what have I done?" Then snatching her bonnet and shawl from the table, she rushed from the house in search of the absent one; but she was too late, for she was informed by his former partner that a half hour previous he had left his native city, and by the aid of steam he would in a few hours take the steamer at New York for the land of shining ore.

We will not attempt to portray the remorse and misery of that unhappy wife, nor how the splendor of Mrs. Garland's parlor and all the ostentation of wealth faded away into nothingness when compared with the worth and society of him who had gone, perhaps forever; for, thought Mrs. Aldrich, there are a hundred ways in which death may overtake him, and he die far away from those who should watch over him in the hour of peril.

It was many weeks ere the wife and mother gained sufficient composure to take cognizance of her household duties, and when she did, the thought was prominent that she must economize all in her power, as it might be long before her husband would be able to send her money, or perhaps never, and with agony of mind too deep for expression, the thought intruded itself—the time may yet come when the children will be dependent on my daily exertions for bread;—and now commenced a rigid economy in the once happy home of the merchant. If such frugality as that had been practised a few years back, the industrious business man might now have owned a large house, and been happy and prosperous in his affairs.

Among the first acts of economizing, was the dismissal of Margaret, and the keeping of but one fire during the inclement season. When spring came, various garments which would have been cast aside had the husband been at home, were now remodelled for the children, and *re-trench the expenses* was the motto at all times. But in spite of all, the five hundred dollars rapidly diminished, and Mrs. Aldrich began to look about her for some means of industry, whereby its spending might be prolonged, but every avenue to labor seemed to be choked with applicants. As time passed, the wife's cares increased, as her means diminished. Bitter were the tears of contrition she shed, and most solemnly but silently did she vow that if he ever returned, that no murmur should ever escape her lips in future.

Six months sped by, and once only had she heard from her husband, and then the letter came sealed, but in a package directed to Mr. Noyes, by whom she was informed that he would see to

forwarding her letters to her husband. Eagerly did the wife break the seal, but she met with nothing to encourage her; he had been sick, business was very dull, and he was not able to go to the mines. The wife no longer cared for gold, and when she answered that letter, and told him so, begging him to return, from her heart she felt what she wrote; but her words did not bring back her husband. He wrote to her, saying that as he had left home for the purpose of amassing wealth, he could not bear to return without it, especially as he had no business to come to, having sold out at a sacrifice; enclosed was a small amount of money, which he requested her to do the best she could with, and hope on, while he would do the same.

Nearly two years went by, during which time Mrs. Aldrich's means were all exhausted, and unceasing care and anxiety had begun to make inroads on her health. Never since her husband's departure, had she exchanged calls with Mrs. Garland, for she feared to do so, lest it should bring to her mind too vividly that last fatal call. And now came a letter that her husband was about to return immediately, but he stated he had been disappointed in his search for gold, and that if he came, she must receive him penniless. Mrs. Aldrich's heart was too full of joy at the prospect that he whom she loved was about to return, to give a thought to gold, for she knew that while her husband had health, and was near her, she nor the children would ever again know want.

A month more, and the arms of the pale, careworn wife were clasped around the neck of her husband, but how changed was the once proud, ambitious man! All the love of her bridal days returned to the fond heart that was ready to receive her.

"The fault was mine," said the wife, "I see it all now; for your protracted absence and my sufferings have made me look upon life as it is, not as I would have it."

"And can you be happy now, Delia," said the husband, clasping her in his arms, "in the humble home that I must from necessity provide for you?"

"Home is where the heart is," replied the wife. "I can be happy anywhere now, give me but you and the children."

"God bless you, dearest!" answered the husband; and from that time there was no more repining in the home of the returned merchant.

For several days Mr. Aldrich remained within his home, and then he said to his wife:

"I must not be idle any longer, and yet I hardly know what to do, unless Mr. Noyes, my

former partner, will admit me again as one of the firm."

"I would ask him," replied Mrs. Aldrich.

"But what can I do without capital?"

"True," said the wife, despondingly.

A few days later, the husband returned after a short absence, and told his wife that he was again the partner of Mr. Noyes, but on such terms that he should still have to live very economically. To this she made no objection, and thus another year rolled by, each day seeming to bring new joys to the united family.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich one day, entering his home hurriedly, "I have business at the south end in the suburbs of the city, would you like to take a ride with me?"

"I should," replied the wife, every feature lit up with joy; and soon a carriage was at the door, into which the family entered, and the spirited animal attached soon bore them rapidly away.

"How do you like that gothic cottage, with its extensive garden and front yard, Delia?" said the husband, as they came opposite a large and handsome modern building of ancient architecture.

"O, it is beautiful," Mrs. Aldrich answered.

"Well, let us stop and make a call; I am acquainted with the owner of this place."

The wife made no objection, and in answer to the merchant's summons, Margaret, Mrs. Aldrich's former servant, came to the door.

"I'm right glad to see ye, ma'am," said she to her previous mistress, "and it's a fine place ye have here."

As Mrs. Aldrich entered the large parlor, and saw the rich drapery at the windows, the velvet carpet on the floor, and the elegantly carved cabinet ware all looking so new, and no mistress to receive her, she drew nearer her husband's side, saying, "There is something strange in this; you never told me before that you were acquainted with a family in this vicinity. But where is the mistress of this splendid home?"

"Here," said Mr. Aldrich, encircling her waist; and then bidding Margaret show the children the chambers, he requested her to be seated. But the wife stood in silence like one trying to awake from a dream.

Had the sea yielded its treasures from its unfathomed depths, she could scarcely have been more surprised, and it was some time ere her husband could make her comprehend that he was the owner of the cottage and adjacent grounds. We will not stop to depict her surprise, or repeat the words she spoke when she learned the particulars of the purchase.

A few evenings later, when the plainer goods

had been removed to their new home, the husband and wife were seated in their parlor alone.

"You have told me," said she to him, "that this estate is yours; but I cannot comprehend where you got the money to purchase it. Did you obtain it in California and kept it a secret to surprise me?"

"I never saw California," answered the husband.

"Am I dreaming?" said Mrs. Aldrich; "surely these events cannot be real."

Then in a few words he related to her that for a long time previous to that fatal evening he had observed with pain her increasing love of show, and he knew that bankruptcy must follow, unless he devised some means to cause her to reflect. He knew that Mr. Noyes was a friend to both, and could be relied on, so on the night he remained away so late, he explained to his partner how he was situated. For several months previous they had talked of establishing a branch house in the South, and now it was agreed that Mr. Aldrich should go there and attend to it, the wife in the meantime believing that he had gone to California, and their letters which were to be few, passing and repassing through the partner's hands. "I have deceived you, Delia," said the husband affectionately; "but I meant it for the good of all; so pardon me now, dearest, and you shall have nothing to complain of in future."

"I have nothing to forgive," said the wife, laying her hand in his; "for those years of strict economy and labor will better enable me to enjoy my present happy home, and teach me to prize your society now as I never should have done if I had never experienced adversity, nor you been absent."

#### VENDETTA IN CORSICA.

Our readers are aware of a kind of social scourge which has existed from time immemorial in the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, under the name of *vendetta*, (vengeance). A remarkable case of this kind has just been amicably settled at Agius, near Tempio, (Sardinia) between two powerful families, named Mamio and Vasa. It had originated in the breaking off of a marriage, and in the course of a few years seventy-one persons had fallen victims to private vengeance on either side. The present Intendent of Tempio, M. Orru, has at length succeeded in bringing about an arrangement, and on the 29th of May last, 324 men of the Mamio family, and 573 of the Vasa met in a plain near Tempio, and abjured their reciprocal hatred before a crucifix, one of the Vasas going up to the chief of the Mamios and embracing him, after which a general greeting took place amid tears of friendship.—*Herald*.

Any truthful examination into our actions must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive.

#### DISCOVERY OF WINE.

Wine was first discovered by Jemsheed, one of the earliest monarchs of Persia, by the following accident: He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented: the juice was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each; these he placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite wives was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death; observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often that the king's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jemsheed and all his court drank of this new beverage, which, from the manner of its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of *zeher-e-khoosh*, or the delightful poison.—*Vox Populi*.

#### THE CHINESE.

It has been considered that the Chinese were not an inventive people—but this was a mistake. The art of printing was known in China nine hundred years before any knowledge of it prevailed in England. Printing was first introduced into Europe early in the fifteenth century. The Chinese printers were generally itinerants. They discovered the magnetic needle; this took place in the traditionary period when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, a little carriage was built, on the top of which was a figure, which always pointed to the north and thus the route was discovered. The effects of the loadstone were also mentioned in their dictionary. We were also probably indebted to the Chinese for the mariner's compass—for it had been long known to them before it was to us, and Marco Polo made a visit to China, and no doubt communicated it from them to his countrymen. Gunpowder was invented there many centuries before it was known in England—but it was only used for fire-works; and, strange to say, the component parts were nearly the same as the European mixture.—*Portland Transcript*.

#### A SHARP VICAR.

A well-authenticated story has been told of a certain vicar, who, several years ago, lived a few miles from Loughborough. He was rather eccentric, but not easily imposed upon. On a particular occasion he and several of the principal inhabitants dined together at one of the inns in the village, and one of the company, thinking that the affair would not be remunerative to the landlord, suggested that he might charge an extra bottle of wine or two in the bill, by way of making it up. "That," said the landlord, "might be done, but the vicar put every cork into his pocket, as a check to the account!"—*Leicester Mercury*.

## STANZAS.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

They tell me that I'm always gay,  
That my heart is ever light,  
That nought of sorrow clouds my way,  
Or dims life's roses bright.

But O, they do not read aright,  
The lore of my soul profound,  
Whose buried griefs, obscured from sight,  
Not even the plummet can sound.

The thoughts which sadly crowd my brain,  
No human mind can know;  
This heart shall never more complain,  
Though crushed to earth by woe!

Within the smiles of life I'll bask,  
A slave to joy and mirth,  
Till death shall cast aside the mask  
I wore while on the earth.

## CHESTER JENKS AND HIS TROUBLES.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

"COME, Chester," said his friend Tom Whiting, "get your duds together and go out to B. to-morrow. I've got plenty of friends there, you know, and I want you to enjoy some of them with me; especially Miss Mary Maxwell."

"O, *pho!*" answered Chester Jenks, sticking his heels up on the window-sill.

"I tell you there's no '*pho*' about it. Mary is a beautiful girl. She's in the way of a handsome inheritance, too. And I think, what's more, that you would like her, and she would like you. Come, now; she'd like an author, and you might not dislike an heiress. I insist upon it that you shall go!"

"If you were only going too," said Chester.

"That's just the reason why I want you to start off ahead of me, you see. I'd rather you would be there alone and study character a little for yourself, and then I shall come along and look over your conclusions. The fact is, if you get acquainted with Mary Maxwell without any interference of *mine*, it may be a great deal better for you, and for her, too."

Chester Jenks began to think seriously of it.

"You need fresh air and a change of scene," urged his friend Tom, "and B. is exactly the place for you. Go right off to-morrow, I tell you, and not say another word about it. I shall be there as soon as you will care about seeing me. The fact is, I've a wonderful fancy that you and my friend Mary are going to just suit one another. At any rate, I want to be satisfied about it whether I am right or wrong."

Chester Jenks was over-persuaded. It was a

lovely day in late June; summer was throwing her charms around everything. And the image of beautiful Mary Maxwell danced through his thoughts. Next morning he set out bright and early for the cars, carpet-bag in hand. His spirits were high, and all things promised happiness.

It was late in the afternoon before he reached B., and the last part of his journey he was obliged to perform by stagecoach. As he drove up under the great elm tree that shadowed the roof of the village tavern, he thought the spot the most inviting and rural he had ever seen. B. was entitled to a fixed place in his heart already, for nothing but the promises it seemed to hold out.

Having placed his carpet-bag in safe keeping, he found it would be some time yet before supper; so, on consultation with his feelings, he concluded that he would find his way down to the river's bank below the village street, and indulge in a democratic wash; in other words, a good plunge and swim. Tired and dusty as he was, he started off on his hygienic errand, hoping to feel in excellent trim for his supper.

Perhaps a half mile or more from the street he saw a beautiful little nook, bending in from the river's bank, where he thought his good luck invited him. He turned down to it, and found himself wholly concealed from the road, and from every ordinary chance of detection and disturbance. Disrobing himself as quick as he could, he laid his clothes in a secure place and plunged in.

Just about the same instant that he took his delicious plunge in the July waters of the little river, a stranger of about his own size had been caught fliching sundry articles of household economy from the dwellings of the good housewives in the village, and had started off in heedless haste down the street, at the cry which was set up of "*Stop thief!*" He darted away at such speed that no one thought there was much use in pursuing him, though they had so carefully marked his dress and appearance that they knew they would recognize him should he turn up again.

The fellow was frightened nearly to death. He felt certain he should be caught, and knew already that people must have started across the country to head him off by the route he had taken. Trembling and uncertain what to do, he plunged into the thicket by the roadside, and came pat upon the heap of clothes only a few minutes before vacated by our friend, Chester Jenks.

"Well, if here aint a prize!" he exclaimed to himself, lifting both hands. "I couldn't ask anything more to my mind!"

And without a single moment's delay, he proceeded to put off his own clothes, and to put on the respectable suit he found lying near him. Of



course his next move was one, as far distant as possible from that locality. He struck out a path across the fields, unwilling to trust his person on the highway until night should kindly come down and throw her protecting mantle over him.

In due time, Mr. Chester Jenks had completed his tumblings and curvettings, his swashings and washings in the river, and took himself out of the current to the privacy of his chosen boudoir in the bushes. He dried off carefully, and he rubbed himself vigorously with the crash-towel he had brought in his carpet-bag. "Ah," said he aloud, when he was wholly through, "*now* I feel like another person! I feel clean! I feel fresh and new! If I could only have the good luck to see Mary Maxwell as soon as I get through my supper, 'twill be as near what I should like as anything could be!"

Thereupon he fell to, to dress himself again. He picked up his shirt; yes, *that* was still there, and it fitted him. No suspicions excited yet. He seized his drawers. *They* were all right. And still no misgiving. He grabbed at his trousers, and had fairly poked into one leg of them, when a cry of dismay escaped him.

"Great George of Oxford!" he called. "What is all this?"

Quicker than a wink, he had drawn off the trousers' leg, and was holding up the entire article for inspection! His face was a long picture of despair without a frame.

He reached down and poked over the remaining items of his wardrobe; they were no more his than the trousers were his that he held in his hand. They looked thoroughly dingy, cheap, uninviting, and unclean. They were not the clothes of a decent gentleman at all, but rather the rig of some villanous pack-pedler.

What to do,—was the momentous question. The conclusion was very plain, stern as it was, likewise. There was no possible alternative but for him to put on these clothes at his hand, and temporarily make the best of it. Perhaps there was a clothing-store in the village, and he would shed his skin there as soon as he could find it. But it was with a sickening qualm at his stomach that he slipped the garments on so gingerly. He thought he should have preferred to wash them out in the river first, but how could he wait for them to dry?

On they went, therefore, and on he went by a back and unfrequented way to the village again. He looked and acted guilty enough. Even a child might have suspected him to be a thief.

He climbed over garden walls, crept through barn-yards and cattle-lanes, sneaked round the shortest corners he could turn, and arrived at

the hotel where the stagecoach originally landed him. The moment he made his appearance in the hall, the landlord, who had first espied him from the next room, sprang up from the knot of men he was chatting with on the subject of the thief, and rushed upon him.

"I've got you *now*, you villain!" he cried. "I *knew* you'd be crawling back after your carpet-bag, and here you are! Come into the other room here!"

Before he could recover from his surprise, Chester Jenks found himself suddenly dragged into the midst of a party of excited men, every one of whom loudly charged him with being a *thief*. He was so confused at first, that he could not speak. And this they considered a certain symptom of his guilt. If the rascal were really innocent, he would out with it, fair and square. But how could such a guilty *looking* fellow help being really *guilty*?

"I am no *thief*, gentlemen," said he; "I am no more a thief than any of you are."

"Who be you, then?" asked several at once.

Chester Jenks did not care to tell them that he was an industrious, hopeful, and aspiring young author; very few really promising young authors would have chosen to do so. He therefore only told them what his name was, where he came from, and what he came out to B. for,—without mentioning the name of Mary Maxwell.

"Aha!" said they, "you needn't think to cheat us in *that* way! We've caught you, old feller, and we believe we've caught a *thief*! You'll know more about it pretty soon!"

Met by such a torrent of accusation, the poor fellow thought it best to say as little as possible at present, and to await events.

Presently a justice of the peace entered, and at his back a couple of ladies, residents in the village. What was Chester Jenks's first great mortification, to hear the justice accosted on all sides as Squire Maxwell! It took the courage out of his heart in an instant.

"Look here, sir," said Squire M., to begin with, "you are charged by these women with entering their houses and taking goods of such and such a description. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Chester began a long speech, but was cut short at the outset. They did not come there to hear long speeches, or any sort of speeches; but to see justice measured out to a rogue and robber.

While this was going forward, a constable had the thought to examine his coat pockets; and, sure enough, from one of them he fished up four silver spoons, with the initials of one of his female accusers quite legibly engraven upon them! They were held up as proof that he was the *thief*.

Whereupon Chester commenced an explanation of the manner in which he came not only by the stolen spoons, but by the clothes also.

"A very likely story!" they all murmured, with a sneer, in his ears, "a likely story!"

The women testified both to the property as theirs, and to the identity of the prisoner. The landlord identified him as the same fellow who had come in the stagecoach only the same afternoon; and the few men who had vainly chased after him freely offered their testimony that this was the same fellow they had run out of town, and wore precisely the same clothes.

Could proof be more to the point? Chester Jenks continued to protest. He was laboring under a mingled sense of mortification and confusion, at finding himself arraigned as a criminal, and especially at having his case tried before the father of the very girl he had been so anxious to see. He thought of mentioning to Squire Maxwell the name of his friend Tom Whiting; but then, on second thought, why need he make himself known at all? It was already bad enough; could he hope to better it in this way? Still he did not cease for a moment to protest against the proceedings with all his present vigor; to declare himself an innocent person, and the victim of a foul conspiracy; and to insist that the very clothes he wore were not his own, but had been left him in exchange for those he laid on the river's bank while bathing. All, however, to worse than no purpose; for now they thought him not only an out-and-out thief, but a consummate liar in the bargain.

Esquire Maxwell, the father of the beautiful Mary, found him guilty in due course of law; and sentenced him to a fine of seven dollars, with costs, together with imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days. If he could not raise the amount of the fine, he was at perfect liberty to remain in limbo until he had worked it out.

A constable rode up with a smart horse to drive him off some six good miles to the place of his more permanent destination. Chester Jenks got into the wagon with an odd combination of feelings, with which the ludicrous was just beginning to get mixed up. He arrived at his quarters in safety, passed a sleepless night, and awoke in the morning with a determination to sit down and do something about it. Early in the forenoon, however, who should make his appearance in the county institution, but the man with his clothes on his back! The scamp had been pursuing his proclivities in another place, and at this early hour in the day had managed to get his deserts. Before the face and eyes of the officer, Chester Jenks stood up and charged the

vagabond with stealing his clothes while he was bathing. He appealed to him, now that he was caught at last, to tell the truth about the affair in B., and to secure his own release forthwith.

"O, that would be mighty nice, now, John, wouldn't it? Indeed it would, when we started on shares, you know, to begin with, and have both of us got to the same stopping place so early! O, no, my friend," said he, "you wouldn't desert a body in such a strait as this, I hope. We began together; let's carry it out to the end!"

Chester was stupefied with the presumption of the scoundrel. It was of no profit for him to bandy words with such a fellow; he merely assured him that he should have a "bone to pick with him" in a few days, and relapsed into quietness. The first thing and the only thing for him to do, was to sit down and write a letter to his friend Tom Whiting in Boston. He told him what trouble he was in, and how he wanted him to come and help him. "Come on without an hour's delay," said he, "and bring Esquire Maxwell over to the jail with you!"

Tom was thunderstruck with the news; and when he had recovered from his surprise a little, he broke out into one of the heartiest laughs he ever enjoyed. Off he posted at full speed, and, on the evening of the same day that he started, he was at the doors of the county jail. As soon as Chester had regained his liberty, he was introduced to Miss Mary Maxwell! Tom had whispered the secret of our friend's visit to B. in her ear, and insisted that she should accompany her father and himself over to the county-house to welcome the prisoner back to freedom again. Chester was covered with confusion, but not so much so that he could not discern through it all the rare beauty and grace of the Squire's daughter Mary. He was a slave, the moment he was free!

The real thief's clothes were tried on him, in the presence of the Squire, the jailor, and others, and the fit was complete. He was tried again, for theft, and was sentenced for a respectable time—not to the county jail, simply, but to the State prison.

Thus sadly was the acquaintance of Chester Jenks with Mary Maxwell begun, in a jail; but it proved, after all, the most efficient introduction he could have had. Her father, having already done him such injustice ignorantly, hastened to show him friendship of no ordinary kind. Mary first pitied, and next admired—no, admired isn't the word—him. And the result was, that he took up his residence in B. before long, and devoted all his time to the pursuit of his profession, and the happiness of his wife.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY WILLIS WARE.

It is the twilight hour,  
The hour for peaceful rest;  
The sun is fast receding,  
In the far and distant west.

The stars are shining brightly,  
The moon is full and clear,  
But my heart is sad and dreary,  
For thou, love, art not near.

The scenes of mirth and pleasure  
Are all forgot by me,  
While in this hour of tranquil rest,  
My thoughts they turn to thee.

## THE WEDDING AT GLEN CARROL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I STOPPED my horse in one of the loveliest yet wildest places in which the foot of man or animal had ever trodden. Long tangles of rich grass, growing rank and luxuriant, which the mower's scythe had never kissed, divided my admiration with the soft brown mosses that lovingly encircled the craggy rocks, or had lingered around the silvery brooks until they had become green. Little rivulets were sparkling up whenever a sun-beam came athwart the space between the huge pine trees, whose huge cones lie dry and crackling beneath them; and beyond lay the river, into which these little streams all ran and mingled their bright waters. Above the river, a mountain whose rocky sides were dripping with coolness from the fresh springs that gushed out from its sides, invited the foot passengers to ascend, but was inaccessible to a horse's feet. Wild vines, on which the grapes had not yet begun to grow purple, lay matted over the stunted trees that grew around; and within the depths of the forest, I could see the opening of a little cave, wherein one man might safely be hidden, if but a single branch of pine were thrown across its entrance.

I had seen all this before. Far back in my childhood's early days, I had gathered the purple grapes, and shook down the chestnut burrs in this very wood; had scrambled for the crimson, winter-green berry, and had drunk sweet water that was gushing from these very rocks. And the remembrance of dear and beloved companions rushed with tender force upon my mind, bringing to my view their forms and features, distinct as though only a day had intervened between our meeting and parting.

One memory, still tenderer and more beautiful

than the rest, rested deepest in my heart. I looked across the little expanse of water that lay at my feet, and could almost see the tiny boat rocking like an egg shell upon its bosom, while the image of a little maiden in a blue frock seemed to stand on the opposite bank and call to me to come round and give her a sail under the soft moonlight.

For so had Miriam Vane stood and called, not a week before I had bidden a farewell to this sweet vale of Glen Carrol, and I had not waited for her bidding a second time. Once upon the water, I had sung to the little fairy the sweetest songs I knew, until the tears trembled in her blue eye, and she besought me to change the too tender strain.

And then she would sit down with me quietly on the bank, when we returned, and watch "the moon walking in brightness," until the evening dew fell too heavily on her sweet head, and I would walk with her to the little cottage where she dwelt alone with her old father.

Mr. Vane was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In former days, he had been wealthy and prosperous; but one of those terrible reverses so common in our country, shattered his fortune, and threw him into a state of health that required the utmost care and freedom from excitement. From the wreck of his fortunes, he had saved enough honestly, to keep himself and child above want, and he chose this sequestered spot, where Nature showered her sweetest smiles in summer, and where he could gather enough to keep the wolf from the door in winter.

Mrs. Vane, haughty and sensitive, felt a sacrifice to the first rude blow over their home; and Miriam, scarcely above the age of childhood, with a delicate, yet not unhealthy organization, played the part of little housekeeper to her father, and performed nearly the whole of his household work. But it was work that seemed like mere pastime in her hands. She would drive home their only cow from the pasture, stopping at the roadside to gather wild flowers, and then make the golden butter into balls of waxen hardness; while Miriam's cream cheeses and bright, clear preserves were the admiration of all the country round. So dearly was she loved by all for her gentle ways, that the farmers' wives would gladly leave their own work, and come to assist in the regular fall and spring avocations of Miriam Vane.

To repay this, she would instruct their little ones in studies best suited to their mode of life. Altogether the girl's sweet youth was passing a thousand times happier than it would have done in the marble halls of her father's prosperous days.

Of a slight stature, with feet and hands like those of a fairy, soft blue eyes that beamed light and gladness upon all around them, hair like floss silk of a golden brown, and a complexion which the sun could not darken nor stain with a single freckle, Miriam Vane was the sweetest little maiden at sixteen that ever hung to the altered fortunes of a father.

In whatever the world might fail in esteem for Mr. Vane when he lost his abundant wealth, it was more than a thousand times repaid by the beautiful devotion of his daughter; and the still happy father gratefully acknowledged that Providence, in withdrawing *some* blessings, had mercifully left the last and best.

But the time had come when I must go out into the great world, to make, if possible, my mark among its dwellers. It needed a brave heart to go forth into its rocky pathways, and to keep the innocence for which, in those quiet dells, there was no temptation to meet. My father laid his hand gently upon my head, and besought me to keep the integrity which he had trusted I had as yet sustained, and my good mother wept long and bitterly upon my neck, and then bade me go in God's name, and return to her safe from the world's defacing stains.

And Miriam Vane! There was a parting too sacred for mortal ears to hear, a pressing of hands, and one long, lingering embrace, and ere I recovered from the painful thought that it might be our last parting, as it was our first, I found myself many miles on my journey.

It boots not now to tell how often the temptations which my father so feelingly deprecated were laid before me, nor how nearly I came to giving way before them. From all grossly sinful acts, my own sense quickly revolted, and from minor faults, the remembrance of an aged pair, and the sweet image of the loveliest maiden in the world, had power sufficient to deter me.

Still, as with Burns, it might have been said :

"We partly know what has been done,  
But know not what's resisted."

Sweet Miriam Vane! I look back to those days, and think how my soul ever turned to thee pilgrim to thy shrine—how often I have said of thee :

"The dreams of other days depart,  
Thou shalt not be forgot;  
And never in the suppliant sigh  
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,  
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not!"

All my thoughts were directed to one point of time—that in which I should return, free from poverty and embarrassment, to spend a happy and cheerful life in my own dear native land,

and with Miriam Vane as my guide, and making the downward path of our aged parents easy and lightly trodden.

Foot-sore and weary, I wandered through many lands. I trod the burning sands of India, and the rough mountains of northern climes; and ever as I trod, my spirit was in the vale of Glen Carrol, listening to music from the lips of sweet Miriam Vane.

I had few friends and no enemies that I knew of, save one, and he came to me at first in the guise of a friend. Aubyn St. Luke was my companion for months. He proved my worst foe; for, under false pretences of my death, he wooed and won my own Miriam.

And this was how the hateful deed was done. I had staid longer in Elsinore than I intended, and finding my business still unsettled, I concluded to remain a short time longer, rather than lose the vantage ground which I had already obtained. But a ship was sailing direct for home, and St. Luke was anxious to go. I gave him ample directions to find my people, and charged him to make the acquaintance of Miriam, and to tell her the thousand and one things which we always forget to write, because we have no questioner near to stir up remembrance within us.

The traitor to my friendship went—saw—and was conquered. He saw—not the timid, pensive, blushing maiden whom I had described, but a woman, noble, regal, a queen among the simple country people among whom her lot seemed so strangely cast, yet wearing her superiority so gently that all acknowledged her sway. He saw, and loved her so far as love could enter into such a treacherous heart, and before many weeks had gone by, he had invented the story of my death. My business dragged slowly, but as it was my last and forlorn hope of making the competence I desired, I still staid on.

And Miriam—in despair at my death, and agonized by her father's continual demands upon her strength and her nerves, was yielding to the vain hope that she might be happy once more; and in the anguish of a restless and disturbed spirit, had already accepted him who passed as mourning friend of the deceased Arthur Leigh.

And this was while I stood on the opposite bank of that same river where we had played in our childhood, and were betrothed in our youth. No doubt or misgiving of evil had come into my heart. I looked down the sunny slope that parted me from my queen, and fancied our meeting with emotion too big for tears.

I walked over the little bridge that spanned the distance. Mr. Vane's quiet and modest home lay nestled in among the pines, and I hastened

towards it. I dared not go home first. I felt that Miriam's young life was almost secure from the approach of sickness and death, but who could count upon that of my aged parents?

I met one of those officious and news-loving beings of which there is one, at least, in every village, and, after the first surprise of seeing me—a surprise for which I could not in any degree account—was over, he sat down by the wayside, and wrung my soul with the miserable tale of St. Luke's double treachery, and Miriam's approaching marriage. I need not say that I was stung to the quick. I could not speak, but I motioned him to go on with his story.

A floating report of my death, of which no one seemed to know how it originated, had been borne to Miriam, through my perfidious friend. She had mourned and pined for months, and even now, was in a state little better. The news of her approaching marriage was also circulated by St. Luke, and my father and mother were so disgusted by her thus forgetting me, that they did not notice her at all.

I raved and fumed wildly, until my courteous informant besought me to remember that it would do no good, and offered to assist me in any plan I might think of to punish the offending St. Luke, towards whom he professed to have taken a most unaccountable dislike.

Even while we were talking, we saw a carriage driven towards the picturesque little church that stood midway on the hill opposite. The white horses, the floating ends of white ribbons that I could distinctly see from where we sat, the remembrance of the necessity for St. Luke to hasten in this matter before I could appear, all gave confirmation to my suspicions that this was the bridal cortege; and my officious, but well-meaning friend suggesting the same idea, we made a short cut across a corn-field, and arrived there before the carriage had begun to ascend the hill.

My old friend, the sexton of the church, was there, waiting for the bridal train. A few words in answer to his joyful surprise at seeing me, put him in full possession of the whole case, and he offered to delay proceedings as long as possible. By this time the minister had also arrived, and was led into our story.

Our good old minister had passed away in my absence, and his place was supplied by a young man whom I felt instinctively, as soon as I looked at his face, that I could trust; and I had just time to say a few words, as the carriage had finished toiling up the painful ascent.

What was to be done? Should I plant myself in the doorway, and face the entire party? or should I meet St. Luke in the vestry, to which

the sexton agreed to conduct him, tax him with his treachery, and expose his baseness before the crowd which had now assembled to witness the ceremony?

Fortunately the village clerk was present, and a new certificate was instantly filled out by him, of his own accord. He was a mirthful, laughter-loving man, and with a suppressed chuckle at his own forethought, he whispered me that it would probably be wanted, and bade me put it in my own pocket for future use.

By this time, the bride's people had begun to walk up the aisle. The minister had taken his place behind the altar, and the assembly were rapidly finding seats. The sexton opened the doors of the little room behind the chancel, and beckoned in the bridal pair. I was sitting quietly opposite the entrance. I think St. Luke was somewhat surprised, but believing it to belong to the ceremony, he made no resistance.

But what a face met my view, as he turned his wild and distended eyes upon my own! The paleness—nay the absolute greyness of the death shadow seemed to steal over his whole countenance. I never saw a man look thus before. He staggered and would have fallen, had not the sexton caught him and forcibly placed him in a chair. He tried to make a rush towards me, with his hand uplifted as if to strike; but he let it fall powerless by his side on seeing my grave and unterrified look.

An officer of justice had been pointed out to me in the assembly, and I had secured his services also. He immediately took charge of St. Luke, who now sat writhing under the grasp of the man's hand upon his shoulder.

And how was Miriam all this time, which, however, was not half so long as I have been writing it? Standing by my side, holding her father's hand, and half leaning over me with a gleam of joy lighting up her pale, emaciated face and repeating constantly:

"I told you so, father! I told you that Arthur *could not* die and leave me to the mercy of that man! Arthur, he swore to me that he was with you when you died, and that your last words were for me to marry him."

"She speaks truly," said Mr. Vane, "believe me, dear Arthur, Miriam disliked this man, and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on to enter the carriage."

I looked at the old man, as he faltered out these words. The light of truth and sincerity was on his face, and the tears were in his aged eyes. He had loved me from a boy, and it was only because he had deemed it my dying wish, and because he feared that Miriam's life was fast

dying out, that he had urged this sacrifice upon her, hoping that the new scenes to which St. Luke had promised to bear her, would restore her shattered health. No wonder that the villain had determined to leave Glen Carrol, before I could make my appearance!

Believing that St. Luke's deepest punishment would be to see me take the part in the bridal group which he expected to occupy himself, I directed the officer to bring him round where he could witness the ceremony, and feeling that there was no time like the present, to take Miriam under my protection, I produced the certificate, and after a few whispered words, in which she willingly acceded to my plan, I led her to the altar, where the young minister, his whole face beaming with the excitement which the affair had given him, seemed very happy to make us twain one.

Miriam was the bravest, most collected of the whole group, to outward appearance. Her emotions were too deep for show. She had been hunted—baited, to become the wife of St. Luke, while her whole soul was with me in death as in life—and had only passively yielded to the entreaties of her father, who believed her dying, and longed to have her leave Glen Carrol, as his last hope for her recovery.

She had gone through so much, that even the sight of me, sitting there, did not surprise nor agitate her. It had been impressed upon her, until within a few days, that I was still living; but as day wore on after day, and she heard nothing from me, she settled into the calmness of despair.

Words are inadequate to describe the expression of St. Luke's face, as we emerged from the vestry room, and took our place at the altar. I caught only a brief glimpse of it, and then my whole soul was absorbed in the sacred ceremony in which I was bearing so unexpected a part.

A strange-looking, travel-stained bridegroom I was, by the side of the pure looking being who stood there in the identical white dress which I had so often admired, and which she had no heart to replace by new bridal robes. But the look of fond reliance which she gave me, and the glad pressure with which she clung to my side, as I supported her through the ceremony, were proofs that she had not at least abated in affection towards me, and that thought repaid me for the sufferings of the last few hours.

"Drive to Mr. Leigh's," I said, as I entered the carriage after Miriam and her father; for I was impatient to see my dear old parents.

We found them sitting in gloom and despondency, for they, too, had mourned their only son

as no longer in the land of the living. We saw them through the window as we drove up, and I accepted Mr. Vane's considerate offer of going in and breaking the joyful news that I was alive, and that they should see me soon. I saw their clasped hands, and heard their exclamations of thankfulness. They had felt rather hard towards Miriam and her father, on account of this marriage, and at first were rather cool when Mr. Vane entered the room, but now their arms were alternately about the neck of their dear old friend, for whom, previous to this unfortunate matter, they had entertained a sincere affection.

Gradually he unfolded to them the whole history of that eventful morning. Then there was a scene! one in which smiles, and tears, and embraces mingled together, and on which the angels might have looked with joy and gladness. For had not each of these aged ones found a son and a daughter at once? It seemed as if a whole lifetime of happiness had been crowded into this brief hour's space; and as if the three oldest actors in this short drama had suddenly taken out a new lease of life, so complete was the transformation from grief to happiness.

The next week I set seriously to work, to refit, enlarge and beautify the Gothic cottage at Glen Carrol, adding more rooms for the accommodation of my own parents. It is a little paradise now; and my Eve walks in beauty through its quiet woods, with a happy smile upon her face that tells of a joy that the world cannot give nor take away.

St. Luke escaped from duress by means of his servant. What country or clime maintains him and his villainies, we neither know nor care, satisfied that he will hardly deem it worth his while to practise them again at Glen Carrol.

#### USE OF SALT ON THE FARM.

A practical farmer of twenty years' experience informs us that it has been his plan for many years to use salt with the turnips which he feeds to his milch cows, and that by it he is enabled to have the best of butter in winter, without the least disagreeable taste. His method is to cut his turnips in the root cutter at least twelve hours before he intends to feed them. They are then thoroughly salted and allowed to stand until fed out. In this way and by never milking the cows immediately after feeding, he is never troubled with any taste either in the milk or butter. We have tried a similar plan, and have fed out a large crop of turnips to milch cows with great advantage, at a time when turnips were selling at a price which would have hardly paid for their transportation to market.—*Lowell Courier*.

Honest loss is preferable to dishonorable gain, for by the one a man suffers but once, by the other his suffering is lasting.

## COME, LADY, COME!

BY "OLD PRECIOUS"

In the morning's fresh light,  
Come, lady, come!  
When the dew sparkles bright,  
Come, lady, come!

The sunbeams are glancing from leaflet and spray,  
Like airy forms dancing, both fairy and fay.  
Nature revels in gladness—  
Come, lady, come!  
Then away with all sadness—  
Come, lady, come!

The wild birds are singing,  
Come, lady, come!  
From their leafy bowers springing—  
Come, lady, come!

The flowerets are gleaming through woodland and lee,  
With rare beauty teeming, then come rove with me.  
We'll pass the gay hours—  
Come, lady, come!  
Plucking life's flowers—  
Come, lady, come!

## THE SKELETON FRIEND.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

THE traveller who proceeds directly from Paris to Antwerp, cannot help remarking the vast difference in every feature of the two cities. Instead of the numerous and brilliant palaces which abound in the French metropolis, you see at Antwerp the quaint and venerable old mansions which have perhaps been occupied by ancestors of whom the present dwellers have never heard. As great a difference is seen in the inhabitants. Staid and profound-looking burghers take the place of gay Parisians, and while the latter are engaged in promenading the streets of their city, the former are seated before their doors emitting huge clouds of smoke drawn from capacious pipes, and engaged in cogitations best known to themselves. And although a lifetime might be spent in Paris without a person's seeing all the attractions which it offers, the very quaintness and mystery presiding over the good old city of Antwerp had more interest for me. Day after day found me strolling in various parts of it, and becoming more and more interested with the different phases of character which I chanced to see.

Upon one occasion, I was standing at the meeting of two streets and observing the difference in the manner and dress of those who passed. Being much interested in my occupation, it was some time before I was aware that a hand had been laid upon my shoulder, and that its owner was endeavoring to attract my atten-

tion to himself. When at last I turned around, I saw a person whom I judged to be a student—tall and spare in body, and much emaciated in appearance. His eyes were of that kind which seem to pierce like arrows; they were so in a remarkable degree, but they possessed a kind of wandering and dreamy expression, which ever and anon changed to a kind of fierceness and suggested the thought of insanity. But his glance towards me was one of affection and interest, and at the same time one of fascination. He spoke with no apology for what might be deemed an intrusion, but said:

"Are you a stranger in this city?"

"I am," I replied; "although I have sojournd here so long that it seems much like home."

"Have you made any acquaintances during your stay?"

"None beyond the people who dwell in the same house with me, and I rarely see them."

"That being the case, I can readily suppose that you wish for a friendship with somebody. You are not a misanthrope?"

I smiled at the earnest manner in which the question was propounded, and answered in the negative.

"I needed not to have asked the question, for your countenance is proof positive that you are not. I thought for a moment that I had discovered a kindred spirit; but perhaps it is as well for me, and certainly better for you as it is. Now can you put trust enough in a stranger, like me, to come to a place which I shall name, and meet me this evening? I tell you frankly that I, being a man-hater, would not do it; but with you, the case is different. Will you come?"

The frankness of his speech disarmed any suspicion which I may have entertained, and without any reflection I gave him my promise.

"That is well," said he; and placing a card in my hand, he walked away with a hasty and nervous step, stopping at the street-corner to nod to me, and then disappeared, leaving me to reflect upon the adventure which this meeting promised.

Although I walked much more than usual that day, my mind was not bent as usual upon seeing and hearing everything new. The recollection of the strange interview which I had held with this unknown kept occurring to me, and the recollection of his strange and ghastly appearance haunted me like an ill-omened dream. In my unusual absence of mind, I had forgotten to read what was written upon the card which I still held in my hand. I looked at it and read "Gustave Liemann, opposite the old cathedral."

The name was unfamiliar to me, and afforded no clue to any certainty. An undefinable idea had taken possession of me that this Liemann was in some way connected with my destiny. It did not seem like the offspring of a speculating brain, but a true presentiment—vague and uncertain, but coming with such force that I doubted not for an instant that his being was to affect mine in some way yet to be disclosed.

The history of my life seemed to confirm this belief. My native village was Cannes, in France. Of my parents, I had not the slightest recollection, for they were carried off by a prevailing epidemic when I was but two years of age. I was then adopted by an uncle, the richest person in the vicinity, who had conceived a strong attachment for me, and who, I remember it distinctly, often told me that I should be his heir. His affection for me increased as I advanced in age, and I being the only person upon the earth for whom he had any great regard, I soon came to a proper knowledge of his kindness. His domains were vast in extent, stretching over many leagues of forest and meadow, besides which it was commonly reported that his wealth in solid coin was great. My education was carefully attended to, and everything was done for me by him. He had but one relation beside myself; he was also his nephew, and my cousin, although I had never seen him. My uncle said very little concerning him, but I well knew that for some crime he was banished from the house, and that he was often supplied with money by my benefactor. He was spoken of as about ten years my elder, and possessing an evil disposition.

Very pleasant were the eighteen years that I lived with my uncle at his country-seat in Cannes, seeing little of the world and caring less. For what had I to gain by wandering, while such content was mine beneath his roof-tree? My highest desire was to stay with him and be the comfort of his declining years; but this was denied. One pleasant spring morning, he was found dead in his bed. His appearance was awful, for his features were contracted with an expression of agony, and a white froth had issued from his mouth. I knew instantly that he had been poisoned, and though shocked beyond measure, I set earnestly to work to find the assassin. But it was in vain; not the least trace could be discovered. True, the servants had heard unusual noises the night before in his room, and I myself had heard a horse galloping sway down the road at midnight, but the rest was all conjecture. My suspicions rested on the unknown cousin, but it was only suspicion, unsupported by proof.

I performed the last offices of love to my uncle, and many were the friends from all quarters that gathered about his last home on earth, for he was widely known and loved. His mysterious fate was the subject of general horror and surprise; but, as I have said, no traces of his murderer were discovered. His body had laid in the tomb several days before I thought of looking for a will. I had never mentioned the subject to him, but I had no doubt that he had made his last will in favor of me; indeed, I had no suspicion otherwise after he had said so many times that I should be his heir. What was then my surprise, upon looking over his private papers, to find no such instrument whatever! My astonishment was increased, as I looked further, for I found that the lock to a certain drawer had been forcibly burst off, and its contents were scattered about in confusion.

My thoughts instinctively wandered back to that fatal night when the noise had been heard in my uncle's room, succeeded by the galloping away of a horse. Then I saw the whole; the villain nephew in the dead of night had entered the house, killed its owner, stolen his will, and made his escape. The magnitude of the discovery overwhelmed me. That this unknown cousin had formed a plot to wrest from me the wealth which was rightfully mine, I had no doubt; but I could not see how it was to be done, unless by a forged will, and if any such scheme should be started, I resolved to do my utmost to frustrate it. But my doubts were all solved in a few days after, for a notary called upon me and displayed a document, headed, "The last will and testament of Jaques Delcroix, made April 21st, 182—," in which all his property, both landed and personal, was bequeathed to his nephew, Wilhelm Strauss.

I knew that this will was no forgery; I could have sworn to the signature of my uncle which was attached to it. Besides which, were the autographs of several witnesses whom I knew to be persons of honor, all of whom were still living, and it was executed one year before I was adopted by my uncle. I now saw everything clearly. My cousin (how I hated the name!) had discovered the existence of a subsequent will made in my favor, and had taken a favorable opportunity to steal it. The notary informed me that he was vested with full power to take possession of the domain immediately, and that the owner intended to enter into possession in person in about a week. I determined never to look upon his hateful face, and if I could not visit him with the punishment he so richly deserved, I would at least disappoint him in the pleasure



which he doubtless anticipated in turning me from the roof which was so dear to me. I bade a hasty adieu to the many old haunts, and taking my little property with me, I departed from my native Cannes for Paris.

I was fortunate in meeting an old friend of my uncle's in Paris, who immediately placed me in a position where I received a good salary, and was enabled to save a considerable sum yearly. This I resolved to lay by till it should amount to sufficient to allow of my travelling and seeing with my own eyes various parts of Europe, of which I had read. And it was not merely the desire of travelling for its pleasure that impelled me—it was a kind of second nature which had grown upon me, and I was somehow possessed with the idea that my wrongs were to be righted soon, and that I should make some discovery tending to that result. At all events, five years after the death of my uncle found me in Antwerp. I was then twenty-five years of age; the day that I met the stranger was my birthday.

An hour after sunset, I took my way in the direction of the old cathedral. It was in a very handsome quarter of the town, and I wondered that the stranger's residence should be located there, when his appearance indicated poverty. I thought I had made a mistake when I arrived at the handsomest house in the vicinity and saw that it was opposite the cathedral. A servant waiting at the door, asked me to follow him, and he conducted me to an apartment on the second floor, where he left me. The room was almost dark; the little light in it was shed by the fire in the grate, which threw its radiance on the walls in fantastic figures. Seated by it was the stranger, his head buried in his hands. The furniture was of the costliest kind, and the whole aspect of the room was one of cheerfulness. But its effect was certainly lost upon Liemann, as I remembered his name to be, for his appearance was much more strange than when I had met him in the morning. As he rose to meet me, I was startled by the wan and haggard look of his countenance. He welcomed me with a few words, and handing me a chair, he resumed his attitude of thought, while ever and anon his frame shook as if in pain.

He at length broke the somewhat painful silence which had ensued, and said:

"My friend, did you ever read the old story of the Venetian mother, who, when her son had fallen sick and was at the point of death, was informed in a vision that his cure depended upon a garment being wrought for him by a happy and virtuous woman?—and how, when she went forth to seek such a one, she found in one house

the skeleton of a lover whom a jealous husband had slain, and in every house where she sought was found the shadow of some woe which had fallen upon it? Is there a skeleton in your own house?"

This question took me by surprise, but I answered:

"Alas, yes! I have a dreadful skeleton in my home—a monstrous dread and sorrow to me!"

"But is yours a real skeleton?—is it the fabric of a former being whose bones rattle in echo to your sorrowful thoughts, or is it only the remembrance of some former sorrow?"

He fixed his piercing eyes upon me as he spoke, and kept his gaze fastened upon me. A nameless dread seized me, and I forgot to answer his question.

"I ask you," he continued, "because I have resolved to partially unbosom myself to you. I have a skeleton—I call him my friend, and perhaps he is, for I commune with no other object. But his presence brings perpetual horror to my soul and fosters the worm which is gnawing at my breast. It is remorse—the upbraidings of an outraged conscience are killing me—my punishment is truly greater than I can bear!"

He covered his face with both his hands, and I thought that he wept; but when he raised his face again, I saw that his eyes were dry. After a short silence, he spoke:

"I will show you my skeleton, and perhaps it may relieve my pain if you can afford to pity my miserable condition."

He went to the side of the mantel and pressed a spring in the wall. A long panel raised up and disclosed a narrow closet. And there, hung to the wall and vibrating and grinning with a terrifying effect, was a skeleton! My heart sickened at the sight, and I turned away, wondering more and more at the strangeness of the being who stood by my side.

"It is more like a dream than a reality," he continued, "that for the last four years I have lived constantly with a skeleton. I have plunged into the wildest dissipation, in the vain endeavor to shake off the consciousness of my terrible guilt, but the skeleton is always present. Sometimes I have endeavored to gain courage to destroy it, but the form of him whom this lot of rattling bones once was would rise before me, and my purpose would be destroyed. You are the only person whose sympathy I have ever sought, and heartily do I thank you for it. Will you tell me your name?"

"Certainly—I should have told you before. It is Philip Delcroix."

He stood for a moment like one petrified : his face assumed an ashen hue and his frame quivered and shook. He leaned against the mantel for support, and before I could offer him any assistance he exclaimed :

"It is a judgment from Heaven ! my cup is indeed full—it cannot be."

His strength seemed to have returned, for he started up and gazed steadfastly into my face. Then, as if assured, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit, and said :

"Explanation would be useless now, and I wish to be alone. Will you come to-morrow, and if I am not at home will you open this closet ? believe me, it is for your good."

Bewildered by what I had seen and heard, I could do no less than promise. He rung for a servant to show me to the street, and said as I passed from the room :

"Remember ! in that closet."

I reached my house, and threw myself upon my bed. My thoughts were mixed up in an inextricable whirl. What was the strange interest that this mysterious Liemann took in me ? what did it portend—and his skeleton friend, too ; what had I to find in that closet ? I could settle nothing definite in my mind. Wearied with unavailing thought I fell into a troubled sleep which lasted through the day, and tossed on a sleepless couch all night. I had indeed fallen into a strange mystery. I awoke early after a slight sleep, and paced my apartment until the sun arose. Then I sallied out towards the house of Liemann, for my suspense was like a dagger in my breast. The servant did not think that his master had arisen, but he admitted me to his chamber. As the servant closed the door behind him I glanced at the couch and saw that it had not been occupied. I sat down for a moment and then walked to the corner of the mantel. I hesitated for an instant and then pressed the spring. The panel flew and the closet was revealed. My head swam with dizziness, and I almost fainted. Recovering in a moment I opened my closed eyes and looked again. There, stretched out at the feet of his skeleton lay Gustave Liemann, his face turned upward, and the damp of death gathered on his brow. A knife lying on the floor showed the manner of his death, and he grasped a folded paper in his hand. I know not how I summoned sufficient resolution to unclothe the rigid grasp of death and take the paper, but when I did so I saw that it was directed to myself. Unmindful of the place, or the terrible spectacle before me I sat down to obtain a knowledge of the mystery in which I was so strangely involved. The manuscript read :

"At length the moment has arrived when I am compelled to make confession of my crimes and give up my ill-gotten wealth to its rightful owner. You, Philip Delcroix, are my cousin ! Yes—the poor mass of miserable clay which now lies at your feet is all that remains of Wilhelm Strauss, known to you as Gustave Liemann. Can you pardon the crimes of one who has already suffered the torments of a second hell, and who is willing to make the reparation which lies in his power ? believing that you can and will, one pang at least is spared me in my last moments. You have conjectured how I murdered our uncle, and the base artifice that I used to obtain his wealth. Alas ! you have yet to learn the sequel. You can imagine that the stings of conscience tormented me. I was a restless and unhappy being, the prey of every roving fancy of the brain. I was suddenly seized with an intense desire to possess the *skeleton of the murdered uncle*. It amounted to a kind of insanity, and day and night I was followed by this desire. I was compelled to gratify it. I caused the coffin to be taken from the tomb, and with my own hands opened the lid. I found therein the ghastly phantom which has since then almost driven me mad. I was not myself—I was controlled and urged on by some invisible power. I was forced to look many times a day upon my skeleton friend, as I bitterly said to you, and the poisoned arrows of remorse and conscience worked deeper and deeper. I left my home—I came to Antwerp—but the mighty power that controlled me compelled me to take the skeleton. Five horrible years have I passed in this manner. I saw you : the same spirit drove me to make your acquaintance. The agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that awful moment when I first discovered your identity. Pardon me Philip, if you can, and pray for me. The will which your uncle made for you is in the drawer of the large book-case ; I could not destroy it. Farewell—let my fate warn you ! I must die—O, conscience, cease thy pains !"

Here the writing ceased. The events of two days had crowded upon me so rapidly, that my brain seemed boiling with emotion. What thoughts were mine as I stood in the presence of those strange dead ! The last scene in the strange drama was completed, and the skeleton grinned as if in triumph over the form of his destroyer. But gentler feelings took possession of my mind—I thought of the miserable Strauss, pursued through long years of suffering by the consciousness of his terrible guilt, and the dreadful expiation which he had made, and feelings of pity predominated in my breast.

I found the will in the place directed by the dying confession. Again I lived in the old mansion at Cannes, and once more called the dear old place my own. The ashes of Wilhelm Strauss and my uncle repose in the old tomb, and let us hope that the former is truly at rest. And if my life has thus far had the appearance of sadness, the remembrance of the story which I have related must be the excuse.

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY J. E. BAILLY.

Dear lady, would to me were given  
The skill to weave in form complete,  
A sweet bouquet of fancy's flowers,  
One meet to lay at beauty's feet;

Or could I wake, in numbers true,  
A lay of love to fill thine ear,  
To make thee feel as I have felt,  
The loneliness of being here.

The ring-dove mourns its absent mate  
Far in the deep and silent woods;  
Sings plaintively a mournful song,  
And pines away in solitude.

With me, nor hope nor wish to soar,  
With Moore, or Scott, or Byron's power,  
I touch the lyre with trembling hands,  
To while away an idle hour;

And if, perchance, one ray divine  
Of true poetic fervor beam,  
Along my unambitious line,  
Thyself hath been th' inspiring theme.

No other ear but thine shall hear,  
No other eye but thine shall see;  
No other voice but thine shall wake,  
My simple, untaught minstrelsy.

Then let me hope to win a smile  
Of kind approval from thine eye,  
Or wake a tone within thy heart  
Attuned to kindest sympathy.

## THE TROUBLESOME NIECE:

—OR,—

## THE OPENING OF A HARDENED HEART.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"AND so Kate Owen is coming here!" said Absalom Burr to himself, as he paced to and fro in his small, dingy apartment. "Why don't she get married and go about her business? A plague on her, I say. Just because my sister chose to marry Jim Owen, and then die, and leave this girl behind, I must take the thing and provide for it. What a fool I was ever to tell my sister I'd see to her child. Why, here'll be my house turned topsy-turvy, and everything like peace fly out of the windows. And then I suppose the flirt thinks that I'll find her in spending money. But she'll soon find out her mistake there. Not a penny—no—not one. She says she can sew, and she shall. By the host, she don't touch a penny of mine. And if she stays here she shall do my sewing to pay for house room, and do my cooking and washing to pay for her victuals. A plague on the poor nieces!"

Thus spoke Absalom, and then he sat down and stuck his feet close up to the fire. Absalom Burr was a perfect miser. He had seen his sixtieth birthday, and his hair was sparse and white. His form was short and spare, and somewhat bent. His face was deeply furrowed by the hand of passing time, and its lines were hard and cold. His clothes were old and patched, and his shoes, even, were sadly in want of mending. The cold breath of winter was close at hand, and yet the only fuel he had was such as he had been able to pick up by the roadside, and at the edge of the pond. The house in which he lived was but a poor hovel, with only two rooms, and with furniture more fit for fire-wood than for anything else. There were four windows in the house, and every spare rag of clothing he owned was in use for the replacing of broken panes.

And yet Absalom Burr was worth fifty thousand dollars, though he contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand, which was invested in houses that he rented in the town. He was never known to bestow a penny in charity, though many a poor and suffering fellow-creature had begged for assistance at his hands. Alone had he lived for many a long year, and his heart was all hardened and closed up against every kindly feeling. He spent his time in attending to his rents, picking up wood and rags by the wayside, and in counting his money at home.

One Monday evening, near the last of November, the stage stopped in front of Absalom's hut, and a young female was helped out by the driver, and a trunk and bandbox put down after her. It was Kate Owen. The old man had not seen her for ten years, but he remembered well how his sister had looked when she was a girl, and here was her exact image. Kate's mother was the only sister he ever had, and he was the only brother she ever had, and thus Kate was the only near relative he had living. The girl helped carry her own trunk in, and as soon as she had removed her bonnet, she threw her arms about her uncle's neck and kissed him. He started back, at this, and a severe look passed over his face.

Kate Owen was a pretty girl, and she had left behind her not one acquaintance who did not love her. She was a short, plump, laughter-loving being, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and when she laughed, the dimples deepened in her cheeks and chin, and the dark curls shook about her fair temples. In fact, one look at her happy face was as good as medicine for the blues, and the ring of her rich and merry laugh was contagious.

"My dear uncle," she said, after she had seated

herself at the fire, "are you not glad I've come?"

"Well—yes; I shouldn't want you to be without a home. But mind—you are to help me. You won't be an expense to me."

"Of course I won't. Why, I'll return you tenfold. How snug and happy we will be this winter! You won't be here all alone to hear the wind blow, and the hail thump and rattle against the windows. And I shall feel better, too, than I should if I was away among strangers."

"But you've got to go among strangers sometime. You can't expect that you are going to find a home here always."

"O, no, uncle, of course not. But then while I do stay here we'll enjoy ourselves, won't we?"

"I enjoy myself very well at any time."

Kate understood all this. She knew just what her uncle was, and she had come prepared to meet all his peculiarities. She kept the same happy smile upon her face, and in the same sweet tones did she address the old miser under all circumstances. Ere long she asked her uncle where she could find the materials for supper, for she confessed that she was hungry.

"I eat some bread and cheese when I am hungry," he told her.

"But haven't you any tea? or any flour? or any butter?"

"There may be a little butter," said the old man, reluctantly; "but I don't think there's any flour, and tea is something I don't use."

"But you love it, uncle?"

"Why, yes—but it costs too much."

"And sugar—have you any of that?"

"No. I get along very well without it."

"Then you wait a few minutes, and I'll run out and get some. I saw a store as I came by, only a few rods back from here." And as she spoke she put on her bonnet and shawl.

"But I don't have any account at the store," uttered the old man, fearfully. "They won't trust me."

"Never mind. I have the money. Just you see to the fire, and mind that the tea-kettle boils."

And thus speaking Kate ran out. In about fifteen minutes she returned, and in her arms she bore quite a little heap of packages. A little bundle of flour, a package of tea, some sugar, a small, new tin pail full of milk, and so on. Her next movement was to hunt up the bread. She found a loaf of baker's bread, and having cut it up into slices, she placed it near the fire to toast. Then she moved out the old table, and after the leaves were raised she inquired for the table-cloth, but the old man had none. But she was prepared for this, and for more too. In her trunk she not only found the cloth, but also a cream-pitcher,

sugar-bowl, and a few other articles of like description, which she kept as remembrancers of her mother. The snow-white cloth was spread, the dishes put on, and then Kate hunted up the stew-pan. This she cleaned, and having fixed it on the fire, she proceeded to prepare a dip for the toast, which she made of butter, milk and water, thickened with a little flour. She found Absalom's dishes hidden away in various places, as though stuck away from the sight of assessors and tax-gatherers. But there were more of them than she had imagined, though they all had to undergo a sort of washing process before they were put upon the table. Finally the toast was done, the tea made, and then Uncle Absalom was informed that supper was ready.

So intent had he been upon watching the light, noiseless movements of the fairy that he did not notice the first call, and it was not until he had been spoken to the second time that he fairly understood. He sat up to the table, and a softer shade rested upon his features as he cast his eyes over the board. The snowy cloth, the clean dishes, the steaming tea-pot, the light, rich-looking toast, and, above all, the lovely presence that presided over the scene, were new things in that heretofore cheerless home. Kate helped him to a plate of toast, and to a cup of tea, and the shade upon his face grew softer, as he tasted the well prepared food.

"Don't you remember this cream-pitcher, and this sugar-bowl, Uncle Absalom?" Kate asked, as she helped him to a second plate of toast.

He looked at them, and after a while he said:

"They do look familiar, Kate."

"Ay, uncle, you have seen them often before. Your kind old mother always used them while she lived, and when she died she gave them to my mother. I love them now, for they are doubly dear to me, bringing back to my mind one of the best of grandmothers, and one of the most true and faithful mothers."

Absalom Burr gazed upon the mementoes, and a moisture gathered in his eyes, but 'twas not quite enough to form a tear.

"Now, uncle," spoke Kate, as they were about to arise from the table, isn't this better than cold bread and water?"

"Why, yes, it tastes a little better, but it costs more, Kate."

"No, no, my uncle, it doesn't cost so much. It may take a little more money, but look at the comfort and satisfaction which it affords, and which would be lost without it. What is money good for, if we cannot purchase comfort with it? Who so poor as he who has no comfort and no joys? But I know what you mean. You would

be prudent and saving—and so we will be; and yet we will have some comfort, too.”

The table was soon cleared away, and then Kate proceeded to wash her dishes. After this she sat down and conversed with her uncle, and for two hours she entertained him with accounts of her own and her parents' experience. When bed-time came, she found her cot ready for her, and though she saw plainly how she could better it, yet she said nothing. She put her arms about her uncle's neck, and having kissed him, she said :

“Good night, uncle. God bless and keep you.” And then she took her candle and went away to bed, leaving the old man to find his way by the light of the fire.

How those words hung in the old man's mind.

How strange and sweet they were, and how many long years had passed since he had heard such words before. His thoughts went back to the time when his mother used to kiss him at bed-time, and for the while he forgot the long, dark years that had passed away since those boyhood days. The old man went to his bed and dreamed. He dreamed that he was a boy once more, and that his mother was with him, to care for and to love him.

In the morning he was aroused by the notes of a sweet, blithe song. He started up and listened, and he heard the same beautiful song which his mother used to sing in her happiest moments. He arose and dressed himself, and shortly afterwards Kate came in. She had built a fire in the old fire-place out in the porch, and the coffee was already made. She greeted the old man with a happy smile, and another kiss. Her cheeks were all aglow, and her face presented the very picture of health and happiness.

A breakfast of dry toast and butter, coffee and a few warm biscuit, was soon on the table, and as the old man sat down, that shade upon his face grew softer still. After breakfast Kate came and put her arms about his neck, and said :

“Now, uncle, that you have a female in the house, you ought surely to slick up a little—enough for comfort, at any rate. In the first place, we want just seven panes of glass set. Now go to the glazier and have this done at once; for you know your own health and comfort will be enhanced thereby.”

“Yes—well—I have been thinking of this sometime, Kate; but it costs so much.”

“Never mind that, Uncle Absalom. Let us first have those things which are absolutely necessary to our health and comfort, and then we will examine our funds, and if we are likely to fall short, we can economise in something else.”

“So we can,” said the old man; and ~~thus~~ speaking he left the house. In half an hour afterwards the glazier came, and before noon the windows were perfect.

And all that forenoon Kate worked briskly about the house with mop, and soap, and water, so that when Absalom came home he was astonished. The floor was clean and white, the fire-place neat, and the new windows let in such an extra quantity of light, that it seemed like a new room. Kate got such a dinner as she was able to pick up, and the afternoon she spent in mending some of her uncle's old clothes. He came in towards the middle of the forenoon, and she told him that she was out of flour. He proposed getting two pounds, but she finally made him see that 'twould be for his interest to get a barrel. It came hard to pay out six dollars for a barrel of flour, but he did it; and while he was about it he got a pound of tea, a pound of coffee, a dollar's worth of sugar, and some other little things. These he had sent home, and when he came to sit down to his supper of light, warm biscuit, and taste the fragrant tea, he really confessed to himself that he was a gainer by the money thus far expended.

Thus matters moved on for a week. The old man watched his niece's every movement, but he could see nothing wasted. Every crumb was cared for and saved, and he was surprised to see what excellent dishes she prepared for almost nothing. One afternoon, when the wind blew cold, and the snow was falling fast, a poor girl rapped at the door, and Kate let her in. Her name was Martha Allen, and her father was a poor day-laborer who had been confined to his bed for several months, having been severely injured while blasting rocks. Martha was only fifteen, and was a mild, blue-eyed, pretty girl. She had come to see if Mr. Burr could not help her father.

“Why should he send to me?” the old man asked, nervously.

“O, sir, he does not know that I have gone out to beg for him,” returned the girl; “but I could not bear to see him suffering so, in body and mind, without trying to help him. For three long months he has lain in his bed, and now he is kept back by the fearful thought of the debt he will have upon his shoulders when he gets up. But thus far I have not run him in debt, though he thinks I have, and I dare not wholly undeceive him, for fear that I must do so. We have spent every cent he had laid up, and I have worked hard and sold many of my things; but I have nothing more to sell, and all my time must be spent with him. O, sir! for the

love of mercy, give me something. If we ever can pay you we will."

"But what would you have, girl?" the old man asked, moving uneasily in his chair.

"A dollar, sir, or two dollars. You would not miss it, while—"

"Not miss it! And do you think I am made of money?"

At this moment Kate left the room, and in a moment more she opened the door and called for her uncle to come out.

"What is it?" he asked, as he came into the back room, leaving the poor girl alone.

"Uncle Absalom, you must not send that poor child away empty-handed," she said, placing both hands upon his shoulders. "Just think of her poor father, and of how much she suffers for him. You are able, and as sure as you give in charity to her, so sure shall your reward be."

"And who's to reward me, child?"

"Your own thoughts and feelings, uncle."

"But I haven't the money to spare."

"Then give her ten dollars—"

"Ten dollars! Mercy, Kate, would you ruin me?"

"Hear me out. Give her ten dollars, and if, at the end of six months, you want it back I will pledge myself to see it paid."

"You see it paid? And where will you get it?"

"I have more than that—money which I have laid up to buy me clothes with."

"Then you cannot spare it."

"I can go without clothes easier than I can see a poor, honest man suffering, when by my means he may be blessed. O, I would rather have the free, heart-felt blessing of one honest soul than all the dresses in the world. To walk forth and feel that I am loved for the good I do were better far than millions of money piled away in dark corners. Go and give her ten dollars, and keep me to my promise, for I will not break it. But mind you—my name must not be mentioned. Give it to her as your own gift."

"But you will pay me?"

"When you ask for it."

"I think it's foolish for you to throw away your money so, and yet I'll give it to her. You won't come to me for dresses though."

"No, sir."

The old man returned, and having pulled out his pocket-book, he drew out ten dollars and handed it to Martha Allen.

"Here," he said; "take this, and see that you make a good use of it."

The poor girl took the money with a trembling hand, and as she looked at the bills—two fives—she was startled.

"You have made a mistake, sir," she said.

"How so?"

"You have given me ten dollars."

"So I meant, girl."

A moment the child gazed into the old man's face, and then she burst into tears.

"O, sir!" she uttered, catching his hands and pressing her lips upon them. "God bless you for this! You know not what joy will illumine my poor father's heart when he knows of this. God bless you, now and forever!"

When Martha Allen was gone, Absalom Burr wiped a tear from his eye. Kate looked up through her own tears and saw him. She moved quietly to his side, and putting her soft arm about his neck, she kissed him upon the cheek. But she did not speak.

An excellent supper was partaken of, and in the evening Kate sang some of her sweetest songs to her uncle, and more than once while she sang she saw tears in his eyes.

That night, when Absalom Burr laid his head upon his pillow, he had a new emotion, and it was a strange one to him—yet it was a sweet and blessed one. He had done a deed of charity, and the blessing of that poor but noble girl yet rung in his ears and dropped upon his soul; and he imagined he could hear the prayers of Mark Allen ascending to heaven in his behalf. He knew Mark Allen for an honest, industrious, steady, hard-working man, and he felt sure that Mark would pray for him. Surely the thought was a blessed one.

But stop! Who gave that saving gift? Who was it did that deed of charity?

"By the saints," murmured the old man, starting half up in bed, "I did it! Kate shan't pay me one cent! She shan't! Bless me if she shall!"

And Absalom lay back upon his pillow, and in the night he dreamed that Martha Allen was an angel, and that she came to bless him. It was a sweet, cheering dream.

Two days afterwards Kate proposed that they should go and visit Mark Allen. "For," said she, "our presence may cheer him."

And the old man finally consented to go. They reached the humble cot, and were welcomed in by Martha. They found old Mark sitting in a great, stuffed chair which a neighbor had sent in, and though he looked pale and wan, yet a warm smile suffused his face, as he saw the visitors.

"Mr. Burr," he said, while big tears stood in his eyes, "I can never pay you for the noble kindness you have shown me. I may at some time pay you the money, but I cannot pay you all, for the bare money is as nothing compared

with the knowledge that I have such a generous friend to stretch out his saving hand in the hour of gloom and misery."

"Talk not of money to me," returned Uncle Absalom, earnestly and warmly. "If it served you, I am already more than repaid. The blessings of man are cheaply purchased when so slight a sum can do it; and, moreover, I have been more than repaid in the very knowledge that I have been of service to a suffering fellow."

Even Kate was surprised by this; but she knew that 'twas real, and she was glad.

When they arose to depart, at the end of nearly an hour, Martha followed them to the door, and here she blessed the old man again. He was moved by a generous impulse, and he took a golden half-eagle from his pocket and handed it to her.

"No, no," she said, drawing her hand back. "What you have already given us will suffice until my father gets out. But there is one who would be blessed with the gift, and if you will permit me I will relinquish the gift in her behalf. The poor Widow Wildredge is very low, and her daughter is sick. I carried them over some food this morning, and found them quite destitute."

But Uncle Absalom was a stubborn man, and he would have his own way.

"Take this," he said, "and I may find another for Mrs. Wildredge. Your father will not be able to work for some time yet; so take it. If you will, I will call on the widow—but if you refuse me, I won't move a step only towards home."

Martha took the money with tearful eyes, and Mr. Burr heard more blessings as he turned away. Widow Wildredge's dwelling was not far off, and thither the uncle and niece turned their steps. They found the mother, a woman of some fifty years, sitting by the bedside of her sick daughter. She arose as the visitors came in, and her countenance plainly showed that she wondered why Absalom Burr had called. But she saw an angel in Kate's mild blue eyes.

Absalom and the widow were playmates once, and the ice was soon broken. Gradually the uncle and niece drew forth the story of the woman's sufferings, and then the old man took out his pocket-book, and took therefrom fifteen dollars.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the widow, "this may serve to lighten your burden some. I am able, while you are needy. Take it, and remember that you may look to me again when need comes upon you."

Mechanically the woman took the money, and having gazed first upon the charmed notes, and then upon the donor, she bowed her head and

thanked God for the blessing. And then, while the warm tears gushed forth, she caught the old man by the hand, and poured forth her thanks.

When Absalom Burr sat down to his supper that night, that shade upon his face was as soft as the radiance of the setting sun. His food was eaten with a keen relish, and he could now return Kate's smile. And on that night, too, his dreams were more pleasant than ever.

Some time during the next day Kate came up from the cellar, and asked her uncle what that dark vault was for.

"How did you find it?" he cried, in quick alarm.

"The door was partly open."

"I did forget to lock it. I remember now."

"But what is it, uncle?"

The old man finally confessed to Kate that he had over twenty thousand dollars stowed away there.

"Why, uncle! Is it possible? And you let it lie there in the dark, without use?"

"But if the assessors knew it they'd make me pay taxes on it."

Kate was about to give utterance to a very indignant response, but she held it back, and went and sat down by the old man's side.

"Now look here, Uncle Absalom: How much would you be taxed for that money?"

"Over a hundred dollars a year. Just think of it."

"Yes, and think of this: Here is the railroad company have just advertised for a loan of twenty-five thousand at five per cent. You can make up the five thousand and let them have it. Have you not five thousand more lying idle somewhere?"

"Perhaps so," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"Then look at it. Thus you would not only be helping community, and assisting a great public good, but you would at the same time be realizing twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year where you do not now get a cent. And again. When the company have done with the money, you can build houses here in this town, every one of which will let as soon as finished, and at fair rents. Think how you will thus be benefiting community, and at the same time rendering yourself more able to bestow in charity such sums as your own good judgment shall dictate. And then think again," resumed Kate, as she noticed the doubting look upon her uncle's face, "how much easier you would feel to know that your money was safe, than to be worrying all the while for fear some one will come in the night and rob you."

This last hit touched a vulnerable point, and

Absalom said he would think of it. And he did think of it to some purpose, for on the very next morning he started off for P——, and having found the proper officers, he told them that he could accommodate them with the desired loan. They were much pleased, and in a short time they had the money in gold and current bills, and Absalom had the notes and good security. He went home with a better opinion of his fellow-men, and of himself, than he ever had before, for he had been thanked by noble gentlemen for his kindness, and his opinion had been asked on various important matters, and he had partly promised, too, that if the new road wanted more help he would give it.

Six months passed away, from this period, and the troublesome niece still lived with her uncle. They also still inhabited the same little house into which Kate had first come. On the morning of the day which saw the sixth month from the time of giving the ten dollars to Martha Allen pass away, Kate came into the room where her uncle sat, and in her hand she held a ten-dollar note.

"Uncle Absalom," she said, "you remember what I told you when you gave that ten dollars to Martha Allen. The six months are up, and I have come to redeem my promise. Here is the money."

"Thank you," said the old man, as he took the bill and put it in his pocket. "I am glad you are so punctual." That was all he said, and then he took his hat and went out. Kate was puzzled, but not astonished, for she noticed a twinkle in the old man's eye which meant more than that ten dollars amounted to.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Uncle Absalom returned, and under his arm he carried a small box which he gave to Kate, saying, as he did so:

"Here, Kate, that is for you—the first present from your uncle." Here was a tear in his eye, and his voice trembled; and when the bright-eyed girl kissed him he wept outright.

She hurried away to her little room and opened the box. The first thing she saw was a letter directed to herself, and in her uncle's handwriting. The next was a neatly embossed ebony casket, within which she found a gold watch and chain, with a small locket attached, within which was a miniature of Uncle Absalom. Below this was a small book which she found to be a bank-book, and by looking into it she discovered that on that very day the sum of ten thousand dollars had been deposited in her name, at six per cent. interest, to be drawn by her in whole or in part at will. As soon as she could see clearly

enough through her tears she opened her uncle's letter, and read as follows:

"June 18th, 18—.

"MY DEAR KATE,—Six months ago my heart was all cold and hard, and closed to every kindly emotion. I distrusted all my fellows, and saw no good in humanity. My life-path was dark and gloomy, and a chill night was upon my soul. But you came to me with sunlight and joy, and by your sweet music and gentle persuasions my heart was opened, and the warm light of love entered, and since then some good has escaped from that opened heart. And now to you, who performed the happy work, I give the accompanying as a slight token of my love for you, and my appreciation of your many virtues. But you will not leave me. Perhaps at some time you may be called upon to enter into a new and holier partnership, but I beg of you to forget not me. Tell the happy, blessed man who may claim you, that you cannot go without me; for my life would be but a living death without you.

Your uncle,

ABSALOM BURR."

When Kate next met her uncle, her eyes were red with weeping, and her cheeks were wet. She moved to his side, and as she kissed him, she simply whispered, "God bless you! I will never own a home where you may not go."

When the warm breath of summer came, the old man moved into a good house, and ere long afterwards Kate gave her hand to an honest, industrious mechanic—a carpenter by trade. And then came the business. Absalom found money, and Kate's husband found the skill, and new houses went up in the thriving village. The old man was busy now, and as his simple, abstemious life had left him with a noble constitution, he was spry and strong.

And Absalom Burr and his niece were not the only ones who were blessed by the opening of that hardened heart. No—far from it. Hundreds there were who basked in the warm sunlight of the noble charity that flowed from the ample source which Kate's gentle wand had opened.

#### THE AMERICAN CHINA TRADE.

This trade shows a large increase from 1849, when we imported from China 18,000,000 lbs. tea. This year we have imported about 40,000,000 lbs. The annual import has varied since 1849 from 18 to 40 millions lbs.; some years, as in 1853, having 40,000,000, and 1855, 31,000,000. The India trade to Calcutta, Manilla, Batavia, Pedang, etc., increases at a very rapid rate, and is perhaps more than any other business, conducing to the wealth, prosperity and importance of Boston.—*Boston Transcript*.

Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular yet truthful motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."



## THE REQUEST....TO —

BY MILLIE AUGUSTE.

There's a favor I would ask of thee,  
Dear friend, on this bright day;  
For Madame Rumor says that thou  
Art going far away.

That the sunny "West" hath charms for thee,  
And lures thee to her home—  
She holds out prospects bright and fair,  
And whispers, "Will you come?"

Her mighty waters, broad and deep,  
I know you'll love full well,  
And mid the shades that round them creep,  
We'll build a fairy dell.

And now a simple boon I crave,  
O, will you grant it me?  
When you are roaming far from hence,  
In land beyond the sea?

'Tis but a thought, a single thought,  
A small and tiny thing;  
Say, will you, can you, give it,  
Where the birds are carolling?

And she who writes will thank thee,  
And wish that you may be  
As happy as the angels are—  
As guileless, bright and free.

IVANOVNA :

—OR,—

## THE RUSSIAN SORCERESS.

BY WILLIAM O. BATON.

THE ninth year of the reign of the Empress Catherine II., 1771, is the date of that memorable plague which ravaged the interior of Russia, and which, owing to the singular ignorance of the Russian physicians and to the proportionate fanaticism of a superstitious people, desolated whole provinces, before its dread effects were stayed. The army of Catherine, triumphant over the Turks, had quailed, alone, before the plague which assailed them from its birthplace, in the land of the unclean Ottoman; and, returning from their wonderful victories, carried sadness, as much as gladness, into the bosom of their country—for they carried the pesthouse with them. The physicians of the empire were unacquainted with the scourge, and mistook it for an epidemical fever; and hence hundreds of the cities and towns of Russia were rapidly depopulated. But of this hereafter.

Some ten years previous to the advent of this plague, there dwelt, in the suburbs of Moscow, the family of a merchant named Yaro Tarrak,

consisting of himself, his wife, Moika, of Georgian origin, their son, Oran, twelve years of age, and their daughter Yara, aged ten.

Associated with Tarrak, in an extensive inland trade, was his brother Paul, a man devoid of enterprise as of principle, and in mental and moral attributes the reverse of Yaro. The tie of blood alone had induced Yaro to make a partner of his brother, whose inferiority, as well as perfidy in their transactions, often threatened their business with shame and ruin, only averted by the talents, integrity and popularity of the younger brother, with great loss to himself. Quarrels were the natural result, and Paul each day increased in his hate and envy of Yaro, the contrast of whose character made his own deficiencies the more palpable and hideous.

"I am no brother, I am like no brother," he might have said, with Richard of Gloucester, and in time he resolved, like the "crook-backed tyrant," to wade to fortune through his brother's blood.

"His own misdeeds have made his means smaller than mine," said Yaro to his wife, one day, "and for this he appears to hate me. Gladly would I share with him, though he has no wife nor children, were he honest, though incapable; it was solely from fraternal feeling that I made him a partner. But time and again he has been near ruining me by his corrupt dealings, worthy only of those dogs, the Turks, and he may, indeed, thank me that his throat, as well as back, has been preserved from just punishment by indignant victims. No. Henceforth he must be content to have but a small share in our business, and for our Oran and sweet Yara, my dear Moika, we will hoard those fruits of fortune which a favoring God has sent us."

It was a pleasant dream for the worthy Muscovite; but one day it was broken.

His brother's artifices had succeeded in creating a belief in the minds of some of the creditors of the firm, that Moika had been instrumental in deceiving them, by corrupting the mind of her husband, Yaro, inspiring him with the thought of getting largely in their debt, and then suddenly departing for Georgia, her native land. That the expenses of Yaro were made vainly extravagant by this ambitious woman, an upstart foreigner, and that her wily intrigues had been the chief reason why himself, Paul, had been suspected of dishonesty, "a trait so utterly absent from our family," he asserted.

"This interloper hath poisoned my brother's mind against me, and I have been made the scapegoat of his blind love and her ruthless extravagance. My poor brother! I pity him—for

as yet he knows not that she is the very queen of perfidy, nor should I wonder at any time to hear of his death by poison or the dagger, through her means. She hates Russia and the Russians, and in her arch-dissimulation, while she professes to be a devout worshiper of our holy church, she is in truth a follower of the creed of accursed Mohammed, having apostatized in the day of her captivity among the Turks. Would that my infatuated brother had never brought her from the land of the heathen. Would she had never borne him children!"

The insidious Paul, working by degrees upon the prejudices of others, gradually attained his end with the influential, and also with the throng of serfs, whose religious superstition, in that benighted country, when aroused, has often burst forth in acts of frightful and irresistible fury upon its victims, regardless of rank, age, sex or opposing numbers.

The unconscious Moika was one day surprised, on her return homeward with her children from a drive through Moscow, to find that her carriage was followed by a crowd of the citizens, who saluted her with cries of:

"A plague upon the apostate Georgian! A curse upon the enemies of St. Vladimir and St. Nicholas! Let them be torn to pieces!" Missiles were thrown after the vehicle, and Moika, pallid with terror, alighted at the door of her residence, and escaped into it with the children, barely in time before the arrival of the pursuers. They paused awhile before the door, murmuring that for him alone they refrained from sacrificing the enemy of their country and their faith.

On the arrival of her husband home, his indignant inquiries and expostulations about the outrage were fruitless. The origin of the public tumult was not discoverable. The stubborn neighbors would not listen to Yaro, and Paul exulted in secret. He continued to foment in private the mischievous sentiment which had been excited, and having brought his plans to a focus, within a week he staked them all upon a blow. That blow was given at midnight in the house of his brother, and aimed at that brother's life. While Yaro was sleeping, after the cares of a useful day, Paul stole into the chamber and buried a knife in the bosom of his brother. The victim woke no more. The murderer stole from the apartment and returned home—unmarked save by the two children, Oran and Yara, through whose room he passed with heavy foot in his hurried exit.

"It was uncle!" said Yara, trembling. "Did you know he was here, Oran?"

"No. When did he come? Call mother."

The wife answered the call, and learning the cause, hastened in surprise to her husband's couch—and there she fell and fainted on the bloody body, instinct with love and life no longer.

The sun had not shone two hours on the morning spires and domes of holy Moscow, ere Paul Tarrak had filled the street before the house of his brother with an infuriated mob of the lowest order.

"Vengeance!" he cried. "My brother's murderers must expiate her guilt at once. Enter and do as you will!"

The brutal and ignorant herd did not slowly execute his request. They rushed into the mansion with hideous yells, and with merciless force seized the defenceless Moika, who, with her weeping children by her side, was bowing in agony over her husband's corse, and wrenching her from their embrace, hurried her down into the street, and with shouts of:

"Death to the Georgian—the murderess of Tarrak, our beloved neighbor!" dragged the hapless woman to the river and cast her in.

"Save my mother!" cried the children, with imploring hands, as she rose to the surface.

"Death to my brother's assassin!" shouted Paul, hurling a huge stone at Moika.

It struck her fair head, and the waves closed over it forever. A wild roar of exultation burst from the fierce, fanatical wretches, as they strolled away from the water's side, with boasting.

"All is mine!" muttered Paul. "I am avenged, now—but what shall be done with the children?"

The children saved him the trouble of guiding their young destinies for weal or woe. They had fled and were not to be found.

We will advance to the year of the plague again—the year of which we have previously spoken. That year of popular excesses, of medical ignorance, of rapid depopulation, was the year in which, to the wonder of the Russian rabble and the distrust of the officers of the empire, Ivanovna, the sorceress, was destined to appear.

All Moscow was pale at the presence of the plague. Hundreds upon hundreds died helpless every day, in that city, as throughout the neighboring provinces. The physicians, powerless to arrest the destruction of life, became the objects of popular fury, and many were sacrificed by the despairing mobs who roamed the city. Numbers lay dead where they fell, the survivors fearing to approach them, even in the street. Moscow was mourning the loss of her most use-

ful citizens, and the measures devised for the crisis, by the solicitous genius of Catherine, who truly deplored the affliction of her subjects, and which were commanded to be observed as precautions, by Gregory Orlof, were utterly disregarded by the masses—they preferred to rely upon the prayers of saints and images, and the consequence was that the dead lay in heaps. One day of unusual horror, when a conflict had occurred between the populace and a small body of the troops of the empress, who had been sent to prevent their violence towards the physicians, and the plunder of their dwellings, a cry went through the city, of :

"Ivanovna! Ivanovna! The great sorceress has come for our deliverance! Great is Catherine, but greater is Ivanovna!" And a general rush of the multitude was made towards a temple, where an immense crowd had already assembled, and were kneeling before an inscription in gold,—placed upon a column—which ran in Arabic, as follows :

"O, great Mohammed, have pity for once, upon these dogs of Christians, for the sake of our deliverance from captivity; and free them soon from the pestilence!"

A Turkish captive had so far imposed upon the authorities and the people, as to induce their belief in his power to work a miracle by this means, and neglecting all other, they bowed in blind superstition before it—though meanwhile one fourth of the city had become victims to the plague.

It was at this juncture that the sudden arrival of Ivanovna was announced.

She stood upon the steps of the temple, surrounded by adherents who had faith in her supernatural wisdom, and harangued the mob. She was dressed in a wild attire, a woman with fair but strangely painted features, holding a white wand surmounted by a crucifix.

"I have come from far provinces to save you, O my people!" she exclaimed, "not only from the scourge, but from other consequences of your sins against Heaven. Kneel not, but rise and calmly listen."

Her voice was loud and melodious, and its tone of command enforced them to do as they were bidden.

"What shall we do, great Ivanovna?" asked one of the foremost, clinging reverently to the hem of her flowing mantle. "We have heard of your miracles and prophecies in other provinces, and will do as you command us."

"Cast down that vile deceit!" she replied, pointing to the inscription in Arabic.

"Wherefore," cried many, horrified at the idea.

"They are the words of a captive, an infidel, a vile slave of a Mussulman, who would have you waste your time in unmeaning worship, and perish while you pray. Act for yourselves."

"And what can we do?" cried the mob.

"What else but what loyalty should prompt you to do? Obey the directions of your empress. Obey the advice of the mighty Prince Orlof. Purify your bodies, your garments, your dwellings and your streets. The mighty Catherine, your sovereign mother and mistress, has told you to do this, but you have chosen to disregard her, and would rather butcher your own countrymen and die by plague, and dying, pay homage to the cheating words of a Turk. Tear down the blasphemous sign. Christians of Muscovy! trample in the dust the lying words of the treacherous Ottoman, who exults to see you perish!"

"Ay! down with it!" cried many.

Others opposed the proceeding as an offence to Heaven; but the believers in the sorceress prevailed, after much commotion, and the golden letters were torn from their conspicuous position and hurled into the street, many who still believed in them, struggling to gain possession of the fragments, and, if successful, hurrying away, kissing them. Some fell, in the act of pressing them to their lips, overtaken by the plague, and others snatched the pieces from their spotted hands, in turn, deeming the relics would save them from the spreading destruction.

"Way there! seize the sorceress!" was the command of the captain of a troop of horse, sent from a citadel to arrest Ivanovna, who had been represented as designing ultimately to overthrow the power of the empress, and as inciting the people to violence.

The appearance of the soldiers infuriated the stubborn masses. Their religious frenzies were aroused. They believed that Ivanovna must be an agent of the Most High, and now, with united and discordant yells, they threw themselves upon the troopers, tore many of them from their horses, and slew them, and so affrighted the steeds by their cries, that the cavalry fled in dismay.

"To your homes, now, my people, my good Russians, and do as I, as Catherine, as Orlof, have commanded; become cleanly in body and soul, and God will listen to your prayers. Let those, who would molest and disobey me, tremble lest a greater curse befall them. I will appear to you ere long, again."

The mob were obedient, and Ivanovna, after traversing several streets, suddenly disappeared.

"We are forbidden by the sorceress to worship

the inscription of the infidel," was the saying of many, "but at the Carvartskoi gate is the picture of the Mother of God. We have neglected our duties to our faith. Let us go thither. Let us go!"

Bound to worship something, in that half superstitious belief which requires something visible to adore, the masses of Moscow repaired to the public picture of St. Mary, where a mercenary enthusiast levied alms while pointing to the representation of the Virgin Mary. The result was such a neglect of what they should have done, in a sanitary way, that the Archbishop Ambrose, Primate of Moscow, on the second night sent soldiers who seized the picture to bear it away from sight.

The imagined sacrilege caused the mob to denounce the good archbishop as a heretic. The soldiers were driven away, the church bells rang, all Moscow was aroused, the intended crime proclaimed, and the venerable primate, alarmed, sought refuge in a suburban church.

"They will not dare, the madmen! to enter here," thought he. A mistake. Delirious, in their fears and woes and exasperated fanaticism, the holy sanctuary was invaded by the murderous rabble, and they assassinated their intended benefactor on the very steps of the altar.

Increased excesses, murders, robberies and intoxication followed, throughout the city, despite the harangues of Ivanovna, and the proclamations of the commandant, General Terapkin. And the scourge still spread its spotted wings over the doomed city.

In the midst of these terrible commotions, there was one wretch, wealthy, but more miserable than all, in that plague-assaulted city. That man was Paul Tarrak, the fratricide.

He was known now, not as a merchant, but as a recluse and a miser. Remorse had settled on his guilty soul, and all the treasure he had won by blood weighed like a mountain on his heart; and he crept through the streets, an emaciated, shrinking, suspicious creature, feeling that the angry eye of God was ever on him, and hourly apprehensive of some sudden retribution from the hands of men.

One day he bethought him of the sorceress, and had just resolved to ask her information of the future, when he received a summons to appear before her, in the humble hovel where she chose to dwell.

"I but thought of her, and lo! she sends for me. She knows my very thoughts. She must have miraculous knowledge. I dread to go now, but I dare not disobey."

"Art thou Paul Tarrak?" asked Ivanovna, as

he stood with obsequiously bowed head and folded hands before the sorceress, who received him alone.

"The all-wise Ivanovna knows it."

"Your thoughts are troubled, Paul," said she, fixing a glance upon him that seemed to search his very soul.

"They are, great mysterious mistress of all wisdom, and I would fain know if life to me is ever to be happier, and what will be my end."

"It was for that I called you hither. I know your thoughts and will answer them truly. Remorse is the constant curse of your soul. Is it not?"

Paul hesitated, but a glance at Ivanovna cowed him into confession.

"It is," he faltered.

"Look on high, Paul Tarrak, and tell me what you see."

"Nothing," said the trembling wretch, looking upwards, "but the dingy roof of this hut."

"See you not the spirits of your murdered brother Yaro, and Moika, his wife?"

The guilty man started back, aghast, and looked towards the door.

"Pause, man, and listen. Think you that that doubly accursed murder will go unavenged? Think you that when Heaven commissioned Ivanovna to heal the wounds and punish the sins of Russia, Ivanovna's eyes were not fixed on you? Fratricide! what excuse hast thou for that two-fold murder—four-fold, perhaps, for where are the flying children, whom you stripped at once of parents and a home?"

"I know not, nor have I ever heard. I would have cherished them, in atonement, had they stayed."

"Ay, Paul Tarrak, even as you cherished your brother's life and love. Tremble! for the last sun of thy pernicious life has shone upon thee."

She stamped her foot and four men suddenly emerged from a closet, where they had listened to Paul's confession.

"You have heard the murderer. Bind his arms and bear him forth to the suburbs. There, even before the door of his dead brother's house, let him be stoned to death."

"Mercy, great sorceress!" pleaded Paul.

"Mercy is for the merciful. Does the wild beast, with bloody claws, ask pardon of his hunters?"

The man was bound, and Ivanovna, followed by the rest, strode forth to the place she had designated, calling on the people, as she passed, to come and witness the work of justice.

"By suffering such as he to live, has the plague come amongst us!" exclaimed the sorcer-

ess, as she related to the credulous rabble, with eloquent condemnation, the story of the sins of Tarrak.

"Men of Muscovy, here in the sight of his mother's house, hurl your rocks upon the viper whose merciless ingratitude destroyed a family. Immolate him here, and let the story of retribution ascend to God in your shouts."

A shower of missiles assailed the victim's quivering form, and he fell, a mutilated corpse, to the earth, amid the furious curses and clamors of the multitude.

"So perish all causes of the plague, and all enemies of Heaven and mankind!" exclaimed the sorceress, holding on high her white crucifix.

"The garrison! the garrison!" at this moment resounded through the crowded street, and looking toward the city proper, all beheld the hasty approach of the main body of troops quartered in Moscow advancing upon them, under the lead of one of the trustiest officers of the empress, the commandant, General Terapkin. By his side rode a female in glittering costume, white plumes floating from a diadem around her brow.

As they neared the mob, the latter prepared to resist them, but Ivanovna, advancing, adjured them to desist:

"Disperse to your homes, in quiet, men of Moscow. The mission of Ivanovna is ended."

The rude adherents hesitated to obey, but remained passive by her side, when the troops came to a halt among them, and Terapkin, riding towards the sorceress, commanded two of his men to seize and put her to death upon the spot.

The soldiers who were hardy enough to attempt obedience to the order, were themselves seized by the mob, and a bloody conflict would have resulted, had not the empress, for she it was, who rode by the general's side, pressed forward and interposed.

"Stay your bloody hands, infatuated beings! Know that you stand in the presence of your sovereign. I am Catherine, your empress!"

The announcement astonished all, and the awed throng flung themselves on their knees before that being whom their fealty taught to worship next to the Deity.

"No harm shall come to our holy friend, my children," said Catherine, her beautiful face illuminated with a calm smile. "She will repair with us to our palace, where she shall have fitting quarters for the future. Meanwhile, my loyal subjects, receive largesses at our hands, and henceforth do as we have so long bid you, to rid yourselves of the plague."

Shouts rose for the empress and Ivanovna, as the latter mounted a gallant steed by her side, while an abundance of gold and silver coin was showered among the people.

The imperial escort retraced their way, and the disturbance of that day was ended.

There was no superstition in the enlightened mind of the great Catherine, and she soon drew from Ivanovna the secret of her birth and her actions, that day for the first time stained with blood.

The history of the murder of Yaro and Moika, and the flight of the two children were related by Ivanovna, who declared that to avenge the atrocity had been the chief object of her life.

"And how did you know the real murderer?" asked the empress.

"I am the daughter of the murdered merchant," replied the pretended sorceress; "my name is Yara Tarrak! The way of life I have adopted has gained me, not only bread, but the power over the hearts of the people, by which alone I had hope of revenge."

"And your brother, Oran, who fled with you?"

"Alas, we parted by chance, five years ago," sighed Yara, "and now I am in the world alone."

"Not so," replied a guard in attendance on the empress, stepping forward and embracing Yara, "for I am your brother Oran. I enlisted in the service of the camp, my sister, and God and the empress have brought us together again in this marvellous manner!"

This unexpected addition to the romantic history of Yara greatly delighted their imperial mistress, and tears of mingled joy and sympathy were seen to fill hereyes; while the heart, whose throbbings decided the fate of nations, heaved high, in confirmed friendship for them, from that hour.

Their before sorrowful lives thenceforth passed in rank and joy and splendor, and the descendants of the sorceress and her brother are now among the most loyal and powerful subjects of Alexander the Second.

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#### "I CAN'T DO IT."

Yes, you can. Try—try hard—try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake; and if you press onward steadily, you will accomplish your object, and come off victorious.—*Amherst Cabana*.

## MY BROTHER.

BY E. H. GOULD.

I grieve that death should bid thee lie  
In grave so lone, so cold, so drear,  
That none were near when thou didst die,  
Away from home, my brother dear.  
No hand could smooth thy aching brow,  
No lips could speak thee kindly word,  
Nor mourner o'er thy grave can bow,  
And nought but winds to chant thy dirge.

That forest wild must be thy bed,  
And distant far must ever be,  
Where friendly feet may never tread,  
And tear-dimmed eyes can never see;  
Yet, while my heart clings to thy grave,  
I hear thee whisper from above,  
"On wings of light my spirit waved,  
And bends to hear a sister's love."

And still we mourn thy vacant seat,  
And miss thy cheerful look and tone,  
Yet sometimes feel thee with us meet,  
At twilight hour in thy old home.  
For musing then, when quiet all,  
We feel an angel hovering near,  
And listening, words of comfort fall  
With soothing sweetness on the ear.

## UNCLE MORTIMER.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

"IDA," said papa, one morning, "your Uncle Mortimer and Zeb are coming to Philadelphia to pay us a visit. There's the letter I've just received!" And he tossed it over to me.

I eagerly read it, and found that he and his confidential man would be with us in less than a week. So I had to make immediate preparations for their reception. I received no small amount of teasing from my brother John respecting my old beau Zeb, and he mostly finished by saying that it was very well a certain young gentleman of my acquaintance was out of the way, as he might be inclined to be jealous. I knew he would tease till he was tired, so put up with it as well as I could.

Everything was ready—the spare rooms properly fixed up for our visitors, an immense fire burning in the grate, and the supper table laid out—when a carriage stopped at the door, and my uncle and Zeb alighted. Uncle Mortimer greeted me very cordially, and then turned to converse with my father and brother. Zeb made a very low bow, and I perceived that he was much improved in his appearance. I had acquainted my father with Uncle Mortimer's eccentricities—so he was not disconcerted when he found the confidential man seated at the same table with us. He behaved pretty well—though

he had an awkward habit of coloring up to the ears whenever I looked at him. Once he handed me a plate of biscuits—a most courageous thing for him to do.

John watched the proceedings quietly, though his eyes gleamed with suppressed merriment. Supper passed over pretty well—the only mistake Zeb made was in tossing the contents of his tea-cup over my papa, at which Uncle Mortimer was very angry.

"You scoundrel, sir!" said he; "you'll never be fit for respectable society."

After supper, my uncle despatched his managing man on some errand, and turning to me, said:

"Do you know, Ida, I came down here expressly to please Zeb? Don't you think he's very much improved? He's been studying Chesterfield some, I can tell you! Well, he wanted to come to the city and visit the theatres, and such like—but I think his principal reason for wishing to come was to see again a certain young lady, who once paid a visit to Cow Farm— (There, now," said he, laughing and drawing back, "don't touch my ears! they're half an inch longer from the pull you gave them last year.) I thought that I, too, would like to see the lady—so we packed up and started. In reward for this, we find our fair demoiselle offended, because a gentleman dares to admire her in the distance."

"The worst of it is, uncle," chimed in John, "he did not succeed in making a favorable impression when Ida was at the farm. It's too late now, for she's going to be married next fall."

"My dear little niece going to be married? You don't say!" said he, delightedly. "Who is the favored gentleman?"

"Mr. Cornelius Brown, attorney at law, etc., of New York city," replied John, laughing.

I was now thoroughly vexed with him.

"Really, papa, I wonder that you will sit there and allow John to plague me so!"

"What is it, my love?" he inquired, as he laid down the paper and wiped his spectacles. "John, you surprise me! You ought to be ashamed!"

He looked very penitent—the sly rascal—now that he had told all he had to tell, and there my uncle sat for an hour by the fire, laughing and rubbing his hands, till at last he signified his desire to retire to rest.

The next morning I was preparing to go on a shopping expedition, when Uncle Mortimer offered himself as an escort.

"Well, Ida, so you're going to be married! I hope you'll be more fortunate in your matrimonial speculations than I was."

"No indeed, sir," I replied. "You must not believe all that John says. He knew papa was not noticing our conversation."

"Then it is not the case," he said, in a disappointed tone. "How is it? Tell me all about it."

"Well, I met Mr. Brown at a party in this city, soon after our arrival. He paid me great attention, and was a constant visitor at the house for six months. John liked him very much, and papa didn't discourage his visits. He used to hope Mr. Brown would come in every evening, and we thought everything was progressing favorably for our wishes; but when he asked papa's consent to our marriage, he was met with a stern and decided refusal—was told to discontinue his visits—and I was ordered to think no more of him, as it was impossible for me ever to marry him."

"My dear niece, what could be your father's objection to him as a suitor?"

"Mr. Brown is poor, uncle, and his future prospects are not very bright; but still he has talents and energy. I don't see why he should not rise in the world."

"Then he is in New York, at present?"

"Yes, he went there to try and get a start."

"Does he correspond with you?"

"I have letters occasionally from him. Of course, papa is not aware of the fact. I have no intention of marrying against his wishes, Uncle Mortimer; but Cornelius may rise in his profession—do you not think so?"

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. You may feel perfectly easy in making a confidant of me. I assure you, I'll be very discreet. Cornelius Brown!" said he, musingly; "I once knew a gentleman of that name; he was an old man; I expect he has been dead for some time."

I made the requisite purchases, and we then slowly returned home. It was dinner-time, and our gentlemen were waiting for us. Zeb had gone out—so we sat down to dinner without him. Papa was in excellent spirits, and John tossed me a nice selection of music, to make up for his bad behaviour the night before. So all passed on agreeably.

Zeb was an enterprising man, and as soon as his master was out of sight, he proceeded on a tour of inspection through the streets of Philadelphia—determined upon buying something, now that he was in the city—something in the first fashion. What should it be? After some consideration, he decided upon purchasing a new suit of clothes; accordingly he entered a clothing establishment.

"Look here, mister, I want to buy a new suit of clothes—in the very first fashion, mind! Now

don't play any of your tricks, for I'm no chicken, I tell you!"

The proprietor looked at him attentively, and then retired to the other end of the store. He had a fanciful suit of clothes in the store that had been made for a clown. They had never been called for, and had been on the shelf for the last twelve months. He despaired of ever selling them, and thought if he could make the countryman believe that they were the latest fashion, he would probably get rid of them. "I'll try, at any rate," thought he, as he came forward and threw the parcel down before Zeb.

"Now, sir, I'll show you something entirely new. This is a style that will be very much worn, the coming season. I've sold dozens and dozens of suits similar to these that I'm going to show you, sir. The fashion is not going to come out yet for six weeks. We have fifty hands constantly engaged in making up these suits, ready against the rush there will be for them when they do come out; and if I sell these to you, I must exact the promise that you'll lock them up and not show them to anybody. If you do, you'll get me in trouble, for it's a made up thing amongst the fashionables that the costume is not to be seen about town for six weeks."

"Well, let's see them, old chap," said Zeb, who was getting out of patience.

"Promise first," replied the dealer, solemnly.

"I promise. Now open them quick, I say."

He slowly untied the parcel, and gravely produced a most singular looking pair of pants. The entire back of them—right down to the heels—was of a dark crimson color, and the front a light green. Coming down each leg to the knee, was a ferocious looking lion; coming to meet it from the foot, was a tiger. On the crimson background, were monkeys in all attitudes. Zeb stared in astonishment, as he turned them over.

"And so this is to be the fashion, eh? Mighty showy, anyhow! Where's the vest?"

The vest was produced. It was a bright cherry color, bound round with white ribbon. The buttons were five-cent pieces, with shanks to them. On one half there was beautifully embroidered a ship in full sail, and on the other the Broadway theatre.

"What do you say to that?" said the tailor, triumphantly. "Guess you never saw anything in the way of design to come up to that!"

"Never did, for certain. Now where's the coat, old fellow."

A light blue, swallow-tailed coat, perfectly plain, was placed before him, and that, he was told, completed this aristocratic dress.

Zeb gazed at the suit before him in complete wonderment, and thought how much he should like to surprise the folks at home by letting them see that he was almost in advance of the fashion.

"Well, mister, how much do you ask for these things?"

"Thirty-five dollars, sir."

"Thirty-five? Come, now, that's too much by a long pull."

"Can't take anything less, sir. I can sell that suit in less than half an hour; there's two or three gentlemen want it badly, and will give me my own price."

"I'll give you thirty," said Zeb, drawing out his buckskin purse.

"No indeed, sir."

"Thirty-three?"

"No, sir; I'm determined not to sell them under price."

"Well, put them up—here's the money."

"You remember the conditions, sir. You promise not to wear them, or let anybody see them for six weeks."

"I promise—all right!" And away he went with his fashionable clothes.

The store-keeper rubbed his hands after the countryman had gone, and exclaimed, "not a bad day's work!"

"Well, Zeb, you scoundrel, where have you been? We've finished dinner. What have you got in that parcel, sir?" said Uncle Mortimer.

"O, nothing particular, sir," replied Zeb, as he hastened up stairs. "Been walking along the streets and looking about me, that's all."

"Well, you can go down in the kitchen and get your dinner."

"Ida! Ida! where are you? The sleigh is at the door, waiting."

"Here I am, uncle. Where's papa?" I inquired. "Ah, here he comes!"

Jingle, jingle, rang the merry bells, and on we went, leaving the city far behind us.

"I wonder what Zeb's been after?" said Uncle Mortimer, as we were returning home. "He's been up to mischief of some kind, I believe. It will all come out, after a while."

Three or four weeks passed on very pleasantly, and then our visitors began to think of returning home.

"Charles," said my uncle suddenly one evening to papa, "you must let Ida go home with me, and spend five or six weeks at the farm. You can spare her for that time very well."

"I don't know," said papa. "I think not. Perhaps in the summer time she may come."

"No, she must come now. You would like to come with me—would you not, Ida?"

"I should, very much indeed, if I can be spared," was my answer.

"Charles, you must consent to my arrangements. I give you my word that she shall return in six weeks—that's reasonable, I'm sure. Come, John, haven't you a word to say in favor of my proposal?"

"I have not the slightest objection to her departure—am only too glad to be rid of her—she'n't miss her in the least," returned John, mischievously.

"Well, I suppose I must agree to it. But you are not going for a week or two yet, I expect?" said papa.

"On Tuesday next, brother, we shall start, if all's well. When will you and John pay me a visit?"

"Next year, perhaps. Business keeps us so engaged, it's almost impossible to get away."

In a few days after this, we were seated in the cars, travelling at a rapid rate towards Cow Farm. The housekeeper met us at the gate. Zeb started on a tour of inspection through the farm-yard, and I went up to my own old room to change my travelling-dress.

When I returned to the parlor, the table was set out very invitingly. Hot rolls, ham and eggs, and smoking hot coffee, were very welcome after our long ride. Zeb ate as if he hadn't had a bit of anything eatable for a month. The cream was something like—the butter was something like—and so were the ham and eggs. He said they were very different to those in Philadelphia, and so they were.

"I'm afraid you'll be very lonely here, Ida," said my uncle, when we were again alone; "you will almost wish yourself at home again. I'm but a poor hand at entertaining a young lady like you, but you know you must just amuse yourself as if you were at home. Go to the library, when you feel inclined for reading; if you are in a musical mood, then you can play for me; and I am your willing escort, whenever you feel inclined for a walk or drive."

"Indeed, uncle, I'm very well satisfied with your company, and shall not be in any hurry to leave for home, I assure you."

"Have you heard anything, lately, from Mr. Cornelius Brown, Ida?"

"I had a letter the day before yesterday, sir."

"Well, how does he get on? Business improving—oh?"

"A little, sir. He has a few clients, he tells me; but you see he's a stranger—it takes so long to get a connection!"



"O, that's nothing! He'll get on after awhile—there's no fear of that. I rather think I used to know his father; I'm almost sure of it, for the gentleman had the same name. We were very great friends at one time. By the by, Ida, give me his address; I should very much like to inquire into it further. Don't be afraid, my dear—you will not be compromised in the least."

I gave him the address, and that evening he wrote a long letter, but did not acquaint me with its contents.

The next day we visited our neighbors. How different is a friendly visit in the country to one in the city! In the country, you are received with such unaffected cordiality—in the city, with such stiff formality!

A few days after this, our portly housekeeper was in a terrible fluster, making great preparations for something or other. I ventured to inquire what was the meaning of this, and was told that Mr. Mortimer had that morning informed her that a visitor was coming to the farm to stay several weeks, and he wished everything to be arranged for his reception. I felt surprised that my uncle had not mentioned it to me, but did not say anything, though I wondered who the guest could be, and watched with interest the preparations made for his comfort.

I was in my own little room early on the following morning, preparing for a ride on horseback, when the housekeeper entered and said that the visitor had arrived, and Mr. Mortimer wished me to excuse him and take Zeb for a protector, as he would be engaged in the library till dinner-time. Accordingly Zeb and I departed, and after a long ride, returned home just as the dinner-bell was ringing. I ran up stairs to change my dress and arrange my hair—inwardly wondering who the visitor was—and then repaired to the dining-room. My uncle met me at the door, and leading me up to a gentleman who was standing by the window, said:

"I think I need not introduce my niece Ida to the son of my oldest friend!"

Could it be possible! There stood Cornelius Brown, the old smile of love lighting up his handsome countenance as he advanced to greet me.

"My dear Ida," he said, "this pleasure is quite as unexpected to me as it is to you. I had not any idea that you were visiting here. My kind friend, Mr. Mortimer, did not mention it, in his letter to me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Mortimer. "Nothing like pleasant surprises for young people! You'll have a more agreeable escort in your walks and drives, now, Ida, you gipsy!"

Guess you won't care much for my company now!"

"O, uncle, how can you say so!"

"Well, never mind, we'll go to dinner now, and talk over little affairs after."

The housekeeper told Zeb that his master said he was to wait at table that day, to help her a little, as she had so many things to attend to. Zeb thought this would be an excellent opportunity for showing off his fashionable clothes to advantage—so he hurried off and arrayed himself.

We were seated round the table when Zeb entered, bringing in the decanter of wine. I looked up and saw Cornelius with his white handkerchief to his mouth, vainly endeavoring to stifle his laughter. I looked round, and there stood Zeb in all his glory—lions, tigers, monkeys, ship and theatre. My uncle's attention was here attracted, and he laughed so long and heartily, that I began to feel alarmed—while before us stood Zeb, the very picture of astonishment. At last my uncle recovered himself, and greeted Zeb after this fashion:

"Leave the room, you scoundrel! How dare you appear before me in such a costume as that? Are you crazy, sir? So that was the bundle you were sneaking into the house with in Philadelphia! You ridiculous thing, you never will have any sense!"

"Look here, Mr. Mortimer," said the crest-fallen Zeb; "it's a new fashion! It was not to come out till now! All the gentlemen will be wearing it this season, I tell you!"

"Leave the room, sir!" vociferated my uncle; "and never let me see you in such plight again."

This little incident passed over, and then followed delightful walks and rides, and one morning Cornelius again begged of me to name the day for our wedding.

"Dear Ida," he said, "your uncle has given his consent, and says he will bear all the brunt of your father's displeasure."

"Yes, that I will!" said Uncle Mortimer, as he joined us. "You two get married, and I'll manage all the rest."

I felt rather uneasy, but finally gave in to their solicitations, and we were quietly married. My uncle wrote to papa, informing him what had occurred, and I was astonished when I received an affectionate letter from him, inviting us home. Upon our arrival there, however, the mystery was solved; my kind uncle had settled upon me the sum of ten thousand dollars.

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Put not thy secret into the mouth of the Boasphorus, lest it whisper it into the ears of the Black Sea.

## TO AN AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY JOHN CANTER.

Just at my feet there lies so sweet  
A lonely floweret blue,  
Its sheltering leaves are stripped away—  
The bee has left it too.

And field and dell have bid farewell  
To summer's peaceful smile—  
Yet on the breast of yonder lake,  
It seems to rest awhile.

O, floweret fair, I cannot tear  
Thy shivering stem away!  
It minds me yet how sweetly here  
My lover sang one day.

Devoid of care, we wandered here,  
With many a song and vow—  
Of all the flowers that bloomed for me,  
Thou art the sweetest now!

## THE INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

A DYING woman lay on a mean, straw pallet, in a low, attic room, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Beautiful and bright, as the meek eyes had once been, trouble and sickness had long dimmed their lustre; and the pale, sunken cheek and brow round which the dark hair clung, moist with the dews of death, all spoke too plainly to her son, as he bent above her pillow, of approaching dissolution.

Very touching is the death-bed of humble piety, where the spectral king, shorn of his terrors by the patient resignation of the pite in heart, comes as a friend, to bear them to a better world than ours.

Waking from a short sleep, Mary Volkenhoff laid her emaciated hand on her son's head, as she said: "I believe I am dying, Henri, my poor boy; and it grieves me to know that none are near to care for you, when I shall be gone."

"Mother! Mother!" was the agonized cry of the youth, fast ripening into early manhood, as he pressed the thin, wasted fingers in his own. His dark, luxuriant hair fell in wavy curls across his face, but his brow was square and massive, while his slight form, though habited in a painter's coarse frock, was strikingly fine and graceful.

"While I have strength, I would speak to thee, Henri, of the inheritance that will soon be yours."

"O, my mother, when your proud family drove you, a poor painter's bride, forth from their castle halls, used as you had been to luxury, doom-ing you to labor for your own and child's sub-

sistence, they raised within me a resolve to live and die in the name you bear, my poor father's. No, let my uncle make Robert d'Etamps his heir. A revolution is brewing in France; the rich inheritance of my uncle Etienne may yet belong to the plebeian Volkenhoff."

"Henri, my son, be less bitter. My brother Etienne has the antipathies born of a lordly line, but is else a good and a kind-hearted—"

"Mother, I cannot argue at such a time of his antipathies or feelings; I make no accusations. You, who have suffered most, cannot defend them. I care not for lordships or estates; a reign of terror is at hand; hark to the shout! The long down-trodden people are even now on their way to storm the Bastille!"

"Henri, do not leave me; throw up the sash for air. O, that shout! Come nearer; do not leave me!"

"No, my mother, I will never leave thee!" And re-seating himself, the youth bent down to catch the murmured words, now inarticulate. Frightened, he started and looked long and wistfully into the sweet face, over which still lay the tranquillized beauty of affection. Long he gazed on the countenance that had ever beamed with love and gentleness for him, till convinced that the pure spirit of his mother had fled. Then he bowed his young head down on the humble pallet, and wept aloud.

On the entrance of the landlady, Henri Volkenhoff raised his flushed face, which, bearing unmistakable traits of his German origin, wore now only the expression of his heart's great grief. Still was his countenance prepossessing; the massive brow and flashing eyes now dimmed with tears, told of a young and manly heart, but ill-fitted, with its unmaturing, yet noble energies, to struggle against poverty alone. *Alone* and poor! O, fearful the agony must have been, that flung its premature strength of character on the fair brow and beardless lip of the young painter, as he knelt in that sad attic—*alone*.

Mary Volkenhoff had described her brother Etienne d'Etamps rightly, when she said his antipathies were born of the *ancient regime*, yet apart from his pride of class, a kind and just man. Of a temperament reserved and haughty, the count had never, even in youth, the air of gaiety affected by the young nobles of the French court, and now, in middle life, when sadness and disappointment had fallen as a blight on his soul, his deportment was distant and forbidding. To those who saw only the surface, marking only the even tenor of his way, it was a matter of marvel, this chilling *froidueur*, in one who had never engaged in court intrigues, or set his mind

on state policy, or the craft of warfare. His disappointment was not the baffled weariness of these; but that he had seen the household gods reared round the altar of his home overturned one by one; his lofty hopes, his entreaties, his threats treated as a mere jest.

No shock falls so painfully on a haughty nature, as finding the affections it has lavished, flung coldly or unthinkingly back, and he had lavished his all of hope and love, first on his young sister Mary, who fled during his temporary absence with one to whom he had objected as a suitor, a poor, though talented young artist. Mary was many years younger than the count, and by the sweet promises of her gentle girlhood, seemed destined to repay richly, by her sisterly sympathy and companionship, the generous care that had trained up her orphan childhood into the lovely and accomplished maiden. His lofty nature could ill brook the blank indifference to his hopes shown in his sister's choice. Of a noble race, his pride was sensitive in the extreme, and he resented the humiliation he felt, by returning, unopened, the letter penned praying to be received back to his affections.

Meantime the young artist with his high-born bride removed to Paris, where for many years he struggled hard to keep want from their humble hearth, till health failing, he sold out the few pictures left, to enable them to remove from the lodgings hitherto occupied, to the attic room in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where his faithful wife labored with her soft, white hands, at the most humble drudgery, to procure means to alleviate his last hours.

The count had, on the marriage of his sister, brought home to his chateau, the son of his younger brother, Robert, now deceased, hoping to rear him to be the prop and pride of an ancient house. But here again he was doomed to disappointment. The young Robert d'Etamps, from very boyhood, was of a nature so grovelling as to be incapable of appreciating the care and kindness of his indulgent uncle. Selfish and ungrateful, not even his indolence and overbearing assumption surprised or shocked the count so much as the low tastes and habits of his degenerate nephew.

Nor did he amend as he grew to manhood. The watchful care he had despised as a boy, was equally the object of his levity when years might be supposed to have exchanged the petulant caprices of the sulky, headstrong boy into the grateful, sympathizing friend and relative. Herding with the vile and mean, his dissipations and pleasures were alike ignoble, and his name a jest and jeer, on lips that never spoke his uncle's

name, save with the respect due the worthy representative of an honorable and honored house.

All his own feelings of a kind and domestic nature, the count's inclination to marry had he in very love for this graceless scion, the last born of an ancient line, determined to forego, till shocked at his depravity, he abandoned the resolution, when in this last, all-venturing trust, he met a worthier fortune. The beautiful girl he selected, Agliade Duval, in point of years would have been a more fitting match for his nephew than himself; but in the finer sympathies that make the soul of love, the entire confidence, the esteem, she was well fitted to be the wife of a man, such as we have shown d'Etamps to have been; tempering the warmer love of the bride, in her own sweet and winning way, with the submission and reverence of a devoted daughter. Years passed, and the count grew only the colder, haughtier. The wife he loved, and whose all of devotion was his, was not yet a mother; his ancient home was childless, and the thought chilled his soul, that when he died the fertile fields and grand old woods that called him lord, would descend to a worthless inheritor, poorer in spirit than the meanest hind on his vast estates.

From the window of his chateau, in the beautiful suburban quarter, where the old *noblesse* had congregated, overlooking the broad and sweeping Vienne, bordered in the distance with forest trees, and hills rich with verdure, the count looked out upon his broad, cultured fields, and sighing wearily, turned to his wife saying:

"Come with me, Agliade, for a walk; I leave thee too often alone, forgetting the solitude I create for thee, love, when I go selfishly out to seek it for myself."

"And why seek it?" asked the fair, young countess, as approaching and laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, she looked into his eyes with a playful witchery of guileless youth, that chased even the gloomy shadows from his brow. "Why will my dear lord seek solitude? or why leave me alone so often, to the companionship of thoughts I dare not even breathe lest I arouse your displeasure?"

The count released her from the circling arm that had drawn her to his side, but looking into her sweet face, on which every thought was written legibly as on a book, he again drew her near, and parting the glossy curls from her sunny brow, asked: "And what may the thoughts be that my Aggie thinks more hurtful than solitude?"

"*Hurtful!* O no, my lord. I go ever when alone, to a little cabinet into which I removed the picture you condemned to removal from the

picture gallery ; I mean the portrait the young travelling artist painted of your sister."

"I charged the servants to place it in its covering among the lumber in the old turret, and they knew the penalty of disobeying me," was the stern reply.

Still the sweet pleader, undaunted, looked lovingly up in his flashing eyes, as she said :

"Nor have they. When Robert, in his vagaries, once absented himself, I thought he might be lurking there, to increase your anxiety, and, accompanied by my brother, climbed the decaying stairs of the old turret, and there found poor Mary's portrait. I only removed it to a safer place, and whenever sad or lonely, betake me there, to think on her, perhaps poor, at least, an outcast from her home."

"She made her fate, and must abide the consequences," he replied, with increased anger on his brow, and a colder reserve.

Still undaunted, the compassionate pleader urged : "Mary is a widow ; my confessor told me so. She has a son called Henri Etienne, for his father and you. The young Volkenhoff is said to be a noble boy, his young life blood flows from the same spring as yours."

"You say she is a widow ; if poor, I will send her a liberal portion, but no son of the plebeian Volkenhoff shall ever tread in my father's halls."

In vain the fair countess would have urged the noble struggles of the gentle-hearted boy, toiling in a mean attic at his easel to support his dying mother, while the other nephew, whose boyhood had been a terror, and his after years a disgrace, still revelled in uncurbed expenditure, lording it bravely in the halls of his ancestors ; but the lowering cloud darkening on the count's brow forbade the attempt, nor was it renewed, as the birth of an infant daughter some months after divided her cares with the anxieties growing out of the storm now apparent on the political horizon ; the storm whose first earthquake voice, as the infuriate mob went forth to storm the Bastille, mingled its discordant bray with the last word and farewell sigh of Mary Volkenhoff.

A disbanded officer from a disaffected corps of Bonille's army, addressed the infuriate throng. He was not destitute of the daring assumption of manner that turns all meaner spirits to its own wild purpose, fitting its possessor to take a prominent part in a tumult like the present. "To the Bastille!" he shouted, and the words of doom were caught up by the mob, who, maddened by his address, rushed wildly on, repeating the denunciatory words, with frantic eagerness, as they followed their reeling leader, *Robert d'Etamps*.

As the frenzied throng passed by, Henri Vol-

kenhoff paced the floor of his now lonely attic as one walking in a vision, utterly unconscious of all that passed around him. Presently a student entered the room, and tossing a purse on the table, said to the young painter : "Come, Volkenhoff, remember your own and your mother's wrongs, and strike a blow for liberty and the people—come!"

It was no time for deliberation. Pointing to the purse, he said huskily to the landlady : "Should I fall, bury my mother." And the next moment, impelled by the pressing crowd, he was on his way to the Bastille.

The crowds had passed over the riven chains and clattering oak of the dilapidated draw-bridge, and the cannon now brought to bear on the inner walls, the storming of the prison had begun in earnest.

"What have you brought me here for?" he asked of the student, as a deafening explosion, added to the raging tumult in the court, seemed to bring him to his senses.

"What for? Why, to bear a hand and follow our leader there, D'Etamps."

Had an adder stung him, Henri could not have recoiled in greater horror than when shown, in the bloated, furious leader of the mob of St. Antoine, his cousin, Robert d'Etamps.

The Count Etienne d'Etamps, taking the command of a number of volunteers, had immediately hastened to Paris. He had ever been a favorite with the weak and vacillating Louis, as his countess, the most brilliant at court, as she was the most gentle at home, had been a loved and valued friend of the more heroic Antoinette. The generous spirit of the count seemed infused into the ranks he commanded, and amid the contending crash, and until the fall of Louis and his intrepid queen, the humblest of the count's adherents seemed to feel as though armed with invincible power, beneath his command.

But though he had escaped unhurt, where conflicting masses met—yet though he lived to vainly plead the fallen Bourbon's cause, the most gallant among their defenders, still grief and desolation had fallen upon his ancestral home by his death, before the reign of terror ended ; a grief too deep to reveal itself in words or outward demonstrations by the countess, as pressing her orphaned daughter to her breast, in a secluded apartment of the chateau, spared thereby the pain of witnessing the rampant pride and riotous exultation with which her late husband's nephew took possession of the broad lands he had so long coveted.

It was night. Four months had passed since Robert d'Etamps had returned to lord it in the

halls of his fathers. He now entered the apartment of the countess, bringing with him a man, simply but handsomely dressed in the fashion of the day, whom he introduced as his friend, *Gabriel Requiti, Count de Mirabeau*.

The countess coldly returned his respectful obeisance, and humbled and annoyed, he turned from the haughty widow to the beautiful child, and inquired her name.

"Gabrielle," said the little one, advancing to meet his proffered caress. And he, the proud, the ambitious, the cold, parting the silken locks on her fair brow, sighed as he pressed his lips on its clear surface.

They wronged Mirabeau, who called him cold. Selfish he was, but not unfeeling. Never broke sunbeam through mist or shadow more joyously, than that child's light laugh dispelled the cloud from his brow. He remembered only the woman he had so wildly loved, who had sacrificed all for his sake, and for whom he had suffered imprisonment and exile, still clinging to her, as such men sometimes will, despite all obstacles. He thought, too, on his own little Gabrielle, whose very memory was so dear, that to recall her, he would have brushed away all the gigantic projects of the present as so many cobwebs. Yes he, the oppressed by paternal tyranny and regal oppression, the vilified and rejected of his caste, the imprisoned and slandered, had, as the noble, climbed alone to the summit-height of political power, shaking off the baying herd, Brissot, Danton, Roland, Condorcet, Marat, accomplishing all by the force of a strong will, to which they bent.

There is no stronger spell than memory. Mirabeau had sought the fair countess with the intention of offering his hand—fortune, he had none—making her the successor of the ill-fated Sophie de Ruffey; but that child's smile—the very name of the girl, that of his own lost Gabrielle, turned his course.

"I have a young secretary, somewhat of an artist. I suppose you know, D'Etamps, that I have dispensed with the services of Maximilian?"

"Yes; Robespierre said as much."

"Well, this young secretary of mine is really no mean painter; he would gladly return to his easel and old habits, but painting is an exacting art. Invention, if stopped in its current, dries up; meditation comes, while the art is forgotten. I found the boy ill, in a garret; his mother had just died, and he, young and supremely gifted, alone in the world. I made him my secretary; but with all of the man on his brow, he has all of the girl in his heart, and I see shrinks in abhorrence from the vile herd who frequent my receptions. If madame la comtesse would receive

him into her family as secretary and tutor for her daughter, I shall be most happy to recommend him to her service."

Ten years had passed, and a young man stood by the side of a fair girl of fifteen, looking on a beautiful portrait beneath which was traced the name, "Mary d'Etamps."

"And this was my father's work, and this is my mother?" said the elder of the two, standing before it.

"Yes, Henri, mama saved it, long years ago."

"Strange, indeed, are the ways of Providence!—ever going by a different way to achieve the very ends for which we pray. My mother's dying prayer was for this rich inheritance to pass to me, and now see, it comes, my sweet one, through you! Robert d'Etamps's sad end, leagued with that miscreant Robespierre, secured to you the fine lands he would have squandered in his besotted, mad career." And as he still looked in the sweet face, the lips seemed to smile as if in life upon him, and drawing the young girl nearer, he whispered: "My mother's prayer is granted. To-morrow, this rich inheritance is mine!"

The two standing there were Gabrielle d'Etamps and the painter, *Henri Volkenhoff*.

#### FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

In the reign of the profligate Charles II., it was customary, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Charles Sedley's friends, perceiving that he wore a very rich lace cravat, drank to the health of a certain lady, and threw his cravat into the fire. Sir Charles followed the example very good-naturedly, but observed that he would have a joke in his turn. Afterwards, when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract an old decayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquette demanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and thrown into the fire, to which they all yielded after many murmurs about the *cruelty of the thing*.—*New York Mercury*.

#### OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

She established the first school in the United States, the first academy and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book, and the first newspaper. She planted the first apple-tree, and caught the first whale. She coined the first money, and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal, and the first railroad. She invented the first mouse-trap and washing-machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher, and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the revolution, gave John Bull his first boating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence.

## DIRGE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Mournful shall be the strain  
In memory of the dead;  
The mighty throng which ne'er again  
The paths of earth shall tread.

The good, the nobly great,  
Are passing swift away;  
One changeless, one remorseless fate,  
Holds o'er us steadfast away.

Earth is a burial-place,  
A sepulchre for man—  
And time obliterates each trace,  
Each mound that love may plan.

The dead beneath us are,  
We walk above their clay;  
Each crowded street and meadow fair  
Enwraps the passed away.

Yes, ocean hides their bones,  
The sea-weed shrouds their forms—  
Sad requiems are the tempest moans,  
Dirges, the ocean storms.

Then mournful be the strain  
In memory of the dead;  
The mighty throng which ne'er again  
Earth's pleasant paths shall tread.

## THE WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MRS. SLYMENA TOODLEUM was a woman with a mission. Not finding sufficient latitude in the home-circle for her humanitarian tendencies, Mrs. Toodleum's fertile brain eliminated the momentous undertaking of purifying society and equalizing the elements that make up the general happiness and unhappiness of mankind. True, she had no defined plan by which this certainly very desirable state of things was to be brought about, or even commenced. But on one point she was positive; days and weeks, yea, months of self-communion and solitude, with baths and complete changes of linen, and occasionally a day of mild fasting, had forced the conviction upon her expectant mind that *she* had a great work to do—a labor of such magnitude that it could not be realized easily by common minds. To be a martyr to public opinion, to suffer persecutions for the sake of the truth, to become dead to the world, to subdue her selfish love for her own family, and love mankind impartially, were some of the most prominent intentions of this self-constituted apostle of social equality.

Mrs. Toodleum's mission was by no means a domestic one; it bore no relation to the kitchen,

the nursery, or her husband's wardrobe. Women of modest pretensions might have been satisfied with the mission of caring for three small children—the youngest yet in arms—and a connubial partner, whose prospects in life were not of the most dazzling description; women of modest aspirations, we repeat, might have been content with the work of training three little minds and clothing three little bodies, and making life's journey (in doors) smooth and pleasant for a man whose anxious, haggard face showed him weary of the burdens poverty forced him to bear.

But Mrs. Slymena's aims were higher than moulding juvenile minds, or bread, mending frocks or manners, directing infant thoughts or Bridget, sweetening pies or dispositions, coaxing sullenness or the coal-fire, dressing the baby or a pair of chickens. It made no manner of difference whether Mr. Toodleum's buttons were off or on. What was a button compared to Slymena's "experiences?" what were dinners, contrasted with the every-day exertions of that heroic woman? The absence of either were annoyances too trivial to be named to his wife, who, engrossed by the weighty matters that were fast developing her into a miracle of profundity, forgot that empty stomachs needed filling, and that pins were not well adapted to hold shirt-bosoms permanently together.

Mr. Toodleum seldom complained. Good-hearted, but weak-headed, he believed everything that Slymena said was right, everything she did was right. He bowed admiringly at the shrine of her intellect, and marvelled much that men were not dazzled by the brilliant scintillations of her wit, or the glowing fires of her lofty genius. That this uncommon woman should feel small interest in him or his affairs, occasioned him not a regretful thought. In his estimation he was too far below her in the intellectual and humanitarian scale, too incapable of comprehending the problems she was continually working out, to feel any resentment at neglect and indifference. To echo her sentiments, to adopt her views upon all subjects, metaphysical, philosophical, or theological, to listen to her lucid expositions of abstruse themes, was ample compensation for the partial loss of her society and services. That his wife was a model woman, a type of purity and perspicacity, was no doubt a fact. Having *her* authority on the subject, it did not occur to him to doubt it. Being both text and commentary, he never disputed her conclusions or set aside her judgments.

Quiescent Toodleum! Guileless himself, why should he mistrust that his wife's love of notoriety and inordinate self-esteem were leading her over

the road of disappointment and mortification? A poor reader of character, he saw nothing in her but disinterested benevolence, pure philanthropy, and sublime self-abnegation. And so the proud husband waited upon ladies by day—he was a clerk in a small retail store—and children by night, sitting down contentedly with a tiny Toodleum on each knee, every evening in the dark, dirty kitchen, waiting patiently for the maid-of-all-work—who was her own mistress—to place his sloppy tea and tough, burned bread on the table. Slymena seldom shared these delicacies with him; to use a common form of speech, she had “other fish to fry.” Besides, couldn’t “dear, good Puffer” be trusted with the children? Didn’t they cry to be taken up whenever he came into the house? Wouldn’t he be both father and mother to them? Wasn’t it probable that a kind Providence would bless him in making his Slymena useful? She had said so many times. So Puffer soothed the little ones when they fretted, lugged them about when they were cross, and when the baby cried to be nursed, placed a large black bottle to its mouth, which, at first, it persisted in regarding as a cruel obstacle to its natural rights; but as Mr. Toodleum couldn’t supply *all* deficiencies, hunger soon reconciled the bottle and the baby.

Mrs. Toodleum talked feelingly of her children; how that she had hoped to give her whole time to them; keep them from kitchen influence; shield their young minds from the insidious approach of evil; mould their plastic natures in the right form, and cultivate the germs of goodness she might find therein; trim the tree of receptivity—cut away the branches of sly selfishness, and ingraft open-handed benevolence, water the tender shoots of love, and guard zealously the green leaves of affection, and, comparatively speaking, merge her whole existence into theirs. Destiny, it seemed, had ordained otherwise. It had been shown her (through much tribulation), that her life and exertions belonged to outside humanity; that it would be a species of desecration to devote them to anything short of the good of the universal world. What was intellect made for, if not to grasp great subjects? What was genius worth, if not harnessed to the immense car of progression? Of what value was a philosophical mind, if its workings were to be limited to making evanescent pies and fleeting shirts? Could mental development and spiritual growth find fit voice in teaching whimpering juveniles the alphabet? Ought *her* nature (which had been subjected to the most trying ordeals, “the most instructive, the most wonderful, the most extraordinary experiences”), to be prostrated to such

ignoble purposes? The answer was a thunderous *no*!

Mrs. Toodleum’s antecedents were not so peculiarly pleasant that she cared to remember them. Of poor parentage, she received for education only such advantages as a common-school afforded, until she was fifteen, when she was placed in a mill to weave cloth for her employer and a living for herself. She was content enough till the gentle Toodleum crossed her path and invited her to share his fortunes. Now it was such a prodigious advance from a poor factory-girl to a clerk’s wife, that Slymena hadn’t the will to refuse. Ambitious beyond her means and station, this was a chance to take an upward step in life, which might not offer again. One round on the ladder gained, the next was easy to secure.

In personal appearance our heroine fell short of a Venus. Unbounded good will could not give pronounced her endowed with the fatal gift of beauty. Her eyes were too gray to be handsome; her nose too sharp to be classic; her lips too thin and blue to be attractive; her skin too red and freckled to be fair; her mouth too extensive to be elegant; her feet and hands too large and coarse to be pretty; her figure too angular to be symmetrical; while her whole body was kept in such a continual twist and writhe, that it was a matter of wonder how the different parts held together. In speech she affected a childlike simplicity, combined with a weak attempt at humor and originality, which excited pity rather than pleasure. Ambitious to be in the front rank of society; eager to be the first to speak and the last to be heard, she unconsciously displayed a lack of that very delicacy and refinement she hoped to display.

If Slymena Toodleum ever made a conquest it was by means of flattery; of that titulating art she was mistress. Not deficient in tact, she knew that that subtle agent penetrates hearts impervious to more common attacks. Unassuming and unexpectant people were assured that fame awaited them; modest compounders of innocent doggerel were pleased to know that they ranked with the olden poets; omnibus and sign painters discovered that they were artists of celebrity; second-rate singers and composers were persuaded that their efforts equalled those of the great masters, while fourth of July tyros unexpectedly found themselves classed with ancient orators.

With some exceptions these unctuous efforts were acceptable. They fed pride and ministered to vanity—a pair of worthies that never refuse adulation when administered at the right time and in proper quantities. Though to the superficial observer Mrs. Slymena was apparently sincere,

yet to a student of human nature there was a Heep-like game playing; a plotting and planning on her own account, with something of the humility and self-abasement that characterized the "umble" Uriah. In spite of occasional distrusts, she succeeded in gaining a certain amount of credence, which may be ascribed to the seeming ingenuous and honest confidences she was in the habit of giving those who were in any way able to benefit her. With a sisterly friendship beautiful to contemplate, she opened her heart to you, exposing its innermost workings, laying bare its most precious secrets. You were a dear friend and brother—Slymena never made confidants of her own sex—should she not tell her difficulties, her dilemmas, and receive a portion of your sympathy and—though her lips seldom syllabled the word—your money? It was a simple snare, but many fell into it; its very simplicity invited the unwary.

With these qualifications for a leading mind, Mrs. Toodleum was a very suitable person to be at the head of a clique composed of persons who were dissatisfied with the present order of society. They advocated no particular principles, but believed in Slymena. They hoped for something better, and trusted in Slymena. Gathering themselves together in some upper chamber, they listened to Slymena, hanging upon her utterances as a bee hangs upon a flower. Visions fell from the tongue of the oracle—visions of the night, or any hour—from which the entranced auditors learned their duty to mankind, and to—Slymena.

Wriggling this way and that, and displaying a great deal of bodily restlessness, she exhorted her acolytes and neophytes to harmony of action and faith more abiding.

"My dear, how do you prosper?" inquired Mr. Toodleum, as his wife walked into the house and flung down her bonnet with an air of weariness. "Take this chair, my love; you need it more than I," he added, vacating the rockers on which he was tilting the baby in a laudable endeavor to soothe it to sleep.

"Passably, Puffer, passably! I've had a glorious interview with Mrs. Thorne. Such a woman as that is worth knowing. I loved her the moment I saw her. Her sphere, Puffer dear, is delightful; it attracted me at once. I felt as if I had known her for years. She assured me of her sympathy and assistance. Do you know she says she had the strongest desire to make my acquaintance long before she did? Isn't it curious? You remember I had a strong inclination towards *her* just about the same time. I call it a strange coincidence!"

"My love, *everybody* is attracted towards you.

How could Mrs. Thorne be an exception?" rejoined Mr. Toodleum, warmly.

"I'm sure I don't see how it happens," pursued Slymena, in a musing tone. "I wonder very often what there is attractive about me to gain me so many friends. I wish I knew."

"Inferiors are attracted to superiors," replied Puffer, oraculously, letting the baby slip off his lap in attempting a gesture; "and attraction is the one universal law of all movements, particularly the social. If people do not obey this law, what is law unto them? Nothing, my love, but a dead letter. I wish this child was asleep."

"I've been trying to get some insight into the matter lately, and the impression came to me very vividly that the reason why men and women are as undeveloped as they are, is not because they are not naturally vicious, but simply because the present social order is contrary to Nature. But I shan't confine myself—I shan't restrain myself—I shan't set bounds to my tongue and shackles on my feet. I shall be *myself*, Puffer Toodleum. I shall follow my *highest*!"

"Slymena, my love, you astonish me!" exclaimed the open-mouthed husband. "I am proud of you—I am honored in being the partner of a woman gifted with such a mine of eloquence, such a rich flow of thought, such—"

An outcry in the next room interrupted the mild Toodleum and started him off to see what was the matter. Toodleum number two had fallen from the table and cut his head; an affair so trifling that his talented mother didn't think it necessary to get out of her chair.

"Pick him up, Puffer, and bathe his head in cold water," she languidly advised. "I wish my wounds were as easily cured."

"He seems a good deal bumped, my love. Hadn't you better wait upon him and hush him up a little?" timidly suggested the considerably concerned father.

"I couldn't; I'm tired, and besides I've got my best silk dress on. Sing to him, can't you? He'll tire of screaming, soon."

These words and the sound of rockers in motion were heard simultaneously.

Sing! Puffer's singing was worse than baby's screaming. He never tried to utter sweet sounds, except when he was down cellar or in the woods, for fear of being indicted as a nuisance. Slymena's counsel, for once, wasn't practicable. Bridget stilled the tumult by the timely presentation of candy, which the relieved Puffer fervently pronounced a blessing to the household.

An invitation to share with him the beverage which Bridget denominated tea, Slymena declined. She had taken tea at Mrs. Thorne's. How well



that family lived! What quantities of ham, and tongue, and chicken-salad were put upon the table! What a treat it was to visit that hospitable mansion!

Before the dry meal was despatched, the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Toodleum being summoned away, he was left to feed the tired, hungry children, and propel them up stairs, as best he could, into their cribs. After three successive seasons of lying down with the baby, and a couple of journeys down to the kitchen for "some water," he left his sleeping representatives, and with slippers on entered the parlor. Slymena sat upon the sofa with a congenial brother on each side. Holding a hand of each, she evinced the usual preparatory symptoms of speaking, by first raising one shoulder and then the other, drawing in her breath and expelling it slowly, wriggling about on her seat, stretching her neck quite around, and a few gentle jerks of the whole person. Then, in a thin, wiry voice, and with frequent pauses, Mrs. Toodleum opened her mouth and spoke:

"The great era of machinery is dawning upon us. Four-footed animals will be no longer needed; they can be turned out to grass. Machinery, living, breathing, pulsating machinery; machinery with arms, hands, head and brains, is to come thundering into our midst, proclaiming in herculean tones, total exemption from labor! Dear Puffer, am I saying anything?"

"Are you saying anything? My love, you electrify us! you startle us with your burning words! Go on, go on," he pleaded, gazing with wonder and admiration on the prophetess.

"Babies," continued Slymena, with a slow twist of the neck and a tight shutting of the eyes, "will be rocked, fed and educated by machinery. A law will be passed to—declare it the only way, and all others,"—pause and quiver of the body—"will be prohibited under a heavy penalty. No promising boys and girls can be ruined by the ignorance of parents. Immediately after being born, they will be handed over to the Educational Establishment, where a machine constructed on phrenological principles will examine their heads and determine their vocations in life."

Mrs. Toodleum opened her eyes suddenly and looked at the trio who in concert exclaimed: "Most extraordinary!"

"Babies," resumed Mrs. Toodleum, after a pause of some seconds, drawing her fingers solemnly over her face, "will never worry their mortal parents with noise, for the sound will be conducted off in tubes to the open air. It is also shown me that life is to be no longer curtailed by over indulgence in food. Everybody's stomach

is to be measured with a gauge, and his capacity to eat and drink ascertained. This instrument being correct, nobody will be sick. Antomatons will cook the food, and punch one gently in the back when his or her allotted quantity is disposed of. If anybody should chance to be ill, magnetism, odyle, and clairvoyance are all remedial agents. Servants will be dispensed with; zinc and copper wires and springs being the best possible domestics. Puffer Toodleum, do I get along any?"

"Most extraordinary!" said Toodleum.

"It may be wrong, but sometimes I feel so little confidence! I'm very weak of myself, Puffer."

"You will be supported, my love."

"Puffer is so careful of me! I'm afraid he'll spoil me, yet," replied Slymena, in her most languishing manner, smiling with ineffable sweetness. "But then I mustn't look back after putting my hand to the plow. What would the world say? What would the world do?"

"It would collapse, sister Toodleum! It would collapse and tumble back into chaos!" exclaimed the right-hand brother, enthusiastically. "We lean upon you; you are our chart and compass—our guiding star in this unbelieving Bethlehem. Take courage, my sister!"

The left-hand brother held his peace; but his long-drawn sighs, his rolling eyes, and fervent pressure of Slymena's imprisoned fingers, made the presumption probable that he felt more than he could speak.

The door-bell tinkled a second time. Slymena was herself again. Jumping up so suddenly that the idolatrous Toodleum came near being thrown upon his back, she shook out her dress, smoothed her hair, called on one of her most fascinating expressions, and settled herself on the sofa in as graceful an attitude as could be assumed on so short a notice. Three more members of the clique made their entree, when precisely the programme was gone through with, with precisely the same results. And then Mrs. Toodleum desisted from her labors and went up stairs, followed by Toodleum, who commenced his regular routine of duties by taking off Slymena's boots, unhooking her dress, feeding the baby, getting a fresh "drink of water" for his two oldest hopefuls, mixing her a cordial, lighting the night-lamp, locking the doors, laying the fire for morning, ending by depositing his own tired, cold, corporeal substance beside her, to remain until the words, "Puffer dear, doesn't the baby want the bottle?" or, "Puffer love, don't the children need tucking up?" fell on his somnolent ears. Sometimes, in the vicinity of the small hours, he

would be awakened from a refreshing nap, to act as amanuensis for his favored wife, from whom dropped the words of instruction destined for a very wicked world. Occasionally he was duly impressed with this style of manifestation; but oftener his teeth chattered and his limbs shook with nature's more practical demonstration of cold.

Mrs. Toodleum was in the habit of leaving her home very abruptly on long journeys; being "sent," as she confidently affirmed, by the guiding intelligence that ruled her life. *Why* she was "sent," nobody save herself ever knew. Puffer's income was limited; he could ill afford the expenses of a travelling wife; but a few of the "Order of Beneficents" (for thus they christened themselves), with large souls and well-filled pockets, made up the deficiency without grumbling. To be sure, they had families to support, and other claims upon their benevolence; however, Slymena's prerogatives superseded all other family obligations. Eternal principles must prevail. A new divine social order must be established, and Slymena be provided for. She professed an intense love for the beautiful, and jewelry, she impressively declared, exerted a refining influence on the wearer. Should not Mrs. Toodleum wear diamonds? Was it not somebody's duty, if possessed of a diamond ring or pin, to lend or give it to her? Most assuredly! fine feathers make fine birds; and Slymena, it must be acknowledged, resorted to the most ingenious expedient to gain the coveted plumage. A rather faded *personnel* made it expedient, moreover, that Nature should receive some adornment, a piece of policy pursued by more than one Slymena, anxious to offset the work of time.

Mrs. Toodleum affirmed that travelling enlarged the mind, made clearer the perceptions, gave one broader views of life, developed the moral affections, strengthened the understanding, exalted the head, and purified the heart, and perfected the character. This somewhat startling and original information was followed by an announcement that it was imperatively necessary she should visit Europe. To fulfil her mission satisfactorily, she wished to enjoy the "peculiar artistic and historic educational advantages that a foreign tour only affords." She desired to become a student—to gaze on objects and scenes with an eye of artistic culture—to study the effect of light and shade, to investigate causes and results, until the mantle of inspiration should fall upon her. In fine, "she should die—she knew she should die, if she didn't go to Europe!"

Could fatherly old men and gallant young ones, and motherly women resist this appeal?

A subscription paper to obtain the needful funds was immediately drawn up and circulated among the "Order of Beneficents." A few of the brethren made wry faces at this unexpected taxation, though the majority submitted gracefully. Mrs. Toodleum had no scruples about going away. She left her husband to work out his salvation with fear and trembling, and her three baby-children in charge of Bridget, who promised to be a mother to them, but who, really (as the sequel proved), paid so much attention to her legion of "cousins" that she had no time left to look after the little forsaken Toodleums; consequently the neglected trio ran and crept about the house and street at will, presenting dirty specimens of the motherly care of the Irish hand-maid.

Mrs. Toodleum tarried no longer than was necessary to set her "house in order." Our readers will be indulgent enough to receive this as a figure of speech, as Slymena was not much given to a literal interpretation of the words. She experienced no backwardness in accepting the proffered pecuniary aid or determining what was expedient. She had not the nice observance of propriety, or the feminine delicacy which denotes a person of refinement and acute perceptions. She felt no scruples respecting *how* her ambition was gratified, providing it *was* gratified. Ways and means were only servants to results. Her womanly sensibilities were not easy to disarrange. And so the "Projectress"—we beg pardon for neglecting until now, to introduce Mrs. Toodleum by her consecrated name—set sail for Europe, freighted with the usual quantity of luggage, a pile of unpublished manuscript for credentials, and a box of tracts that the "Beneficents" had published exclusively for home circulation, but which it had been deemed wise to send on a mission to the benighted Europeans. These tracts treated of "New Healing Practitioners, New Forms of Government, New Agricultural Methods," and a series of lectures on "the Eyes, Nose and Mouth, the Hand, the Arm, the Food, the Leg and the Trunk; they all being, 'in the language of the author,' of an intensely interesting nature, and of a highly unfolded character." Through these was to begin the "Great Transformation of Materiality and through that, of society, and of Man's Nature."

We do not propose to follow out in detail the movements of the "Projectress." That she reached the land of her hopes in safety, proceeding on her way in the strongest faith that that was to be the turning point in her mission, was evident from an early epistle to the "Beneficents."

"Already," she wrote, "I can see the best of

reasons for my coming to Europe. To-day I received a thought inexpressibly thrilling; it was this: Nature requires negative as well as positive forces whereby to move the globes; so the great movement of humanity requires the negative class of minds. It is the torrid zone of the soul—or perchance its volcanic fire, its eruptions, its thunder and lightnings, its maelstroms of inverted and chaotic passion, which upset and undermine the world's monotony, whirling to destruction worthless laws and institutions crumbling with hoary age. Is it not a stupendous reflection?"

Need it longer be said that the subtle elements of Nature are past finding out? We should think not, judging by the foregoing lucid exposition of her laws and modes of operation.

The "Beneficents" proved to be a scientific class of observers. In Slymena's absence they originated a vast number of principles of the most thorough and scientific character, classifying and analyzing them in an unique and novel manner. Perhaps we shall be pardoned for giving some of the emanations of one of their leading minds, delivered in a distinct and impressive manner, and taken down on the spot by a highly "unfolded recorder."

"Discourse will now be more especially given of contraction and expansion. It is wise to discourse of these in connection. The field is a wide one and has been but little surveyed. A critical examination of the mortal body will plainly show its wonderful expansive and contracting qualities. Faculties of the mind are, so to speak, selected especially to attend to these important branches of service. The arms and the legs are usually engaged in this branch of labor. It is by the aid of the latter that the occupant of the tree (usually termed the mortal body), unlike all other trees, enjoys locomotion. And it is by their aid that he can reach to things that are distant. To facilitate these processes, there are most minute contracting fibres reaching from the faculty of the mind and terminating at the ends of the minor branches. So beautifully are these internals arranged, that one never has nor ever can interfere with another. These fibres of which speech is now made, pervade all parts of the mortal body, and extend outside the mortal body, and when others are in states of peculiar emotion, that affects the occupant of the mortal body. When one in another body is happy, then these fibres do the work of expansion; when another is grieved, they do the work of contraction. Thus, in this remarkable way, the occupant of the mortal body is made to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice! And it is wise here to observe that this is the first revelation made to the inhabitants of our earth, though

the inhabitants of other earths have before been instructed in this particular. All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

The "harp of a thousand strings," was, apparently touched at last. It promised a great many echoes, too, for the speaker went on with his erudite teachings after a brief pause.

"All things being considered, it will be wisest, at this time, to discourse of those members which more especially connect what is called the feet, with what is generally denominated the body, or which may be here called the trunk. It will be remembered that it has been distinctly affirmed, that, taken as a whole, the mortal body is a tree, possessed of various branches. It may not be out of place here to say that the two members below the trunk of the tree are roots. Let the word *roots* be deeply impressed. It is disagreeable to have listeners perpetually forgetting and confounding important terms. There is, it may be thought, an amount of material in the human body, some of which might with convenience be dispensed with; but it is wise to say that no portions have on one side too much, or on the other side too little. These roots are called upon frequently; it may be said that they are exceedingly industrious. Whether other parts of the tree are at rest or at work, these high members are constantly employed. To perform all this labor they must be taken care of; and there is constantly flowing into them, from the trunk, most useful nourishment, so to speak. The bones connecting the two together are exceedingly well made; and the hinges which join the parts are such admirable specimens of mechanism that they will bear inspection."

This assertion was rather a bold one, but nothing daunted, the approver of Nature's handiwork closed his instructions with the following pertinent paragraph:

"Above the parts just discoursed of, are arrangements for the digestive process, and also apparatus for the breathing process. It is found to be somewhat difficult to speak with much clearness, in words, of these two processes; but to some extent these things are encased within that which reminds the observer of a hooped barrel. But the case differs from a hooped barrel in these particulars: First, in shape; second, it has no top or bottom; and third, they may be expanded or compressed. Thus has discourse been rapidly given of some of the outernals, which help so much to make up the mortal body."

Brother Mooney, the author of all this profundity, expelled the air from his lungs very slowly, stretched out his long arm and index

finger impressively, elevated his nose in the air, and sank deliberately into his seat amid a buzz of admiration from the assembled fraternity, who looked upon him as a "Saul among the prophets." They revered his compass of thought, and marvelled at his profound powers of reasoning. The fire of his genius, in their view, was very nearly allied to inspiration.

He was, doubtless, guiltless of any great moral turpitude, simply because mentally incapable of concocting any notable scheme of wrong-doing. He was a harmless, inoffensive member of the human family, afflicted with crochets, perhaps, and shallow-minded, withal, but innocent as a lamb of any symptoms of setting the world on fire. Having thrown the rudder of Reason overboard, his frail vessel ran upon the rocks of Folly, and was in imminent danger of being swallowed up in the deep sea of Error. Solomon Mooney, alias the "Installer," and the "Projectress" were on the best of terms. Co-workers in the great field of social and moral reform, they played into each other's hands with adroit skill, and had the game all their own way. Trumps were shared equally between them, and hands divided in the same proportion. Solomon was as much averse to physical labor as Sisyphus. It tired and worried him; he didn't like it. Work was well enough for those who fancied such a gross use of the hands and arms. It might do for common minds, who aspired to nothing more elevated; but the elect chose to get their bread and butter in an easier way—by their wits. Solomon had the smallest capital of this kind to commence with, yet by following the lead of his associate, he managed to acquit himself in a manner highly creditable to his exemplary pattern.

Mrs. Toodleum did not make a long sojourn in the land of lords and ladies. Somehow, the sturdy English and the fashionable French scarcely appreciated the "highly developed susceptibilities," the "exquisite sensitiveness," and the "greatly spiritualized" character that she believed herself blessed in possessing. Nobody burned incense on the altar of her vanity, or made an offering to her self-esteem. The order of "Beneficents," with its enlarged plan of operations, was purely a Yankee institution; its attempted inauguration on the other side of the Atlantic proved a failure. Its representative was looked upon as a discontented, ambitious woman, who had mistaken her vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which doubtless lay directly in the road before her. So the "Projectress," after as

much sight-seeing (we beg pardon; we should have said "enlargement of the mind, strengthening of the understanding, and development of the affectional nature") as limited means and small influence permitted, came home to the bosom of her family, and brought her mission with her.

"When I was in Europe," proved to be a pet phrase of Mrs. Toodleum's. It was the data from which emanated all her conclusions—the great starting point of her reasonings—a grand silencer of doubt, and a poser of an argument in favor of whatever she desired. It wasn't safe to smile when those authoritative words were spoken, nor expedient to demur any longer; they settled the question at issue.

A grand convention of the "Beneficents" was soon announced to take place. The "Projectress" was to relate her "wonderful experience," and this circumstance, of itself, was sufficient to draw together a goodly number of the fraternity, as well as several "outsiders" curious to witness the different phases of human nature that might be presented. Mrs. Toodleum and Mr. Mooney were the last to come in. The former, attired in her best, carried a countenance of much complacency; while the latter, nearly overpowered by the seriousness of the matter in hand, conducted the lady to a low platform prepared for her, and placing himself directly in front, commenced a series of pantomime with the gravity of an owl.

Closing his eyes and elevating his nose, he raised his right arm very slowly, and with index finger pointed at the oracle's head for the space of two minutes; after which, that small but useful member travelled over her forehead carefully, as if to rub off all unfavorable influences and rub on the spirit of eloquence. Then the arm retreated as gradually, the finger fell into place, the eyes flew open, and the "Installer" installed himself in a neighboring chair.

Mrs. Toodleum remained silent for a brief season. When she arose to speak, after a premonitory twist and two or three small spasms, she wore the expression of a wronged and injured woman.

"According to the custom of the world," she said, addressing herself to the listening "Beneficents," a woman is pronounced to be out of her sphere when she attempts to speak in public; but I rejoice to say that custom, with me, is of no account. I shall do my duty; and that duty consists in making known to you, in my feeble way, the wonderful experiences I have been called upon to pass through. Nobody, except my dear husband," she added, glancing patron-

ingly at the innocuous Toodleum, who blushed immediately, as though convicted of a misdemeanor, "can have the faintest conception of the heavy trials I have encountered. The antagonism, the opposition, the rivalry, jealousy and general discouragement that I have met with, would—would—would afford material for a thrilling romance. But I expected the frowns and desertion of friends, and the cold rebuffs of the world. I tried to meet with humility and patience the slights that were put upon me, and meekly and unrepiningly bear the heavy cross of my mission. I reflected—and my dear husband was the first to suggest the thought—that all reformers suffer martyrdom in one way or another, and that tribulation is the common lot of those who aspire to benefit mankind. I am not appreciated—I do not expect to be appreciated in this world. My mental struggles have been intense—I may say excruciating! The storm, the tempest and the whirlwind have passed over my soul, leaving it sorely stricken and bowed to the dust. But, so to speak, the ploughing and harrowing of my inner being have not been in vain: the thorough breaking up and tilling of its soil has resulted in a degree of development that I could not, in my most prophetic moments, have foreshadowed. All this mental suffering and spirit-crucifixion have but facilitated its growth and quickened the receptivity and susceptibility of my nature. I do not complain—I am not here to complain; but, my friends, the agony and anguish of the struggle has been—terrible!"

"Most extraordinary!" murmured the rapt Toodleum.

As if the remembrance of this mental torture was too painful to contemplate, Mrs. Toodleum paused and sat down to recover herself. It was not in Mr. Mooney's nature to remain inactive at such a momentous crisis. Taking a seat very close to Slymena, and clasping the inevitable hand, he spoke the following words of cheer to the distressed sister in the new Israel:

"How beautiful is the influence which this woman exerts! In this particular, she is most fearfully and wonderfully made. There passes from this woman a very marked influence. It is not precisely the religious—it is not precisely the moral—it is not precisely the practical; but it is, so to speak, a *composit* of all, and so charmingly intermingled that they impart a most *adhesive* influence. But this person should be in the region of the tranquillities more: her mind is too much given to the excitements. There is scarcely another so highly exalted among the inhabitants of the earth; it is nearly impossible to find her

equal. But she must not use her mind merely to gratify *other* minds; she must employ it only for lofty purposes. This promises to be a gathering of untold interest; so to speak, there never *was* before on the earth a meeting from which will flow such important results. From this hour, this woman is newly consecrated to her mission. She shall go on her mysterious way known by her flowing speech and cheerful foot. Wisdom shall sit on her beautiful head, and peace adorn her graceful neck."

Solomon ceased, and Slymena, quite restored by these consoling assurances, took up the thread of her narrative.

"My experience has been so strange, so thrilling, so utterly unprecedented, that I have not language to describe it. Eternal principles have been laid open to my view; new and startling developments have had birth in my brain. I have received instructions on the most profound, the most philosophical, the most abstruse subjects, and been qualified, guided and commissioned to be the bearer of good tidings to all men, and *some* women. I think I have received directly, without dilution, quantities of the pure waters of wisdom. An entire change in society is meditated; a new divine social order is being rapidly inaugurated. The moral machinery is undergoing repairs; it will be made to run very smoothly, without any of the disagreeable friction of to-day. My feeble powers have been tasked in working upon this great mechanism, but it has been through much tribulation. My struggles have been without precedent in the world's progress."

The "Projectress" again paused to give her words time to take effect. At this juncture, a gentleman of polite address arose and courteously addressed her. There had been an intimation that any who chose could make remarks.

"What was the nature of the struggle you allude to, madam?—if I may be allowed the liberty of asking a question," he inquired.

"It was dying to the world, sir," replied Slymena, in her usual droning key.

"Dying to the world," continued the gentleman, "if I am not in error, implies, virtually, a renunciation of the duties, responsibilities and fellowship which society imposes upon us, as well as a relinquishment of the pleasures and gratifications this same world affords. The nun hides herself when she renounces the world—you court the public gaze; the nun retires to the seclusion of a convent—you go to Europe to get developed; the nun subdues her pride and selfishness by severe penance and discipline—you are fostered daily by deplorable credulity and a

lamentable infatuation. The trials and struggles you have so feelingly depicted, I believe to be purely imaginary. Let us reason a little: Have you suffered from hunger and thirst? Has your body shivered with cold? Has disease crossed your threshold or misfortune overtaken you? Have you been made a widow and your children fatherless? Nay, not one of these genuine trials have befallen you, and yet you tell us of grievous sorrows and terrible struggles. The dim eye, the wan cheek, the anxious look, are more eloquent than words; they rarely deceive.

"You speak of the desertion of friends; perhaps, madam, it did not occur to you that though divine forbearance is not limited, human often is. We have been told a great deal about missions. I doubt not that every individual has a mission; but then it is much nearer home than one is apt to imagine. I must be allowed to doubt the wisdom of a mission that takes a woman from her husband and infant children and sends her about the country on quixotic errands. I can reasonably question the soundness of the mind that permits itself to be absorbed in fanciful, air-built theories to the exclusion of the practicabilities of life or the duties of the home circle, and safely distrust that ambition which exalts self and lowers the brother. A good wife, a good mother, and a good friend will find abundant opportunities of being useful. Much visionary enthusiasm and fanaticism passes under the abused name of reform; but the true worker in the field of humanity labors without pretension, or the assumption of being a chosen instrument. Society, no doubt, needs elevation; but pardon me for saying that this must be brought about by individual reform, and not by the limited action of a clique or party of one-idea men and women. I have spoken earnestly; the occasion seemed to demand both earnestness and sincerity. What I have said, you can subject to the criticism of reason and common sense. I do not fear the verdict. Having fulfilled my mission, I wish you success in yours."

The speaker bowed to Mrs. Toodleum and quietly passed out of the room, leaving the "Beneficents" stunned with amazement at his heretical remarks. How such a Judas had crept into their midst, was a marvel; and how he dared give utterance to such unqualified sentiments, was more of a mystery.

"What an eccentric man!" said Slymena, with flushed cheeks.

"Most extraordinary!" murmured Puffer, under his breath.

One by one, the dumb and crest-fallen auditors softly followed the plain-spoken "outsider" from

the hall, until a few only remained to support, by their presence, the second "Pythia," who, silenced by the unexpected rebuke, stood watching the retreating figures of her constituents with an expression of countenance akin to contempt. Solomon spoke of "ignorance and misconception," and Puffer "hoped his dear Slymena wouldn't mind it." Then they all went home—the latter feeling more chagrin and disappointment than she was willing to admit.

This was not the last obstacle that Mrs. Toodleum stumbled against, in her march of improvement; hinderances sprang up at all points. The world kept on very much as usual, jostling her fine-spun theories and laying obstructions on her track of reform. Society refused to be made over in a twinkling; it persisted in gradual improvement, and frowned down all attempts at running when walking was proved the better way. Public opinion did not recognize the claims of her mission. Public opinion is too democratic to uphold chosen instruments; it believes in a grand equality. Mrs. Toodleum's adherents have fallen off in numbers, and reluctantly she has subsided into private life, with the mortifying conviction that her much vaunted mission is still unfulfilled, and her anticipated position and influence not attainable by pretension or self-laudation.

#### A MIRROR FOR LAWYERS.

Barnum once exhibited a lawyer's conscience balanced on the point of a needle. It probably had once belonged to some chief justice. Oxford's opinion of the profession was not more favorable. In a letter to Swift, occurs the following: "I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them; if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands." Bayle asserts that nobody swerves more from the law in practice than a lawyer; and the Abbot Turetiere hits hard, when he says "there are some saints who have been bailiffs, nay, even comedians; in fine, there is no profession, how mean soever it be, but there have been saints of it, *except that of an attorney*." It would be a very funny ceremony—the canonization of a Philadelphia lawyer!—*New York Sun.*

#### FACTS ABOUT FEET.

Some one learned in the comparative size and "getting up" of national "understandings," says that the French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly formed, its Moorish blood corresponding with its Castilian pride, "high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot" is the description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—the English foot is short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small, and combines the peculiarities of each nation, as the chance may be.

## I SLEPT ON CLOUDS.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And spangled me o'er with stars,  
And curtained me with the rainbow's wing,  
As it stood on its airy spars.  
'Twas then in beautiful dreams I saw  
The land of ethereal air;  
And heard the sweet song of fairy elves,  
As they played with my golden hair.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
On clouds of ethereal gold,  
And pillowed my head in crimson red,  
And dreamed of the glories untold.  
I dreamed of the elves and fairies bright,  
That fitted on gossamer wing,—  
Of amber, and rose, and sweet repose,  
And birds that eternally sing.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And wrapt me in purple and blue,  
While elves at my head, painted my bed  
With the tints of the rainbow hue.  
I dreamed of the friends of childhood's years,  
Of lovers, and joys that are past,  
And saw them all there, in realms so fair,  
That spring doth eternally last!

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And spangled me o'er with stars,  
And covered me with the rainbow's wing,  
As it stood on its airy spars.  
I slept, and I dreamed—joys that will fill  
The soul with great pleasure for years;  
That those whom we love, meet there above,  
And chant with the musical spheres!

## THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

Of all the beautiful girls in Genoa, Olivia di Trevani bore away the palm. Of high rank and superior accomplishments, she had no equal in the city, and her wealth placed her above all necessity for competition with the other belles; with a mild duenna she kept her own establishment and the Grand Duke was her guardian. It was at a ball at the residence of the latter that the County Guido of Livonia first became acquainted with her. He had but lately arrived at Genoa, having been at the wars with General Bonaparte, whom, in common with all his brothers in arms, he adored. His lodgings were not far from her palazzo, and frequently he had seen her beautiful face fresh as morning, gleaming from the windows, or appearing among the green boughs and fragrant blooms on the balconies. Now and then on the crowded parade, at the close of the day, she had flitted by on the arm of some cavalier, with her meek duenna

close behind, but not till he had caught the quick glance of the inquiring eye, and as it were, established an acquaintance; daily at the club and the barracks he had heard her virtue and beauty dilated on, and out of common curiosity an interest had sprung up, increasing every day, till the least flutter of her airy garments, as she floated by, stirred his strong heart to unwonted beating, and many a moonless night found him pacing the fragrant garden alleys of the Palazzo di Trevani. On the other hand, one of the superb bearing and significant martial costume, declaring so high rank for such youth, as the County Guido, could not escape the ever active observation of Olivia, and probably no one could have excelled the unspoken pantomime of her Juliet to his Romeo. On the night, before mentioned, at the Grand Duke's, Olivia was standing with his excellency, a singularly humane and gentle man, talking familiarly, when the County Guido drew near.

"The very man!" said his excellency. "We were but just speaking of the County Guido and his achievements, and how invaluable in a case of siege, his presence among us would be. He must allow me the happiness of inaugurating a friendship between himself and my ward, the lady Olivia di Trevani." Thus leaving them, he sought other groups where he might exercise like kindliness, and almost before she was aware of it, Olivia found her arm drawn through the County's, and their steps directed towards the open terrace. Seating her in a garden chair, as if the rest of the evening there were quite a settled thing, he took a lower seat at her feet and continued the lively conversation which had been begun within.

"And what, may I ask, drew the County Guido to Genoa?" said she finally.

"Ah lady, the very catastrophe which his highness mentioned so incredulously, I foresee. There are not too many defenders for this great duchy, and since being here, I have found a more inestimable treasure, than I ever before dreamed of beholding, I cannot regret coming even should it cost me my life."

"Blessed saints! can it come to that? Is it possible that any danger hangs over Genoa?"

"So great, that I could not mention it to one possessing less nerve and courage than the Lady Olivia."

"But when? is it so near?"

"Impossible to tell. Perhaps this week, perhaps three months hence!"

She bent forward, grasping his hand and gazing at him. "One that could in any event rob you of life?" said she.

"That is not worth a thought!" was the reply. "A soldier's life is always held in his hand, the lives of those he loves are his anxiety."

"And you have friends in Genoa, Signor?"

"None, lady, but the one I have made tonight." At this point the gay throngs trooping over the terrace and joining them, broke the conversation into a series of repartees and bon mots till the Lady Olivia retired.

Having thus broken the way, the next morning saw the County Guido in Olivia's drawing-room, and the evening found him floating with her and the duenna over the peaceful gulf. Day by day they grew more familiar, and spent longer portions of time in each other's society; reading the same books, singing the same songs, glancing over each other's shoulders at their respective sketches, and meeting one another in their city walks, whenever Olivia, whose charity was a proverb, went to relieve destitution. Time thus hastening, Olivia had begun to laugh at the County's prediction of a siege, when suddenly wild rumors filled every one's ears, and Massena having sustained a dreadful rout, threw himself with his French army into Genoa for protection, and the streets were lively with the accoutrements and clatter of French soldiery. The wise, on this account, feared the allies' attacks, the foolish thought themselves safe under such guard. At last, one day, having greatly advanced in their intimacy, Olivia ventured to inquire from what quarter this dreaded bugbear was expected.

"Massena is the magnet," said Guido. "To be frank, three months ago, when the armies lay nearer together, I was out foraging, became separated from my party, and by accident blundered upon the enemy's camp. I speak German, lady," said he, suddenly changing his recital to that language. "Of course there was nothing to do but advance. Accordingly, taking a paper from my knapsack, I wrote in a new cipher with which I was familiar, and which I knew would take some time for them to unravel, a page of instructions, purporting to be from the commander-in-chief, boldly presented myself, surrendered the paper, supped with the officers, and galloped off safely. From their conversation, I learned that expecting Massena's defeat and entrance into Genoa for shelter, this siege was already planned, and also that one General Leopold Von Dressel counted upon the Lady Olivia di Trevani as his share of the spoil. Madam, pardon my abruptness, I had seen your ladyship at Dresden a year ago, and so had he. I am an independent ally, and at once drew off my few men and hastened to Genoa, determined to frustrate the

plans of General Leopold Von Dressel so far as I could by affording aid to Massena."

"You are too noble. Your kindness weighs us down with obligation."

"I cannot, do not claim disinterestedness."

"What then do you claim?"

"You!" he said, gazing into her eyes; but ere she could respond in the least, a page ran in breathlessly and threw into his hands a despatch. He tore it eagerly open. "Even so!" he cried, "I must to the duke. Now, Von Dressel, for the struggle!" His lip curled as he spoke, as if the rivalry were too contemptible for mention.

At this instant the duke hurried into the drawing-room, having been notified, in his garden adjoining, by Guido's confidential page. "Is it true, County?" he demanded.

"Unfortunately, most true."

"What force?"

"Much larger than all the souls of Genoa."

"They cannot be braver nor more patient. And is Von Dressel among them?"

"Who is Von Dressel?" asked Olivia, interrupting her guardian.

The County paused a moment. "Lady, I will only say," said he, "that not to disparage him, he is the bravest enemy we have. Of his other qualities you shall judge when we see him below the walls."

"I would I had attended more to your advice, Guido," said his highness; "the city is fortified well, and I have strengthened it considerably at your wishes. But I neglected the provisions. They are anything but abundant, and we have not a week to increase the store."

"Not six days."

"And is Massena aware of their approach?"

"My page carried him the despatch at once." And thus deliberating, they left the palazzo.

To Olivia's light heart a siege seemed no such dreadful thing; her own household stores were plentiful, and she quickly despatched her steward and some servants into the country for more to be distributed among those less able; they were to return before the sixth day, but the sixth month had passed before they again entered the city.

Meanwhile, a dogged determination sat on the faces of all the citizens, resolved to endure great extremities ere submitting to the enemy, or refusing protection to Massena, who, in return, though his means were small, would battle for them, and glorying in the sway of France, scorned the idea of yielding to Austria. Constantly busy at the defences, the County Guido, for the space of three or four days, saw but little of Olivia; on the evening of the fifth, everything



possible being done, and the city resting for the attack, he wandered with her up that beautiful mountain enclosed within the walls, on whose sides many of the palace gardens ran, the remainder of the space being open for public promenades. They had gained the summit and were overlooking the scene (as Guido had agreed to give the signal of the enemy's approach by a rocket), still willing the time with conversation as far from the harassing subject as practicable. The sunset had died away across the bay, the twilight was slowly falling, the distant mountains purpling behind them, and above the quiet waters, one star in the southwest stole out into the shadowy sky, a bright courier of advent; but hardly, thought Guido, could those be stars that gathered like a white bank of clouds close at the horizon beneath, increasing, and spreading, and floating warily forward, till the canvass wings of a vast hostile fleet stretched up the beautiful bay.

Waiting till their purpose was evident, the citizens below saw flash up into the air a sudden rocket, blazing over the sea-quarter and falling with a hiss, and knew that the County Guido saw the British fleet lying in their harbor. It was midnight before Guido and Olivia left the hill, and just before their descent, two other rockets, thrown in the opposite direction, had warned Massena and the duke of the Austrians' approach, great bands in a silent night march extending over an almost boundless district; and looking from the ramparts several hours later, they saw the Austrian tents, white as the British sails, encircling the city far and wide, the city that seemed to sleep in the peaceful night, like an easy, bloodless prey,—but perhaps the hardest work the allies of that day ever encountered was the conquest of Genoa, and certainly, in all annals of war, ancient or modern, it is the bitterest, most shameful and most cruel siege.

Through it all Olivia's courage never failed. Perceiving the extremities to which they might be reduced, she had early curtailed the luxuries of her table, and when she knew that others' provisions were gone, shared her own with them till those too were exhausted. Then upon the mountain she dug for endive and ground-nuts with her own tender hands, tore up sorrel leaves, and even boiled the new twigs of young trees, dividing everything with those around her. The duke had long since pleaded to surrender the city, but Massena was inexorable, believing that his general would relieve them soon, and Guido would have been torn to atoms before any word of his should admit the hated enemy, and during this time he had detailed a corps of trusty men and secretly employed them in excavating an

underground passage from the Palazzo di Trevani to the breach which would be made in the walls ere the foe could enter.

The ammunition was exhausted as well as the food, and no word could be made to reach Bonaparte of their desperate condition. All the women of Genoa displayed true heroism, but most of all, the Lady Olivia won the love of the people, not only by her bravery that sent her forth to dress wounds when the balls were whistling around her, but by the self-sacrifice which she constantly displayed. They had given over returning the shot of the bombardment, and awaited death with a sullen silence of their cannon. Truly such heroic fortitude might have won pity even from their besiegers.

One twilight again, the County Guido having crossed the inner barriers, was wandering up and down on a lower rampart, when a slight step arrested his strained attention, and Olivia tossing back the hood of a long black cloak stood before him. The same soft wave of the loose hair, the same curve of the fine lips, the same pensive droop of the lid, but the fires of the eye were languid, the once rosy cheeks hollow and pale, the lips bloodless; still the old bewitching smile, as laying her hand on his arm beseechingly, she said: "County Guido, you must make me a promise. Promise me that you will do what I request!" He hesitated. "You know," she added, "that I shall ask nothing derogatory to your honor."

"Ah, well," he answered gaily, as if there were no siege, no famine, "I promise."

Immediately producing from beneath her cloak, a thin crisp cake, she held it up: "Eat this. You have promised. I baked it myself."

He gently placed her hand aside.

"You have promised!" she exclaimed, again quickly. "You have tasted nothing for two days, I know. Guido, you are perishing! perishing before my eyes!"

He held both her hands tenderly. "Dear, to hear such assurance as your words convey," he said, "I would gladly perish."

The blush that came at once died as soon, while she cried, "Then, then save yourself for life and joy! It is the last—the last! I did not know I had it, but just now in one last dreary search, I came across a little bowl of wheat and a cup of honey, set carelessly aside by some servant when we lavished life. I baked it quickly and brought it here. O, if you love me as I believe you do, though you have never said so, break it!"

"Do not place temptation any longer in my way. Should I eat, and you starve, dearest?"

you are dying of hunger! Let me break it for your mouth!"

She sprang back, holding up this dainty prolongation of life, her eyes sparkling. "Do you refuse it?" she asked; "will you take it yourself?"

"Never!"

With a quick, indignant motion she flung the cake from her hand, and rolling from the platform it fell to the ground some feet below, where, attracted by the savory smell, a famished woman lying in the street crawled up and eagerly seized it.

"Olivia!" said the reproachful tone of the Countess at this angry action, and turning her hasty glance upon him, she saw the tender sorrow in his face for all the distress he was enduring, while his arms opened to receive her.

"O, you should have taken it!" she cried, throwing herself on his breast with a shower of passionate tears. "Now you will die, and I must endure to see it."

"At least," he replied, "at least we shall die together."

Many silent moments of rapture even while Death looked them triumphantly in the face, they stood folded in one another's arms, and then slowly mounted to the upper ramparts, to behold the scene below. The firing of the enemy had ceased for an hour or so and nothing but shouts of revelry came on the air. The tents were not pitched so far off, though beyond the immediate scene of operations, but that the jovial clinking of glasses and the loud toasts of the drinkers could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night.

"Here's to the Pearl of Genoa, fair Olivia di Trevani, and to the defeat of her defenders!" cried one.

"And may she survive the general death, to fill his glass for Von Dressel!" said another.

Olivia shuddered and felt but little easier when looking up into Guido's face, she saw the vindictive earnestness written there.

"Massena surrenders to-morrow," he murmured at last. "The duke will endure it no longer, and he himself thinks it expedient. But I—think you such words as come yonder, each moment more unbearable, will persuade me to throw you into Von Dressel's arms? I will fight till the last drop of blood, through the last street and behind the last barrier."

"And is not that insubordination?"

"Massena," said he, with a half laugh, "will not so consider it."

At this moment the tent curtains of the nearest revellers parted, and a tall man with an attendant bearing a lantern, issued and drew near

to inspect the arrangements for the morrow's attack. As he advanced, Olivia saw by the feeble light the most important facts of his loathsome appearance; small, twinkling, light-blue eyes, set in the vast desert of countenance, the bushy brows, the red beard covering all the lower part of his face but the thick disgusting lips, the un-neat cloak, the whole brutal aspect and great bulk, shivering as she looked, though shrouded herself in darkness and the protecting embrace of Guido.

"Look well at him, though he cannot deserve it," said he. "That is General Leopold Von Dressel."

"I have seen him before!" she returned. "O cruel wretch, daily have I seen him torment and slay his weak enemies. O, Guido, save me!"

"Death may," he responded.

"Then there is no other hope?"

"One other. One only, and that a most desperate one. It is already arranged. To-morrow, after the surrender, I alone refuse submission, and fall back with some score of men, still contending, upon the Palazzo di Trevani, enter it, the Austrians follow; still falling back and fighting I come upon the lower dining hall and close the entrance; the uproar of fight resounds within; they burst open the doors—no soul is there, I and my twenty men are nowhere to be seen—else why the subterranean passage to the breach? There we wait till dark, then hasten across the fields and up the Alps to summon Bonaparte to wrest this conquest back again."

"And I—"

"I have delayed speaking it lest you should refuse. You have no strength, and no food, you could not endure the fatigue, neither could you climb the icy mountains, nor rough it with my rude men, and every step of the way would expose you to renewed danger of falling into the enemy's hands. You will be, in fact, safest in Genoa. But then, my dearest, you must drink this opium, strong. The Grand Duke will be in your palace; you will be surrounded by mourners; the sleep it induces will be so heavy as to appear like death. Thus Von Dressel will find himself frustrated, and the presence of your guardian and Massena will save you from indignity. When you awake, you will come privately to me. It will all be managed for you. Can you bear it, my love? We can think of nothing safer."

"I will bear anything so that it brings you back to me!"

"Then first you must take some nourishment. I have had it laid by long for such an event, and shall enforce it. I shall soon be myself in a

region of plenty. Then drink the draught, darling, though it be at once death and life!"

On the morrow, the trumpets that sounded to parley, announced the surrender of the city under certain conditions, which having been subscribed to, the triumphant host deployed through the gates into the silent city. On every side the haggard faces of the Genoese peered out on the invaders, who saw how dearly victory had been purchased. But was it victory? Were there traitors who did not agree to the stipulations? Was it true that the martial spirit of Guido di Livonia was still unappeased? for suddenly presenting himself before the advancing legion with impetuous attacks from his little band, he provoked a return from the Austrians, and then pursued the plan he had marked out, till gaining the Palazzo di Trevani, which the enemy had not yet reached, the doors were suddenly flung to, chained and barred, and while his men waited in the hall, he hurried from room to room to that where Olivia lay. A black velvet pall covered the couch, and to present a more real appearance, plaited folds of white lawn swept from her shoulders to her feet, the long, black hair was brought down over the bosom where the hands were folded, the shoulders were white and cold, the head, partially turned on one side, presented the profile sharp and clear on the black ground, and wreaths of myrtle and cypress lay around her. The want and distress she had endured gave her features a sufficiently hollow and sunken look, and the action of the opium completed the ghastliness. The breathing was too slow and silent to be appreciable, and no one would have doubted that it was death, though in the most lovely phase. A moment he lingered, pressed one long kiss on the cold brow, then quickly rejoined his men. The Austrians had just burst open the door and in a moment he was secure in the dining-room. The sound of clamor responsive to the assailants was heard for an instant, and when they gained access, the place was empty, the windows still barred, and whether suddenly annihilated, or vanished through secret places, they were unable to tell, for they did not see the young page, who as they entered, having barred the window behind the Count Guido and his men, slipped out among them.

"Whose house is this?" demanded the leader.

"The Palazzo di Trevani, Mein Herr Von Dressel!" was the reply.

The place was directly vacated, and with his spurs clanging at his heels, and his followers close behind, he strode up through the splendid apartments. The duke, Massena, the Austrian

commander and his aids were in the saloon.

"Escaped!" said Von Dressel, significantly shrugging his shoulders.

"And your other bird has flown too, general!" said one of the officers with a smothered laugh and sneer.

He looked up angrily.

"Too true, Von Dressel!" said his commander. "The Lady Olivia is dead!" and he glanced at the inner apartment.

Von Dressel strode forward, followed by his comrades. The heavy purple curtains cast a dark shadow through the room, and a perfumed gum burning there sent a sluggish, deodorizing smoke curling up the ceiling, and in utter stillness the dead lady lay before him, the most heavenly and beautiful image of death he had ever seen. Bloody and painful death, besmeared and contorted he had engendered in plenty, but this peaceful quiet he had never before met.

A week the lady was supposed to be lying in state and then committed to burial, but waking long before this time had elapsed, she partook the food now common to all, and being carefully tended through the indisposition consequent on the use of opium, was soon secretly able to join the party that waited without the gates to convey her to the Count Guido. Now at last, behind her, the double headed eagle floated out on the stiff folds of the Austrian banner waving above the captured city, and Massena and the Grand Duke were prisoners of war.

But strange as the sights and sounds she left behind her were, stranger were those she now met stealing at first indistinctly down the sunny side of the Alps, then sweeping and booming onward as all the lightnings of war, grasped in the First Consul's Jove-like hand, dashed down into Italy, and at Marengo wrested from Austria the sceptre thus wrongfully gained. With him was the Count Guido, and when once more she entered Genoa, again a free city, with not a fortnight intervening, it was by the side of her husband.

It was Von Dressel's turn now, for having surrendered his sword, he stood unarmed as the magnificent pageant coiled up the streets. Behind the First Consul rode the Count Guido. But a dismal pallor overshot the Austrian general's face, the eyes protruded in dreadful attention, the lips parted, as if to utter words that would not come, for radiant in her pristine beauty, in joy and health, he saw the woman whose funeral obsequies he had undoubtedly attended, but who now, it would seem, as if to complete his defeat and crown his rival's success, had risen resplendent as the Countess di Livonia.

## ALMOST LOST.

BY E. G. MIDDLETON.

CHARLES GORDON was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, and a favorite with the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the Hindoo servant; though in truth, he was apt in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit actions serious to himself, and liable to compromise the credit of our regiment which was at the time stationed in India. Complaints were constantly being brought in against him by the inhabitants of the towns around; now the house of a surly Mussulman had been forcibly entered, new a sacred pigeon had been shot at while resting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing-girls belonging to the temple, into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. He was passionately fond of field-sports, and often his fowling-piece made welcome additions to our common-place fare, and led him into scenes that at the time, were anything but agreeable to those that were necessarily his companions.

On one occasion, allured by the news of much game, we obtained a month's leave of absence, intending to roam the jungles, until time was up, and duty again called us. Attended by three servants and a sepoy, we commenced our knight-errantry. After a glorious week's sport we found ourselves nearly used up, and decided to rest a week, at a town with a jaw-breaking name. Our sepoy was a fine, intelligent fellow, and by him we were informed that he had made friends with an old man whose only child, a young and lovely girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person that was with her at the time being a decrepid old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object sought, was not the object of her abduction, was evident, for nothing was touched in the house or garden; and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, was one in the garb of a Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance. He was a fine, venerable, old man on the verge of eighty; and in answer to our inquiries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Aneta—had been carried off by the Goandas for their annual human sacrifice.

"But can nothing be done to save her?" we both exclaimed, indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny. But the only

answer was that in three days, at the new moon, the sacrifice took place. "And then," exclaimed he, with a gush of anguish, "I shall be childless."

"Nay," returned Charles, "lead me to the spot, or the one you suspect, provide us and our attendants with disguises as you may deem most likely to favor such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done."

The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope conveyed in these words, with desperate joy; but I, knowing his rashness, vainly endeavored to dissuade him from such an undertaking; but his eloquence, and the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding human sacrifices, and to restore a child to her father's arms, caused me to lay aside my scruples and join my friend in his undertaking.

Disguised as native soldiers we commenced our search, and it was not long before we had discovered the principal pagoda of the place, situated in a thick grove. We felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifices, nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a fair in the town that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight.

The pagoda was so strongly built that we despaired at once of gaining entrance, and but for a providential accident, should have failed in gaining access to the building. While crawling carefully round the building, reconnoitering, a large snake issued from a heap of stones, passed rapidly towards the temple and entered a crevice in the wall, and glided away out of our sight. Charles seized the stick, and immediately commenced a pursuit, until its disappearance, when he strove to dislodge the reptile, by thrusting his weapon into the aperture. The stick struck against something that emitted a metallic sound, and on approaching to examine it, he found it was a small door imbedded in the stone-work of the wall. Digging away the mortar and rubbish that almost concealed it from sight, with his sword, until he was able to drag it open, and gain admittance to a small cell, then returning, he related to us his discovery, and with our swords and pistols near at hand, and a torch, in case of need, we returned to the search.

On entering the cell, a gleam of light shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us that neighbors were at hand, and that all must be done as silently as possible if we hoped to succeed. A groan from the bereaved parent, and his fall, as he glanced through the crevice, proved that his shattered nerves had received an additional shock. Seizing him, I commenced dragging him into the open air, while my companion, following

the old man's example, saw through the orifice a most lovely creature. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glance of many torches stuck in the wall, as she lay bound hand and foot. In each corner of the room was an image, hideous and frightful as ever heathen bowed down to, and ornamented with garlands of skulls and forms of hideous snakes. In the centre of the room blazed a large fire, round which, slowly danced and horribly sang a band of native devotees, until a huge gong struck up its discordant sounds, when they withdrew.

Passing his hands over the wall, searching every crevice and cranny with his fingers, in the dark, regardless of the hiss of the startled snake, he sought an entrance to the prisoner; at length a spring or bolt was touched, the door opened, and in five minutes, free from cord or chain, she lay motionless in the arms of her overjoyed parent, and after a successful retreat, was at last placed in safety, but not until a dart from Cupid's bow and Aseeta's bright eyes had pierced my young friend's heart.

Soon they were united, and on the death of his loved one's father, Charles Gordon found himself worth a few lac of rupees, and with a wife whose clinging affection rewarded him for all dangers incurred for her sake. But sickness seized him, and as the heavy damp hung on the brow that Aseeta pressed to her bosom, and so tearfully kissed, she seemed unconscious that they were the damps of death, or that the dread silence told that he breathed no more, and that life with it had fled. Slowly came the conviction to her mind, and with a shriek that echoed in my ears for years, so embodied was it with unutterable woe, she fled to her own apartment, and was comfortless. His body was prepared for the grave, but so life-like it seemed, that I felt overwhelmed with grief, as I lighted the torches around his bier, and locking the door, withdrew.

As I passed a thick and almost impassable hedge, I heard a whispering, and dropping to the ground, listened to the quarrel of two natives on the other side of the leafy wall.

"If you lead me into trouble, I'll kill you with my dirk," said one whose dialect proved him to be a mendicant.

"Idiot," answered the other, "the potion I placed in the water he drank was sure, and he died; when was the sheeza moes known to fail? Did he not rob us of our sacrifice? and now within our reach is the only article wanting to make the holy unguent that shall appease the goddess for the loss of her sacrifice. My knife is keen, and you have but to remain silent while I repeat the incantations, and to hold the body

firmly while I cut the heart from the cursed Saib's bosom.

Creeping back through the door I had just left, I crouched down behind the bier, over which the pall had been thrown to conceal it from sight and be in readiness for the mournful scene on the morrow, and was at once effectually concealed; loosening my sword and grasping my pistols, I resolved to immolate the miscreants who had wed my friend to the worm, and torn the hearts of the entire regiment. I was scarcely ensconced in my hiding-place, before stealthily in crept the squalid figures of the two devotees.

The eyes of the foremost glared like a tiger-cat's, as with fiendish delight they rested on the lonely corpse of my friend. Giving a quick glance around, he muttered: "When I have summoned the spirits of the air, the demons of the earth, and our immortal goddess, seize the hound's body and hold it firmly."

Drawing a large knife from his belt, he knelt down and commenced a low chant; then as he motioned to his companion to advance towards the body, and prepared to rise, knife in hand, I fired. Shot through the heart he sprang up, throwing his arms wildly aloft, then with scarcely a groan he fell dead across the corpse he profaned by his touch, while his hot blood spouting in streams, crimsoned the snowy habiliments of death. Involuntarily I sprang forward to remove him, while his comrade moved off. I seized him as he fled past, but being naked, he slipped through my arms like an eel. At the same moment I felt his dirk-like knife in my arm, as he felt for my heart. Drawing my other pistol, there was a report, and he stumbled and fell over the threshold with a bullet through his brain, just as my servants, alarmed by the firing, came rushing in, with haste.

On lifting the miscreant first killed from the body of poor Charles, I started back as the light was reflected in something on the face of my friend. A second glance convinced me that his eyes were open, and this certainly flashed across my mind, the head was slowly moved round. The Hindoo servants fled in terror, while I was staggered; fear was, however, only momentary, and having procured restoratives they were applied with effect, and he slowly revived and shook off the torpor induced by the poison, and before many days was out of danger. It seemed that the loud report, sudden blow and wrath, had aroused nature to renewed action, and restored suspended animation. It is needless to tell the joy of the whole regiment, and happiness of Aseeta, as her husband was restored to her arms, and a companion to us.

## Curious Matters.

### Strange Power of Photography.

A successful application of photography, in the reproduction of copies of the old Gothic manuscripts, much of the text of which was blurred from age, has been made in Germany. What is most singular, the duplicates were more perfect than the original. Words, and even whole sentences, which were totally illegible in the manuscripts, came out with the utmost distinctness on the glass plates on which the writings were photographically impressed.

### Remarkable Discovery.

A discovery which will not be the least remarkable one of the age, has recently been announced by several scientific journals. M. Steck, a chemist of Stuttgart, has found a vegetable substance endowed with surprising properties, for reviving the bulbs of the capillary tissues. Experiments in Paris on a number of persons who had been bald for years, and whose heads have now a fair growth of hair, leave no doubt as to the manifest action of this new conquest of science.

### Every Scotchman a Frenchman.

It is said that by an existing law of France, every native born Scotchman is a French citizen; the law to that effect, made by Francis II., when husband of Mary Queen of Scots, being still unrevoked. Scotchmen are also citizens of Dante's, in consequence of a statute made in honor of a party of Scotch exiles, who vigorously defended the city from an attack by the king of Poland.

### Strange Fact.

The Baraboo Republican states that a man named Geo. S. Handy, of Freedom, Sauk county, Wisconsin, in cutting down an oak tree found an elk's antlers thoroughly embedded in the solid wood. They had been hung in the crotch of the tree by a hunter a long time ago. The tree had grown up and encased them there forever.

### A Singular Discovery.

A party of miners at work near Stanhope's Ferry, California, discovered the fossil remains of a large rattlesnake. He was found embedded in the centre of a large boulder, which had been broken. The form of the snake was perfect, even down to the rattles, of which there were nine.

### Unprecedented.

A mother and four daughters, all of whom reside in Northampton, Mass., have, collectively, been married seventeen times. The mother has had four husbands, one of her daughters four, and the others three each.

### Marvellous Longevity.

Henry Jenkins, who died at Elderton, Eng., Dec. 8, 1870, lived 169 years. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman and used to wade in the stream. He frequently swam in the rivers after he was a hundred.

### Extraordinary Case.

A young woman in Otto county, N. Y., has recently had three hundred and eighty-three needles extracted from her flesh, which she had swallowed, as she says, unconsciously, and survived the operations.

### A Living Skeleton.

A man born at Goffstown, N. H., a shoemaker by trade, has wasted away so much that he now weighs only 88 1-3 pounds, whereas at eighteen he weighed 180.

### A Miracle turned to account.

Dr. Duff states that, a few years ago, a company of ascetics having lighted their sacks of dried cow-dung where veins of coal were out cropping, the black stone caught fire, at which they were greatly astonished, and circulated the report of a new miracle, which was the special manifestation of their god of fire, who had caused the very stones to burn. Multitudes flocked to the spot, a new shrine was erected, and worship paid to the god of fire. Some Europeans hearing of it, went to the place, and soon ascertained the real nature of the miracle, which they turned to profitable account by digging and working a mine that has since supplied the Ganges steamers in upper India with coal.

### Curious Fact.

At the scientific convention at Albany, Prof. Gibson remarked upon a curious connection of geometry and language. Three letters occur in almost all primitive languages. They are a line, an angle, and a circle—thus: I, A, O. In almost all languages these letters are used in the word expressing Divinity. In Hebrew, IOA is a name of Divinity. Greek AIO, the root of aloncis, the eternal. In Hindoo, Japanese, and other Asiatic tongues, the same letters are used similarly. In Indian, these letters occur in "Manitou," the word for Spirit. These letters in the old Greek or Phœnician alphabet, are the first, last and middle letters, signifying the beginning, middle and end—Alpha, Iota and Omega.

### Scientific Prophecy fulfilled.

Roger Bacon announced to the world, six hundred years ago, that machinery could be constructed, and ultimately would be, that ships could be propelled with a greater velocity than if driven by a whole galley of rowers; also, that only a pilot would be needed to steer them. Of carriages, he prophesied that they would be made to move at an incredible speed, and without the aid of any animal whatever. Finally, the prophet argued that machines might be invented which would fly through the air with untold swiftness, after the manner of birds.

### "Round Robin."

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. Sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle and call it a "round robin."

### Ancient Ring.

A Roman ring was lately found by a laborer while at work in Auxbridge churchyard, England. It is supposed to be of the period of Julius Caesar, and the metal is of a composition now unknown.

### Singular Names.

Formerly there were many persons surnamed Devil. In an old book, the title of which does not recur, mention is made of one Rogerius Diabolus, son of Montessor.

### Enormous Ruffs.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the ladies wore ruffs of such an enormous size that in full dress one was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long.

## The Florist.

Narcissus, the fairest of them all,  
Who gaze on thine eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.—SHELLEY.

### Vermin on Flowers.

Vermin, of whatever kind, are troublesome pests among flower-plants, often injuring the choicest specimens, besides being otherwise disagreeable. To get rid of them, scatter a little oatmeal where they abound; about sundown; and, by making a survey an hour later, a multitude of them will be found congregated together, when they may be gathered up and destroyed.

### Hedge Plants.

For an ornamental hedge, the American arbor-vitæ is one of the most beautiful, as well as suitable plants, as it is comparatively easy to be transplanted, and bears shearing in any form. The hamlock, however, makes a handsomer screen, from its lively green, but the plants are harder to procure, and more difficult to transplant.

### Strawberries.

This fruit requires a large quantity of water; and the great success of the London gardeners in raising such large strawberries, is mainly due to their system of irrigation. A moist soil is unquestionably best adapted to the cultivation of strawberries; but it is equally certain that stagnant water will injure or destroy the crop.

### Hot-beds.

If you have a convenient place, you can make a small hot-bed; and when the first fermentation of the manure is over, and a regular, steady heat established, you may grow different varieties of plants such as you desire to bring forward early—auricula, polyanthus, mignonette, ten week stock, dahlia seed, etc.

### Seedlings.

The very finest seedlings are, after all, those which spring near the mother plant from self-sown seed; therefore, when you weed or dig your flower borders, be careful not to disturb any seedlings which may have sprung up. They always make strong, fine blooming plants.

### Flowers in Rooms.

At this season of the year, and before fires are dispensed with, parlors are apt to be heated at least twenty degrees hotter than is necessary for the preservation of parlor plants, and as the heat decreases in the night, plants often get injured unless a fire is kept up.

### Dry Bulbs.

Roots of Amaryllis, Gladiolus, Tuberoses and such other bulbs as may have been preserved dry through the winter, may now be planted in pots, and kept in a green-house or light room, or else plunged in a hot-bed.

### Out-door Planting.

Persons who have no hot-beds, may delay the planting of sound bulbs until the weather will admit of their being planted in warm borders, on the south side of a house well supplied with manure.

### Seeds.

If you grow your own seed, change every other year with your neighbors; flower-seeds love change of soil, and will otherwise degenerate.

### Curious Experiment.

Very fine hyacinths have been grown in a drawing-room in the following novel manner:—A quantity of moss, classically called *Sphagnum*, and popularly, "fog," was placed in a water-tight box about eight or nine inches deep, into which the bulbs were placed without mould, and duly watered, they flowered finely.

### The Tiger-Flower.

A bed of these flowers would afford as much gratification to some as a bed of tulips. The *Tigridia conchiflora* is of a rich yellow color, tinged and spotted with white and crimson; the colors are very vivid and finely contrasted. The *Tigridia pavonia* is of the highest scarlet, tinged with brilliant yellow.

### Outdoor Work.

The ground will soon be open enough—even here in 43° north latitude—to begin gardening, clear away stones, remove, if any, the dry stalks and debris of the past season, to spread on and dig in manure, that it may be amalgamated thoroughly with the earth before planting.

### Cut Flowers.

Cut Flowers should have the water in which their ends are inserted changed, on the same principle as bulbous roots; and a much faded nosegay, or one dried up, may often be recovered for a time, by covering it with a large bell or cup, or by substituting warm water for cold.

### Tuberoses.

This fragrant and delightful flower has been cultivated in England for upwards of two centuries. It is very tender, and must not be set out till settled warm weather. The flowers are pure white and very fragrant, growing on stems from three to four feet high.

### Jonquils.

The fragrance of the jonquill is very grateful, being similar to that of jasmynes. There are different varieties, some of which are single, and others double flowering. They blossom early in May, and are quite hardy.

### Airing House-Plants.

House-plants are greatly benefited by being placed out of doors in the summer months, especially during gentle showers; and such as have no other convenience, may advantageously place them outside the windows.

### Tulips.

Good fresh loam, taken from under healthy grass sods, is the most suitable soil for tulips to grow in—and under it should be a layer of well-rotted stable manure about two inches thick.

### Bulbs in Glasses.

Hyacinths, narcissuses, etc., must have the water shifted every week, and the glasses should be thoroughly washed every two or three weeks.

### Monthly Strawberry.

The monthly strawberry makes a very pretty edging for garden beds. It has a constant succession of flower and fruit.

## The Housewife.

### To cure a Cough.

The following old prescription for a dry cough is worth trying: Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

### Boiled Bread Pudding.

Soak the pieces in milk or water; mash fine, and stir in a little flour, salt and two or three eggs. Wet a large brown linen cloth, and flour it well; lay it in a basin, and pour in the mixture: tie it securely, and drop into boiling water—which must be kept boiling; sauce according to fancy.

### For the Lungs.

A small piece of rosin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the rosin.

### Camphor Soap.

Beat together in a mortar two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched, and half an ounce of camphor. When thoroughly incorporated, add one pound of the hardest white soap, grated fine. Mix the whole with two ounces of tincture of benzoin, and form it into small cakes.

### Rice Cakes.

Take one-quarter wheat to three-quarters rice flour, mix, raise and bake as buckwheat. It does not affect the skin or sour the stomach, as buckwheat cakes sometimes do. A table-spoonful of molasses added just before baking causes them to brown nicely.

### Rice Flour.

Rice flour, when fresh and pure, is very much better for infants and invalids than corn starch or arrow-root; both of which contain principles of acidity. Rice flour admits of every variety of form in bread, cakes, puddings, blanc-mange, &c.

### Hint to Housekeepers.

Put a few oyster shells occasionally in your stoves when hot, and you will find those disagreeable customers known as "clinkers" entirely disappear. If one trial is not sufficient, repeat the remedy.

### Rice Griddle Cakes.

Boil a large cup of rice quite soft, in milk; while hot, stir in a little flour, Indian meal, or rice flour. When cold, add two or three eggs, and salt. Bake in small, thin cakes.

### Fumigator.

Fresh-ground coffee may be used with advantage in a sick-room; a few spoonfuls spread and exposed on a plate, burned by a red-hot iron, is a safe and pleasant fumigator.

### To clean Kid Gloves.

Wash them in a mixture of equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol. Then rub them dry. The above solution will also remove stains and grease from silk and cloth.

### Floating Island.

This is a very easily prepared dish for dessert. Beat up the white of half a dozen eggs with two table-spoonful of white sugar, adding a table-spoonful of currant jelly, and mix until they form a stiff froth. Place a pint of sweet cream in a deep dish, and pile on the froth lightly. Serve at once.

### Herbs.

Motherwort tea is beyond doubt a harmless and effective tonic, and thoroughwort a wholesome purgative. Camomile is also justly in great favor as a tonic. These three herbs should be in every good housewife's possession, for immediate use in case of necessity.

### Ophthalmia.

To cure ophthalmia, bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes are boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords relief.

### To kill Rats.

Take common cork and slice it as thin as a wafer, and fry it in the gravy of meat, but be careful not to burn it, and place it where it may be eaten, and rats will soon disappear. The cork on being swallowed swells, and thus destroys them.

### A Breakfast Dish.

Melt a couple of ounces of butter in a frying pan; as soon as it gets quite hot put in half a dozen eggs, previously broken in a basin, seasoning with pepper and salt. On sending to table, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over all.

### Fruit Cake.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, two eggs, one cup of sour milk or cream, a teaspoonful of cloves, table-spoonful of cinnamon, a nutmeg, one pound of fruit, and a teaspoonful of soda.

### Yankee Pudding.

One pint scalded milk, one-half pint Indian meal, one tea-cup molasses, six sweet apples cut in small pieces; bake three hours. A delicious pudding is this.

### Poppy Leaves.

An infusion of white poppy leaves for soothing weak eyes is excellent. Poppy leaves are also excellent to lay on the surface of poultices for healing purposes.

### Sponge Cakes.

Twelve eggs, one pound of flour, one of sugar, essence of lemon. Beat the sugar and yolks together, and the whites alone, and add the flour gradually.

### Cottage Cake.

Half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one of thick sour cream; a small teaspoonful of dissolved soda, the last thing; bake rather quickly.

### Soft Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, two of molasses, one of milk, three and a half of flour, table-spoonful of ginger, teaspoonful of soda and salt.

### Fritters.

One pint of milk, three eggs, teaspoonful of soda and salt; made rather thicker than griddle cakes.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### GREAT CITIES.

There is an old saying—"God made the country and man made the town;" and many who are in the enjoyment of a country residence are apt to proceed further and to say, that since cities are the handiwork of man, they must be all evil. This, of course, is both puerile and irreverent. We cannot all live in the country—we cannot all be farmers, no matter how high and elevated agriculture is. Unless we are willing to ignore civilization, we accept these great gatherings of men in builded marts as conditions and incidents of progress. And without these great centres of trade and commerce, what would a country life be?—a mere existence, bereft of refinement, elegance and comfort. Town and country are mutually dependent on each other—the very blood of life circulates through the veins and arteries of both. The great cities supply the wealth of the country; the country supplies the life of the city. And if the country improves the physical and moral character of the city by sending, from time to time, its hardy representatives to embark in trade or the professions, the city returns the compliment by despatching to country residences wealthy, refined and intelligent people, to disseminate the fruits of that high culture for which the city affords so many facilities.

Of course, city life has its dangers and its evils, the magnitude of which depends on the size of the locality. Great cities present the most amazing contrasts. If there are hundreds of churches, there are thousands of dens of infamy; if there are multitudes of high-toned people, there are enough, too, of the dregs of humanity; if there are boundless purses, there are also depths of poverty that no plummet-line can sound. Now and then the perpetration of a series of crimes, occurring in some great city like New York, and spread abroad on the countless wings of the press, produces a general cry of horror; the infected locality is pointed out as a modern Sodom, and every man whose next neighbor is a rifle shot off, is foolishly severe on cities in general, as if they were, in Dogberry's words, "tolerable and not to be endured."

But this is idle talk. On this continent, at least, even in the most densely-populated cities,

the good outnumber the bad in the proportion of about twenty to one, and there is no reason why crime and rowdiness should get the upper hand. This can never be done, if good citizens unite with the single purpose of managing their affairs in the best possible manner. Party politics ought never to be introduced into the local affairs of a great city. For the head of its government the best man should be sought, and when that man is found, he should be heartily and zealously supported by all good citizens. What is done in small towns can be accomplished in great cities by the application of the same principles, as a well-trained battalion can be manoeuvred as easily as a single company. We shall never believe that a great city must necessarily, from the very fact of its size, be a sink of iniquity.

### IMITATIONS.

Imitations are always dangerous. The donkey who had seen the dog caressed for jumping up on his master, was soundly cudgelled for doing the same thing. It is related of a supernumerary in the time of Garrick, the actor, that on one occasion of the latter's appearance as King Lear, the "supe" fainted away from the effect. Garrick, like other spoiled favorites of the public, was gratified at this, and gave the man five guineas. On the next representation of the tragedy, a fellow auxiliary pretended to be *struck all of a heap*; but he managed the affair so awkwardly, that Garrick ordered his immediate discharge.

MARINE LOSSES.—Lieut. Maury states that the average number of American vessels wrecked during the stormy month of March, is one for every eight hours.

POLITE PHRASE.—"Constitutionally tired," is now the polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy.

CURIOS.—The original MS. of Hood's Song of the Shirt is now in the autograph collection of a New York gentleman.

MALDEN.—A town hall, of large proportions, is shortly to be erected in this flourishing place.

## NINE YEARS AGO.

The memory of 1848—a memorable year for Europe—was called to our mind, lately, by reading an account of a celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution of that year by a body of exiles in New York. The American flag sheltered many of the luckless men who participated in the events of the "Battle Summer." Many others have died in exile, or languish in chains, or sadly pine under the continental despots they sought to overthrow. How vividly present, as we write, seem the emotions called up by the news that Paris had risen in arms, that cannon and muskets had rang along the Seine, that the citizen king had fled, that the revolutionists were in possession of the Hotel de Ville and the Arsenal, and that the republic had been proclaimed! We seem to see Lamartine, in whom we thought we beheld a second Washington, standing in the balcony of the hotel, with ten thousand muskets levelled at his breast by the ruffians of the Faubourgs, and yet refusing to give them the red flag which they demanded, and which had been "trailed in the blood of Frenchmen through the Champ de Mars," insisting on the adoption of the tricolor which had made the tour of the world in a halo of glory. And then we behold all Paris—all France—rejoicing in the restoration of a republic.

Other nations catch the fiery impulse. Germany shakes off her fetters—Italy is alive—Poland breathes once more—and gallant Hungary arises against the despot. Alas, the hopes awakened by that brief period of convulsion are withered! The folly and incompetence of revolutionists, the might and union of despots prevailed over the good cause. The fetters were re-locked on the limbs that had spurned them from one end of the continent to the other. Yet we do not despair. As soon should we think, because the sun set in clouds, that he will never rise again, glorious and effulgent. The daystar of liberty in Europe cannot be quenched. The funeral pall that hides it will once again be drawn, and its light shine upon the dark places of the earth. More resolute champions of liberty yet will arise—other leaders, including all of the past who were true in the hour of trial, like Kosuth and Garibaldi, will take the field, and the victory they achieve will be decisive.

**SPECIAL REFERENCE.**—In Worcester, the reports of the liquor agents were referred to the committee on water.

**UNDOUBTED FACT.**—The most dangerous kind of a bat that flies in the night is a brick-bat.

## OVER-WORK OF BRAIN.

We are glad to see that this theme is engaging public attention, with especial reference to the treatment of children, and the management of our schools. The fast spirit of the age has certainly not avoided the schoolroom and the academy, and the forcing of the mind has in too many cases kept pace with the forcing of flowers and grapes in our conservatories. If a school were a mental hot-house and children were expected to produce one or two harvests of accomplishments, and then be thrown aside, this would be well enough; but the boys and girls of to-day are the fathers and mothers of to-morrow, and we must be careful, in our desire to appear the smartest nation of all creation, that we do not prematurely exhaust the living proofs of it. E. E. Bradshaw, Esq., of this city, lately delivered at Charlestown a powerful lecture on this topic. He said, while arguing against the practice, that over-working of the brain was a common thing in our schools. The most trifling strain on a child's brain is apt to produce nervous disorders. Dr. Jackson's rule was that one third of a child's time should be spent in the play-ground. Precocious children, it is well known, rarely become distinguished in after life. On the other hand there are numerous examples of dull boys turning out the most shining lights of literature and science. Sheridan, Sir Isaac Newton, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Dryden, Milton, Swift, Sir Walter Scott, and many others, were not forward in youth, and yet became the glories of the world. Parents should look to it that the minds of their children are not developed at the expense of their bodies.

**LONG LIFE.**—People live longer now-a-days than they used to do. Professor Buchanan, in a recent lecture, stated that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life was eighteen years, whereas at present it is forty-three years. And then, with increased life, we are more industrious, which accounts for the immense strides of civilization in the nineteenth century.

**GETTING HIGH.**—Chimborazo, in Ecuador, South America, has been ascended by an Englishman and a Frenchman. They make it out to be 21,466 feet, and declare that it is easy both to ascend and descend—the latter particularly.

**APHORISM.**—He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

**WORTH KNOWING.**—Take away discretion, and virtue will become vice.

## A GIGANTIC JOKE.

Theodore Hook was famous for his practical jokes on a large scale, but one that happened lately at Versailles, France, throws all his mystifications into the shade. A rich English bachelor has been for years residing in that historical town. Well, the other day, precisely at the hour of noon, a splendid hearse, preceded by mutes, and followed by mourning coaches, drew up at the door of the boarding-house where the single gentleman resides. When the ministers of death presented themselves to bear out the body to its last home, all was horror and astonishment, nor would the grim undertaker be convinced of his mistake till the persecuted victim gave ocular testimony of his being alive and well. In the meanwhile twelve coaches appeared, six of them intended for a funeral procession, and the other half for a bridal, the coachmen of the latter wearing white gloves and white favors in their hats—a most ludicrous contrast. A troop of donkeys and half-starved ponies, arrayed for a picnic in the woods, next made their appearance; and, to add to the confusion, tradesmen of all kinds were pouring in with goods ordered for the occasion—hairdressers with wigs, tailors with samples, shoemakers and hatters ready to take orders, the stonemason with designs for the ornamental tomb, and jewellers with ornaments for the bride. The myrmidons of the police were seen insinuating themselves among the crowd, sent by the authorities of the town to investigate a reported plot against Louis Napoleon's government. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth or of Daxley.

Some of the persons duped were irritated beyond measure, while others seemed delighted at the fun, though disappointed at not selling their goods. It appeared, however, that the merry wag who was the author of all this mischief, was not yet satisfied, for he had despatched by post and railroad, invitations for a ball that night on a grand scale. The consequence was that, in the evening, there arrived at the place of rendezvous men bearing on long poles lustres and variegated lamps, and juvenile cooks were seen flocking on all sides, laden with pastry, ices, punch, and all kinds of refreshments.

In this manner ended this curious scene, which, like all the events of this sublunary life, was checked with pain and pleasure. The object of this mystification bore it in the most philosophical manner, more particularly as he entertained his friends without incurring any personal expense. The author of the hoax was however rich and generous enough to defray all the costs.

## BOSTON MARKETS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is rather tantalising for housekeepers, now that the established rates of provision are so high that it is difficult for a man of moderate means to make both ends *meat* (and if he tries to make one end *fish*, he is about as badly off), to read about the old times in Boston, when one could live on the fat of the land for almost nothing. Yet "G. M. F.," a pleasant, gossiping correspondent of the Boston Journal, tells us a story that really makes us envious of our grandfathers. He says: "Wild pigeons had become so plenty that Dock Square was full of them. The selectmen of the town warned the sellers to take what they could not sell home with them, fearing they would breed disease. A man had brought in a *load* and unloaded them on this spot. Sales were dull, and it getting late, he became uneasy about re-loading, and hit upon a plan to save him the trouble. So he left his pigeons and took a walk, hoping some one would *steal* them before he returned. But it happened that one of his neighbor sellers of pigeons was in the same predicament. The neighbor, finding the owner gone, thought he might as well add to his heap. So he deposited his lot with his neighbor, and left for home. When the man returned who had presumed upon the dishonesty of Bostonians, he found, instead of being stolen, his stock had *gained*, and he was obliged to cart off the *whole lot*. I do not think pigeons would go begging now."

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.—If the multitude of unfortunate beings who are travelling the road to ruin, answered truly to the question what sent them there, they would reply: "Idleness, late hours, disregard of the Sabbath, drinking and the perusal of immoral books."

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THE FINE ARTS.—A correspondent of the Transcript suggests the establishment of a free picture gallery in this city, and the idea is an excellent one.

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GENEALOGY.—Thomas Moore's grandfather's name was Thomas Codd. There is a numerous family of tom-cods scattered along our coast.

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REFLECTED GLORY.—Two nieces of Eugene Sue, the great French novelist, recently attracted much attention in society at Washington, D. C.

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RICH ATTIRE.—A beautiful lady recently appeared at a ball in Washington, D. C., attired in a dazzling dress of Mexican cloth of gold.

## THE BEAUX OF OLD.

The race of beaux is utterly extinct, and perhaps the world is none the worse off for the circumstance. We have Shanghai fops in plenty still, but no men who rise into fame by exquisite dress, accompanied by elegant manners and wit, like Beau Nash, the "King of Bath," and Beau Brummell, the famous English *arbitrator elegantium*. Perhaps we are not wrong in saying that Count d'Orsay was the last of the beaux, and he outlived the palmy days of the race. Beau Brummell was a fine specimen of his class—an oracle in dress, and, moreover, in spite of his frequent follies, a man of wit. "He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinction in one crowning and brilliant halo." Many of his sayings were quite too good to be lost, and they were nearly all richly characteristic. Bulwer's sketch of the man in "Pelham" was a gross caricature.

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said: "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea." "You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a sympathizing group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger?" Being asked how he liked port wine, he said, with an air of difficult recollection: "Port? port? O port! Ay—the hot intoxicating liquor so largely drank by the lower orders." A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing." "Fellow," said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin." Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody consoled with him; upon which he smiled with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth: "Why, sir, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage." But as we said before, the race of elegant and useless idlers is extinct, and as the beaux are no more, we will say no more about the beaux.

AT WAR WITH HIGH PRICES!—Mr. Ballou, the extensive Boston publisher, offers the public a three dollar magazine for one dollar, and a charming work he gives us in *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. One hundred pages in each number, and numerous illustrations;—twelve hundred pages a year for one dollar!—*Trenton Egis*.

## WIVES BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Several cases have occurred, lately, where the peace of mind of confiding young girls has been destroyed, and their prospects blighted, by their being decoyed into correspondence with strangers advertising through newspapers for help-mates. It may be set down that no man worth having will resort to advertising for a wife. In Paris and Genoa in Europe, there are regular marriage-brokers. They have descriptions of marriageable girls, the amount of their property, etc., and go about to arrange connections. When they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. on the portion, thus degrading matrimony into a matter of money. Marriage in Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen each other; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or experience, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and other incidental expenses. We hope never to see such mercenary arrangements foisted on our social system.

EDUCATION.—The means for classical education are amply provided for in this country. There are 144 colleges in the United States. The oldest are Harvard and William and Mary. In addition to these, there are 45 theological seminaries. Texas has prospectively the largest educational fund of any State in the Union.

HOME.—It is at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or his happiness; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This remarkably cheap and acceptable Magazine, advertised in another column, has met with an extraordinary popularity. One secret of which is, its purely moral tone, and the wonderfully low rate at which it is offered to the public. Mr. Ballou now claims for it a circulation nearly reaching 80,000!—*Trumpet and Universalist Magazine*.

APPROPRIATION FOR BOSTON.—Among the appropriations by Congress for public buildings, was one of \$1,000,000 for a Court House in Boston.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Rhode Island Senate has refused to restore capital punishment, except for murder committed in the State Prison.

## TELEGRAPHIC WONDERS.

We live in an age of wonders. The realities by which we are surrounded surpass the magical feats which, in past centuries, the most vivid imaginations of the fervent poets of the East were tortured to invent. California represents the cave of Aladdin; the balloon answers the purpose of the famous bronze horse by means of which the Eastern carried off the Indian princess, while the palace, transported from point to point with marvellous celerity, is daily realized in the speed and splendor of our railroad cars. The Orientals never dream of describing a man totally insensible during a cruel surgical operation, and even enjoying pleasant dreams while his body was being mutilated by the merciless knife. Yet chloroform and ether have accomplished this. And perhaps the most wonderful achievement of all, the instantaneous transmission of thought between the remotest points, is the child of our own days. To annihilate space, and to render a subtle current a medium of communicating thought, is an achievement, it has been well remarked, which elevates man as an intellectual being and endows him with a god-like attribute; and it needs good philosophy to keep in due check the feelings of self-sufficiency and vanity which may naturally arise in contemplating what he has accomplished. Yet the powers of the hurricane and the earthquake, mocking the mightiest efforts of man, stifle the feeling of pride that rises at his highest achievements in science and art.

It remains for the coming year to demonstrate the wonderful power of the electric telegraph. Then the old and the new world, already made near neighbors by steam, will be able to converse daily with each other. The intellectual communication will be more rapid than that between a man living at Roxbury and one at the north end of our city. The social, political and important result of this rapidity of inter-communication can scarcely be exaggerated. Suppose a misunderstanding occurs between the two countries—long before the flame of hostility can be kindled in either nation, an explanation will make all matters straight. If we remember rightly, the battle of New Orleans was fought after the treaty of peace was signed; with the transatlantic telegraph in operation, no such occurrence can happen. But the more we know of each other, the more unlikely will it be that England and America, whose principal interests are in common, will ever quarrel. The establishment of this telegraph line will be a great step towards the realization of the hope of all true Christians—the reign of peace and good will on earth.

## LAUGHABLE MISTAKES.

Franklin was present at the meeting of some literary society in Paris, where many pieces were read, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, but wishing to appear polite, resolved to applaud when he should see a lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Bouffiers, express satisfaction. After the reading was over, his grandson said to him: "Why, grandpapa, you always applauded and louder than anybody else when they were praising *you*." The good man laughed, and explained the matter to the company. This reminds us of a mistake that the famous General Moreau made when in this country. He attended Commencement at Cambridge, and a musical society among the students sang a song, the chorus of which was "to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow." Imperfectly acquainted with English, the French officer fancied it was a poetical tribute, and that the stanzas closed with a mention of his name—"To Moreau—to Moreau—to Moreau," so that every time the phrase occurred, he rose and bowed to the singers, to the infinite amusement of those who saw into the cause of the general's mistake.

**RECORDING BIRTHS.**—The local editor of the Buffalo Commercial (who is a physician, by the way) is advocating the publication of births in the newspapers. He thinks them of more importance than deaths, for the reason that when a man is dead he is done with, but when he is born he is only begun with. In England, the practice of publishing births is universal.

**BALLOON'S MAGAZINE.**—This cheapest of all the monthlies comes to us for April with new attractions, beautifully illustrated. This magazine has long been set down as the cheapest publication of the kind in America, and how the proprietor can afford to illustrate it, at the present number comes to us, and still furnish it for the original subscription price (\$1), is past our comprehension. But he does it.—*Brazil (Ind.) Weekly News*.

**TEMPER AND HEALTH.**—If you inquire about persons who have attained a great age, you will find that they are invariably good tempered. Nothing so tends to shorten life as fits of ungovernable passion.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—A western editor inserted the following in the columns of his "valuable paper": "The gentleman who borrowed our umbrella is requested not to return it, as we have hooked a better."

**AN ODD FISH.**—Fishes are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes—two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

GILDED CRIMES.

Shakespeare says :

"Plats sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

This is no longer true of any portion of the civilized world—much less of any portion of this country. Nowhere with us is the ermine sullied by corruption, and the wealthy criminal stands no better chance of escape from the penalty of crime than the poor man. But while we show neither partiality nor sympathy for an offender against the laws of the land because he is rich, it must be confessed that the world does treat with unjustifiable lenity crimes against property, provided they are of sufficient magnitude. A stupendous swindler, whose frauds may have impoverished hundreds, is far more pitied than the poor wretch driven by desperation to snatch at a few dollars. The forger of notes to half a million is, we are afraid, the recipient of a little of that respect which is paid to the legitimate owner of half a million. We are rather more apt to style him an "unfortunate financier," or an "unlucky speculator," than to brand him with the blank epithet "thief!" We are rather inclined to rack our brains for excuses for the misconduct of a man who grasps at gold, as if the pursuit of pelf were so praiseworthy an aim that the end almost justified the means.

When Mr. Fagin's favorite pupil, Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," was finally arrested, the intense grief of his "pal," Charley Bates, arose not so much from the fact that he was in the hands of the law, as that he was about to be transported to the penal colonies for stealing a snuff-box of trifling value. "To think," says Mr. Bates, "of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common two-penny—half-penny snuff-box! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chains and seals, at the lowest. O, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his wables, and go out as a gentleman—not like a common prig, without no honor nor glory! How will he stand in Newgate Calendar? P'r'aps not be there at all. O, my eye! my eye! wot a blow it is!"

There are many people in a higher sphere of life, and surrounded by more moral influences, who measure the magnitude of crime by Mr. Bates's standard.

**MARINE DISASTERS.**—Eleven New York pilot boats have been lost since 1852, with a loss of \$70,000 to the pilots and twenty or more lives.

**A LARGE DOMAIN.**—There are 112,000 square miles in Kansas—in Illinois, 52,000.

A NEW ENGLAND SPRING.

It is not safe to trust a New England spring—there is no knowing what may happen before the vernal months run out. Even the blue-birds are often taken in by false appearances and come out in their azure jackets, when the poor little fellows ought to be lying up in lavender in some snug corner. A stupid sectional pride keeps us from telling the truth. We hear of green peas and strawberries in Richmond, and, dying with envy, we, poor literary slaves, draw our tables nearer to our rusty grates, blow our noses, wipe our eyes, give a wheeze or two, and then write mendacious paragraphs about the forwardness of the season. An April ramble is a forlorn affair. It isn't safe to venture out without being fully equipped as for a January excursion. But nobody gets any credit for telling the truth about the spring, and we believe we forever forfeited the good graces of a sentimental damsel, who asked us, once upon a time, to write her some verses referring to the spring, by sending her the following :

The spring has come—the lovely spring—  
Come, lady, wander forth with me;  
We'll go where blossoms do not hang  
Upon the sere and threadbare tree.

We'll try to find some hardy flower,  
Or some ambitious blade of grass;  
But wear your India rubber shoes—  
The ice is slippery as glass.

Put on, I pray, your quilted hood,  
Warm furs around your shoulders fling;  
With cloak, umbrella and surtout  
We're fitly dressed to meet the spring.

We'll try to find that it's fine  
While stalking o'er the pastures bare;  
We'll say the snowflakes falling fast  
Are blossomed petals in the air.

Then home returning from our walk  
With noses blue, and spirits light,  
How gladly will we hover o'er  
The glaring fire of anthracite!

Then hasten, while the sidewalk's clear,  
Soon will the snow obstruct the way;  
But if this weather only holds,  
We'll go a-Maying in a sleigh.

**LENGTH OF LIFE.**—The official reports of mortality for Massachusetts state that the average length of life for "editors" is forty, and for "gentlemen" sixty-eight years. Do they mean that editors are not gentlemen?

**A DIFFERENCE.**—It's very good to be short in speech; but to be "short" on 'change is a different affair.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The American residents at Constantinople are estimated at 410 souls.

The Porte is about to take formal possession of the Delta of the Danube.

The Bank of England is about to allow interest on cash balances.

A newspaper has been commenced in Egypt, intended for Syrian circulation.

In the government of Livonia, Poland, 130 wolves were destroyed in the year 1855, principally in the district around Dorpat.

The diocese of Paris is believed to be the most populous in the world of the Romish Church. It contains 1,700,000 souls.

The British government have arranged to despatch annually, for five years, a small steamer to explore the Niger river, for scientific and commercial purposes.

Apprehensions are entertained in France and Italy that the disease which damaged the last silk crop will again make its appearance this year.

A new school of art has been built in Sheffield at a cost of £7100. Towards this sum £5500 has been raised by subscription and in other modes.

A comical story comes from Berlin. Two ladies went to the Royal ball at the Opera-house in a furniture-van; no ordinary carriage could contain the immense dresses they wore.

At an auction sale in Paris last month, a diminutive coffee cup of old and rare China porcelain was sold for \$450, and a violin of Amati at \$3800.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave a gratuitous concert at Belfast, Ireland, for the benefit of the hospital there, presenting them with the magnificent sum of £132 16s. 7d.

The inhabitants of Lapland and Finland, bordering on the North Cape of Norway, owing to a failure of the crops, are in a state of starvation. Hundreds are dying daily.

The Marquise Dowager of La Rochejaquelein, the celebrated lady who rode on horseback by the side of her husband in the war of La Vendée, has just died at Orleans, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

A Paris banker recently gave a magnificent entertainment to one hundred and fifty journalists and literary men, which of course confers a great deal of honor on himself, and begets a good sort of feeling in them.

The Emperor Napoleon has ordered twenty-five magnificent opera-glasses (some of them to be ornamented with 2000f. worth of diamonds), which he intends to offer as a present to the Grand Duke Constantine when he arrives.

According to the latest census of France, the sexes are thus divided: Men, 17,870,169; women, 15,009,195. Total, 36,089,364. During the quinquennial period from 1851 to 1856, the number of men increased 75,210; the number of women, 180,984. Total augmentation of population, 256,194.

The inhabitants of Lapland and Finland are suffering from a scarcity of provisions.

The Protestants in Havre, France, now number about three thousand communicants.

There are seventy-eight Wesleyan preachers in France.

The British army in Hindostan numbers, it is said, 215,000 men.

The salary of the Lord High Chancellor of England, is £10,000.

It is said the Swiss can muster an army of 230,000.

The Persians have been much excited by the English invasion.

Arsinoe, the first English opera in the Italian style, was produced in 1705.

The performance of Schiller's drama of "William Tell," has been prohibited, for the present, at Munich.

The King of the Corea has opened all the ports of his territory voluntarily to the commerce of all nations.

The working men of London have formed emigrating parties on a large scale to Canada and Australia.

From Naples, accounts are deplorable. Terror reigns throughout the capital and kingdom. Arrests continue incessantly.

England, with a national income of fifty odd millions sterling, contributes only four thousand pounds per annum for the encouragement of the fine arts.

The success of the half-holiday movement in London has been such that business appears to be very nearly suspended on the last day of the week.

Bell's Life states that the vigorous measures adopted by the authorities for suppressing the London betting houses are likely to be completely successful.

It is said, on good authority, that Madame Novello has relinquished all idea of making the voyage to America, which has been so often announced in the transatlantic journals.

The head of Verger has been taken to the amphitheatre of the *Ecole de Medicine*, to be subjected to phrenological examination, and to allow casts to be taken from it.

Russian authorities give notice that they will purchase paving stones, brought as ballast, at the rate of twenty silver roubles per 343 cubic feet, and nine roubles per square foot of flag stones.

Augustine Brohan, a very charming French actress, and sister of the celebrated Madeline Brohan (Rose Cheri's rival, and *protege* of Napoleon III.), has taken the place of M. About as *feuilletoniste* of the *Paris Figaro*. She is a most brilliant and *piquante* writer.

Parliament has published an account of the public income and expenditures for the year ending September 30, 1856. Total income from all regular sources of revenue, was £71,348,000, and total expenditures £88,307,000, being an excess of £16,959,000 sterling of expenditures over income.

## Record of the Times.

The last legislature of Connecticut appropriated \$3000 to the Plymouth monument.

John J. Phelps, formerly a compositor in Boston, has bought the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

A southern Episcopal university is about to be established, probably at Cleveland, Tenn.

Dr. William Symmes, of Andover, who died in 1807, wrote over 4500 sermons.

Mr. Berry, of Illinois, claims two-thirds of the land on which Dover, Delaware, is built.

The estimated cost of the railroad suspension bridge at St. Louis is \$1,500,000.

A teacher in one of the Cincinnati public schools was lately attacked by a pupil's mother.

Mrs. Brown says her stupid husband, when he tries on a boot, "puts his foot in it."

An extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature will probably be called in June.

A German will lay awake hours studying metaphysics. They put an Englishman to sleep.

The Italian republicans have given President Buchanan a splendid gold chronometer watch.

People who write for this busy age, should accustom themselves to use short sentences.

There have been about twenty convictions, the past year, for forgeries of land warrants.

J. B. Wallace, of Oswego, lately lost a little son, owing to an apothecary's mistake, who sent wine of opium instead of antimonial wine.

Chief Justice Taney has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

The degree of M. D. was conferred upon two hundred and twelve graduates at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, recently.

Quite a revival of religion is in progress in Ipswich, and a great number of persons have been added to the churches.

A clergyman in New York lately had a surprise visit from his friends, who brought him a shot bag with fifty double eagles in it, or \$1000.

Albert Delfosse has invented an "Anti-Garrotte Boot Bayonet," a valuable attachment for those accustomed to kick backwards—it being secured to the heel of the boot.

"What boxes govern the world?" asks a New York paper. It answers the question thus: "The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box and the band-box."

One of the royal engineers has patented a method of changing common lime into hydraulic cement, by heating it in a closed chamber with sulphur.

Nineteen persons have been arrested at places along the line of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, who have stolen goods at various times from the freight cars to the amount of \$50,000.

The Sacramento Times says, in the course of a report of the proceedings at a public dinner: "The mayor of the city, and the ladies, etc., were appropriately and elegantly drunk, and the party separated in fine cheer."

About 150,000,000 letter-stamps were sold by the U. S. government last year.

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside of it.

A piece of gold is said to have been found in Australia, lately, worth \$100,000.

The two U. S. senators and the chief justice of Pennsylvania were formerly printers.

Fire-crackers have advanced in price in consequence of the war news from China.

There are about seven hundred clergymen in the city of New York and in Brooklyn.

It is said that large numbers of females in New York carry pistols in their pockets for protection.

The Manchester, N. H., Mirror tells of a turkey that lived 37 days without food or water.

The appropriations for the Springfield armory are \$390,000—larger than in any previous year.

A strenuous attempt is being made to establish a post-office in South Boston.

A new hotel is to be built at Philadelphia—\$700,000 having been already subscribed.

In Alabama they are manufacturing a wine called "Ulrica," which is much praised.

Huntington is now employed as bookkeeper for Mr. Woodruff, contractor in Sing-Sing prison.

An excellent coal deposit has been discovered in Pike county, Indiana.

The rowdies of Baltimore have taken to beating women for a pastime.

All the men who have been elected governors of New Hampshire since 1838 are alive, and all before that period are dead.

A mass of pure silver, weighing sixty-five pounds, it is stated, was lately found in one of the mines in the Lake Superior region.

A brutal omnibus driver in Philadelphia tied a rope round the tongue of his horse, because he would not move, and tore off five inches of it.

The Lowell police have notified the owners of buildings where intoxicating liquors are sold in the city, to stop the same. There is a penalty of \$1000 for letting buildings for this business.

Gerritt Smith has given \$1000 to the Dudley Observatory. The list of Boston gentlemen who have contributed to this institution has never been published.

If hoops for ladies' skirts go out of fashion, cord is not likely to. The Newburyport Herald says that the cord factories at the lower part of that city are hard pressed to supply the demand.

Congress has appropriated \$30,000 to renew the furniture of the Executive mansion; and also \$11,000 for the repair of the public grounds in Washington.

One of the patriots of the Revolution, John C. Reinhardt, died in Philadelphia recently, at the age of ninety-eight years. He was a native of Germany, and came here at nearly the same time with Lafayette.

H. Meschendorf, a German, aged 46, while eating dinner in too great a hurry, at New York, got strangled by a piece of meat and choked to death. He was said to be partly intoxicated at the time.



## Merry-Making.

A polite gentleman of this city begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down.

Planets and shooting-stars are similar, for the former are all *revolvers*.

An Emeraldaler, in writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in* in the morning.

"Virtue is its own reward," as the gentleman said to the little street sweep at the crossing, when he held out his hand for a penny.

We learn that a distinguished professor has come to the conclusion that the cause of the potato rot is the *rotatory* motion of the earth.

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

An "orderly" is in a scrape, for saying that the general's lady put him in mind of the invoice of an African trader when he looked at her mouth—"all gums, gold and ivory."

St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words: "O, mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted into "My eye and Betty Martin."

Once at the Holland house, the conversation turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

"Ma, I want a sled—I do want a sled—can't I have a sled?" "Ask your father." "I don't like to ask him, ma." "Why, what nonsense—ask him." "No, ma, you ask him—you have known him the longest."

"Lizzy," said a little curly-headed boy of some five years, "isn't Sam Slade a *buster*?" "Why, Charley?" "Because the grammar says positive buss, comparative buster, and I did see him give you such a positive buss."

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going—for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer; "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

Why is a young lady about to dismiss her lover because he is a *medium*, like a person approaching a certain village in Maine. Of course you give it up. Well, it is because she is going to *sack a rapper* (Saccarrappa)!

A fellow from the country, being treated to a glass of wild cherry compound, exclaimed, as soon as he got the pucker out of his mouth: "Gosh! I guess those cherries were so *wild* that the man didn't catch many of them."

A gentleman in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady, who at last quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his bon mots, exclaimed: "Stop, sir! there is really no end to your wit." "God forbid, madam," replied the humorist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

What name of a woman can always command a degree? Emma (M. A.).

"By your *leaf*," as the caterpillar said, when he dined off the cauliflower.

Who dare sit before the king with his hat on? Ans.—A coachman.

"I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

Life is a good deal like a pair of trousers—the comfort increases as the shine wears away.

What rod was most feared by Hebrew children of old? Ans.—He rod.

What is that which you should always keep after you have given it to another? Your word.

Why is a man not asleep like the evening before an Irish funeral? Ans.—Because he is a-wake.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone fence, unless he believes his head is the hardest.

It is stated that the Buffalo folks are discussing the question, whether "Pop goes the Weasel" is an appropriate tune to be chimed by church bells.

Gentleman (to servant).—"Bridget, bring me this morning's paper." Bridget.—"Arrah! I used it to kindle the fire! Wont yesterday's do as well?"

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "By chalks, you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the *laases* too."

Rousseau used to say, that "to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing anything that you have written."

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes."

In Ireland a sharp fellow is said to be "as cute as Power's fox, the fox of Ballybothereem, which used to read the newspapers every morning to find out where the hounds were going to meet."

There is a girl in Schenectady whose hair is so red that she is obliged, on retiring at night, to put an extinguisher on her head, instead of a night-cap, to prevent a conflagration of the bed clothes.

A man who forbade his servant girl (who belonged to the same church with himself) going in and out of the front door of the house, was quietly asked by the girl if he supposed they would enter heaven by separate doors.

"Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?" "O, I've a carpenter and jiner." "Ho, I guess yer is! What department does yer perform, Sambo?" "What department? I does de circular work." "What's that?" "Why, I turns de grin'stone."

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☜

Any person desiring to see a copy of *BALLOU'S PICTORIAL*, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

# Mr. Leatherhead's Experience as a Whaler.



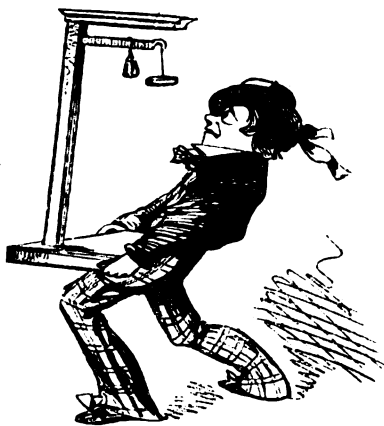
Mr. Leatherhead excited by the perusal of adventures in the South Seas—decides on a whaling trip.



Proceeds to procure an outfit from a friend who knows exactly what he needs, and supplies him.



Reports himself prepared to do duty, and is ordered to get aboard—gets one.



He hears the order to "weigh anchor," and proceeds at once to do it.



Being ordered aloft in a storm, thinks it time to make use of his umbrella. Hard work!



False alarm of whales is raised, to practise the green hands at the oar. His hands don't improve under the system.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



He catches a whale, however, and holds on to him like grim death.



Consequently he follows the whale overboard. "Strange things come up to look at him."



He reaches, after a desperate struggle, a friendly cake of ice, and introduces himself to its inhabitants.



He is rescued, and proceeds down the ship's side to dig spermaceti. Not being successful, he is appointed



To boil the oil. Succeeds in setting the ship on fire, and



Makes his escape to a desert island, with some refreshments ' the captain's hat.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1857.

WHOLE No. 30.

## SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.



VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNI.

### SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

In the present article, we propose, by the help of pencil, to convey to our readers some idea of the sublime and picturesque scenery of the Alpine regions of Switzerland, renowned in song and story, celebrated on canvass, and the great centre of attraction to all summer tourists in Europe. In our sketches we shall start from no given point, and pursue no particular course, as it is not our purpose to imitate a guide-book, but single out such scenes as appear to us most striking and interesting.

Before noticing our series of pictures, which commence with a view of Chamouni, on this

page, let us glance at some of the general characteristics of the Alpine region of Europe. An almost continuous chain of mountains, differently named in different parts, traverse Europe in its entire breadth, forming its backbone, as it were. The loftiest and most extensive portion of this spine is the well-known chain of Alps, lying between Germany and Italy, and covering almost the whole of Switzerland with its branches. The Alps extend from the banks of the Rhone, in France, on the west, to the rivers Verbas and Narenta, on the east of which the former falls into the Save, a confluent of the Danube, and the latter into the Adriatic. They form a vast semi-



circular bulwark, which encompasses Italy and the Adriatic Sea. They are divided into the Mont Blanc range, the Pennine, and the Lepentine Alps. There are also minor lateral and transverse ranges, many of them with very lofty summits. A peculiarity of the Alps is the contrast afforded by very lofty peaks and very deep valleys, a circumstance which produces a remarkable variety of climate, the intensest heat reigning in the valleys, while Arctic winter reigns upon the summits above. Simond says some idea may be formed of Swiss geography, by comparing the country to a large town, of which the valleys are the streets, and the mountains groups of contiguous houses. The snow of Alpine regions differs greatly from that to which we are accustomed, for, instead of falling in flakes, it descends like fine shot, and cannot be amalgamated so as

paths, which run for miles over the snow, but are only practicable for pedestrians, and that during a few weeks of the year. The picturesque forms assumed by the fallen snow add much to the effect of this mountain scenery. All the works of nature in these romantic regions are enchanting. "I was charmed," says Mrs. Bray, "by observing the effect of the clouds that floated around the mountains, or rested on their summits, as the day drew nearer and nearer towards its close. Sometimes these veils of vapor dropped upon, and wholly concealed, them from our sight; then they shifted, rose gradually, and passed on, alternately discovering or concealing the sides and summits of the mountains, or now partially disclosing some beautiful valley, enriched with woods that appear of the deepest purple against a sky of liquid gold. Now and then might be seen some



A CHAB-A-BANC, OR SWISS CARRIAGE.

to form a snow-ball. The region of the forests extends in the Alps from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea level, and here, snow in winter, like rain in summer, is very abundant. When the trees disappear and are replaced by bushes, the quantity of rain decreases gradually, and goes on diminishing in approaching the snow-line. Some hundreds of rocky masses of the Alps rise above the snow-line; and these are sometimes so closely connected as to form a snowy mass, covering an immense extent of country.

In the Bernese Alps, between the upper courses of the Rhone and Aar, a tract of country of about six hundred square miles, is one sheet of snow, excepting only three or four narrow valleys, which run into the mass, and are so depressed as to be free from snow for several successive months. The valleys cut in these mountains communicate with one another by foot-

light spot of verdure, that might not unaptly be compared to an emerald set in the diadem of the mountain's brow. Indeed, never till I travelled in Switzerland, did I see effects in nature equal in lustre, and in the depth and richness of their coloring, to the jewels and precious stones of the earth. But not to jewels alone might the glories of such a sunset as this be compared. The clouds shifted so continually, that there was no end to the fanciful effects they produced in combination with the deepening colors and the glittering rays of the last beam of the sun. Sometimes the vapor was so light, that it seemed only to produce the optic allusion of magnifying objects, without wholly obscuring them. When seen through such a medium, the rocks may now and then assume a phantom-like form; so that it is easy to conceive how wild legends arise."

The first of our pictures is a sketch of the town

of Chamouni, Chamounis, Chamounix, or Chamoix. It is a town of Savoy, in Upper Faucigny, about forty-two miles southeast of Geneva, and in a celebrated valley, a view of which is presented towards the close of this article. Chamouni is supposed to derive its name from two Latin words, occurring in a deed from Count Aymon, of Geneva, to a convent of Benedictines, which he founded towards the close of the eleventh century, and around which a village was gradually formed. The Latin words are *campus munitus*, or "fortified" field, in allusion to the lofty mountains and inaccessible peaks, which on all sides surround the valley as a natural defence. To arrive, however, at the literal word, chamouni, the Latin words must be translated into French, or

Chamouni has five large hotels. In summer the valley presents a busy scene, visitors constantly arriving with their guides and porters, mules and *char-a-bancs*, from Geneva and Martigny, and from the Brevent, the Jardin, the Flegere and other noted places of the neighborhood. Our second engraving represents a Char-a-banc, which is quite a cosy and sociable little carriage, admirably adapted for the comfort of travellers, and affording them a good view of the scenery. The luggage is strapped on the top and behind, and the driver occupies an isolated seat in front.

The next engraving represents a party of guides and travellers, with their alpenstocks, a staff shod with iron, the handle sometimes ornamented with a chamois horn, ladders, ropes,



ALPINE GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

into the *patois* of the country, and their signification will prove equally good, *campus* becoming *champ*, and *munitus*, *muni*. The term *Prieuré*, or *Priory*, was generally used till the year 1330; but at that time the few cottages surrounding the monastic building which stood upon the spot, assumed the name of Chamouni. The houses of Chamouni are huddled together without much regularity, and the streets are ill-paved. Our picture gives rather a favorable idea of it. In the foreground are seen several guides with the indispensable donkeys, and a party preparing for an excursion to the mountains. Of the comforts and cleanliness of the inhabitants but little can be said. The villagers make common cause with the animals, and appear to be satisfied if they can obtain a tolerable quantity of hay, and a sufficiency of black, sour rye bread.

hatchets for notching steps in the ice, and all the appliances of mountain travel. The guides of Chamouni are regarded as the best in all Switzerland. They are under the direction of a chief, who is applied to when the services of any are required. They are robust, hardy, energetic and sagacious; most of them cheerful and good-humored, and enthusiastically devoted to their employment. The law of Sardinia keeps them under a strict system, determining not only their term of apprenticeship, but the prices they shall charge for the different excursions they take.

One of the interesting places in the Valley of Chamouni, to which these men always take you, is the Cascade des Pèlerins (Pilgrim's Waterfall), delineated in the next engraving. It is very peculiar. A torrent, issuing from the Glacier des Pèlerins, and high up the mountain, descends by



CASCADE DES PÈLERINS.

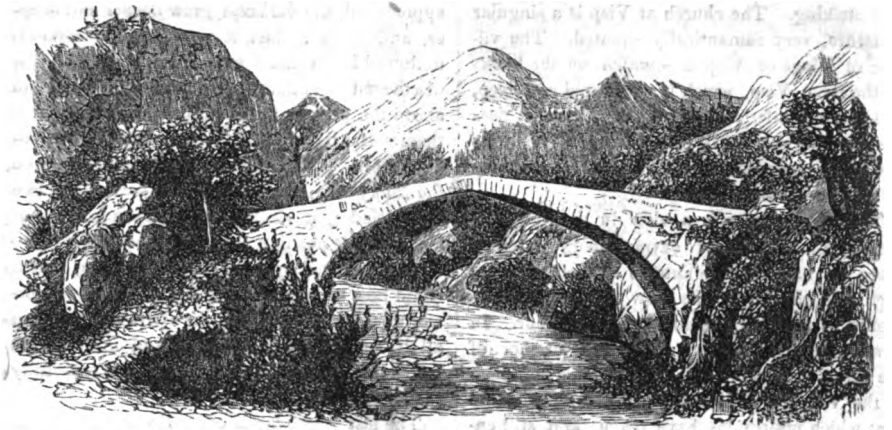
a succession of leaps into a deep gorge, dashing from precipice to precipice, almost in one continued cataract, collecting its utmost force for its last magnificent plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round, condensed column out of the gorge over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with a whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds, in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid aerial curvature, it falls into the natural channel below. The effect is indescribably beautiful.

The subject of another picture is the Bridge of Wimmis, a bold structure, with a single span, on the route to Chamouni; and following this is a view of the Suspension Bridge, at Freyburg, the capital of the canton of Freyburg, about twenty-nine miles northeast of Lausanne. This bridge is a modern structure, and the pride and boast of the Freyburgers, and it is indeed worthy of eulogy. It springs from one abrupt rock to another, over a chasm 900 feet in width, and at an elevation of 160 feet above the river Sarine, which flows in the bed of this rocky ravine. Thus, in-

stead of the naturally difficult, steep and dangerous acclivity, entrance and egress from the place are now rendered easy. The wild and romantic appearance of the town from the side makes a profound impression on every traveller. The solid wall of rock, on which rises a mass of churches, houses and convents; the fortifications running up and down the precipitous sides of the chasm, as if unwilling to lose a single inequality; the watch-towers perched on the crags; and the lofty and elegant tower of the cathedral rising above all—is a spectacle which can but rarely be witnessed. Freyburg is a very romantic city; part of it is built on the steep slopes of an elevated ridge of sandstone rocks, and part on a plain on the banks of the river Serane or Sarine. Some of the buildings project over an abrupt precipice; and in one place the houses are below the pavement of a street which runs above them. In the centre of the town, at the bottom of one of the steep streets leading to the cathedral, are two objects worthy of notice—a fountain and a lime-tree. The fountain is a curi-

ous, but simple monument of the 15th century, representing Samson trampling on a lion. The Jewish Hercules wears a sword at his side, instead of the jaw-bone of an ass. The lime-tree is both a souvenir and a monument of the same, and the following is the tradition to which it owes its existence. At the great battle of Morat against Charles the Rash, eighty young men, who had been sent from Freyburg, placed lime-tree twigs in their helmets to distinguish one another in the heat of the fray. As soon as the commander of this little corps saw that the battle was won, he despatched one of his soldiers to Freyburg, to announce the victory. The young Swiss, like the Greek at Marathon, ran the whole way, arrived in the public square, shouting "Victory!" and waving in his hand the branch of a lime-tree, which had served him for a plume, fell down and immediately expired. It was this branch, which, carefully planted by the inhabitants on the spot where their countryman fell, has grown into the huge tree now seen in the square.

Most picturesque is the effect of the fortifications, consisting of high walls and antique towers, and enclosing a circuit of about four miles, in which are rocks, gardens, orchards, and the town itself. So curiously situated a place must



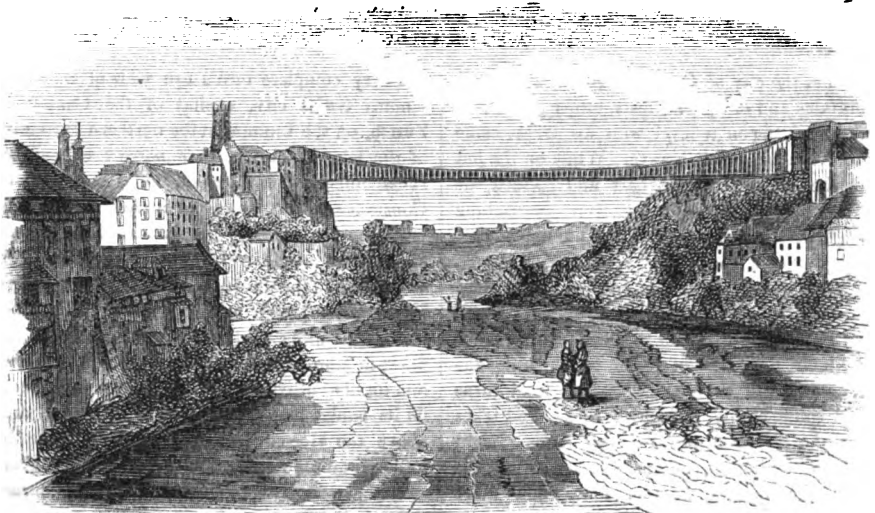
BRIDGE OF WIMMIS.

necessarily have irregular streets, many of which are steep; but they are generally wide and clean, and some of them terminate in agreeable open areas. There are also many public fountains. The cathedral is a very handsome Gothic structure, having a tower 360 feet high—the loftiest in Switzerland, and also the finest peal of bells.

Our next illustration embraces a sketch of a pretty Swiss village nestled among rocks and trees, the last before reaching the Falls of Salenche, between St. Maurice and Martigny, and which are seen in the distance tumbling down the crags. The torrent first catches the eye by its white line of foam, at a height of 700 feet, boiling through a bed of rock, whence it vaults over a succession of rapids to the brink of the

great fall, and is thence precipitated, at a single bound of 300 feet, into the basin below.

The next picture is a specimen of the numerous churches scattered about Switzerland. It is in the Valais, and is not nearly large enough to contain the worshippers, many of whom are kneeling outside. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful. The Valais is remarkable as presenting in the smallest known area all the different climates and kinds of vegetable products met with between Italy and Iceland. Another church of very peculiar construction, at Tourtemange, is accurately delineated in the ninth engraving of our series. A chapel above Sion is the subject of the next picture. It is a plain structure, but the scenery in its vicinity is



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT FREYBURG.



very striking. The church at Visp is a singular structure, very romantically situated. The village of Viege or Visp is situated on the banks of the river Visp, which is very rapid and deep, and scarcely inferior to the Rhine. Over it rises the towering summit of Monte Rosa, which forms one of the chain of Alps, and is considered nearly as high as Mount Blanc.

The next picture is a view in the valley of Chamouni, a spot of extraordinary interest. Here we have the mountains sweeping up on each side, the crags, the snow-peak, all the elements of mingled romance and grandeur. In glowing terms, yet terms which fell far short of the occasion, Goethe has described his approach to the valley of Chamouni. His route was like that which multitudes have taken, and still en-

approached, the darkness grew deeper and deeper, and when at last it was actually entered, nothing but the most stupendous piles could be discovered. The stars came out one by one, yet above the peaks of the summit, right onward, there was a light which to the travellers was inexplicable. Clear, but without brilliancy, like the Milky way, yet clearer, and something like the Pleiades, it riveted their attention, until at last, as their position changed, it became a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glow-worm;—it towered aloft, far above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and produced the conviction, which in a few minutes was fully sustained.

The last engraving in our series of illustrations



A SWISS VILLAGE.

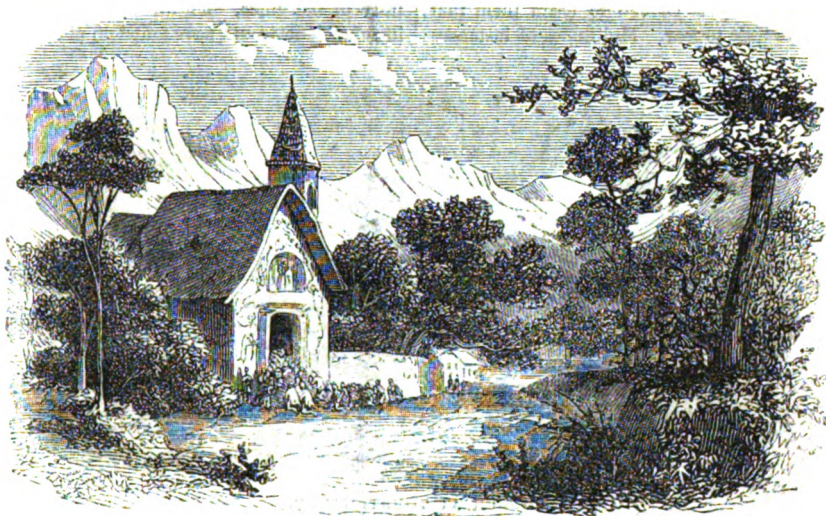
joy, from the city of Geneva. As he advanced, mountains and old pine forests, either in the hollows below, or on a level with his track, came out one by one, before his eye. While on the left were the mountain-peaks bare and pointed, he felt that he and his companions were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains. Passing over a bed of dry stones and gravel, which the water courses tear down from the sides of the rocks, and, in turn, flow among and fill them up, they reached an agreeable valley, shut in by a circular ridge of rocks, in which lies the little village of Servoz. Then the road turns round some highly variegated rocks, and takes again the direction towards the Arve. Night was now coming on, and as another ascent was made, the masses became more and more imposing.

As the valley of Chamouni was immediately

is a very complete bird's eye view of Zurich, a famous Swiss city, capital of the Canton of Zurich, on the Limmat at the northern extremity of the lake of Zurich, in a narrow valley, between hills, about thirty-six miles southwest of Constance. The lake is of a crescent form, divided into two parts by the strait of Rapperswyl, a quarter of a mile over, crossed by a bridge. In other places the breadth varies to nearly five miles. The length is thirty miles. The lake, without rivalling that of Geneva, is one of the finest in Europe, being surrounded by a populous and highly cultivated country, and the prospects on its banks being richly varied. Behind and above the vine-covered hills which enclose it, loftier summits rise gradually higher and higher, till the eye finally rests on the glaciers of Glarus, Schweitz and the Grisons. The prospect is finest from the lake itself, where, as you sail

along, the scene is ever shifting and changing. The city of Zurich is pleasantly situated, fortified with a wall and ditch, and tolerably neat and clean, though most of the houses are old-fashioned. It has four Reformed churches. Its public buildings are not remarkable, but the scenery around is striking, and there are beautiful promenades. There are numerous private gardens; and in no place in Europe, except Haarlem, is more attention paid to fine flowers. Having advantage of water communication by means of its lakes and rivers, it has long been a place of manufacture and trade. Woolens, linens, cottons, leather and silk are its chief manufactures. Few places of the size of Zurich have surpassed it in the cultivation of literature. For five cen-

this place occupies at present, a prominent situation in Europe. The town itself, the name of which is derived from its ancient appellation *Zuricum*, stands on both the sides of the river *Limmat*, exactly where it issues from the north west extremity of the lake, about forty-five miles from Basle. The canton whence it derives its name, has an area of seven hundred square miles, and a population of a quarter of a million persons. The surface, though mountainous in the south and southeast, consists generally of fertile plains and gentle valleys, separated by low sloping hills. Its rivers slope, for the most part, towards the Rhine. The soil is productive; while the inhabitants are a hardy, mixed race of agriculturists and artisans, addicted to peace, but



SWISS CHURCH IN THE VALAIS.

turies it has been a place of literary renown, and among the eminent men to whom it has given birth, may be mentioned Conrad Gesner, Solomon Gesner, John James Gesner, Lavater, Hirzel and Pestalozzi. It has a public library of forty thousand volumes, a college, gymnasium, military, and various other schools and institutions. Zurich was an important point in military operations of the second coalition against the French republic in 1799. On the 4th and 5th of June, the Archduke Charles gained some advantages over the French here, and on the 7th occupied Zurich. In August new battles were fought here and on the 24th of September, Massena here defeated the allied forces of Russia and Austria and compelled them to evacuate Switzerland.

As one of the northern cities of Switzerland,

too brave and too patriotic not to be at all times prepared for war.

With respect to Switzerland, as to its military resources, compared with those of the great military monarchy of Prussia, at first sight, a contest between two such powers would appear most unequal. The population of Prussia amounts to more than seventeen millions; that of Switzerland to two millions and a half. Prussia has an army of a hundred and thirty thousand regular troops on the peace establishment, which can be augmented, in time of war, to three hundred thousand, leaving two hundred and fifty thousand men in the different garrisons at home. Switzerland has only seventy-two thousand regular troops, with a reserve of about half that number. But she can increase her forces, under great necessity, to more than two hundred thou-

sand men. Moreover, in the event of war, the Prussians must invade Switzerland across the northern or German frontier. This frontier consists of a hundred and fifty miles of country, from the head of Lake Constance to Basle; but the nature of the ground, for upwards of a hundred miles, from Schaffhausen to Lake Constance, would present formidable difficulties in the way of an invader. On the other side, from Basle to Schaffhausen, a line of little more than forty miles lies open. Berne, the seat of Central Government, is not more than fifty miles from Basle, and seventy from Schaffhausen; all the other cantons form valleys, radiating from the interior to the Rhine, from which the mountaineers would have the entire advantage. A glance at Swiss history is enough to teach them that they have little to fear. Multitudes of instances

where there is no trace either of the feet of animals or the traversings and toils of human kind;—then the only purpose of these immense elevations, as they tower aloft from the rich and fertile plain, appears to be to add a charm of loveliness or majesty to the scene, as the light fades on their azure coverings, as they are radiant in the sunshine, or they are thickly veiled by the storm.

And yet, "God is on the mountains," scattering there and around, with all his munificence, his rich and precious gifts on the children of men. Had they not existed, and had the earth's surface presented only one mass of granite or lava, the limestone, clay, and sandstone, now so admirably intermixed to secure the beauty and fertility of the globe, and the welfare of man as its inhabitant, would have found no place; while



CHURCH AT TOURTEMANGE.

of their superior prowess over superiority of numbers might be given; and if ever the Swiss are assailed they will know how to defend the country of William Tell.

Such are some of the features and scenes of this romantic portion of the globe. Mountain scenery has always a charm for the cultivated taste. The impression produced by the beauty, grandeur, or sublimity of a chain of lofty mountains, is ordinarily unaccompanied by a sense of their vast importance in the entire economy of the globe. Contemplated, indeed, when these eminences are attired in their beautiful verdure, when they appear dotted with human habitations, or when flocks graze on their sides, the idea of their utility may be apparent, especially when the marks of culture are scattered over their surface. But when they lift their bare summits to the cold, clear sky; when they are wrapped in a mantle of drifted snow; and

the inestimable treasures of minerals, salt, and coal, would have been wholly inaccessible, and of all these essential elements of industry and civilization we should have been utterly destitute.

The mountain-ranges—an immense and exhaustless depository of instruments for man's advancement in the scale of being—are as certainly bulwarks of defence to the outspreading valley and the plain. For when his lot is cast on the face of countries near the poles, they form a grateful screen from blasts of fatal bitterness; and when he is a dweller in tropical climes, they mitigate the scorching intensity of the solar beams.

It should also be distinctly remembered, that to the existence of mountains we owe the springs and rivers indispensable to all life; and, to a great extent, the rains which supply their loss and swell their volume. The intelligent observer, while traversing a mountainous country, may

readily observe the operation of some eminence, not only in collecting the clouds of heaven, but in forming them from an atmosphere which would appear to be destitute of moisture. And the feelings of which he is conscious may be shared, in some degree, by all who tarry at home, and will attentively consider this remarkable process.

A transparent current of air begins to deposit vapor as soon as it approaches the summit of the mountain, and increases till the whole becomes involved in a cloud as low down as the relative specific gravities of this vapor and the air will admit. Often will such a cloud appear to be fixed, though a strong wind is blowing, but, in this instance, the vapor which had been precipitated on the windward, is dissolved on the leeward side. The more common result, however, is a progressive addition to the cloudy atmosphere, until the whole sky is obscured, and

the form of sand-spouts, requires only water to effect so wondrous a transformation. As the rock of the Great Sahara is that of Cheshire, and the soil essentially the same, so, could water be distilled on the vast wilderness, by some "cloud-capt" eminence, plants would spring up, and a succession of vegetation would make it to rival that county of Britain, so long remarkable for the richness of its verdure and the luxuriance of its pastures. In like manner, were the flat of the Almighty to give rise to mountains, the sands of Africa would equal in fruitfulness the declivities of the Atlas range; the salt plains of the Caspian would be covered with the wealth of Caucasus; and every desert on the earth would become an appropriate and desirable home for man.

It is worthy of remark, that while the atmosphere is in itself neither warm nor cold, it has



CHAPEL NEAR SION.

there is a plentiful fall of rain. And when, also, the high land simply attracts the clouds which may be sailing through the air, its influence becomes frequently a source of rain, not merely on itself alone, but on all the country around.

The transformation would, indeed, be immense, could elevations now arise among some extensive plains on the surface of the globe. As the great, arid and almost barren deserts of Asia and Africa require only mountains to render them as luxuriantly productive as are the equally extensive plains of South America, so, could another Mont Blanc, or Chimborazo arise amidst the Great Sahara, that immense and desolate tract would immediately acquire the elements of fertility. For that stony country, with here and there some cultivable land, yet literally surrounded by a sea of sand, which, being agitated by strong easterly winds, appears like the surface of the ocean, and often rises into the air in

the quality of becoming heated by the sun's rays. The degree of heat thus imparted depends partly on the length of time during which the solar beams act upon the air, and partly on the degree of its density; so that the heat is less where the air is rarer, and greater where it is denser. Places which are only raised a little above the level of the sea, are much warmer than those which stand some thousand feet higher than its surface.

As, then, the mountain-range is ascended, places are reached, at length, where the atmosphere is so rare that the low degree of heat imparted to it forbids water to remain in its fluid state, and it is therefore converted into ice, or, if it be in the form of vapor, into snow. The stratum of air where any such change occurs is called the snow-line, and this is regarded as a natural boundary. It might be supposed that the snow-line would be found at precisely the same distance from the earth's surface at every part of



the globe; but considerable differences are observable in this respect. Thus, on the Alps the snow-line is from 9300 to 9600 feet above the sea level, whereas on the Himalaya it is 16,000 feet. In the space, however, between the snow-line and the surface of the earth, organic operations take place. Here it is that the vegetable tribes germinate and grow, that animals find their food, and man discovers what is requisite for his subsistence; and though it is too cold for him to settle permanently near the snow-line, yet, in the season of summer, he visits its vicinity as a grazing-place for his herds.

The phenomena of mountain-ranges are observable in many parts of the globe; but to enjoy such scenery in its perfection, there must be a yielding to the glowing words of Campbell:



CHURCH AT VISP.

"The Switzer's land! where grandeur is encamped  
Impregnable in mountain-tents of snow,  
Realms that by human foot-prints ne'er were stamped,  
Where the eagle wheels, and glacial ramparts glow.  
Seek, Nature's worshipper, these landscapes! Go,  
Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are joined;  
Go to the land where Tuz drew freedom's bow;  
And in the patriot's country thou shalt find  
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind."

The people of Switzerland are a very interesting race, and have ever been the study of travellers. "The peculiar feature in the condition of the Swiss population," says Mr. Laing, "the great charm of Switzerland, next to its natural scenery, is the air of well-being, the neatness, the sense of propriety imprinted on the people, their dwellings, their plots of land. They have a kind of Robinson Crusoe industry about their houses and little properties; they are perpetually building, repairing, altering or improving something about their tenements. The spirit of the proprietor is not to be mistaken in all that one sees in Switzerland. Some cottages, for instance, are adorned with long texts from Scripture, painted or burnt into the wood in front

over the door; others, especially in the Simmenthal and Haslethal, with the pedigree of the builder and owner. These show sometimes that the property has been held for two hundred years by the same family. The modern taste of the proprietor shows itself in new windows, or additions to the old original picturesque dwelling, which, with its immense projecting roof, sheltering or shading all these successive little additions, looks like a hen sitting with a brood of chickens under her wings.

"None of the women are exempt from field-work, not even in the families of very substantial peasant proprietors, whose houses are furnished as well as any country-houses with us. All work as regularly as the poorest male individual. The land, however, being their own, they have

a choice of work, and the hard work is generally done by the men. The felling and bringing home wood for fuel; the mowing grass, generally, but not always; the carrying manure on their back; the handling horses and cows, digging, and such heavy labor, is man's work; the binding the vine to a pole with a straw, which is done three times in the course of its growth; the making the hay, the pruning the vine, twitching off the superfluous leaves and tendrils,—these lighter, yet necessary jobs to be done about vineyards or orchards, form the woman's work. But females, both in France and Switzerland, appear to have a far more important role in the family, among the lower and middle classes, than with us. The female, though not exempt from out-door work, and even hard work, undertakes the thinking and managing department in the family affairs, and the husband is but the executive officer. The female is, in fact, very remarkably superior in manners, habits, tact, and intelligence to the husband, in almost every family of the middle and lower classes in Swit-

erland. One is surprised to see the wife of such good, even genteel manners, and sound sense, and altogether such a superior person to her

their independence for centuries, though surrounded by despotic states and often menaced by the military power of crowned spirits. We can

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.



station, and the husband very often a mere lout. 'The hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.'" Deeply interesting are these people to an American, because of their having maintained

sympathize with them in their noble aspirations and their heroic achievements, and the land of Washington throbs with a responsive heart to the land of Tell.





VIEW OF THE CITY OF ZURICH.

## THE DISSATISFIED WIFE.

BY BERTHA BURDOCK.

You may talk as you please of fashion,  
 Good sir, and run it down;  
 There's naught puts me in passion,  
 Like living out of town.  
 Residing out of town, sir!  
 It's a shocking disgrace;  
 (I never get my hair arranged  
 Becomingly round my face).  
 You boasted to me of the country, sir,  
 As being a delightful place;  
 But you forget what was wanting, dear!  
 Brocade, diamonds and point lace.

You admire the jewels of Morning,  
 Her robes of dazzling sheen;  
 But she owes them to dew's adorning—  
 She's nothing but horrid green.  
 You said sapphires and diamonds  
 Were glittering in the grass;  
 But when I went to fetch them, sir,  
 I drabbled half my dress.  
 I much prefer the jewels  
 That glitter in the "case,"  
 To Morning's hasty bubbles—give me  
 Brocade, diamonds and point lace.

You sang of the gossamer glimmer  
 Of the spider's silken net,  
 Through which the moonbeams shimmer,  
 Like silver veil o'er jet.  
 I much prefer a fine *mouchoir*,  
 Which gossamer lace enshrines,  
 Than all the webs Arachne wove,  
 Or curious Luna finds.  
 O, earth is beautiful I know—  
 Quite so, in ——— Place.  
 To town, dear sir, I'm ready to go, for  
 Brocade, diamonds and point lace.

## COUSIN MAXIMILIAN.

BY E. L. HAMMOND.

At the age of twenty-seven, Mrs. Alicia Walton was a widow—and the prettiest that ever wore weeds. Her husband had died rich; he had no near relatives, and she possessed his entire property; so, besides being a pretty widow, she was a rich widow, too.

Mr. Walton had been a very kind husband, and indulgent to her, though advanced in years, infirm in health, and cross and testy to everybody but his charming wife. So pretty Mrs. Walton naturally lamented him very sincerely. I know she said to Colonel Evelyn her cousin:

"Cousin Maximilian, I want you to order the very handsomest monument to be found, for him; and see that everything is as it should be. I'm sure, I could never do too much, to perpetuate the memory of my dear departed husband—no, never!"

And the beautiful widow put her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbed faintly.

"My dear cousin, your wishes shall be attended to," said Cousin Maximilian; and he went and gave the necessary orders directly.

Cousin Maximilian happened to be at home at the time. He had come home shortly before the death of Mr. Walton; but he was soon to rejoin his regiment in India. It was very well that he did come home just then, for poor Alicia sadly needed somebody to see after things for her; and Maximilian, who was the best fellow in the world, and possessed the finest disposition, and compassionated Alicia from the bottom of his heart, put his industry and activity entirely at her service.

"Poor Alicia!" he would exclaim—"a thousand pities this loss of hers, takes it terribly, upon my word, she does. Well, I don't wonder. Walton was a capital husband—loved her dearly. However, she'll get over it in time—women do generally, don't they? and perhaps get another husband; who knows?"

It was not a very unwarrantable proceeding, even then, to say that such a thing might come to pass eventually; still, the fair widow did seem the next thing to inconsolable, and that did not look much like falling in love and marrying a second time. And Maximilian repeated, pityingly, "poor Alicia!" But then it was not to be expected that an affair of this kind would take place directly; and her grief must wear off some time.

It began to wear off, by degrees. She could actually smile—she even laughed once or twice, I am sure—before the first three months were at an end. But that was some weeks after Maximilian went away. He had left her in tears—tears flowing more freely than ever, as she pressed his hand in both of hers, and said:

"O, Cousin Maximilian, I can never forget you! You who have been so kind to me since he died! I shall never cease to be grateful to you—never cease to mourn for him, my poor Richard!"

So Max, looking very sober, and expressing it as his firm conviction that Alicia, *poor Alicia!* would cry herself to death, after all, went away to India.

But Alicia did not cry herself to death. On the contrary, her tears began to dry before the period of her mourning was more than half expired; and far from showing any symptoms of a decline, she seemed once more to become susceptible of the enjoyments of life.

Hitherto, she had paid not the slightest attention to the fashion or material of her dress, since



the death of her husband. Now, she began to inspect the appearance of her garments; to manifest some interest in regard to the width of a fold, or the depth of a hem; and, on one occasion, actually spent half an hour with her milliner, discussing the respective merits of two rival bonnets. The latter half of her period of mourning saw her becoming fresher, fairer, lovelier than ever; and when it had fairly expired, she cast off her sable robes with only a passing sigh, and stepped joyfully from them into the world again!

If Alicia had been charming as a wife, she was a thousand times more so as a widow. At least, such the general opinion seemed to be. Admirers gathered without lack around her; and not merely admirers, but lovers, whom, before she had been six months out of mourning, Alicia smiled to find contending for her hand. There was certainly no want of choice, but Alicia was astonished that any reasonable person could think of such a thing as her marrying again, so soon! Indeed, for some years to come, at all events. To be sure, she might marry *some time*—it was not impossible; but she had not the remotest idea of doing so at present. Accordingly, she dismissed half a score of her suitors at once, and hoped she should hear no more of marrying. But the act availed her little. In the places of those whose hopes she destroyed, others flocked around her; and though there were a dozen envious hearts among those of her own sex, in her circle, that beat with jealousy of the fair widow, she found this constant homage rather troublesome, herself, and saw nothing in it for which to be envied.

"You'll be forced to marry one, Alicia, to get rid of the rest!" was the laughing exclamation of her uncle, whose house had been her home since her husband's death.

Uncle Ralph was something of an invalid; often confined to his room for weeks together, but always good-tempered, under the worst suffering, and always jesting with Alicia about her lovers. In his intervals of health, his chief delight was to escort his wife and niece whenever they went out, and amuse himself with seeing how Alicia was followed, courted and flattered; while, during his attacks of illness, when he could not leave home, he compensated for the loss of this amusement by making Alicia sit down by his side and recount to him what he termed gaily, "her triumphs."

"Marry one to get rid of the rest?" echoed the pretty widow, merrily. "No—I won't do anything of the kind. I can do it more easily than that."

"Can? No, begging your pardon, my dear, but you can't! Take my word for it!" said the old gentleman.

"Well—we'll see, uncle. But never mind the beaux just now; the season is almost over—when are you going out of town?"

"When does your aunt want to go?"

"I have asked her. She says it is immaterial to her, when we go."

"When you like, then, my dear. But isn't it a pity now, to run away from all the beaux and parties, before anybody else does?"

"Not a bit, uncle. It's exactly what I want to do."

Alicia's uncle had a fine old country mansion, little more than an hour's ride from town; and thither they proceeded shortly after. The sudden flight of the pretty widow caused no little concern in more breasts than one; and among those who regretted her departure were a few who had too great enterprise, or determination, to allow it to put an end to their hopes. Among these were two or three for whom Alicia had some regard, though they were far from ever having touched her heart. Uncle Ralph had laughingly warned her that they would follow her to her retreat, to press their suit; but Alicia ventured a merry wager that he would find himself mistaken.

"They would consider it too much trouble."

But not a fortnight afterwards, the Honorable Arthur Morris rode out to Canham Grove, to "see how Mr. Eveleth's health had been, since he left town." And Captain Alvanley "called, on his way over to his cousin's place," to ask after the ladies. And Mr. Malincourt said straightforwardly that he came because he wished to see Mrs. Walton, and ask her why she had left town so unexpectedly?

Alicia had not got rid of her lovers, it was plain, and there was no prospect of doing so in a hurry. The Honorable Arthur Morris played an occasional game of billiards or whist, with his host, and bent over Alicia's embroidery-frame, and held her worsteds. Captain Alvanley brought the last new song or the last new novel, and sung and read with the pretty widow. And Mr. Malincourt came out to dine, and asked Alicia to walk and ride with him. And all three proposed within a month.

Alicia hesitated between amusement and vexation at all this. The past season had wearied her of admiration and of offers. These three last seemed to cap the climax; and finally in a kind of comical desperation, she declared that she had some idea of adopting her uncle's advice, and marrying one lover, to get rid of the rest.

"Depend upon it, it's the wisest thing you can do, my dear," said Uncle Ralph, laughingly, "if you only will do it."

"But it's so short a time since my husband died, uncle!"

"Not at all, my dear; it only seems so to you."

"Well, would you seriously advise me to marry now?"

"Might as well, my dear. You'll marry sometime. Which do you like best, of your suitors, Niece Alicia? Morris, Alvanley or Malincourt?"

Alicia had a friendly regard for all; but she could not tell exactly which she preferred.

"Well, uncle, I'll tell you what I'll do!" she said, decidedly. "I'll compare their respective merits, and conclude which would make the best husband. If I make out which it is, I'll marry him."

"Bravo, my dear! that looks like business. Now run away and consider."

And away Alicia went, to talk with her aunt. A long conference, however, left her just where she was in the morning. She was irresolute. But her mind was firmly made up to marry the one whom she found reason to like best, at all events.

That afternoon—it was nearing sunset—Alicia, deep in the solution of her new problem, sat alone in the cool, quiet, shady drawing-room, twisting Mr. Malincourt's letter—his proposal—in her fingers, and turning over the others in her mind. She had promised to give to her suitors an answer in three days; and was vainly endeavoring to make some progress towards a conclusion, when a horse's feet sounded rapidly along the gravelled drive without, and the next moment a gentleman's step echoed in the hall.

It was not an unfamiliar step. The door was opened, and the owner of the step walked in—a tall, handsome, noble-looking man of thirty. Alicia sprang to her feet, with a little scream. Dear me! if it isn't Cousin Maximilian, come home from India; whose fine countenance beamed with a bright smile, on beholding his pretty cousin, and who, as Alicia ran joyfully to meet him, took her straightway in his arms, and kissed her.

"My precious little Alicia! Is this you, or isn't it?"

"It is unmistakably!" laughed and blushed Alicia. "I don't look like a spirit, do I? But who in the world would ever have expected you to make your appearance so suddenly? I thought you wouldn't come home for such a while?"

"I am here," said Cousin Maximilian, "at all events, Alicia. And, moreover, intend to stay or the present. Well, how charmingly you

look! But where are my aunt, and Uncle Ralph?"

"Both gone out to drive. Considerate hostesses that I am! keeping you standing here so long. Come and sit down, Cousin Maximilian."

And she resumed her seat. Maximilian placed himself beside her; and, for a moment, each regarded the other in silence. That silence which will chain our tongues, spite of the thousand things we wish to say, when a meeting of long parted friends takes place, and especially an unexpected meeting like this.

As Alicia looked at him, she thought, "how handsome he is!" But instantly, without knowing why, she dropped her eyes, and blushed.

"How long have you been in town?" she asked, directly after.

"Not quite two hours. I went to the Square, and finding the house shut up, came immediately out. I wanted wings, Alicia. How glad I am to get home again!" And he smiled, and looked handsomer than ever, Alicia thought.

"Well, have I altered, Cousin Maximilian, since you went away?" she asked, laughingly.

"Beyond everything, Alicia. I did not quite recognize you at first," he answered. "Indeed, when I went away," and his voice grew serious, "I really was apprehensive of your health."

"And now?" said Alicia.

"Now, my apprehensions are quite dissipated. I never beheld so complete an alteration." And his deep blue eyes beamed with smiles again. The young widow looked thoughtful—even sad, for a moment.

"Yes, Cousin Maximilian, I did mourn truly for my poor husband. He was a good husband. It is true, he was almost double my age, but nobody can tell how he loved me—how I loved him. Yes—how I loved him—despite—"

She broke off, and lifted her eyes a moment, in silence to Colonel Evelyn's countenance.

He regarded her questioningly.

"Despite what, Alicia?"

"The—the fact—" she paused again, and then went on—"that I am contemplating a second marriage."

"A second marriage, Alicia!"

They had not heard the wheels that rolled along the carriage-drive a minute before. Now, both were startled by the entrance of their aunt and uncle.

That evening, as Cousin Maximilian conversed with his relatives, he managed to bring the subject of Alicia's marriage upon the carpet. Alicia laughed and blushed, as Uncle Ralph told her story in his own sly way; and Cousin Maximilian listened attentively.

"Finally," said the good-humored old gentleman, as he finished, "she has concluded to take pity on one or the other of her lovers, merely to get rid of the rest. But the trouble is, she has three to choose from, at present, and doesn't know which to take."

"Let me help you, will you, cousin?" said Colonel Evelyn.

"Yes," answered the fair widow, laughingly; "I shall be very glad of your help, Cousin Maximilian."

The conversation turned upon other subjects, and Alicia's marriage was not spoken of again that night.

Nor was it in any way alluded to until late the next day. Uncle Ralph and Maximilian were out together all the morning they returned to dinner, at a somewhat later hour than usual; Uncle Ralph in high good humor, as he always was, and lending his cheerfulness to everybody.

After dinner, Mrs. Evelette was busy with household matters, and in close confidence with the housekeeper. Uncle Ralph sat with his niece and nephew in the drawing-room for an hour or two, and then left them for a visit to the stables, saying, as he went out:

"I don't suppose Maximilian cares so much for the grooming of horses as he does for a conversation with his cousin, my dear, so I'll leave him behind. Perhaps, Max., you'd better have a talk with Alicia about that little matter we mentioned last night—it's just possible that you may assist her in her decision."

The old gentleman walked quickly away as he finished. Alicia slightly blushed, she scarcely knew why, and a just perceptible smile of somewhat thoughtful character was on the lip of Cousin Maximilian.

And while Uncle Ralph went to look after his equine favorites, Max. turned to Alicia, and said:

"My uncle's suggestion is very reasonable for me, Alicia. I desire to confer with you upon this matter. I do not flatter myself that I shall influence you, and yet—how I wish I might!"

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and came to sit by her side.

"Alicia, let me ask you one or two questions. I have a deeper interest in your decision than perhaps you think, and I am eager to learn it. Do not therefore, consider me too abrupt, if I treat the matter briefly, in order to do so."

Alicia bent over the embroidery that occupied her; her cheek flushed with a vivid, wavering color, and the hand that passed the glittering needle to and fro, worked with nervous haste. Maximilian gently took that hand in his own, as he leaned towards her.

"Nay, Alicia, put aside your work a little while. Listen to me."

"Go on, Cousin Maximilian," said Alicia, in a low voice.

"You are about to choose from your suitors, Alicia, the one whom you find reason to prefer?"

"Yes, Maximilian."

"You have no preference at present?"

"None."

"If another were added to the list of your suitors, would you include his case in the number from which you are about to choose, and allow him an equal chance with the rest?"

The pretty widow made no verbal answer, but the bright blush on her cheek was very eloquent. Maximilian's countenance grew earnest.

"Tell me, Alicia, would you—for Cousin Maximilian's sake? Or should I be less favored than they, if I sought to win this little hand?"

He kissed it as he spoke; and Alicia blushing more deeply, said, "Do you care for it?"

"Do I, Alicia? yes! There is nothing else in the world that I care half so much for!"

"And I am sure," said Alicia, smiling, "I do not care for anybody else half so much as for my Cousin Maximilian!" And so it was that the pretty Widow Walton made her second choice.

#### PAPER MAKING.

In 1853, there was 304 paper-mills at work in England, 48 in Scotland, and 28 in Ireland. The duty, 3 1-2 pence per pound, amounted to upwards of £925,000, so that the annual value of paper manufactured in those countries could not be less than £3,700,000, the average value of paper being estimated at sixpence per pound. France, with a population of 36,000,000, turns annually into paper 105,000 tons of rags, of which 6000 tons are imported. England, with 28,000,000 inhabitants, requires yearly 90,000 tons of rags, 15,000 of which are imported.—*Bost. Post.*

#### NO ADVANTAGES FOR EDUCATION.

It is often said by those who have risen from poverty to comfortable property, when speaking of their children, that they hadn't the advantages of education. This is a poor plea. Culture comes to any one who desires it enough to get it. No one can help being educated who opens his eyes and ears and keeps them open in this world. The conversation of the intelligent, the reading for the million, the lecture system, and ten thousand things become the teachers of the willing heart and progressive mind.—*Tribune.*

The youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients, and by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of his life of their share, so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility and an age of pain.

## REMEMBER ME.

BY DARK SYDNE.

When on life's tempestuous ocean  
Thou art tossed in wild commotion,  
With the storm-winds round thee walling,  
And thy brow with fear is paling,  
Remember me.

Is thy faith in friendship shaken?  
Have the trusted ones forsaken?  
Are the hopes thou'st fondly cherished,  
Lying in their ashes—perished?  
Remember me.

Art thou weary with the wrestling?  
Like the wounded dove, art nestling  
For some quiet spot to rest thee?  
Where some kindred heart hath blessed thee?  
Remember me.

And when restless thou art sleeping,  
'Neath the watch that memory's keeping,  
Bending o'er thee like the willow,  
I will soothe thy troubled pillow,  
If thou'lt remember me.

## THE FELLOW-CLERKS.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

"HAVE you decided about taking Lightfoot, George?" asked a gay voice, as some one entered the luxurious apartment which was tenanted by George Blandon.

The apartment was a large one, and crowded with the manifold appliances of a bachelor's den. In one corner stood a massive bedstead, from which depended rich curtains, meeting the counterpane which was of the same texture. Marble-topped bureaus and tables were covered with every kind of perfumery in gilt and cut-glass bottles. Couches and easy-chairs stood about in profusion; a rich riding-saddle hung in a corner; gloves and foils lay scattered around. It was evidently a room in which no female hand had ordering or arranging—for rich as were the appointments, they were thrown together in strange confusion.

The young man addressed as George was a slight youth, scarce twenty in appearance. His dark, fair hair hung in long waves over his neck and almost reached his shoulders. The face round which it clustered would have been handsome, had it not been for a certain air of dissipation, which clouded the blue eyes and gave a sunken and prematurely aged look to the features.

The other was older and seemingly more self-possessed, and with an expression of cunning and craftiness in his black, snake-like eye, that would have taught one versed in human nature

to avoid the owner, had it not been for an air of thoughtless gaiety which was well assumed and sustained.

Both were dressed in the height of fashion, and wore their habiliments in an easy, unconcerned and careless manner, as if always accustomed to such things; and yet, had one cared to trace these young men to their real homes, they would have found only the commonest and plainest style of living, such as befits people who barely obtain a subsistence for the present and perhaps a decent competence for old age.

The father of George Blandon was a mechanic—much to his son's mortification, who however contrived to keep the fact out of sight as much as possible from his associates. George had entered, some five years before, as clerk in a large mercantile establishment—first as an assistant only, but latterly one of the chief clerks. His ready talents and quick tact had thus raised him above older and better men, who looked upon this superseding with some bitterness, but whose position forbade any complaint.

With the facilities thus sown broadcast before him, and with his aspiring tastes and habits, it was no wonder that George Blandon should yield to the temptation of appropriating large sums to his own use—not as thefts, let us do him the justice to say, but with the view of repaying them with his salary as it increased. Older and wiser men than George Blandon have been wrecked on the same rock round which he was so carelessly playing.

As one expensive taste after another developed itself, his passion for money increased, and the luxury of his chambers at the Pavilion was doubled and magnified, until it reached a princely appearance. While his employers thought that his home was at the plain and modest residence of his father, he was inhabiting one more gorgeous than the partners of the firm ever dreamed of possessing.

Charles Renton was his chosen associate. Similarity of tastes and pursuits bound them together. Renton possessed, however, a passion for play which Blandon did not indulge, and frequently loaned his friend large sums of money, which Blandon was obliged to borrow from his employers to repay.

Juliana Blandon, his sister, was a lovely and interesting girl, brought up in the utmost simplicity, and loving her pleasant home with an attachment that no hope of a grander or loftier one could abate. She and her brother were the only children of Mr. Blandon, who was an unpretending mechanic who sought merely to make his family and happy, without the aid of riches.

He had been pleased, as was natural, with his son's advancement, little dreaming that he was involved in error—George's only pretence in leaving the house to take up his abode in other quarters being that his home was too far from his business.

Trusting wholly to his son's integrity, and believing that he only roomed with Charles Renton for convenience at some cheap lodging, he had never troubled himself to investigate his place of abode. How would his honest eyes have widened to see the luxurious breakfast-service, the liquor-cases, and all the appointments of his son's new home!

Such was the state of affairs when Renton burst gaily into the room, on the morning of which we have spoken, and asked him about taking a fine horse which they had been previously talking of buying, and the price of which was four hundred dollars.

"Where will you keep him, so that it will not be found out by the Parkers and your father, in case you finish the bargain?" asked Charles Renton.

"Lowe will board him for us, I think, and no questions asked or answered."

"Very good. Now for the money!"

"Well, I have not borrowed but a few dollars from my quarter's salary, and I hope you have not."

"Faith, I am all cleaned out of cash for the next year!"

"How could you be so imprudent? They will ask questions, soon, that you cannot answer."

"Let them. They grind down a fellow to a mere pittance, and then expect him to live honestly upon it. But come—let us go and see Juliana."

No, Charles; whatever you do, you shall not engage Juliana's affections. Sooner than that, I would expose your whole style of living to her, and ask her if she thought you could support it from your small income alone."

"And why may I not visit her, if she likes me?"

"Because my father is bent on her marrying a young minister who once boarded in our family, and he loves his daughter too well to trust her with you."

"Hush, George! This is coming with an ill grace from you, who have drawn me into so many scrapes."

"Well, perhaps you are right; but do not ask me to take you home with me."

"As you like. I do not violate the laws of hospitality with you."

"I know it, Charles. I would almost think better of you, if you *did* refuse to admit me to the presence of your beautiful sister."

"Well, well, we will talk about the horse. Goodrich does not want to sell him, but he is short of funds. He is such a splendid animal, that it seems too bad not to get him at such a bargain."

That night, the horse was bought with money borrowed from the safes of their employers, and put out to board at Lowe's stable, with an injunction not to tell who the animal belonged to; and that night, Charles Renton visited Juliana Blandon, in her brother's absence, and won her affections to himself—Mr. Blandon and his wife easily consenting, because he was their son's chosen friend, and, of course, a fit lover for their daughter.

George bit his lip in agony, when he heard of this sacrifice, and could only trust that something might prevent it at last. \* \* \*

It was six years after this, that the Blandons were assembled, one evening, in their homely little dwelling in the outskirts of the flourishing town of Monson. Father, mother and daughter were all there, and only the son and brother was wanting. Everything in the room where they sat betokened economy and prudence, while all was scrupulously neat and clean. Mrs. Blandon and Juliana were braiding straw. Mr. Blandon, past his hard labor—not from age, but from sorrow and ill health—was splitting the material as fast as they required it. The face of each wore a sad but patient look, as if grief had long been tugging at the heart-strings and would soon break them down altogether.

Few were the spoken words, but each knew well of what the others were thinking. They were dwelling upon the remembrances of the past—of the uncertainty of the fate of the beloved son and brother—of the many changes through which he might be called to pass, if indeed he were yet a dweller on earth.

Nothing had been heard of him since the time in which a forgery had been committed on the Parkers, six years before; and Charles Renton had disappeared at the same time.

Nothing but tenderness was in Mrs. Blandon's heart towards her son. "He was so young!" she said, when her husband spoke angry words. "Remember, dear husband, the child was so young!"

"Old enough not to break all our hearts for the sake of living better than his parents did," was the uncompromising answer of the sternly honest and upright father.

"Think as well as you can, dear father, of

them both," said a soft and plaintive voice, as Juliana looked up from her straw, with eyes blinded by tears.

"My poor child!" said the pitying father. "This is doubly hard upon you, and it makes me feel doubly hard towards those who have made all this sorrow."

"And yet, father, should George return, penitent and sorrowful, would you be less a father than he who, in ancient times, fell upon the neck of the son who was surely as guilty as yours has been?"

Mr. Blandon wiped away the tears that were now falling fast over his work.

"Do not let us talk of this, my daughter. We must bide God's time. If he sends my prodigal back to me, changed and repentant, who knows that he may not also send a softened feeling to my heart also?"

"I will trust to thee, then, my dear father," said the girl, smiling through her tears.

At midnight, the father lay dreaming of his son. Sweet thoughts, like those which he had often indulged in the boy's childhood—for Mr. Blandon, although a poor man, was not destitute of cultivated and even strongly poetical fancies—came over his sleeping hours. Again the child was in his arms, a bright, laughing, golden-haired boy, and he was clasping him to his bosom with all a father's intense, overpowering love for his first-born hope. His dream was rudely broken, and he felt the clasping arms of his child dissolve and fall away from about his neck.

"Wake, husband, wake!" said the voice of his wife; and with a strong effort, he raised himself in bed and looked wildly around the dim chamber, lighted only by the feeble light of the night-lamp. "I heard a knock on the outside door. Do see who it is. Something tells me it is George, or that some news of him is at hand. Open the window, and speak."

Trembling still from the excitement of his dream, Mr. Blandon went slowly to the window, and throwing it up, asked who was there.

"Father!"

The moon shone brightly, and there, beneath its beams, stood a figure which, without the voice, Mr. Blandon would at once have recognized as his son. Not worn and squalid and broken down, as the father had often pictured him to his own mind, but strong and erect, and with the bearing of a man who comes home with the assurance of being received and welcomed!

"Father!" again sounded on the still night air; and hastily throwing on some clothes, and

calling Juliana from her slumbers, the parents descended to the door.

George entered, and clasped them alternately in his arms. He had just arrived in the cars, and his anxiety would not permit him to sleep until he had seen them all. He told them of his miserable flight, after the crime of which he had been guilty—of the anguish of mind which he had undergone, in consequence of his wanderings amidst cold and hunger and privations to the distant West, to which he had walked nearly the whole way—of his labor, hard and unremitted, by which he had been able to purchase a small portion of the rich soil, and had increased his possessions, until now he was free of the world, and could count broad acres of his own.

He told them, too, that when far away, with Nature for his only witness, he had looked back to the miserable life for which he had bartered his innocence, and had found how poor and mean it looked to him at that distance of time and place. He told them, too, that he had made ample reparation to every one whom he had injured, before he would enjoy a single fruit of his industry—that he had sworn the Parkers to secrecy, preferring that even his parents should not know of his existence, until he could appear before them honorably discharged from the consequences of his early errors.

A question trembled long on Juliana's lips, but she could not bring herself to utter it. Her brother saw her emotion, but before he could speak, his father anticipated the question.

"Where is poor Charles Renton?"

Mr. Blandon had grown suddenly mild and forgiving towards all sinful, erring ones.

"He is here, waiting only to know how I am received, and how well I can plead for his pardon with my sister."

"Let him come," said the old man. "To-night let us not bear malice against any human being. By the joy of this meeting time, let us receive to our hearts all who are truly repentant. Let him come to our home and our hearts again."

A bright look overspread the face of Juliana—such as had not been seen there for the last six years; and when George went out and returned with Charles Renton, she welcomed him with tears and blushes—for it was not the slight, showy, effeminate youth, who left her in such misery, but a strong, hardy, yet gentle looking man, whose hard hands showed that he had labored to bring himself into the paths of respectability and virtue once more.

All her early affection for him revived at once; nor did the father forbid her to bestow it

on one whose youthful guilt, though miserable to remember, was evidently blotted out by the higher resolve of his manhood.

Accompanied by the whole family, Charles went, on the next day, to the town where his father resided, and a similar scene took place when they arrived. Mr. Renton was a gentle, forgiving man. He took his son at once to his heart, forgetting that he had ever done wrong, in the great and unspeakable joy of seeing him once more.

"And now," said George, "how soon will you all be ready to go home with us to the West? We have sufficient for all. No more braiding straw, at your age, dearest mother—no more sad tears for you, my sister—but all shall be happy and peaceful for you. You will not find me, father, in such a luxurious room as that in which I parted from you on that last miserable night, when I was obliged to flee from justice—but you will find comfort and plenty for your declining years, and a son whose whole life will be too short to make up to you what you have suffered."

"We will go!" responded every voice in the group; and before a month had gone by, the travellers were on their way, rejoicing in the goodness of that Power which makes crooked paths straight, and turneth the hearts of men from continuing in evil.

In the pleasant clearing of a western forest, stand four log houses clustered together by the side of a sparkling river. Broad lands, cultivated to perfection, and yielding a thousand fold, are spread before the eye; while beyond, magnificent forests, depth after depth, invite the wanderer to penetrate their recesses. Here dwell the four families, secure in each other's affection, and enjoying all that life can give, with the exception of the one remembrance of youthful error, without which, perhaps, no life is wholly and entirely free.

To their children they relate the tale as a warning against temptation; and the little ones listen in wonder and amazement that fathers so good and perfect as theirs, could ever have been led astray.

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**THE FASHION THAT NEVER CHANGES.**—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the rounded form, the elastic step are always in fashion. Health, rosy, bounding, glad some health, is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered, for its possession! Failing in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss, or counterfeiting its charms!

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Love is the great softener of savage dispositions.

### A RATTLESNAKE.

Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester was picking blackberries in a field near her house, having with her her only child, a bright-eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground, amusing himself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother. The latter, at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed round a rock, which hid her child from view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe, as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was. Suddenly the little voice ceased; and, after another moment's delay the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to see her babe asleep, and instead of which he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object, which at first she was unable to discern. Who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet from her infant, a rattlesnake, with its glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion. The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralyzed her that for an instant she half believed the dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty that unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her powers. She glanced wildly round for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared; and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him from his victim. Another moment and all would be lost! What could be done? In her hand she held a broad tin pan; and springing from the rock, quick as thought, she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape. The charm was broken: the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retaining her position until it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.

—*Commercial Advertiser.*

### AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.

In a certain New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of a new meeting-house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon on the subject of union, and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following conversation ensued:

"Deacon Shaw, I haven't slept a wink last night—and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting-house; we must settle the difficulty."

"Well, I'm very happy to hear you talk so, for to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

"Not at all—and as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now Deacon Shaw, we must settle this difficulty, and there is but one way to do it—you must give up, for I can't."—*Trumpet.*

## ALONE.

BY J. B. REYNOLDS.

I'm alone, all alone, this eve, as I look  
Upon the mild starlight above,  
And read, as I gaze, as if 'twere from a book,  
Of a beautiful, beautiful love.

I'm alone as I move mid the bustling crowd,  
As they heedlessly rush on their way;  
And over my spirit there lingers a cloud,  
While every one round me seems gay.

I'm lonely at morn, as I wake from my sleep,  
I'm lonely at noon, and at eve;  
And so in my solitude often I weep,  
Thus seeking my heart to relieve.

I may smile, it is true, but my heart is alone,  
For the smile does not come from the soul;  
And O, could the thoughts of my spirit be known,  
They a volume of grief would unfold.

Alone! O, to be thus forever alone,  
Robs the life and the heart of its joy;  
For often in solitude round us are thrown  
Many thoughts which our spirits annoy.

When the turmoil and bustle of day are at end,  
And the shades of the evening appear,  
'Tis then that I need the warm smiles of a friend  
To dry up the lonely one's tear.

## AN HEIRESS FOR A SIXPENCE:

—OR,—

## The Fortune-Teller of Newport.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

## A BELLE AND A BEAUTY.

WHAT! tired of Newport, Nell?" and a handsome, black-eyed girl, with face of sparkling, piquant beauty, looked up from a ball-dress of white tarletane. "Why, coz, I'm astonished!"

"Yes, Aggie, it's a positive fact!" replied petite, fairy Nelly Vivian, from the depths of a comfortable lounging chair, tapping her tiny, slippered foot half-petulant on an ottoman the while. "I'm tired to death of this ridiculous servitude to fashion! One don't live here, they only stay; and, I declare, I'd as lief be an oyster in the shell—if 'tweren't for being swallowed!" and her exquisitely moulded shoulders were lifted with a comical shrug—"as screwed up in corsets and whalebones, sitting stiff and pokerish in the drawing-room, and playing my lady! I do think it's provoking, Aggie! Why couldn't Aunt Sarah have taken us off into the quiet, green country for the summer, where one could romp, and pick strawberries, climb stone walls or apple trees, or come to dinner in a loose gingham, as I

did last year at Uncle Harvey's? But not she! Lisette must needs receive orders to pack madame's thirty dresses, and then she posts off to Newport with us in her train; and all because the Hon. Mrs. Fits-Faddle and Mrs. Flounce-to-Kill announced their intention of honoring this particular section of Uncle Sam's farm with their august presence! Now aunty would be a nice sort of a body, if it were not for her peculiar notions—"

"Which 'peculiar notions,' being interpreted, are," interrupted Agatha Marlow, drily, "that Aunt Sarah, herself an ardent votary of a certain goddess known as Fashion, and realizing that she has two marketable young ladies on her hands to dispose of—to wit, the beautiful heiress, Miss Vivian, and the poor, plain Agatha Marlow, frequents Fashion's courts in order to procure the two said young ladies those very necessary appendages—wealthy, and so eligible husbands."

"Just so!" said Nelly, "all but the poor, plain Agatha Marlow. How many times do you want me to tell you that you're a real beauty, Aggie? There, look into that glass opposite! Don't you see? Such eyes! such hair! such a rich bloom! Why, half these jaded belles would give their fortunes for your face."

And my face must make my fortune!" replied the girl, half-bitterly, half-triumphantly. "That is," she added, with a short, quick laugh, "that is, if all these pleasure-seekers see as my partial cousin does. But do you know, cousin, that there are men who see no beauty in the face, except it have the pleasing accompaniment of a fortune?" and she spoke mockingly; "but I beg pardon, Nelly, you were speaking of Newport—go on."

"O, I've nothing more to say," yawned Nelly, "only I'm bored to death with dressing and undressing, lounging about the piazzas or parlors, getting knocked about in that tumbling surf, or sitting over interminable dinners with that conceited Dick St. Aubyn opposite, with his 'aws,' and 'reallys,' and 'pon my honors,' or watching the exquisite Count Alphonse Figaro endeavor to prevent starvation by imbibing the least possible quantity of food into that mustachioed, underbrush mouth of his! Ugh, Aggie!" And again the ivory shoulders, exposed by the loosely falling wrapper, were elevated with a comic shrug.

"It is such a sad lot to be both a beauty and an heiress!" quietly ventured Agatha Marlow, lying the ball-dress across an arm of a sofa. "And that with being both, it is no wonder all the eligible men should strive to get opposite Miss Vivian at the *table d'hôte*."



An unbiased listener would certainly have detected much of bitterness in the tone of the speaker, but good-humored, petted Nelly Vivian did not. She only rattled on gaily; and in a tone perfectly free from vanity, exclaimed:

"O, as to that, coz, I do believe I'm not frightful! but then, I aint a real *bona fide*, sparkling beauty like you! Blondes can't be, you know! As for being rich, I *am* thankful, for what could one do without plenty of money? Indeed, I shouldn't want to be poor, and perhaps have to go out and teach, and turn my accomplishments to account for a living, as some of the girls at the seminary were going to. But I *do* wish aunty wouldn't think as much of wealth! Just because I'm an heiress, and she happens to have me in charge to matronize round, she must needs set me up for a sort of automaton, hardly allowing me to stir or breathe lest I come in contact with the *canaille*, as she calls everybody outside her own 'set.' I declare, I don't believe but she was imported from China! There, they think all outsiders 'barbarians,' and that's her creed!"

"But Aunt Sarah wants to keep choicely the fortunate niece she has in store for the future Countess Figaro," responded Agatha, demurely. "Don't you understand, Nell? Spite of her aristocracy and her dignity, she's actually manoeuvring—yes, actually making a match for you."

"And she *may* manoeuvre, for all me!" replied Nelly, rather undutifully, and very angrily—but quite as a petted school-girl who had never known any other law than her own will, would be expected to reply. "Aunty's displeased this morning, I know, because I wouldn't dance that last quadrille with the count, last night—and I don't care! and now I know the *why* of it! Make me 'Countess Figaro,' indeed! I never *did* like *apes*! Can't tolerate, for the life of me, bundles of starch, patent leather, Macassar oil, and shoe-brush faces!" And a long, ringing, merry, girlish laugh closed the tirade.

"But you *do* like a tall, manly form, chestnut curls, Roman nose, dark blue eyes, et cetera, that go to make up a handsome young artist, Nelly. Ah, don't blush!" And the dark, piercing eyes were bent scrutinizingly upon a crimsoned face.

"O, as to that," and Nelly nestled uneasily in her chair, and toyed somewhat nervously with her jewelled fan, "I am not going to deny but I was glad to see Gerald Lindsay! You see I met him there at Uncle Harvey's, last summer—he was boarding in Suncook, and out sketching every day—and used to come often to the

house. It was queer, the way we met him. There was coming up a thunder-shower; and uncle came running into the house for all hands to come out and 'rake after,' so he could get the hay in; and Cousin Kate and I volunteered, and with old gingham wrappers and sun-bonnets on, we had been hard at work a half hour, when, looking up, and talking to Kate, as I supposed, I was answered by Gerald Lindsay! You see, he knew uncle—had been out in the field sketching—and, coming upon us, lent a helping hand. You may be sure we had some sport, Aggie, for I didn't care the least bit for him, he seemed so free and social—and so we went on talking like old friends, and then we three—he and Kate and I—rode on the load into the great barn together, I told him he ought to get down and sketch us, haycart, oxen, sun-bonnets and all! Well, I used to see him *so often*! We read, walked, sang and rode together—he and Kate and I;—and was it strange that when I saw him there in the hall last night, and he met me so cordially, I should prefer a quiet chat about these good old times, to a silly dance with that dandy count? No! And furthermore, I agreed to walk with him early this morning—he always walks early, very early, before the sun is hardly up in summer—and I did!"

"You did! Up before sunrise? Why, Nelly Vivian!" And Aggie seemed very much surprised.

"Yes, dear, I did actually get up at four o'clock, and was down there on the beach, while you, and everybody else in this great hotel, were still dreaming. Don't stare so, Aggie! I didn't disturb you—you didn't even stir on your pillow! What *would* aunty say?" and Nelly Vivian's eyes twinkled roguishly. "Such a nice talk as we had! and Gerald told me all about his success. You see he is poor, and has been painting a picture for the Academy, and it won the prize. That's how he could afford to come here, to this expensive Newport; though he's going to draw some 'Moonlight on the Waters,' and 'Sunrise from the Ocean,' and other pictures. How funny we *should* meet *here* again—wasn't it, Aggie? I hadn't forgotten him in the least nor he me! And in a fortnight he is going back to Suncook, and will see Cousin Kate and the rest—"

"And that's why a certain Nelly Vivian is so tired of Newport, then!" laughed Agatha Marlow. "Indeed, we must tease Aunt Sarah to take us straightway into some quiet, green country place! Ah, cousin, the secret is out! Why, child, you have no art!"

"Well, and who wants to be artful? I don't!" pouted the beauty. "I *meant* it, and I still

maintain it—I am tired of this place, and mean to get away from it just as soon as I can!"

"After a fortnight, you mean!" added Aggie, demurely.

"Yes, after a fortnight," laughed the petted Nelly. "But hark! there is Lisette's knock! A summons to Aunt Sarah's room! Now for a lecture from Madam Propriety!" And smoothing her face, and assuming an expression of blended gravity and resignation, she followed the waiting-maid from the apartment.

#### THE INTERVIEW.

MRS. SARAH MARLOW, a well-preserved, handsome widow of "fat, fair and forty," without children of her own, but "matron" to her two nieces, viz., the fair, girlish blonde, Nelly Vivian, who had been left early to orphanhood, and the possession of a comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars, upon coming of age—and the sparkling girl of rich, brunette beauty, whom she had disinterestedly (?) taken from a younger brother's numerous and somewhat impoverished family, proposing to establish her in life by a wealthy marriage; this was the lady, attired in a fashionable morning wrapper, and cap profuse with tulle and ribbons, before whom the fair Nelly made her appearance, in answer to the Abigail's summons.

An expression of severity, almost anger, lingered on Mrs. Marlow's features; and, as Nelly sank into the *fauteuil* to which she waved her, she broke forth into a tone of much asperity.

"Pray, Miss Ellen Vivian, may I inquire what strange gentleman you were carrying on such a desperate flirtation with, last evening?"

"Was I flirting, aunty? Well, really, I didn't know it," replied the girl, very demurely. "How fortunate that I have somebody to fit names to all my actions!" And a saucy smile curved about her lips.

"Ellen, you are impertinent!" said her aunt, severely, drawing herself up haughtily. "But you have not condescended to inform me of the name and family of your new adorer."

"He has no family, being unmarried," returned the gay girl, wickedly punning upon her aunt's query. "By name, he is Mr. Gerald Lindsay, by profession, an artist."

"An artist? a poor artist, I suppose!" said Mrs. Marlow, sarcastically.

"A poor artist, with only a picture or two in the academy," responded Nelly, bowing with mock humility.

"And pray, may I ask also, where you met this gentleman before, for your greeting had the warmth of an old acquaintance, Miss Ellen?"

"At Uncle Harvey's, last summer, ma'am. Mr. Lindsay was at Suncook a long time."

"That accounts, then, for your being so wonderfully contented among rocks and bushes. And so this artist-lover has kept trace of your flittings, and followed us to Newport? Really, I fear the contents of his purse are at a low ebb. Poor artists cannot usually afford to tarry at such fashionably expensive summer resorts!" exclaimed the pompous lady, sarcastically.

Nelly's cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled.

"Aunt Sarah," she said, hastily, "I do not know that it concerns either you, or me, regarding the depths, or contents, of the gentleman's purse! The landlord will not send you his bills to settle. Nor do I want you to call Mr. Lindsay my lover—we have not come to that, yet!" And her cheek crimsoned.

"But will, shortly—at the rate you proceeded last evening! It looked a little like it—devoting yourself two full hours to a new-comer, to the exclusion of every other gentleman's attentions. Ellen, I was absolutely shocked. You show no appreciation of your position, or the proprieties of society!"

"Now, Aunt Sarah, what did I do so absolutely shocking? I was not simply surprised at meeting Mr. Lindsay here, but very glad; and was it out of character to show pleasure at meeting a friend in that gay throng?"

"Don't try to palliate your conduct, child! You are young yet, but you are old enough to know that bread-and-butter school-girls jump, and stammer, and blush, at meeting gentlemen in society; and then, not a lady in the hall would have refused Count Figaro for that quadrille, as you did."

"Ah, there's the rub, then, aunty, because I said 'no' to the exquisite count? But he didn't seem very disconsolate, with that rich Miss Deloir on his arm. He was easily consoled, I imagine. One heiress is as good a 'catch' as another' in his eyes!" retorted the young girl, provokingly.

"Ellen! Ellen Vivian, you shock me! How often have I told you how unladylike it is to use slang phrases!"

"Bless me, aunt, I beg pardon! Still I can't help thinking one fifty thousand is as good as another, in a fortune-hunter's eyes. And Cecile Deloir and your naughty Ellen have the misfortune to be similarly afflicted."

"Ellen Vivian, you are getting insane! Did I understand you to term the elegant, wealthy, noble Count Alphonse de Figaro a mercenary fortune-hunter?" And Mrs. Marlow put up both jewelled hands in astonishment.

"Even so, good aunty. You have spoken it! One ~~can~~ not help their *suspicions*, you know, and I always make it a point never to *conceal* mine." And Nelly very quietly slipped a diamond ring off and on her finger as she spoke.

Mrs. Marlow's features settled into a grave, severe expression.

"Ellen, you are impertinent. This comes of petting and indulging you! You are a spoiled child. You are not worthy the honor the Count Figaro has paid you, by soliciting of me the pleasure of addressing you in person, to offer you his heart and hand."

"Ah!" and a little, ringing laugh floated out on the air, "pray, dear aunty, tell the elegant Count Alphonse de Figaro not to put himself to all that trouble, for I should most certainly refuse him, and, just as likely as not, tweak his perfumed moustache into the bargain. Why, aunty, I wouldn't have him if he was one solid lump of gold, and labelled *all over* with *titles*! See if in a fortnight he doesn't bend at the shrine of Miss Deloir! It won't break *his* heart to refuse him."

"Ellen, your language is very unladylike, and your decision will be regretted when too late. I *did* hope to see you a countess; still, there is another gentleman who has asked permission to address you—a scion of one of our first families, with wealth enough of his own to shield him from any such unfounded suspicion which you seem to entertain against the count—in fact, he is no other than Mr. St. Aubyn."

"Dick St. Aubyn! ha, ha, ha!" and the most melodious laugh that ever rang out from coral lips pealed merrily through the chamber; and then the gay girl rose, and snatching up her aunt's eye-glass from the table, put it before her blue eyes *a-la exquisite*, drawing out, "Aw, really, ma dear madame, you-aw really-aw must excuse me-aw! 'Pon ma honaw, I couldn't think of the thing-aw!"

An effort checked the smile stealing about the lady's lips. Drawing herself up haughtily, she cried: "Ellen, Ellen, stop! I command you! How rude, how unladylike, to descend to mimicry! Mr. St. Aubyn is a little affected, I know—but—"

"But I don't happen to fancy him, aunty! that's plain!"

"Child, don't interrupt me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlow, growing angry. "Do you think I cannot read you? I tell you, you shall *not* throw yourself away on this penniless artist! His visit to Newport, and your midnight flirtations, shall be fruitless! *Fortune-hunters*, indeed! Which looks the most like it? Yes, answer *that*, child!

which looks the most like it—these wealthy, accomplished, aristocratic, young men, you have designated with that title, or the poor, needy artist? Answer *that*, if you can, child!" And the lady cast a triumphant glance towards her listener.

But Ellen Vivian did not seem the least subdued by this exultant query. On the contrary, though an indignant flush mounted to her forehead, she did not allow any emotion save her own gay bantering tone to become infused into her reply.

"Pray, recollect, aunty, that Mr. Lindsay never knew me for an heiress, there at Uncle Harvey's, where we were such good friends. In plain gingham and muslins, like my cousin Kate, how could he be expected to discover my wonderfully exalted position as mistress of the fortune which could give me satins, and silks, and diamonds? No, Gerald Lindsay is *not* to be placed on the same level with the two *gentlemen* of whom we have spoken. But one thing, aunty, troubles me. Don't—please don't—call me 'child!' I don't like it a bit!" And she pouted, and put on a comic assumption of dignity.

But Mrs. Marlow was not to be so won.

"Just so long as Miss Ellen Vivian resides under my roof, as my ward, I feel entitled to control her actions within proper bounds, and address her by what title I please," she replied, tartly. "Were you prudent, and possessed of a proper sense of propriety, like your cousin Agatha, I should not feel to hold the reins so tightly; but, really, Ellen, you are the most unmanageable, untamed girl I ever saw!"

"Do say 'young lady,' Aunt Sarah! You forget that I am eighteen in a few days—besides, we are not at home, either, but here at this great, fashionable Newport, where I want to pass for a grown-up belle. I declare, the day I'm eighteen—and that's day after to-morrow, August 10th, by the almanac—that very day I mean to make my will, and endow a charity school, or orphan's asylum with my monstrous fifty thousand, *then* see if I can't be freed from this eternal hampering restraint that you throw about me! *Then* if I want to walk, talk, dance, or sing with 'poor artists,' or anybody not up to the maximum of a millionaire, nobody'll question my movements, for I shall be a 'nobody,' myself. What do you think of the plan, Aunt Sarah?"

"I think it like all your other plans—whimsical and foolish!" replied the lady. "I should not be in the least surprised at anything you may do."

"O, I have it!" gleefully shouted the girl, after a pause, in which she had been lost in reverie.

"Just see here! Wouldn't it be a capital idea to dress in disguise! say that of a beggar, or something of the sort, and implore charity of these troublesome lovers? Wouldn't it be a grand way to put them to the test? To find out which was noble and generous? Which cared for the heiress in her satins, or the heiress in her rags? Wouldn't it be a *nice joke*, aunty?" and she broke forth into a merry laugh.

"I only hope no niece of mine would ever descend to so low a joke as that!" replied Mrs. Marlow, in haughty, curt tones. "But we have spent time enough over this discussion. Let me observe more care and prudence in your conduct, hereafter, and, especially, do you not openly slight the count again. There, it is time for the 'dip'!"—as Lisette entered with a bathing-dress on her arm. "Go to your room, and in a quarter of an hour join me, with Agatha, on the beach."

#### THE LETTER.

MORNING at Newport. Not that tardy hour when the sun stands high in the eastern heavens, and exhausted pleasure-seekers, scarce refreshed by their brief snatch of sleep, after a long night's revelry in the ball-room, creep, pale and jaded, from their pillows to yawn over a fashionable breakfast—not later, when the long strip of white sands, left high and dry by the receding tide, is covered with gay promenaders, or when, among the surf of the incoming breakers, the swarm of fashionable life meet for the refreshing "dip;" but early, early morning, while the orient was but one glittering belt of pale amber, gold and fire—when the dusky twilight shadows fled, abashed, as the day-god came flushed and exultant from the gentle bosom of Aurora, then, peeping over the horizon's rim, lingered to make a careful toilet before he started on his long, daily journey—and the mist curled up lazily over the waters—and the very waves, subsiding softly upon the beach, seemed sluggish and awary, as if they, too, were kept up late o'night at some fashionable "hop," like the world of pleasure-seekers there by "the sounding sea."

But the sleepy waiters, opening and closing doors very softly, and walking in a sort of nightmare, dreamy state through the silent hotel galleries, and the active, busy, glancing little sea-gulls, skimming their white wings from breaker to breaker, were not the only early risers astir there at large, sleepy, exhausted, fashionable Newport.

To and fro, up and down the gray sands, his fine head uncovered to the soft sea-breeze, and a mingled expression of pain and contempt on his

well-cut, noble features, fully revealed in the growing morning light; up and down the gray sands with nervous tread, and setting his heel firmly, angrily, in the soft, wet beach, trod Gerald Lindsay.

But what brought that curve of scorn and pain to his finely chiselled lip? Why did he grind his heel firmly into the gray sea-sands, as though he were crushing underneath something which had unmanned, weakened him? Let us see.

Ah, we have it! We will read this open note in his hand; it may furnish the key to the mystery.

"Miss Ellen Vivian begs to inform Mr. Lindsay that his note is before her; and it were almost needless to pen here what he must have known ere this, that his attentions were never construed into those of a lover, and that the mercenary purpose which has prompted him to such a declaration, after so recent a meeting, is fully read.

ELLEN VIVIAN."

Yes, reader, so the note ran, in *bona fide*, intelligible chirography, and do you wonder now, that the artist's lip curled scornfully? that indignation crushed out the light of tenderness from his hazel eyes? that he clenched his hand over that insulting missive, and exclaimed bitterly through his shut teeth, "The heartless coquette! And I had loved her so!"

And this was the end of it all! those walks under starlit, country skies, and through whispering, country woods; those times they had read, sang, talked together, one short year ago; that walk they had taken together but yesterday, out on that same, sandy beach, in the gray morning twilight, with the eternal base of the ocean chiming a deep undertone to the swell of love in his manly heart; that interview in the crowded saloon, when she had forsaken others to linger by his side, and blushed when his dark eyes met her own. This was the end of it all! O, fickle, heartless, Ellen Vivian!

But it was over. He was only one the more victim to woman's wiles, for, how did he know but she had lured other men to like declarations as that contained in the sealed note he had slipped into Agatha Marlow's hand, "for Miss Vivian," last night when they separated in the drawing-room, and he could not find a moment alone with Nelly? But, no, she had not so insulted others! She had had no poor lovers; only wealthy and titled men—they whose positions entitled them to win the heiress. What mattered it if he had loved her one year ago, knowing her not in her present unattainable position? And that his poverty had closed his lips? What mattered it, that when his picture stood first among those that won academical prizes, he whispered:

"With this, I will go to Ellen Vivian?" He had gone to her—poured out his soul and the wealth of a noble love in that letter—and *here* was her answer! A heartless, insulting rejoinder! Well, he would not break his heart for her! He would neither shoot, drown nor hang himself! He would not, even, go away from Newport, and have it said, "Poor Lindsay! He's an unlucky dog! Miss Vivian refused him!" Not he, she should not have that triumph! He would stay there and meet her, and be cold and haughty as she; and dance, and sing, and walk, and bathe, and join every pleasure excursion, and his silent scorn should be the arrow to pierce her false heart.

O, brave Gerald Lindsay! heroic, magnanimous Gerald Lindsay! That's right, sting the hand that wounded you! And so he tore that little dainty note into a thousand bits—bits so tiny you could not find a whole word thereon—and then crumpled them in his hand, and when a great breaker he had been watching bowed its crested head at his feet, and the "undertow," whirled outward in one eddying, rapid current, it bore along, absorbed in its embrace, the fragments of that cruel letter, far, far away into the engulfing sea.

"So will I cast out from my heart every vestige of this mocking, maddening love! So will I fling it from me, and the shifting waters of life, and change, and circumstance, shall bear it far away to return nevermore," said Gerald Lindsay, in a firm, proud tone, as, with arms folded over his breast, he watched the last tiny bit whirled away till it became undistinguishable in the flecks of creamy foam. Then he turned away, and slowly retraced his steps to the hotel.

O, wilful, wicked, heartless Ellen Vivian! With your blue eyes and demure smile, and blushing cheek—that you should have done such a naughty, heartless deed!

#### THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

THE day had passed, such a long, sultry, stifling day, as is the type of all sultry, stifling "dog days" at the sea-side, when not a breath of air stirs the curl on the distant waters, and the booming breakers heave their panting bosoms on the beach with a low, monotonous, droning sound. It was all over, the late breakfast, where belles, pale and languid from their last night's dissipation, sipped their coffee; the morning "dip," when old Neptune opened his hoary arms for blooming beauties, and new Venuses were born from out the deep; the forenoon naps in darkened chambers; the tedious

ordeal of dressing for interminable dinners, with the clatter of glass and silver, and countless tongues, their troops of waiters, and endless courses, their brocaded, overdressed, elderly ladies, and sparkling belles in flounces, and laces and diamonds, ogling and flirting with tall, handsome gentlemen at their elbows, or over opposite at the *table d'hôte*; the afternoon lounge through the long parlors, where couples sat at chess or bagatelle, or the piano and harp whiled away tardy hours; and now, at sunset, as a cool, soft sea-breeze sprang up, wooing heated brows to feel its touch, the tide of fashionable life poured out on the piazzas and balconies, or to the drive, or promenade upon the hard, dry expanse of beach, while a strain of wild, sweet music from the Scottish bagpipes, answering to the will of the player in the hall, floated out softly on the pleasant twilight air.

Arm in arm, with the many couples sauntering along the sands—his fine head bent down in quite a lover-like devotion to the sparkling, piquant, brunette face upturned to his—walked Gerald Lindsay and Agatha Marlow. A casual observer would have thought it a decided "love case;" ladies envied the brilliant beauty her handsome, *distingue*-looking cavalier; the gentlemen voted Miss Marlow a deuced fine girl; but never failed to add compassionately, "What a pity she hasn't a fortune!" One remarked to a lady on his arm, "Why, it strikes me that this Lindsay is somewhat of a truant! But a few days ago he was all devotion to that rich and pretty Miss Vivian—now he has eyes and ears only for this cousin of hers, Miss Marlow! Did you notice how desperately they flirted in the great saloon, last night, Alice?"

"Yes, but you men are so fickle!" she retorted.

"Good evening, Miss Marlow, but where is your fair cousin, to-night? I did not see her at the tea-table. Not ill, I hope?" inquired the talented young lawyer Grey, hurrying along his affianced, the pretty Marion Benoit, to overtake the couple.

"O, no, Squire Grey! nothing of the kind, I assure you. Nelly was deeply engaged in reading Tennyson's "Maud" to me, when Mr. Lindsay was so kind as to send up for my *compagnon de la promenade*. She would make me come, and preferred finishing the poem to Count Figaro's invitation," replied the sparkling beauty, with an animated smile.

At this moment the count bestowed a *distingue* bow in passing arm in arm with his boon companion, Dick St. Aubyn; and with a smiling compliment, Grey turned from Miss Marlow to his companion.

"And so Gerald Lindsay invited *her* for his *compagnon de la promenade*?" he said, with a queer smile. "It's my opinion, Marion, that the lady wouldn't object in the least to becoming his companion for the *walk through life*! I hope she will never have that chance, though."

"Why, Charles! why not?" echoed Miss Benoir. "Miss Marlow is certainly very handsome and accomplished, and seems amiable. Her only drawback is her poverty. Hers must be a very disagreeable situation—that of a poor dependent. But this artist is not rich, is he?"

"No, but in a fair way for a fortune, if growing fame will bring him one. Orders are pouring in upon him. You heard about his picture that took the prize at the exhibition?"

"Yes. And this Miss Vivian is very wealthy, I hear."

"All of that—a cool fifty thousand, stocks and real estate! We lawyers have an eye to these matters," he added, with a smile. "Nelly Vivian's fortune isn't her chief recommendation, by any means. Sister Anne was her chum at boarding school; and represents her as being good and lovely, and richer in the attributes of a noble, feminine character than in her possessions. Indeed, Marion, I did at one time seriously think of asking her to take me for better or worse, and as master of her nice little fortune; but a little, lovable beauty came along just then, and caused me to change my mind."

"And haven't you regretted it? It isn't too late to repent, even now," saucily replied the tiny, golden-haired creature upon his arm.

A bright, loving, tender smile, and a look that caused her eye to droop under his, was the only reply.

"And why don't you want Mr. Lindsay to marry Miss Marlow?" she inquired, at length, resuming the thread of their conversation.

"O, the *lady's* well enough! I've nothing against *her*, if she doesn't 'cut out' her cousin—that's the term you ladies use, I believe. But you see I've got a *better* match made up in my mind's eye. Lindsay is a splendid fellow, and Miss Vivian's fortune would give him a lift in the world, so he needn't wear himself out in his profession. That's the trouble with him! He throws might, and mind, and strength, into his pictures—paints *himself* into them, so to speak. Besides—and that's the best part of it—Nelly's just the girl for him; gay, lively, affectionate, and full of generous impulses; don't care a fig for admiration, or being a belle, and all that, like half the ladies here—a certain 'somebody' excepted, of course," glancing smilingly at the fair girl on his arm. "Mrs. Marlow, with all her

fuss and feathers, can't work over sweet Nelly Vivian into a flirting, heartless belle! In *my* opinion, she had better take the *other* niece under her tuition; but there's little need of that, though, I reckon, at the rate she's going on with Lindsay. Look at them now, Marion."

And certainly, looking to where the brilliant Agatha Marlow leaned affectionately on the arm of her gallant escort, no one but would have set her down for one of two characters: either as being very much in love with the handsome, young artist, or bent on advancing to the very limits of *flirt-dom*, (how do you like our new-coined word, reader?) And, *en passant*, we will merely say, that under her gay, sparkling exterior lay a strong will, and a capability of loving with all the strength of a passionate woman's nature, but we must not anticipate, rather let our story unfold itself.

But to think of what *compliments*, "good," and "lovely," and "noble," Squire Grey had lavished on heartless Ellen Vivian! Well, it is no fault of ours. We could not unfold her true character to him. It has always been so, from the days when our good "foremother," Eve, listened to the enticing serpent. Women are riddles, and it takes a long, sometimes a life-study to read them, and, even then, some remain unsolved.

And so the party went on their way adown the beach, till, advancing from an angle in an abrupt, sandy cliff, came hobbling towards them a strange, bent figure, in the dusky gloaming.

"Whom have we here!" cried Grey, stopping and facing the apparition. "By Blackstone, it must be the shade of Moll Pitcher, the witch of Lynn! Can it be possible that her spirit, haunting the shores of the 'sounding sea,' has come to visit us here at Newport? Come, Marion, let us go nearer. Halt! spirit or mortal, witch or ancient goody!" And he raised his cane menacingly to the figure slowly advancing towards them.

The group closed around, and in truth it was a strange, *outré* figure that leaned her bowed form on a stout staff, before them; a little, bent, withered old woman, trembling and tottering with age, her face almost hidden by a drooping, tattered hood, under which thin, gray locks streamed over the scanty folds of a red cloak which enveloped her. And mustachioed gentlemen and fashionably dressed ladies stood gazing upon her with wonder.

"Charity, good folks! Charity, for the love of heaven!" And she reached forth a brown, trembling hand.

"Rather a strong appeal that, mother," said Grey, drawing forth some coin, and putting it

in the hand outstretched in the direction of the Count Figaro and his companion. "But can you tell fortunes?"

"Aw, yes, bless me! Can you-aw tell fortunes-aw, old woman?" drawled Dick St Aubyn. "Because-aw if you will read me-aw what lady-love-aw the fates may have in store-aw, I will give you this-aw," and he drew forth a half-dollar, "else you aw depart penniless as you came-aw."

The old crone bent over the outstretched palm, as if reading it, but did not touch the coin. Suddenly straightening herself, she said in a sharp voice:

"Go on your way, young man! go on your way! She you would win will not bow down to a golden calf!" then motioned him aside.

A hearty laugh ran through the group.

"She rather *got* Dick *there*," said Grey, in an undertone: then he cried, "Come, count, stand forward, man! Fortune can hardly serve you so shabby a trick."

The count came forward.

"Madame Sybille, let it be *un bon* prediction!" he said, in bad French, but with a grave bow.

The fortune-teller bent over his hand.

"My gay gentleman has never crossed water," she began, in a mumbling tone, but sufficiently distinct to be heard by the listeners.

"Ha! what is that?" and the count started, then added, smiling blandly, "But a *pauvre* beginning. *Allons!* go on, madame."

"Noble blood, wealth, estates, hum! all is not gold that glitters."

"Our sybil is in a crusty mood," said Grey. "But what about his lady-love? That's what he wants to know, mother!"

Again she bent over his hand, casting alternate glances into his whiskered face; the count twirling his immense goatee the while.

"Wert thou with Robinson Crusoe on his deserted island? and did he teach thee to dance? Thou art a good partner for the ball-room, but a sorry one for life. The lady will not have thee, my fine, whiskered gallant!" And she dropped his hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted all, in convulsed merriment; while the discomfited count, hiding his chagrin under a shrug of the shoulders, evidently designed to be "Frenchy," and muttered in good English: "She is the evil one! Come, St. Aubyn, let us leave the old hag!" And quite forgetting the fee, he dragged his friend away.

"But, charity, my good sir, charity!" And she caught at his coat with her brown, wrinkled hands.

"Get out, old woman! Not a cent from me,

for your impudence!" was the Count Figaro's elegant rejoinder, in a suppressed undertone, as he shook free from her grasp; while the elegant Dick St. Aubyn, exclaiming, "Come away, my dear fellow! This is positively shocking-aw," drew him along, and they continued their walk.

"A fair specimen of foreign aristocracy and American democracy!" said Gerald Lindsay, sarcastically, as the couple moved away, for he had stood an amused, but latterly an indignant spectator of the scene. "Here, my good woman," he continued, approaching the bent figure, "though we do not care to dip into the mysteries of the future, yet here is the fee yonder gentleman denied you." And he offered a handful of silver, which example was imitated by others.

But the old crone waved every hand save the young artist's aside. Bending low, till her gray, tattered locks fell softly against it, she took from the open palm one solitary coin—a bright, silver sixpence; then, passing over the hand, traced out the "life line" and "table" with her long, brown finger, and said in a voice quivering with age:

"The fates shall not withhold good gifts from him who turns not away from the aged, nor refuses the appeal of the poor. Wealth, and honors, and a happy love await you. Now it is dark; there is a mistake somewhere; a serpent has crossed your path; but the future hath better days. My kind gentleman, I give you an old woman's blessing!" Then, bestowing one bright, flashing glance from the eyes hidden by the drooping hood, she gathered closer the scanty cloak, and, leaning heavily on her staff, hobbled away over the sands.

"Eccentric creature!" "Crazy!" "Love-cracked!" said the gentlemen, while their companions voted the affair "romantic!" "Singular!" And the little bent form enveloped in the red cloak went rapidly over the gray sands, and was soon lost in the deepening gloaming. But Gerald Lindsay, despite his gay smiles and jokes at the "crazy fortune-teller," could not wholly set aside the words of her prediction; the words, "there is a mistake somewhere," kept echoing through his brain; and Agatha Marlow—well, I fancy her thoughts were none of the pleasantest, for she went to her chamber immediately on gaining the hotel, and flung herself into a chair, saying, with a flashing eye, but pale lips, "Can it be that the old creature suspects me? Does anybody know, I wonder?"

"Did you speak, Aggie?" said a pleasant, girlish voice from the window, and a fair, white hand tossed a book to the dressing-table.

"O, is it you, Nelly?" and the girl rose with

the frown banished from her features. "I was wondering what I should wear to-night! Come, isn't it time to dress? It was charming out on the beach! Better than staying here reading love poems, even Tennyson's."

#### THE CHALLENGE.

THERE was a brilliant "hop" that evening. Before many mirrors, fair belles and beauties draped their lovely forms in airy gossamer fabrics, and wreathed their dark locks with flowers and diamonds. These were they who lingered to add *clat* to their established sway by the sensation of a late entrance; but already the great dancing hall was one blaze of gas. Dodworth's leader flourished his baton to the gliding measures of one of Strauss's waltzes, and those young belles just "come out," who make it a point never to miss a single dance, whirled to the music as though arrived at the very acme of enjoyment.

Mamas, in head-dresses and jewels, looked on with smiling faces; corpulent papas, outwardly well-pleased at their newly-fledged daughters' triumphs, but groaning in spirit the while, thinking how purses once plethoric as their owners were dwindling fast at this "expensive Newport," were gathered in groups; young America, in short waists and long appendages, immense seal-rings and fob chains, and "killing" fancy vests and neck ties, aped full-grown men by flirting desperately with smart young misses; tall, whiskered exquisites did the agreeable to fashionable belles; and, mingling with the crowd, as always do at these seaside summer resorts, was the thoughtful student, the elegant, classic scholar, unbending from his books to mingle in the gayeties of life—and much of worth and intellect—for even beneath the froth and foam of so-called "fashionable society," lies a clear, pure undercurrent, and intermixed with the glare and glitter of the tinsel show is the unalloyed gold.

So they mingled together, the purse-proud *parvenu*, whose innate vulgarity gold cannot gloss over; the link wherewith the human family is linked to monkey-dom, viz., the dandy; the gay, plquant belle; the newly-fledged school-girl, just out of pantalettes and into flirtations; and the worthy, talented and refined, the scholar, the statesman and the poet. Standing apart from all, looking a little moody and uncompanionable, was the usually gay and genial Gerald Lindsay.

Where was his heart that night? Not surely with the gay, whirling dancers; not with the flirting, ogling belles, or the little groups gathered in corners, or by doorways, or absorbed in the

stirring music discoursed most eloquently by the band.

O, no! but with that fair, young girl whom for three long days and evenings he has been endeavoring to "cut" most decidedly, whose existence, even, he had ignored, whether at table, on the promenade, in the parlor, or at nightly festival.

And now, most knightly, gallant Gerald Lindsay, do you feel satisfied with yourself? Do you rest content? Is your triumph complete? Has little Nelly Vivian grown paler, or thinner, or eaten less, or lost a single dance or a whit of enjoyment, because for these three long days you have most zealously striven to show how completely, without hope of redemption, she has lost caste in your estimation?

Ah no! that we should so record it! Wilful, wicked woman! Evidently the jilt thrives on what she feeds upon. She who sent you that cool, heartless, unladylike note, cannot be overburdened with sensitiveness; seemingly she relishes highly your open admiration of her sparkling cousin; nor will allow herself to be overwhelmed by your sublime indifference. Ah, Sir Gerald, you cannot subdue her, you cannot subdue yourself, even; for, reader mine, just as much as ever, was that cold, frigid, unbending, obstinate fellow, arrant, naughty Nelly Vivian's slave.

And it was hard, very hard, to kick against the pricks of a love that stung him yet; and so he stood that evening, endeavoring to steel his heart against her, still uneasily watching the door for her entrance, endeavoring to be colder, haughtier, and more frigid than ever.

But belles, even those bent on creating a sensation by the lateness of their entrance at balls and fetes, generally arrive ere the midnight hours begin to wave, and so did Nelly Vivian and her brunette cousin; both matronized by their be-jewelled, be-flounced, and be-rouged aunt, Mrs. Marlow.

Now was Lindsay's hour of triumph. He deliberately crossed the hall to the party, entered the group of gentlemen already thronging around the ladies, bowed with *empressment* to Mrs. Marlow, bestowed a cold nod on Miss Vivian, then, with a fascinating smile, presented an elegant bouquet to the flushed and gratified Agatha, offering his arm for a promenade as the band struck up an inspiring march.

But Ellen Vivian showed no signs of mortification or pique at this open exhibition of coldness. On the contrary her blue eyes twinkled wickedly, a saucy smile crept among the curves of her pouting lips, and she laid her hand on



Lindsay's arm, saying in a gay, bantering tone :  
 "No word for me, Sir Iceberg?"

A flush came faintly over the young man's cheek, but banishing it, and drawing his arm quietly from the contact of that little jewelled hand, he said, with a frigid bow :

"I have the honor of hoping Miss Vivian is in the enjoyment of her usual health, this evening."

A little, musical laugh rippled from the gay beauty's lips.

"Now I call that cold as a Nova Zemblan winter, don't you?" and she turned appealingly to the group. "Here we have a young gentleman who 'cuts' an old acquaintance without mercy for three whole days, meeting one face to face, and deliberately crossing over to 'pass by on the other side,' and then, when one accosts him, he bows, and frigidly says, 'I hope I find you well, madam!' Sir artist," and she turned a bright smile upon him, flinging one white glove at his feet, "I challenge you to meet me two hours hence in the music-room, where our differences must be settled. These gentlemen, the count and Mr. St. Aubyn, and then our friend Aggie, she will accompany you, to be our seconds in this *affaire d'honneur*."

Lindsay paused a moment in irresolution. Was she in earnest? She could not mean it! But he would go! he would show her that he was not still her slave, that she could not regain her lost power over him! He would confront her there—ay, repeat word for word her insulting message, if need be—and thus shame her! He *had* loved her, but he despised her *now*! O, yes, he was very sure he despised her! Very pale, but calm, he stooped and picked up the glove, saying quietly, ere he offered his arm to Agatha Marlow :

"Miss Vivian, your challenge is accepted. I will meet you there."

"Ah, Sir Iceberg, you are good and kind. You do me honor. Pray, count, lend me an arm! Don't you see everybody moving? and do you think I can stand still when Dodworth's leader plays the 'Wedding March,' like that?" And the gay girl drew her gratified cavalier into the midst of the dense crowd.

#### THE EXPOSE.

It was just half-past one by the gold repeater Gerald Lindsay drew forth, when, wearied with the glare and confusion of the ball-room, and wearier yet with the part he was acting, he sought the cool, quiet, deserted music-room.

Because of the pain it gave him, he would

gladly have shunned this meeting with the gay girl who had bantered him to it; yet strange, undefinable feelings were in his heart, and something prompted him not to avoid her. Momentarily, that evening, had flitted through his brain, the prediction of the fortune-teller of the beach, and he could not help associating it with this anticipated meeting, though he smiled bitterly at the thought of those sarcastic words he had torn in pieces and scattered to the waters.

"Perhaps she did it but to try me," suggested his heart. "And yet, that is no excuse! If the hand penned such a base suspicion, the mind had conceived it, and is tainted thereby. But let it pass. I will go to meet her, and she shall learn that I am no boy to be trifled with, and to come to her side again at her bidding."

Agatha Marlow, smiling, self-possessed, and quite assured of the love of this man upon whose arm she leaned, but whose heart it was well she could not read, accompanied him hither. She had not hesitated, even that night, to drop into his mind vague hints of the admiration-loving propensity of her beautiful cousin, determined that no stone should be left unturned towards accomplishing her designs; so little did that artful girl heed the slight impediments truth and honor should have placed in her way ere she perjured herself.

They stood in the music-room adjoining the great saloon. The grand piano was untouched, no fair fingers touched the harp, music-books were unstirred, and only the echoes of the waltz, floating down the wide staircase from the dancing-hall, broke the stillness.

Lindsay handed Miss Marlow to the sofa, and stood leaning against the doorway. A wearied expression lay on his fine features, and he was wearied with the farce he was playing! From beginning to end, his self-imposed attentions to Agatha had been a matter of policy, as he thought, but now they were positively distasteful. Nature had not spoiled a noble, manly man, to constitute that anomaly of creation—a male flirt; and as he stood there, remembering the preference which Agatha Marlow had taken no pains to conceal that evening, and reflected upon his own attentions to her, his conduct seemed almost despicable in his own eyes, and he mentally resolved that the morrow should find him far away from Newport.

"Aw, bless ma, my dear fellow, where is the fair challenger?" exclaimed St. Aubyn, entering, closely followed by the count and Mrs. Marlow, and two or three other couples, all intimate friends, among whom was Grey, to whom the volatile Frenchman (?) had communicated *sub reo*, the singular challenge of Miss Vivian.

"Aw, it would be such a nice joke, if she failed, ma dear fellow!" And Mr. St. Aubyn slapped Lindsay's shoulder in high glee, while Mrs. Marlow drew up her stately figure, and looked frigid as an iceberg.

"Ah, she will come! *Allons!* we shall see! *Les belles Americaines* are so brave, so *charmant!*" and the gallant count bowed in the direction of Agatha. "*Monsieur Lindsay, avez-vous les *weappons?**" and he made a comical grimace to the young artist.

But suddenly, before there was space of time to reply to this pleasantly, a footfall came near the door, a shuffling sound, as of a staff moving over the floor, then, slowly over the threshold, came hobbling towards them, who do you think? The fortune-teller of the beach!

Uttering no word, she stood a full minute before the astonished group; then, moving slowly across the floor, put a folded paper into Lindsay's hand. He opened the *bona-fide* note he had torn into fragments and scattered to the Atlantic's tide!

"Why?—what?—" he began; but a fair, white hand stole from beneath that old, red cloak, and was laid upon his, and the tattered hood and gray wig fell to the floor. Before them, bright, blooming, and radiant with smiles, stood—Nelly Vivian! and four words, sweeter than any Gerald Lindsay ever heard, fell from her lips as she pointed to the paper crumpled in his trembling hand: "*I never wrote it!*"

For a moment he was oblivious to all else; then turned to hear Mrs. Marlow protesting herself "positively shocked," ere she went fuming from the apartment. And Agatha—it was wonderful, the pallor which overspread her face, as she followed her aunt in undignified haste; and St. Aubyn and the count slunk away in utter discomfiture and crest fallen silence. And, somehow, the others seemed to see the perfect propriety of stealing softly away, to leave those two alone.

And then—but what's the use of lengthening a story which, if the reader possess one particle of imagination, he can wind up fully to his own satisfaction? It only remains for us to add, by way of explaining the apparent mystery of the note, that artful, unscrupulous Agatha Marlow did not hesitate to acquaint herself with the contents of that entrusted to her by Lindsay, and then coin the base fabrication he had received in return. But she did not know how her fair cousin, feigning sleep, as Agatha rose early at dawn to pen that reply, and fancying herself fully possessed with the knowledge of a love affair, that she was endeavoring to conduct in secret, stole softly from her pillow while Agatha stepped

into the gallery to summon Lisette to deliver the note, and appropriated to her memory to be copied afterwards, the contents of the hastily pencilled draft from which the note had been carefully copied! When Agatha returned, Nelly Vivian's cheek pressed the pillow, and her hard, regular breathing proclaimed a deep slumber. Ah, outwitted Agatha!

Of course nobody waited for the wedding that followed in due time, to talk over every incident, and the story got abroad, and it was in everybody's mouth there at Newport, how Nelly Vivian successfully disguised herself as "a frightful old fortune teller," and how the heiress was "won for a sixpence!"

I forgot to state that Dick St. Aubyn voted the whole affair a "pawsitively low-bred thing-aw," and the elegant Count Figaro turned out an aspiring barber, flourishing at Newport on the snug profits of a three years' vocation at the razor, and Miss Agatha Marlow's trunks stood outside her chamber door the next morning, labelled "Boston," and she bore her aunt company back to her home, a "sadder, yet wiser" girl.

#### A PAIR OF MISERS.

Guy, the founder of the noble London hospital which bears his name, was a bookseller who lived in Stock market, between Cornhill and Lombard Street. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, "Vulture" Hopkins, once called upon him to crave a lesson in the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlor, Guy, as it was in the evening and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins told him what he wanted. "O, sir," said Guy, "if that is all your business, we can just as well talk it over in the dark." Having said this, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture, and he took his leave with this acknowledgment: "I thought myself perfect in the arts of saving, but you have taught me that I had one important lesson still to learn; I thank you for my instruction, and you may rest assured that my future conduct shall make amends for my past prodigality in candles."

#### A STATE WITHOUT TAXES.

The State of Texas is in a fine condition in regard to her finances. Her comptroller, in a recent report, represents that the State is out of debt, with a surplus of over a million of dollars in the treasury—a permanent five per cent. school fund of ten millions of dollars, an unappropriated public domain of one hundred millions of acres, which, if judiciously used, would subserve all the purposes of internal improvements required by the State, and a tax lighter than is imposed on any other people. The aggregate amount of taxable property is very nearly \$150,000,000, being an increase of \$22,500,000 over the previous year.

## THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The following case lately occurred, under the care of Mr. Maury, at the hospital of St. Louis: A young man from the country, a laborer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years," said he, "since the accident occurred; since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience, constantly in motion, it traverses the belly, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up to the left eye, when I have a distinct perception of its size and color. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful, that I am obliged to constrain them by seizing and squeezing it through the parietes of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of other circumstances connected with his internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing, yet, in all other respects he was perfectly rational. M. Maury, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed the conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was performed in the following manner: In order to render the illusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen, the base of which was traversed with a bistoury, and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton, so as to be under the skin. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist by seizing the head of the "serpent," and unite his efforts to those of the operator in extracting it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient without having witnessed it. Next day he declared he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed; the cure was complete in a few days, and what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was afraid the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured it was a male.—*Medical Gazette*.

## CÆSAR'S WEALTH.

Julius Cæsar, like Wilkins Micawber, Esq., was "continually incurring pecuniary liabilities that he found it difficult to discharge." He set a high value upon friendship, having purchased that of Lucius Paulus for \$1,500,000, and that of Curio for \$2,500,000. He was a terrible spendthrift. Before he succeeded in obtaining any office, he had amassed debts to the amount of \$14,975,000. But officeholders had good picking in those days, as well as in our own; and as soon as Julius got his hand into the public treasury his debts began to diminish. He soon became rich. He gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of \$200,000. He would, doubtless, have been guilty of many other extravagances had not "the beloved Brutus" given him that cruel stab under the fifth rib. On the day of the assassination, Cæsar's friend, Mark Antony, owed \$1,500,000, which was all paid thirty days afterward. This same Antony subsequently swallowed a pearl, dissolved in vinegar (which Cleopatra administered to him), worth \$400,000. He also squandered \$735,000,000 of the public treasure.—*N. Y. Chronicle*.

## THE INNKEEPER'S SIGN.

A person who kept an inn by the roadside went to a painter and inquired for what sum he would paint a bear for a signboard. It was to be a real good one, that would attract customers.

"Fifteen dollars," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper;

"Tom Larkin will do it for ten."

"Is it to be wild or tame?" inquired the painter, not wishing to be under-bid by his rival.

"A wild one, to be sure."

"With a chain, or without one?" again asked the painter.

"Without a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear, without a chain, for ten dollars."

The bargain was struck; the painter set to work, and in due time sent home the sign-board, on which he had painted a huge brown bear, of most ferocious aspect. It was the admiration of all the neighbors, and drew plenty of customers to the inn.

One night there arose a violent storm of wind and rain, which led the innkeeper to look anxiously after the sign in the morning. There it was, sure enough, swinging to and fro, but the bear had disappeared. He immediately hurried to the painter, and related what had happened.

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" inquired the painter, coolly.

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I guess not."

"Then," said the painter, triumphantly, "how could you expect a wild beast to remain in such a storm as that of last night without a chain? No bear would have done it."

The innkeeper had nothing to say against so conclusive an argument, and finally agreed to give the painter fifteen dollars to paint him a wild bear with a chain, that would not take to the woods in the next storm.

It is only necessary for us to add that the first bear was painted in water colors, which the violent rain washed away, while the second was painted in oil colors.—*Spirit of the Times*.

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A capital story is told of a student who went to see Goethe, and proved, in intellectual "fence," a little too much for the witty poet. Goethe, of course, disliked being treated as a "lion," and was not excessively polite to all comers. Our student, called "to see the great Goethe," was shown into a room, and waited some little time. After a while "the great Goethe" made his appearance, and sat down in a chair in the middle of the room quite silently, folding his arms and assuming an air which said, "Well, here I am; look at me." The youngster was a little taken aback at first; but, speedily recovering himself, he took up a candle, walked solemnly round the "Many-sided," scrutinizing him from head to foot, laid a silver coin on the table and silently disappeared. We have a faint idea that the story gives Goethe credit for being so well pleased with this tit-for-tat that he sent for the student soon afterwards, but we are not sure.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself.

## THE GRAVE.

BY EMMA MARYLAND.

Once, Alice, in the "long ago,  
A rover in a far-off land,"  
I fell upon a lonely grave,  
Deep in a forest old and grand.

The lofty trees stretched pleadingly  
Their panting branches to the sky,  
As if to pray the monsoon's breath  
Might pass them scathless by.

The mountain breeze was musical;  
The ripple of a joyous rill,  
Winding around that solemn place,  
Was more melodious still.

But all forgot—sky, grass and wind,  
And even the dead leaves' rustling tone—  
I gazed upon the emerald turf,  
Beneath which slept the pale unknown.

An exile from his father-land,  
Perchance lay here entombed,  
By the careless hand of a stranger band,  
Where the lotus wild flower bloomed.

And then, there flashed a thought of one  
Who was borne from her western home  
In the autumn-time, to a milder clime  
Across Atlantic's foam.

She came no more! on a foreign shore  
They told me that she died;  
In a sunny nook, by a gurgling brook,  
They laid my plighted bride.

This was her grave. Ay, Alice, weep—  
Too great my woe for tears:  
In the forest deep, alone to sleep,  
Through the days and nights of the dismal years!

## TAKING FRENCH LEAVE:

—OR,—

## A NIGHT IN PORT.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"POOH, pooh, nonsense," growled Captain Bobstay, turning upon his heel and walking aft upon the starboard side of the quarter deck.

Now "pooh, pooh, nonsense," is no such terrible combination of words. You might say "pooh, pooh, nonsense," or I might say "pooh, pooh, nonsense," and the earth would doubtless still continue to revolve upon its axis without squeaking; but when Captain Robert Bobstay said "pooh, pooh, nonsense," it meant a sight, and his hearers involuntarily squirmed. His "pooh, pooh, nonsense," was different from, and ever so much more terrible than the "pooh, pooh, nonsense," of any man I have ever known; and it was in consequence of that unanswerable

ejaculation on the part of Captain Bobstay, that Jack Brace turned pale with disappointment; that Joe Grummet gritted his teeth with anger, and that Tom Pipes—not daring to speak the word aloud, chalked on the sole of his larboard brogan, in large capitals, the fourth, first, and thirteenth letters of the English alphabet, at the same time shaking his unemployed fist menacingly in the direction of the retreating form of the commander; and the discomfited trio, with sulky, sullen look, moved forward and descended through the fore scuttle to the 'tween deck, where the remainder of the crew appeared to be anxiously awaiting them.

"Well, what does he say?" they all exclaimed.

"He says 'pooh, pooh, nonsense,'" growled Joe Grummet.

"You don't say so?" chorused the crew with very chop-fallen looks indeed.

"Fact," responded Jack Brace.

"Thunder!" ejaculated all hands, and for several minutes they remained in moody silence, gazing fixedly into each other's weather beaten countenances, as though fascinated with the beauty of the scene; though if such was the case it does not speak very well for their taste.

"I tell you how it is, chaps," said Jack Brace, at length breaking the silence by bringing his fist down heavily upon the lid of a chest, "here we are to up anchor for home to-morrow at noon, and it seems there's to be no more shore liberty. Now that sort of thing wont go down with a chap of about my size. I've got to have liberty, so that's all about it, and there's no get away from it either, for you see I've got an assassination on shore to-night just round under the lee of that hill to port of us."

"A which?" asked Joe, opening wide his eyes.

"Why an ass-assassination, you know; that's what Johnny Crapeau calls it when one feller makes a 'pintment to meet another feller, and one of the fellers aint a feller you know; 'bout the same thing as we call going courting you know, only 'taint perlitte to use the mother tung when you know some outlandish word that will fay in, you know."

"Well that don't fay in not no how," replied Joe, oracularly. "Assassination don't mean what you mean; it means sticking folks in the back with a sheath knife. The word that you wanted to lug in was assy-nation, that's what you was overhauling for. Just you take a fool's advice and don't meddle with no furrin tung till you knows how to denounce it in a ship-shape and seaman-like manner."

"O, well, bother the odds, who keers the slat of a reef point what kind of a nation it is," said Jack impatiently, "that aint nothing to the case. What I'm steering for is just this, I'm bound to go ashore to-night anyhow, and if old Bobstay wont let me have a boat, why, I'll go without one, that's all."

"Take French, eh?" asked one of the crew.

"Of course I'll take French, what else?"

"Well, then, if you do you'll catch four dozen, handsomely swung in, for old Bobstay swears by the hole in his coat, that he'll flog any man at the gangway that even attempts to desert."

"Old Bobstay and his four dozen be blowed, I'm for shore," said Jack, executing a pigeon wing and snapping his finger above his head, in token of his contempt for almost any number of dozens, "I'm for shore, I am."

"And I'm with you, my lad," said Joe.

"Me, too," chimed in Tom Pipes.

The rest of the crew remained silent; shore pleasures apparently not being a sufficient inducement; for they were quite the reverse of avaricious men; being perfectly satisfied with what they already possessed, without making any extra effort to obtain their "*back rations*."

It was past sunset; work was over for the day, and an extinguisher having been placed upon their hopes of a night's drift on shore; the crew, as usual, adjourned from the 'tween decks to the top-gallant fore-castle, to smoke their pipes, to spin yarns, and to inform each other confidentially that old Bobstay was a brute and a tyrant of the most diabolical description, and that for the fiendish crime of stopping their liberty, divine justice would, at no distant period, bring him up with a round turn; put him on a tight stretch with a gun tackle purchase, and fearfully take the kinks out of him.

It was evident that the powers that be, on the quarter deck, suspected an attempt on the part of some of the men to take French leave, for at short intervals the mate walked forward into the waist and surveyed the group in the fore-castle. Having repeated this manœuvre several times without perceiving anything unusual among the crew, he apparently became satisfied that his suspicions were without foundation, and going aft on to the poop he stowed himself away upon one of the hencoops as if to sleep.

This was the signal for our three friends, who cautiously, and one by one, slipped over the bow into the head and slid down to the water by the chain-cable.

"Now, then," whispered Jack Brace, as with only their heads above the surface, they held on to the chains, "are you ready?"

"All ready," returned his companions.

"Well, look sharp, and don't break water."

Quitting their hold upon the cable, and with only so much exertion as would sustain them upon the surface, they drifted silently with the tide, past the ship and some hundred fathoms astern, then striking out vigorously they soon reached a point about a quarter of a mile astern of the vessel, and once more had good dry land beneath their feet.

"Well, here we are, boys, all right and tight, and nobody killed," said Joe Grummet, as he divested himself of his scanty garments, from which he wrung the water previous to putting them on again.

"Yes, we're all right, fast enough, but not nowhere near so tight as I intend to be betwixt this and sunrise," said Tom Pipes.

"You'd best be careful and not take so much aboard as to loose stoeorage way," returned Joe, "or instead of drinking grog, you'll have a chance to drink with the ducks all the passage home, which wont be so pleasant, you know."

"O, no fear of me, I'm used to circle sailing, and can generally make port if I do have a head wind and a heavy sea. But I say, fellers, what time are we going aboard, and where shall we meet?"

"We must meet right here on this spot, half an hour before daybreak, and if we're in luck, there's a chance of getting aboard before we are missed; so mind and get round in time, will ye?"

"Ay, ay, we'll be on hand, never fear," replied the others, and pushing through the dense undergrowth that almost overhung the water, they started off in different directions toward—nobody but themselves knows where.

In the meantime, all had remained much the same as usual on board ship until about one bell, or nine o'clock, in the second dog watch, when Captain Bobstay, prompted by some sailor hating demon, took it into his head to see how things were going on upon deck, and accordingly mounted the companion ladder for that purpose.

"Mr. Midships!" he said, addressing the mate in a somewhat elevated tone.

"Sir," responded the drowsy officer, starting up from his recumbent position on the hen coop in some little confusion.

"Are all hands on board to-night?"

"Yes, sir, I expect they are."

"I expect they aint. The ship might fall overboard and you not know it send the crew aft here on the poop."

"Lay aft here, all hands," shouted the mate, going forward to the waist.

The crew, obedient to the call, moved aft to the quarter deck in a body. The quick eye of the captain instantly noted their diminished numbers.

"What has become of Joe Grummet, and Tom Pipes, and Jack Brace?" he asked, as he moved along the line and marked the absentees. "Where are they?"

"Dun no sir," growled several of the crew in a rather surly tone, for though they had objected to taking French leave themselves, they would sooner have had their tongues cut out than say a word to betray a shipmate who had.

"Dun no sir!" echoed the captain in a tone of voice intended to be very terrible. "Yes you do know too. You're a bloody set of liars, the whole snarl of ye. Here Bill," he continued, addressing an old man-of-war's man, who was considered the most reliable man forward, "Where are those fellows?"

"Well, I can't say prezactly where they are, sir, just at this tick of the watch," replied Bill, with the peculiarly knowing look of a baked pippin.

"You lie, Bill Bulkhead, and you know it. You're a confounded old liar, that's what you are."

"Well, sir, I wont argy the pint," returned Bill, giving the waistband of his trousers a hitch up, and then a hitch down again, by way of manifesting his entire willingness to be convinced of almost anything.

"William Bulkhead," resumed the captain majestically, "you do well not to argue that point, and you'll do better not never to attempt to argue no point with me, not if you know and regard what's good for your wholesome. You say you don't know where those fellows are. I do know where they are, they're ashore; that's where they are."

"My eyes, what a chap for guessing," whispered Bill to his next neighbor, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs.

"Reg'lar fortin teller," whispered back the punched individual, stamping heavily on Bill's toes.

"Mr. Midships," continued the captain, with an air like an avenging deity, "the very instant those fellows come on board seize them up immediately and give them four dozen and four lashes, well laid on. It makes no difference whether I'm on board or not; you need no further orders, give it them at once. D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir, it shall be done," replied the mate. "Go for'ard, men."

"Four dozen and four," repeated the captain, with a strong emphasis upon the conjunction to

make the sentence more terrible. "Mind, Mr. Midships, four dozen and four."

"Yes, sir, I understand, four dozen and four. And," he continued in a lower tone to himself, as the captain descended the companion ladder, "I should like to have the job of swinging the same dose into your old carcase about this time, my bold commander."

Captain Bobstay turned into his bunk and slept as such great men ought to sleep, to wit: between moderately clean sheets. Mr. Midships rolled himself in a monkey pea jacket and stretched himself out on the starboard hencoop as a mate should, and also slept. The men forward spread themselves out all over the forecandle and snored in chorus, and peace and quietness descended like a dove and settled upon the ship; yet in the minds of all, whether sleeping or waking, there was a vague consciousness of something particularly awful in pickle for the unfortunate chaps who had dared to take French.

All through the long, still hours of a warm, tropic night, the pale moon had poured her silvery light down upon the spot where we last saw our three marine Leanders; lighting up the gently swelling sea till it shone and glistened like wavy, burnished steel, as with ceaseless, busy, weary tread it threw its little wavelets along the pebbly beach, with a hurry, hurry, hurry, and a ripple, ripple, ripple; murmuring softly yet eagerly its endless story. Down too upon the thick groves of banana and the plantain fell her soft and quiet beams till "the dewdrop blazed beneath her ray," as the luxuriant branches stirred and trembled in the breeze, murmuring and sighing soft and low; whispering back its own mystic story to the sea. And so they whispered sad tales to each other through the long hours, and the quiet, peaceful moon looked lovingly down upon them both, and no one came to disturb their harmony.

"But now, as the night grew senescent,  
And star dials hinted of morn;  
As the star dials pointed to morn,  
At the end of the path a luescent  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a be diamond crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn,"

or it may be, a triplicate horn, or a quadruplicate horn, or indeed almost any number of horns, for whatever the number of horns may have been, they were all enclosed within the body of a gentleman who was himself enveloped in a dungaree jumper, and trousers of the same material, and who now pushed his way through the bananas and came out upon the beach, where he stood for several minutes gazing earnestly about him, as though in expectation of finding some one; not being successful in his search, however, he threw.

himself at length upon the smooth beach and sought amusement in letting the little waves break over his bare feet, or in marking figures in the sand with his toes, and in watching the eastern horizon where rosy streaks began to appear, which reminded him of the pink ribbons on his pretty Polly's bonnet, and he fell a musing and almost asleep, and the quiet moon shone down upon him too. Presently he started up at the sound of a long, shrill whistle, which he repeated; and another figure emerged from the thicket and stood upon the beach.

"How goes it Joe, where's Tom?" asked the new comer.

"Hasn't got along yet," replied Joe.

"The deuce he hasn't, well, if he don't heave in sight pretty soon, we'll have to go aboard without him, eh? But here he comes," he continued, as a third figure came rolling and steering wild along the beach. "How d'ye stand it, Tom?"

"Drunk as ever, thank ye. How's your own health and things? Where's Joe? O, here he is. How are you Joe; how's your old Grammet?" and the loquacious individual threw himself upon the smooth sand and began singing and kicking up his heels in the air, apparently in a very jolly frame of mind.

"Come, none of your skylarking, Tom," said Jack Brace, "it's a'most broad daylight, and time we were getting under weigh; d'ye s'pose you can hold a straight course enough to swim off to the ship?"

"Swim, is it?" returned Tom with a flourish, "I want you to understand that I'm just the lad that can swim seven hundred thousand million miles before breakfast, without stopping to take breath, and have done it scores o' times."

"What a precious liar that whiskey is, that Tom drank," said Jack. "But come, let's be on the move, and if we have the luck to get aboard before any one is stirring, it will all be as right as a ring bolt."

"And if we don't?" asked Tom.

"Why then if we don't, we must stand up and take our regular four dozen under our jackets like gentlemen, and make no bones about it."

"Like gentlemen!" echoed Tom; "how long is it, I wonder, since they took to flogging gentlemen? 'Taint them as gets flogged, it's chaps like you and me who are worked like jackasses, and who risk their lives every hour in the day, and night too, for that matter, and all for nothing at all a month and find themselves, and get cheated out of it at the end of the voyage at that."

"Dry up, you fool, and don't let your confounded whiskey spin such nonsense," returned Jack; "of course we are the chaps that get kicked and cussed, and flogged, and starved, and pounded; what inducement would a fellow have to go to sea at all, I should like to know, if it wasn't for that? he gets nothing else that ever I heard tell of. Why, bless your heart, I wouldn't go another single voyage if I thought I shouldn't get my regular grog and floggings, that's all the fun of a sea life, I take it. 'Twont do to stand here palavering all day, however, so here goes for the ship, come on, lads."

"Here's with you," said Tom, plunging head first into the water.

"Hold on, hold on, boys; avast heaving a bit," shouted Joe, who had been attentively eyeing the ship; "there's something up, aboard the old scow; all hands appear to be on deck."

"Thunder, so they are!" ejaculated Tom, wading up on to the beach again, and taking a long squint at the vessel.

"Yes, and I'm blowed if they aint lowering away the old man's new fancy canoe; and there goes old Bobstay down into it; he's paddling this way; going up to town, I reckon, to get his papers. Let's get behind these plantains, out of sight."

From his hiding place among the bushes, Joe kept up a running commentary upon the captain: "I wonder what possessed him to take that little shell of a canoe; don't seem to know how to manage it pretty well; s'pose he wants to show off to the other captains; if he aint more careful he'll show himself to the bottom. I don't think much of those round bottomed canoe concerns, they ain't fit for a New Holland nigger to sail in, much less a human being. Hold hard there, by the powers, he came near going over that time; another such a move as that and he's a goner, sure. Just look at the fool. I'm blowed if he aint going to cross that tide rip."

With considerable interest our three friends continued to watch the captain's approach. He had already drifted and paddled a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the ship, and was rapidly nearing the shore; but at about a hundred fathoms from the beach a strong eddy swept round the point, rendering the navigation somewhat difficult to one so little acquainted with the management of a canoe as was Captain Bobstay, and his awkward manoeuvres were not a little amusing.

"Just look a there now," said Jack, as the canoe, caught in the current, swung round and round despite the utmost exertions on the part of the captain, "there's a pretty situation for the

commander of a ship, and his own crew a laughing at him. Hillo there, try that move again, old fellow and you'll be over. By jove, he's trying to stand up. Hurra, there she rolls; there she tips; there she goes bottom up, ha, ha, now there's a chance for you to swim for it, Captain Bob, as many a better man has done before."

"He strikes out pretty well; and seems to know how to swim better than to paddle canoes," said Joe.

"Well, if he didn't he'd go to the bottom precious quick, I'm thinking," remarked Tom, "and I say, d'ye mind, they're lowering away a boat from the ship."

"Pooh, that's no good, he can swim ashore a dozen times before they can reach him," returned Jack Brace. "But I say, what the deuce is he tossing his arms out of water in that kind of style for? Can't be he's throwing out signals of distress; he is, though; got the cramp or something, I'll swear. Come on, lads," and the three men, rushing from their place of concealment, dashed into the water and struck out toward the spot where Captain Bobstay was struggling with the tide and throwing his arms above his head with that fatal folly that possesses the great majority of men when in danger of sinking.

"Hold on, Captain Bobstay, hold on," roared Joe, "keep afloat a minute longer, and we'll be with you; keep your arms under water."

Captain Bobstay heard the shout, and made an effort to sustain himself, but after a few feeble strokes he again tossed his arms above his head, and with a long, half stifled, gurgling cry, disappeared beneath the surface; a few bubbles rose and broke, and he was gone.

Jack Brace and Joe Grummet struck out with the strength of giants, curling the foam before them, as with a deep drawn "ha," they threw their bodies half out of water at every stroke. Tom Pipes followed close behind; but owing to his peculiar condition his course was somewhat eccentric.

"Grummet," said Jack, as they reached the spot where the captain had disappeared, "you stay upon the surface and watch if anything rises, while I dive," and with a rapid half turn of the body he vanished.

"Have you seen anything?" they asked simultaneously, as Jack rose to the surface.

"Nothing," they both replied.

"What's that rising to the top, astern of ye there, fellers?" spluttered Tom Pipes, who now came floundering along.

"Hair, by Jupiter," vociferated Jack, clutching his fingers into the object indicated.

"It's him, or I'm a Christian," shouted Joe,

helping to raise the captain's head above water.

"O, I knowed you chaps couldn't do anything till I got along," said Tom, paddling around the group dog fashion, "ollers do as I tell ye and you'll ollers do right. Bat here comes our private conveyance."

The boat, which had been urged through the water with all possible speed, now came along side, and the half inanimate body of the captain, together with our three friends, was taken on board and conveyed to the ship.

"Mr. Midships," said Captain Bobstay, as he paced the quarter deck some two hours after his arrival on board, "what is that concern rigged in the gangway for?"

"Why, I am just about to give each of the deserters four dozen and four, sir."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense Mr. Midships; you are a fool, Mr. Midships, a complete fool; I always thought you was a fool, and now I know it; and see here, Mr. Midships, pipe all hands to grog, and give those three chaps a double allowance."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate. "Here, steward, bring up a dozen of whiskey."

"Yes, sah," replied the steward, jumping down the companion-way, and almost instantly reappearing with the desired refreshment.

"That's your sort, my Jack of spades," shouted Tom Pipes, as he seized a bottle and flourished it about his head. "Here's to the mother, father, grandmother, and all the old maid aunts of the jolly dog that originated and first put in practice the glorious principle of taking French."

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#### A SERIOUS FOLLY.

There is no greater blunder than that of doing a service so as to deserve no thanks. If you mean to do a kind action, do it in a kindly manner; there would not be half the ingratitude of which so many respectable people complain, if the good turns they delight to chronicle were not so mixed up with the troublesome, the disagreeable, or the selfish, as to seem but bad work done at high wages. Necessity, or the determination to get on by any means, may induce a man to accept such services; but to imagine that he will hold them in grateful remembrance is about as rational as it would be for a merchant to expect some lasting memorial of gratitude for wheat he had sold at famine prices.—*Transcript.*

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The verdant landscape would become a barren moor if no dews fell upon it. It comes so softly that the delicate tint and bloom upon the plant is not damaged or disturbed. So God's sweet influences come upon the human heart, and when parched by the heats of the outer life, there come to the silent, waiting heart refreshings from the eternal source of life and beauty.



TO IDA A. G.

BY JAMES WALTER GAINES.

Hope is beaming, love is bright,  
When Ida's near my heart,  
Not e'en the sun, or moon's pale light,  
Such soothing joys impart.

Then let me clasp thee, dearest one,  
To this fond heart of mine;  
For thee I live, and thee alone—  
Wilt thou not say, "I'm thine?"

## THE HORSE THIEF.

BY CYRUS COBB.\*

"I WILL tell you," said our host, as he laid his well-filled pipe upon the little shelf near him, and again tipped his chair against the side of the old kitchen, "I will tell you how I obtained her."

He referred to his wife, a woman of remarkably fine appearance, who had just left the room, after having cleared away the supper-table, and made the fire in the great old-fashioned fireplace crackle and blaze with renewed vigor. She was beautiful, in the truest sense of the word. Her behaviour towards us, since we had made our stop at the house, had been marked by that peculiar self-respect which adds so much to the appearance of a lovely woman. Our eyes were all instantly turned to the host with eagerness; for there was something in the tone of his voice, and in the manner with which he laid down his pipe and rested his chair back, which told us that something interesting—deeply interesting to him, at any rate—was about to be told. He waited until all was still, and then commenced:

"It was a good many years ago, when I was a young man—I think I was twenty-four years old—I was wandering through the Western States. My parents were 'well to do' in the world, and had given me a good education, with the very commendable motive of fitting me for some useful occupation in life. But as I began to bud into manhood, I became restless, and longed to be off somewhere—anywhere—so long as my roaming disposition—no, not exactly disposition, but fever—could have its cravings fed and satisfied. This longing gained upon me, notwithstanding the distress of my parents, who were not long in discovering the state of my mind. They used every means, which a devoted father and mother could think of, to divert my thoughts from this longing. But it was of no use—go abroad I must. I was now a full grown

young man, and I could bear it no longer. So my folks, seeing that all their efforts were in vain, fixed me out with everything necessary for travelling, gave me their blessing and let me go.

"I now felt like a freed bird. I roamed here and there, until I at length found myself on the western borders. Here was excitement enough for me. Late in the afternoon, one day, I was wandering along through the country on the extreme borders. I had not seen a house for several hours. It was kind of attractive, and kind of dreary, too. The woods were very thick through here, and there was a savage air about the place which led my mind very often into imaginations of bullet-holes—I carried a rifle myself—knife-stabs, and scalped heads. The country around there did have a terrible reputation for such things—not by any means confined to fights with the Indians, but relating to lawless transactions between the whites themselves. Well, I wandered on until the sun had gone down and darkness had come on, when I saw a cabin off on a clearing which I had just entered. There was really a strong sense of relief on finding that I was in the presence of civilization, for, although I was by no means a coward, still the terrible gloominess about me made me long for some signs of a fellow-being.

"I quickly passed up the cart road to the building, and knocked—for although the door was open, which surprised me some, it then being late in the evening, I instinctively obeyed the impulse of home habit. There was no response to my knocking, so I repeated it louder. The stillness which succeeded the rap sent a creeping dread through me. Certainly the house was inhabited, for I could see that plain enough by the light of the moon, which enabled me to look about the premises some, and to see into the room through the open door. Then why was the door left open, at that time of the evening, and no lights to be seen?

"My mind was in this state of uncertainty, when I heard a sound which sent the blood thrilling through my veins with horror. It was surely a groan! Before I could move, it was repeated. I could not be mistaken now. A suppressed, gurgling groan it surely was. It seemed to come from the back part of the hut. I grasped my rifle in my left hand and loosened my knife with my right, and crept to the spot where the groans seemed to be. There was a small building there, which was probably used to store some kind of produce in. I made my way to it and cautiously looked in.

"Well might he groan—the man whom I saw in there. He was bound by thongs of leather to

\* Brother of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

a beam. The thongs had cut deep into his flesh, during his efforts to get free, and the blood was oozing out and filling up the deep compressions which the hard leather made. He had been gagged with some old cloth, which he had loosened just enough to enable him to utter the horrible groans which had so startled me. As his blood-shot eyes met mine, he instinctively comprehended that I was a friend. His eyes gleamed with joy, and he tried to speak; but the effort only resulted in a gurgling, choking sound. His arms moved convulsively, with an impulsive attempt to reach them out to me, which carried the hard thongs deeper into his lacerated flesh. I quickly drew the gag from his mouth; but the relieving of his arms and legs was a much more difficult matter. It was critical work to cut the thongs without cutting the flesh; but I succeeded in a few moments, and he was instantly on his feet.

"He was a splendid specimen of a western pioneer—a tall, broad, muscular form, and strongly marked face—not with wrinkles, but with muscles. He was a powerful man! I soon learned the cause of his situation. In a few words he told me that a band of reckless ruffians, headed by a deep-eyed villain, who went by the name of Dick Hiskey, had surprised him while eating supper, bound, gagged, and left him tied, where I found him, taking off all that was valuable on the premises. All this he could have borne, but the villains had a worse object in view. They had carried off his only daughter.

"He was a widower. His wife had died about a year before, leaving him with no one but this daughter to comfort his lone heart. She had done everything, which a child's affection could do, to bring back happiness to his home; and well had she succeeded. Many a time had he fervently called God's blessing upon her, in the outpouring thankfulness of his heart. But now she was gone—torn from his home by a wretch of the basest kind.

"Dick Hiskey was the leader of a band of horse thieves, robbers and murderers. In fact, no crime was too frightful for their depraved and reckless spirits. He had seen Mary, the pioneer's daughter, and his base passions were aroused by the sight of her ripe and healthy beauty. The father scorned his approaches—for he did have the audacity to make overtures for her hand. His character was well known throughout that part of the country; and the idea of his coming to him, to sue for his Mary's hand in marriage, was loathsome. He did not hesitate to let the villain know his feelings—such feelings as could only be aroused in the heart of a doting father.

"Dick Hiskey was not the man to be easily

baffled. There were now two motives for succeeding in his base designs—the determination to gratify his detestable passion and a longing for revenge. The pioneer knew enough of his character to make him careful and guarded, as well as anxious. Fear was not in his nature; but the love for his child made him intensely fearful in regard to her. Hiskey, also, well knew the character of the man with whom he had to deal; so that with all his reckless bravado, he was extremely cautious in carrying out his designs.

"The time at length came. The pioneer did not stop to tell me all the particulars. It was enough that his home had been invaded by the villain, while he was off his guard, his daughter carried away, and he left as I had found him. And he felt it was fortunate that I had found him as I did, for he had expected every moment to see the ruffians back again, to finish him. He wondered, as it was, why they had not killed him, for Dick Hiskey had a fiendish delight in drawing blood, to which many a victim could testify.

"But he was alive and free now; that was sufficient. He was not a man to take up much time in conjecture or talking. In fact, the information which he gave me was uttered in short sentences, with a deep, determined voice which sounded very peculiar to me, it was so steady and one-toned, and yet so full of intense inward excitement. He was determined to recover his child that night, if Heaven would aid him. He hardly seemed willing to ask me, a young man and an entire stranger, to help him. But there was no necessity of asking—for his misfortune instantly made me a fast friend, and the excitement of the adventure drove anything like fear from my mind; so that I was eager to be his companion. Then there was something romantic to me in the idea of rescuing a young and beautiful girl—for her father had told me that she was beautiful, and I had no reason to doubt him, for he did not talk idly. You must recollect that I was at just that age when such a romantic adventure would offer the greatest charms to my enthusiastic spirit.

"We were soon on our way through the woods, with our rifles carefully loaded and our knives ready for instant drawing. The villains had left the arms of the pioneer, from forgetfulness, probably, for they had taken everything valuable which they could find. But these were in a retired corner, in the shadow, and in their haste they had entirely overlooked them.

"It was now about ten o'clock. The sky was covered with half scudding and half heavy clouds, through which the light of the moon

would try now and then to break, without success, and then all would be darkness again. My companion seemed to know where to find his enemies, for he kept straight on through the woods and across the uneven road with a determined and confident tread. I have before told you of the impression of power which his appearance made upon me. If I felt then that he was powerful, I by no means felt that impression less while we were striding on our way. There was combined with his appearance an air which told me that no common mind was in the man. The manner of recting his account to me impressed me strongly with this belief—although his appearance, the physiognomy of his face, and the general expression of the whole man was enough. Then his manner ever since had been remarkable. It was calm, outwardly, and yet the excitement within was almost to bursting. His strides were long, and it seemed as though his feet would sink down into the ground at every step—so full of iron determination was his tread. I would often have to quicken my pace into a kind of trot, to keep up with him.

"On we went, through woods and bushes. Mile after mile was passed in that silence—a silence broken only by the howling of the wolves, the shrieks of the panther, the cries of other animals which I did not know, and the crackling of the bushes beneath our tread. Now and then a bird, disturbed from its roost by our approach, would fly screaming into the darkness. On we went, like two grim shadows, mile after mile.

"Once the moonlight shone down from a momentary break in the clouds. It rested upon the face of my companion. I turned my eyes up to his countenance, as it were, by instinct. I started at the look which was there. The moonlight came directly down upon his head, throwing the shadows of his strong brows down on to his face. His eyes gleamed with fierce intensity from the brow-shadows—lit up more by the fire within than by the moon. The powerful muscles of his face looked fearfully rigid in the downward white light. The clouds opened only for an instant—they closed, and all was darkness. I knew not why it was, but that glancing sight of the pioneer's face sent an iron strength into my own nerves. I was ready for anything. I felt a deep confidence that we should succeed.

"Well, we walked—if walk you would call it—for full four hours, when I became aware, by some open clearings which we crossed, that we were near the abodes of men. My companion now trod with more caution. He did not go on in a straight course, as before, but approached in an indirect kind of circle. Our tread was now

noiseless as the grave. Under the guidance of the pioneer, I crept along in a manner which would have done honor to a more experienced second.

"Suddenly my companion stopped in the midst of a cluster of trees, and made a motion for me to remain where I was. He then approached to the edge of the forest, knelt down, put the tall bushes aside, and looked out. He appeared to look searchingly around and listen for some time, and then giving me a sign to follow, he stepped out into the clearing. I obeyed the sign and in an instant was by his side.

"I instinctively gave a tighter grasp to my rifle, and my heart beat faster. We were in the neighborhood of houses. I counted all I could see in the darkness; there were four. This, thought I, is the ruffians' settlement. I was not mistaken. The pioneer motioned me to be cautious, and then crept towards a house which was larger than the rest. We were soon under the shadow of the building, where we stood to confer together. This was Dick Hiskey's place, as I had suspected. The pioneer felt certain that his daughter was there, and he now set his mind energetically to work to find a plan for releasing her. I did not pretend to think. There was a certain air about my companion which drew all my attention to him. I stood waiting for his plan. All he wished was to get into the house without making a noise, and he would bid defiance to any mortal enemy in that place. He bid me stay where I was, and then disappeared around the side of the house.

"He had been gone but a few moments, when he returned and made known his discovery and plans. He had found an open place, which was used as a window, large enough to admit his body, in the upper part of the opposite side of the house. How he was to get in there, I could not guess; but he soon relieved my mind. He made known his plan, and we set to work. We went into the woods and found a young tree of the right size. We soon cut it down with our sharp knives, and took off the branches. We were fearfully still in our work. We carried it to the house and put the large end firmly into the ground, at such a distance from the house as to allow the other end to reach far enough into the opening so that the whole might be firm. The pioneer then peered into my face for a moment, and feeling assured by its expression that I was prepared to do my best, let what would come, he placed his hands on the tree, with his rifle strapped to his back, and in a few moments disappeared through the opening.

"I now listened intently, but no sound met

my strained powers of hearing. All was silent. My heart beat hard against my breast, and my body ached, so great was the tension of all my nerves. The stillness was awful! Some time had now elapsed, and yet no sounds of any kind had met my ears. The tension of my nerves began to give way, and a fidgety nervousness take its place. I began to feel anxious for the pioneer. What if there should be more men inside than he had suspected, and they should be aroused by any noise and overpower him! I knew well that his strength could cope with ten times his number in a fair hand-to-hand fight; but here it might be different. His powers might be impeded by the presence of his daughter, if he should find her; and then, again, all the strength in the world would not be proof against a rifle-ball, even if fired from a coward's rifle. My nervous imagination now almost drove me mad. I could bear it no longer, and had just placed my hands on the tree to ascend—to die, if die I must—when a noise of fire-arms, loud voices, and bitter curses, mingled with the quick and heavy tread of men's feet, burst out upon the stillness. The next moment, I heard the cabin door crash.

"I cocked my rifle and rushed around the corner of the building just in time to send my ball into a dark figure, which was vomiting forth curses, while its right arm was just levelling a pistol at the head of the pioneer—whose gigantic form loomed up in the darkness—while a form in woman's clothing was clinging to him with desperation. I knew that it was Mary, and the thought sent a courage into my heart, and a strength into my nerves, which made me feel equal to a dozen villains. The ruffian sank under my rifle-ball, and in the next instant my knife was buried deep into the heart of another, who at this moment rushed from the cabin. With a horrible curse on his lips, he dropped dead at my feet. My blood was now up and boiling. I felt and acted like a tiger. Four more of the wretches now fell upon us, for the noise and tumult of the fight had aroused them from their sleep, and, always prepared for surprise, they were not long in arriving at the scene of action.

"They could not use their rifles before coming up to us, for the darkness prevented them from telling friend from foe. Better had it been for them had they been able to do it, for before they could fire, we were among them, using our knives with terrible rapidity. The pioneer had laid his now senseless child on the grass, at a safe distance from the fight, during the moment's interval after I had disposed of the second ruffian; and his enormous strength and astonishing agility were enough for the four men alone, I am

sure. I felt equal to them myself; and between us both, we made short work of it. I tell you, my friends, my arm felt like moving iron. I aimed my blows with a concentrated rapidity which gave my foes no chance to use fire-arms, and but little chance to use their knives. Two or three more came up; but they merely rushed unto death—for the pioneer was now terrible in his aroused strength, and they seemed like children before his arm. My attention was all needed for myself, but once in a while my eyes would catch sight of the raising of his arm; then would come the almost crashing clang of a knife, and a head would disappear in the darkness.

"It was soon done. Every one of the ruffians were dead. It was done quicker than I have been telling it to you. We had not come off unscathed. I had received one or two rather severe wounds, and several slashing cuts; but none of them were dangerous. The pioneer had received a bullet wound in the left arm, and a knife slash on his side, which had cut through the clothes and slightly penetrated the flesh. This was all that we had suffered. His bullet wound he had received in the cabin from the rifle of Dick Hiskey, who was the first to sound the alarm. He was awakened from his sleep by the creaking of the stairs which the heavy form of the pioneer made while going down to the lower rooms. The ruffian did not rouse himself at first, which gave the pioneer—who was made intensely cautious by the creaking—time to release his daughter, whom he luckily found in the first room he entered. This done, he made for the outside door. Dick Hiskey, now fully aroused, seized his rifle and rushed out of his room. He hastily aimed it at the dim form of the pioneer, and fired. The bullet went through the left arm. The pioneer fired with greater care. The ruffian's form bounded upwards, and then fell with a heavy crash on the floor. The noise had aroused the other villains—the pioneer had burst through the door—and the rest you know.

"But it is getting to be bed-time; so I will end. We remained at the villains' settlement until morning, and then started for the pioneer's home with a horse and team—for there were plenty of horses on the place which did not come there honestly, I assure you. The remainder we took care of afterwards.

"Well, you can guess the rest of my story about as well as if I should tell you. Mary has been your hostess ever since you came here. I never regretted that dark night's adventure."

Our host rose from his chair, locked the doors, and lighting our lamps, he bid us good night; and we retired to our beds.

## MY SISTER.

BY LENA B. PHILLIPS.

The pale rose drops its lily buds  
 Above her mossy grave,  
 And the mourning weeping-willows  
 Slowly above her wave.  
 There my brown-eyed sister sleeps,  
 With the cold sod on her breast,  
 And her white hands meekly folded,  
 In peaceful, happy rest.

We robbed our darling in snowy white,  
 Twined bright blossoms in her hair;  
 And pressed a long kiss on her brow—  
 So very young and fair.  
 Her merry voice is hushed in death,  
 We shall ne'er hear it more,  
 Until we meet mid that blessed throng  
 Upon the promised shore.

The breezes murmur around her last home,  
 While the pale rose bends its head,  
 And the wild bird chants solemnly  
 A sad requiem to the dead;  
 Though I may wander to other climes,  
 Far away on the ocean deep,  
 I will ne'er forget the mossy grave,  
 Where my brown-eyed sister sleeps.

## MY FIRST NIGHT ASHORE.

## A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

BY DUNCAN MCLEAN.

CAPTAINS G. and C. were both at Smyrna, commanders of fine brigs, bound to Boston. This was to be the last trip of both captains, who having scraped together a few thousand dollars, intended to remain on shore and get spliced; in other words, to take unto themselves wives. The period of our history was "the good old times," when gold chains and wooden legs, rum, rows and bloody noses, were in fashion, and when shipmasters, as well as sailors, were in the habit of swearing without rhyme or reason.

Now the two captains aforesaid, were warm, personal friends, and entered into each other's plans of future anticipated happiness with as much interest as if they had been born brothers. They overhauled the bad habits they would have to discontinue, if they wished to appear respectable on shore, and among these, swearing, they decided, must be cut off first. With this object in view, they bound themselves in honor, not to swear or use a profane word during the passage home, and to make themselves more careful, drew up in writing an obligation, that the offending party should forfeit to the other the sum of \$150, or if both sinned, the amount of their obligations should be appropriated towards "the

conversion of the heathen." They next discussed the use of rum and tobacco, but came to the conclusion that these were necessities of life at sea, and it would be time enough to cut them off gradually after they were settled on shore. One thing at a time was considered well enough, especially as neither of the captains cared much for rum, only as a means of drinking each other's health.

Full of good resolves and pleasant hopes, they had a parting glass or two of unadulterated Jamaica, and then set sail with a fine, whole-sail breeze, bound to Boston. Their brigs were both armed clippers of 250 tons, well manned and found. It was delightful to see them skimming side-by-side, out of the bay, with sky-sails fore and aft, and studding-sails on both sides; but when they cleared the Grecian Archipelago, the wind came ahead, and they separated on opposite tacks, and met no more during the passage.

The Crow was commanded by Captain G, and as we are mostly interested in her fortunes, we will give a brief sketch of her captain. He was about forty years of age, five feet seven inches high, very stout, but not fat. His face was full and open, and though he could frown, a good-natured half-laugh was habitual to him. One could always see his teeth. He was a good man to all under him, and like the general run of American shipmasters, looked out sharply for the interests of the owners.

With head winds and calms, his patience was sorely tried in working down the Mediterranean, but he did not swear, and fortunately he caught a fair slant through the Straits of Gibraltar, while hundreds of vessels were lying at anchor. Among them, he thought he saw the Pigeon, commanded by his friend, but was not sure. With the broad Atlantic before him, a fine vessel under his feet, manned by as gallant a crew as ever trod a ratlin, he clapped the canvass on her, and away she went in glorious style. In eighteen days he was within three hundred miles of Boston, and made sure of being in by New Year's Day; but unluckily a tremendous northwest gale came on, and he was compelled to heave his vessel to, under a close-reefed main-topsail. The gale increased to a hurricane, blew away his topsail, and snapped the main-yard in the slings. The weather too, was intensely cold, so much so, that the sea froze almost as fast as it fell upon her decks. Iced up to the leading trucks, and several of his crew disabled, he was compelled to up stick and stand for the Gulf Stream to be thawed, and at the same time to have a chance to get another main-yard aloft. Suffice it to say, after

repairing damages, he lost another main-yard, and a whole suit of sails, and was at one time so badly frost-bitten, that he was half inclined to bear up for Bermuda; but remembering that the Pigeon must also have the same gale, he concluded to weather it out while he had a stitch of canvass to spread. After three weeks of incessant toil, during which time he never turned in or shifted his clothes, he was fortunate enough to reach Boston at last. His first question to the pilot, who boarded him, was:

"Has the Pigeon arrived?"

"No, sir, not a vessel has arrived for three weeks."

"Thank God," sighed Captain G., "I've got along thus far without swearing, and it will be (here he paused), no, I won't say it, *hard*,—that's the word without a handle to it,—if I don't get along with a clean mouth to the wharf. Pilot, when you get her pointed right, come down in the cabin and have a drop of stuff to thaw your between-decks out."

Captain G. had been so much on deck, exposed to the weather, that he was quite light-headed, and his very eyes seemed to have been diminished and puckered by incessant watching, so that he only covered the bottom of the glass, when he exchanged courtesies with the pilot, aware that he was too weak to dive deeper. It had been well for him, if he had then resolved not to drink any more that day, as the sequel will show.

His owners were upon the wharf to receive him with a carriage, and the moment he landed they hurried him to the custom house, entered the vessel and then drove him to one of their houses where an excellent dinner was ready. They were rejoiced, for their vessel had a cargo on board which was in great demand, besides they had won several heavy bets from the owners and backers of the Pigeon.

We will now relate Captain G.'s experience in his own words as nearly as we can remember:

"I had a glorious dinner, with such drinking as ought to be a warning to all salts, who may be used up at sea. In vain I protested against having my glass filled, the ladies insisted, and the gentlemen compelled me to drink again and again, till I nearly fell from my chair. At last I became desperate, for I felt myself gradually sinking into insensibility; and jumping abruptly from the table, demanded in a voice of thunder, that I should be sent home, without further parley. The weather was awful; a heavy fall of snow was melting under the influence of a south-west rain storm, avalanches were thundering from the tops of the houses, and the streets were

covered with gully a fathom deep. My mother, brother and sisters resided in Roxbury, and I may add, my sweetheart also, all of whom, I knew, would be waiting to receive me with open arms. A carriage and four were soon placed at my disposal, with a steady driver, to carry me home, and as we wallowed through Washington Street, and across the Neck, I enjoyed a few cat-naps, waking up now and again, full of the idea that I was still at sea, and that the brig had either broached to or fallen off by the lee. A scramble or two to get on deck, however, restored me to consciousness, and again I would drop off, only to be woken with another bold dash to get on deck. When I reached home my hat was full of cable-tier pinches, and my face was as black as my hat, even the red which the rum had thrown over it, was under clouds of darkness. But all this made no difference to my kind mother and sisters, nor to her who was shortly to be mine forever; they covered me with kisses and embraces, till I was almost as drunk with joy, as I was with rum. Stupid and weather-beaten as I was, my heart beat wildly with pleasure as I received and returned their warm embraces; all the sufferings of a life-time were forgotten in a moment; but I felt myself drunk, my tongue was too large for my mouth, and I could not speak the joys I felt.

"The excitement of meeting over, my sweetheart held a looking-glass before me, and jokingly asked how long I had been in the coal trade. It was evident that I had been mopping the floor of the carriage with my face. The ladies, however, soon put a clean face upon me, curled my hair, and tried to make me cheerful; but I was too far gone to enjoy their company, so I asked my mother to light me to bed. While following her up stairs, my head reeled twice or thrice, I fancied myself once more on board the brig, and when I entered the bed-room, in answer to a request to take off my boots, I addressed my mother as the mate: 'Now, Mr. Brown,' I said, 'keep her on this tack till twelve o'clock if no change takes place in the weather, but if any change happens, be sure and call me;' so saying, I bundled into bed, boots and all. A minute or two afterwards, I opened my eyes and saw a light burning on the table, when I jumped out of bed and roared: 'You steward, take away this light; how often shall I tell you never to leave a naked light anywhere? You'll make me swear yet in spite of anything I can do to avoid it.' My brother came and took the light, so, once more, boots and all, I bundled into bed. About midnight, a terrible squall burst upon the house; the window-blinds slammed from side to side,

the rain rushed down in torrents, and the very house rocked to its foundation. Full of the idea that I was still at sea, I jumped out of bed and landed on all fours over a chair. There could be no mistake in my imagination, the brig had been thrown on her beam-ends, and the sea was making a fair breach over her; I thought I heard the mate, too, calling the men aft, to cut away the mainmast, the very last thing I would think of doing. Determined to countermand the order, I scrambled to the cabin door, and made a bold rush up the attic stairs to reach the deck; but in my progress a long-handled rat trap seized me by the heel of my left boot, and went clinkety-clank as I bounded up. At the head of the stairs was a flat sky-light, through which the moon shed her troubled light, and this was the companion-way. A desperate dash at it, head on, like a bull at a gate, sent it frame and all into the back-yard. I was now in the companion-way and could see the whole deck, and what a sight! There lay the brig on her beam-ends, or nearly so, for the roof of the house was to me the deck; she was pitching and rolling in the trough of the sea, but her masts (the chimneys) were still standing. Steadying myself as well as I could in the companion-way, I mustered courage, and roared out in my usual style: 'Who's at the wheel?' 'Jim,' somebody answered (it was probably the creaking of the window-blinds below). 'Very well, Jim, ease her as she pitches, and take care she don't pitch you overboard. Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' was my next halloo, and distinctly I heard him answer, 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Send the men aft at once, to clew the main-topsail up. Do you hear me?' 'Hear h—l,' an old salt growled out close to my ear. 'Who's that swearing; bring the reprobate here and I'll skin him alive. Did I not tell you I was going to do all the swearing this passage myself? Ease her, ease her, Jim,' I said, turning to the man at the wheel, for she pitched dreadfully. 'Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' I bellowed out a dozen times, but got no answer. 'Mr. Brown, for the last time and be —— to you (I did not say it, though I felt mad enough to swear through a mile of bibles), answer if you don't come!' 'Ay, ay, sir,' fell faintly on my ear, as if the speaker were in the main-top.

"Raising my eyes aloft and changing my position, I was almost swept out of the companion-way by a heavy sea, which came thundering over the quarter and swept the decks fore and aft (it was the first installment of an alavanche), and filled the cabin. 'Steward, steward, turn out, you lazy (lubber, I was going to say) fellow, and shut the companion-way. Bring up my so-

wester with you.' Turning my eyes again to the main-top, I sung out: 'Don't you cut a rope-yarn, Mr. Brown, or I'll kill you, by ——, by something, that's not swearing. Come down and get the main-topsail off her.'

"Becoming restless, I turned my attention again to the deck, and hallooed with all my might: 'Men, lay aft here, and square the head yards,' for a sudden gust of wind had swept away the main-topsail, and left nothing but the naked yards (it was no doubt an old shirt or some other piece of linen, which had been caught up by the gale and tossed across the field of view). Rendered desperate by having all my orders neglected, I made a bold push on deck, and scrambled to reach the weather rail (the ridge of the roof), which I effected with great difficulty, but did not swear. And now, O, horror of horrors! the brig was bottom up, and I alone was upon her keel. Appalled with the disaster, I could hardly pray. For a moment, I was silent, but feeling the rat-trap still fast to my heel, I ventured to cast a glance at it, and thought I saw a man struggling to reach me (it was an old red shirt which had become tangled with the trap in the attic). My humanity was aroused, but in reaching out my hand to aid him, I lost my balance, and a heavy sea (an alavanche) sweeping over me, away I went overboard, heels uppermost, into a pile of sloshy snow in the back-yard.

"Here was a subject for a painter; an old salt wrecked in a snow-pile, with a red shirt hoisted on the handle of a rat-trap for a signal of distress. How I struggled to the surface I can't say, but in striking out, I clutched a clothes' line, stretched across the yard, and hung on for dear life till I got the water out of my eyes. What a change met my bewildered sight! The brig was booming along under a crowd of canvass, and I was towing astern I could see the lights in her cabin windows.

"'Hulloa, there!' I shouted, 'hulloa! on deck, there! hulloa, ship ahoy, man overboard!' when up went one of the cabin windows, and my brother sung out:

"'Who's there? What do you want?'

"'Want, you son of a ——' (no, I darren't swear). What is there in swearing that makes it so sweet to the taste of a sailor in distress? But I had made up my mind not to swear, and I smothered the rising malediction that was half-hatched in my mouth. 'Want!—haul the main-sail up, back the main-yard, and bring the brig to the wind. Ease off the jib sheet. Do you hear? Down with the helm, and stop her way, or she'll tow my arms off. I can't hold on

another minute !' All this time I was holding on to the clothes line and striking out with both feet.

"In another minute lights were beaming through every window, and soon women in petticoats, and my brother in his drawers, came to the rescue. I was carried bodily into the house. And such a picture ! my face was covered with blood, my shirt and waistcoat were in tatters, and my pants were split from clew to earing, but the rat-trap still stuck to me like a brother.

"How came you in the yard ?' inquired my mother. 'What's the matter, brother ?' 'Dear me,' said my sisters. 'How badly you bleed,' said my sweetheart. 'Tell me how you have hurt yourself ?'

"Stop, for mercy's sake don't ask any more questions, I can't tell you without swearing, and I'm under bonds not to swear ! O, what would I give to open my lower tier upon everything an inch high, and an hour old ! But it must not be.'

"I was confined to the house a week, before I was able to show myself abroad ; but a month elapsed ere I was myself again. About this time the Pigeon arrived, with nothing but her lower masts and bowsprit standing. She encountered the same gale farther east, that I had experienced, and in addition to the loss of her topmasts, had to throw her guns overboard. Her bulwarks, boats and galley were also gone, and poor C. was reduced full fifty pounds in weight, since he left Smyrna.

"His first question was about my vessel, the Crow, and when he learned she had been in a month, he could not help exclaiming : 'The d—l she has !' Honor bright, he acknowledged the sin ; but I would not accept the forfeit, upon the ground that his unguarded expression was not swearing ; but he insisted ; so to quiet his conscience, I induced him to refer it to our parson. The holy man wrote an essay upon it twice as long as this yarn, in which he cited two hundred cases where the use of Mr. Tapertoes' name was not swearing ; two hundred where it was, and twenty-five doubtful ; but came to no conclusion about the case submitted to him.

"As neither of us ever swore afterwards, only to love our wives, when we were spliced, the subject dropped. The terrible experience of my first night on shore induced me to cut rum also, so I am now a member of the church, and in good standing."

Captain G. is still alive and well, and though his hair is gray, it curls as naturally as a pig's tail. He continues devoted to the fair sex, and may be seen at every important ship launch, doing the amiable by them. Long may he wave, for a better-hearted old salt never broke a biscuit.

## FIRST LOVE.

BY EMMA CARRA.

THE mild rays of a June sun came in through the wide open door of an old, smoke-stained blacksmith's shop which stood, at the time our story commences, but a short distance from our populous and busy city. Tall spires could be plainly seen in the distance, but their beauty and symmetry did not detract from the picturesque view that surrounded it. Nature now seemed to wear a holiday garb ; birds danced on the bending boughs of the old apple-tree at the back of the dingy shop, with sweet songs echoing from their tiny throats, and the clover fields sent in an invigorating perfume. Scarcely had the sun begun to tinge the morning sky preparatory to bursting forth in his glory, when Oliver Prescott, the young apprentice, came out from the low, brown house down the road, and with his eyes bent in the direction where the great orb of day would soon appear, he went slowly forward towards his accustomed place of labor ; but the motive power which should have made his step elastic seemed to be wanting. Once only did he turn his head, or stop while on his way to the old shop, and that was when he came opposite a white gate that shut in Mabel Lyle's flower-bed in front of her wealthy father's mansion. Here he rested his arms on the fence and gazed on the flowers, thinking of the sweet face and musical voice of the cultivator of this little patch of flowers, and also of the proud mother's scornful glance while sitting at her window, when he once handed Mabel, from over the fence, the fresh root of a forget-me-not, and timidly requested her to give it a place in some remote corner of her garden. That mother's look went to his soul and so did Mabel's smile, and from that hour the blacksmith's shop, which was never agreeable, was more like a prison to Oliver, than a welcome place of industry, and his whole study seemed to be how he might leave it, and leave it honorably. Oliver leaned on the fence, musing and looking at the thriving flowers in their various stages of maturity ; there was the tall, unbending orchis, seemingly glorying over those of more humble pretensions, and the struggling nasturtion and convolvulus, ambitiously trying to climb, but needing aid to rise from the earth.

Oliver was about to draw a comparison between his own inward and ever striving ambition and the object of his thoughts, when he heard the raising of an upper casement, and on looking up he beheld Mabel's father attired in his elegant morning costume. The youthful apprentice felt



the hot blood rush to his cheeks as the master of the house looked down to the garden, and he feared a reprimand for loitering at the gate; but the talented lawyer did not seem to notice him, or if he did he did not speak.

Oliver turned away from viewing the little garden, and passing his toil-stained hands across his brow, he tried to drive out unpleasant thoughts that would linger in spite of every effort to banish them. As he passed up to the shop he slowly turned the key in the padlock, and threw the wide doors back with the same listless air he had manifested since he left his benefactor's house down the road. The sun now shining brightly cast a glow over the smoke begrimmed place, but did not seem to kindle any cheerfulness in the young man's heart, and he mechanically lighted the fire on the forge, and placed a piece of iron among the coals; then going once more into the open air he stretched himself along a low bench under the apple-tree in the rear of the shop, and taking from his pocket a small volume, began to read.

The little rivulet near the fence went leaping by over its pebbly bed, and the birds sang above him, the bees hummed around him, and each sound was heard by the young student; but all was harmony in nature and did not disturb him in his studies. It was the life of one of America's noblest sons that the apprentice was reading, nay, studying; for every word stamped on the pages of the life of Franklin, was as indelibly engraven on Oliver's brain. It had been his companion in the narrow bedroom he occupied alone.

Forgetting that the fire on the forge needed replenishing, Oliver read on; at length, casting his eyes upward he exclaimed, "Had Franklin remained in his father's shop he might indeed have given a little *light* to the world in his employment of chandler, but he never would have brought lightning from the clouds, nor represented his country in foreign courts." And then as the involuntary pun he had uttered concerning light came before his mind, he smiled and once more resumed reading the life of the great statesman and philosopher.

The sun climbed up and glowed on the pages of the book that the apprentice held, and still he read on while the cool morning breeze fanned his cheek.

"Oliver! Oliver!" was called from the dingy shop, in no very pleasant tones, but the youthful student did not heed it, for his mind was far away. In imagination he saw the tallow-chandler's son climbing step by step, ever pushing forward, determined not to retrograde.

"Oliver, Oliver! I say, you lazy boy!" was

again repeated in a louder voice, accompanied by a rough hand on his shoulder.

"O that I had the wings of an eagle, that I might soar to where the sound of the hammer on the anvil would never reach me!" exclaimed the apprentice, springing to his feet in a half unconscious state, and looking into his employer's face with a half-bewildered air.

"Foolish boy!" shouted the rich old blacksmith, giving him another shake to bring him to his senses; and then he continued in an excited manner, "I declare, Oliver, I never shall make anything of you, and I might as well stop trying first as last, for it does seem to me you grow lazier and lazier every day; always wasting your time over some book, reading the lives of great men, as though what they did was anything to a blacksmith. Here I took you from the Orphan Asylum, when you wasn't more than eight years old, because I had no boy of my own, and after sending you to school till you know almost enough for a lawyer, I thought to bring you up in my footsteps, learn you the good old useful trade that I learned when a boy, and which helped me to pay for the brown house down the road and all the land for a good piece round it. Yes, Oliver, my wife and I have looked to the time when you might take the stand that has made me master of a good home and a few thousand to support us in our old age; but I begin to think we both shall have to give up all the plans we had in store for you, and let you take your own course, for you will not work. I excused it, Oliver, when you used to go to school, and thought if I let you indulge in reading and studying then, when you left school you would see the folly of wasting your time so foolishly and go to work; and by-and-by when you got older you would marry some smart girl from the neighborhood, and bring her home where we could all enjoy ourselves by being industrious and having a plenty of this world's comforts."

There was a slight curl of haughtiness on the full lip of the young blacksmith, as the industrious old man took the book from his hand and spoke to him in the manner we have written, and for some moments after Mr. Prescott ceased speaking, Oliver made no remark, but stood with his back to the tree, and his eyes turned towards the ground.

"Marry some girl from the neighborhood!" he exclaimed, mentally. "There is not one in it, poor orphan as I am, that I would take for a wife, except Mabel Lyle, and she would never become the wife of a blacksmith, were he ever so rich." And a deep blush suffused his cheeks at the thought that he should dare to even think of

the rich lawyer's daughter in connection with marriage, for between the blacksmith's family and Mr. Lyle's there had never been any intimacy, although their houses stood near each other; and this was not strange, for their tastes and pursuits were so unlike.

Oliver stood for a few moments in silence, and then looking respectfully into the blacksmith's face, he answered :

"You have been very kind to me from childhood up, and I suppose you think me ungrateful, Mr. Prescott, in not working industriously at the trade you have endeavored to teach me; but, indeed, I should prove false to the good maxims that I have heard from your lips if I pretended to be happy while laboring at the anvil. My soul longs for something different, something on which my mind can feed. All were not born to be blacksmiths, and I feel that if I am compelled to remain here and still carry on the business that made you rich, I shall never be useful anywhere. I—I—wish that you would release me from my engagement here, and let me go free to seek more congenial employment, and where, perhaps at some future time, I may be useful to you. I would not be ungrateful, but to remain where my employment is so distasteful is not the way to show you that I remember with gratitude your kind treatment of me in the past."

For a few moments Mr. Prescott looked at the young man in silence, and then while his eye moistened with the emotion he vainly endeavored to restrain, he said :

"Go, Oliver, you are free. I will no longer try to keep you; but mind, boy, this all comes of reading so many books; they have completely turned your childish brain; and if you go on in this way, I shall expect by and-by to hear of your going crazy, if you do not repent of your idle ways, and come back and be industrious."

Oliver made no answer, for he was too happy to speak; one feeling alone pervaded his soul, and that was he was free—free to choose his occupation, free to study and read.

A few minutes later several of the men employed by Mr. Prescott came into the shop to commence their day's labor; but O, how different in form, features and manner were they to the slender, pale-faced apprentice, with his ever restless eye, and intellectual forehead. They had brawny arms and strong sinews like their employer, and the ring of their heavy strokes on the anvil went out on the air, accompanied by jokes and songs that told plainly that they enjoyed the occupation that gave them bread. Mr. Prescott went from one part of the shop to the other, giving various orders to his men, and

then turning to Oliver, he said in a kind tone that his breakfast was ready and he had better go to the house now; then passing out, the apprentice was left alone with the men.

"Get us a bucket of water from the brook, Oliver," said one who acted as foreman of the shop. "I shall do no such thing," answered the youth.

"The deuce you wont," returned the other; "we shall see when the old man comes in. You know he always tells you he wont bring up a boy to be lazy, and it is always the apprentice's duty to do the rough work of the shop."

"Well, I shall not do it any longer," answered Oliver, with energy.

"And what do you intend to do for a living, my boy?" inquired another of the workmen, ironically.

"Run for the presidency one of these days," replied a third, with a taunting laugh.

"Maybe," remarked the foreman, with a sneer; "he is so smart. Or he may become a great lawyer one of these days, like Squire Lyle. I suppose he would like to have it so or 'most any way, if he can only get a living without working for it."

The youth cast upon the foreman a glance full of contempt, as he replied, "Should I turn lawyer, you may one day be glad to get my services to save you from punishment due for some crime."

The strong man's face turned to an ashen hue, and he advanced a few steps towards the apprentice, but one of more athletic frame who had not spoken till now, sprang in front of him, saying, "Let the boy alone, Jake; you are always teasing him, and then if he gives you answers that you don't like, you make complaints."

Oliver looked gratefully into the face of the last speaker, and then as the foreman after uttering a deep oath returned to his work he went out and walked in the direction of his home.

Once more Oliver came to the gate that shut in Mabel's garden, and this time, as he neared the wicket, he saw her slight form bent in the midst of her shrubbery and flowers: her face was turned from him, and at first he thought he would pass without attracting her attention, but the thought that he might never see her again crept over him, and he leaned over the fence, saying timidly, "I am going away, Mabel."

In an instant the young girl stood erect, and while a blush suffused her cheek, she answered, "Going away, Oliver! where?"

"I don't know, Mabel; but I've made up my mind that I will not work in yonder shop any longer with those men that Mr. Prescott hires. I had rather be without a home than to be com

pelled to stay in the same shop with those that never speak of anything but how they shall get their daily bread."

"Do they never read, Oliver?"

"No, Mabel, neither can I read at home and have peace. Mr. Prescott and his wife have no taste for books, and they think all time lost that is spent in their perusal. But still, Mabel, I have found time to read all the volumes you lent me from time to time, and I shall not forget your kindness."

"And must you go away, Oliver?" exclaimed Mabel, artlessly; and then added, "I shall miss you very much when I do not see you passing every day to your work."

"But your mother will be glad when I am gone."

Mabel blushed slightly, remarking, "Well, Oliver, she does not know how kind you were when we attended the same school, nor how you helped me to learn difficult lessons, and often saved me from the angry frown of our teacher, but I remember it all, Oliver, and never—"

"Will forget me," spoke the youth, involuntarily grasping her hand through the wide space of the wicket:

The beautiful girl did not finish the sentence, for at this moment she caught a glance of the dark, flashing eye of her mother, looking from an upper window, and it reminded her that her words might have been heard, or that she was speaking her thoughts too plainly to the young man before her.

Mrs. Lyle did not call her daughter, but quickly disappearing from the window, in another moment the front door was thrown open and the lawyer's wife stepped out into the path and came near the gate.

"Young man," she said, while her lips curled in scorn, "if you must loiter at some one's gate while on the way to and from your work, let it not be here. Seek your equals, my daughter is no companion for you. When she was younger I did not mind her talking with you occasionally, but now she is no longer a child, and I wish no further intimacy between you. We occupy a country residence because the air is more congenial, not to form the acquaintance of those who live about us. So I repeat, never speak to my daughter again."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Mabel, imploringly, "do not speak so to Oliver; he is—"

"Silence, Mabel, and in future see that my commands are strictly followed!" And grasping the young girl by the hand, Mrs. Lyle hastily led her into the spacious front hall of her home.

For a few moments after Mrs. Lyle and her

daughter disappeared, Oliver still stood in the spot where they left him, the hot blood rushing through his veins as he made the inquiry, "Who am I, that she dare thus upbraid me, and say that I am not a fit associate for her daughter? Though my hands are callous, they were never imbued in crime. No, I am guilty of nought that she can condemn, save poverty, and lack of influential friends to aid me." And then the ambitious orphan vowed that with the help of Heaven he would render himself worthy of being a companion for Mabel, and that her haughty mother should yet be proud to 'number him among her acquaintance; and with thoughts like these he passed on.

The old blacksmith, Mr. Prescott, was a kind-hearted man, and it was the earnest wish of his heart to act for the best interest of the orphan boy he had taken to his home; but he could not make it plain to his view how it would conduce to Oliver's welfare to encourage his extreme love of learning, for his own education had been very deficient, but he would argue that it did not hinder him from making money. Still he was willing that Oliver should obtain a good practical education, sufficient to keep the accounts of the shop, and then he wanted him to turn his attention to the trade that he had followed since a boy; but when he saw how little interest the youth took in the affairs of the shop, it fretted him, and often caused him to make use of rather severe language, and thus it was on the morning we introduced our hero to the reader; but when Mr. Prescott found that Oliver did indeed intend to leave him, with many a prayer for his welfare, he replenished his purse with a sum sufficient to enable him to live comfortably in the city whither he went, for a few weeks, till he could find employment to suit his taste; while the smith's affectionate wife added to his wardrobe strong and necessary articles, and in a few days Oliver left them with expressions of gratitude on his lips, and a promise that he would come often to see them.

It is not our purpose to detail the particulars of the hardships encountered by the ambitious youth while battling with the great world of aspirants for fame or distinction; we will only say that he toiled mentally while others slept, and the cold words of discouragement uttered by men, seemed but to incite him to persevere. After much difficulty he procured a situation at a very low salary in a broker's office; then hiring a small room up many flights of stairs in a building near by, he furnished it scantily, and there, in company with his books, he spent most of his leisure hours. Often did hunger admonish him

to resort to a restaurant and provide himself with more comfortable meals, but he silenced the monitor, and the same such luxuries would have cost went to defray the expense of procuring teachers who instructed him evenings when business hours were over at the office.

In two years' time, Oliver emerged from his little attic, a scholar. His salary had been raised by degrees, till it now afforded him a comfortable support, but the young man was not satisfied with this—he aspired to something more than a clerkship, and he soon resolved to make sure of a profession. Law was the chosen path of his future efforts, and he set himself about finding a competent teacher who desired a pupil. At various offices did the young man call to make inquiries, but as yet he had found no opening to his taste, when, without knowing the name of the proprietor, he was directed to the office of the Hon. Henry Lyle.

How the heart of Oliver leaped in his bosom as he saw the father of Mabel sitting at the desk; but in a moment he saw he was not recognised, and there was no reason why he should be even if the lawyer had known the youth intimately two years previous, for his whole contour was changed. His form had since sprung upward and rounded into fullness, and jetty whiskers set off to advantage his expressive face.

At first Oliver thought he would make some trifling apology for the intrusion and then withdraw; but he remembered that in his boyhood he had not even been spoken to by Mr. Lyle, as the lawyer seldom spent much time at his country residence, save when the stars were out, and he therefore determined to pursue his studies in the talented lawyer's office, under his instruction if possible, resolving that he would not for the present, at least, let himself be known as the blacksmith's apprentice.

It was easy for Oliver to remain incog. in the office, for when he came to the city to live he no longer bore the name of his benefactor, but his childhood's name Charles Oliver Davis, and Charles O. Davis was the name given to Mr. Lyle, while that gentleman questioned him in regard to competency for pursuing the profession he had chosen. During the time that had passed since Oliver left his suburban home, he had not spoken to the idol of his boyhood, neither had he seen her but once, and that was within the last year, when she had come home to spend the vacation, he was passing up the path by the side of the road and saw her stooping over her flowers; but she did not seem to recognize him and he walked on, while a pang shot through his heart that he was forgotten by

the one of all others that he desired to remember him. The old blacksmith knew that Oliver was engaged in a broker's office, that his employer liked him, and that he was honest, so he troubled himself but little about the particulars of his life, and a few months before he became a student at Mr. Lyle's, Mr. Prescott sold out his estate near the shop, and having purchased a large farm in the interior of the State moved there, giving up his former business to his foreman.

A few days later the young man procured himself more comfortable lodgings, and now with all the energy of his soul did he pursue his studies. Mabel, he accidentally learned from her father, was still away from home at school, and would remain absent for at least another year. Mrs. Lyle called at the office but very seldom, and then she scarcely honored him with a glance; she therefore did not recognise the youth she once treated with such contempt.

Two years more passed by, when one morning Mr. Lyle came into the office with a smile lighting his whole face.

"Mr. Davis," said he, "there is to be a wedding at my house to-night; my eldest daughter Mabel is to be married to Mr. Elwell, a merchant on Prospect Street. Allow me to invite you to be present. I told my family I was going to invite my clerks and a favorite student."

For a few moments Charles felt as if he could not speak, for all the recollections of his boyhood crowded mentally before him. He thought of the meek, beautiful Mabel, as he had seen her in years gone by, and of how much she had been the object of his thoughts, while he pushed forward for fame. He was too proud to seek her while he was in poverty, but now fortune seemed to begin to smile on him, for the talented Lawyer Lyle encouraged him that the day was not far distant when he would be considered one of the highest ornaments of the bar. When this time should come, it was the young lawyer's intention to acknowledge all to Mabel's father, and if possible, gain permission to solicit her hand. The beautiful girl at fifteen, who used to bend so gracefully over her flowers, he felt confident loved him then, for he remembered her tone of sympathy and look of—he interpreted it love—when she saw him struggle for leisure to improve his mind. Charles did not expose his emotions to Squire Lyle, but crushing back all outward signs, he pleaded a previous engagement as an excuse for declining the invitation, and that evening while the beautiful Mabel Lyle stood at the altar, Charles sat alone in his chamber, with his hand pressed tightly against his troubled brow. \* \* \* \* \*

And now, reader, we must take a leap not only in time, but in distance. Ten years have passed since Oliver Prescott stretched himself along the low bench in front of the apple-tree, and let his fancy riot on things imaginary. The wreck of the old blacksmith's shop still remains, but its sides are shattered now, and the crazy old roof is no longer able to exclude the wind and rain. The forge is fallen to decay, and the ring of the hammer on the anvil is wanting; but further down the road is a blacksmith's shop of more modern erection and inviting appearance. It is occupied by Jacob Flint, Mr. Prescott's former foreman, who has also rejuvenated the brown house, once the house of his employer. Charles Davis no longer resides in the city where he became a lawyer, but soon after Mabel Lyle's marriage he removed to the West, and there his success has been triumphant and wealth is fast becoming his. He now sits in his office and a letter lies before him from Hon. Mr. Lyle, and from which I make an extract:

MR. DAVIS:—Dear Sir,—A few months since I undertook a case to recover some property which belonged to a former neighbor of mine, Mr. David Prescott. I believe the old gentleman has been wronged out the property by the misrepresentations of a former workman of his, who has taken advantage of Mr. Prescott's lack of education; but the particulars I will tell you after you arrive, if you will consent to come and prosecute the case, my health being too poor to attend to it further. It will be a lucrative job for you, and besides, it will be a great favor to Mr. Prescott; for knowing your propensity to leave nothing untried to gain a point when satisfied you are on the right side, I am confident you will succeed."

So impatient was Charles to be on his way to be of service to Mr. Prescott, his former benefactor, and to convince him that he had chosen a path of usefulness for which nature had fitted him, that he scarcely waited to finish the perusal of the letter, but making rapid preparations he soon set out on his journey. The romance of boyhood had passed away from the talented young lawyer, although he still loved to dwell in memory on the youthful Mabel, and it was not without a quickened pulse that he bade his driver draw up at the mansion of Mr. Lyle. He thought too of the proud mother, but he was confident none of the household would recognise him now as the former smooth-faced apprentice, and giving a slight pull at the bell knob, he was soon ushered into the sitting-room where reclined Squire Lyle on a sofa; and after the first salutations were over, he learned the full particulars of the case he was solicited to undertake, after which, he excused his hasty departure by stating that he

wished to see his client who was making his temporary home at the Washington Hotel, and make some further inquiries concerning the former foreman.

Who can picture the astonishment of the disciple of Vulcan when the young man stood before him, and he learned that the lawyer whom Mr. Lyle had recommended so highly, as sure to restore to him his property, was no other than Oliver! His heart almost misgave him, and he feared all would be lost; but a year later, he frankly acknowledged that the boy chose the right sphere for the man to move in; for through the untiring efforts of Charles, Mr. Prescott's property was restored and the perjured foreman brought to justice.

It was summer again, and Mabel, more mature now, was once more bending over her bed of flowers, when a strong arm encircled her waist; on looking up she beheld Charles Davis, who addressed her by the endearing name of wife. Two years had Mabel been a widow, when he whom she loved in early girlhood, but by whom she thought herself forgotten, led her to the altar again, and the proud mother delighted to call him son; while all seemed astonished at his perseverance and success.

#### HOW TO MAKE NIAGARA FALLS USEFUL.

I once heard an idea suggested of such a bold and extraordinary nature, that it struck me with awe from its very magnitude. Of course the originator is a Yankee, for no one but a Yankee could eliminate such a gigantic idea. The proposition is simply this—to construct an immense water wheel at Niagara Falls. Not a small, temporary affair, but one large and strong enough to use the entire power of the falls. From this, with proper grading, he would lay down a permanent shaft through the State of New York, terminating at Albany. Those in want of power could then "belt" on, *ad libitum, ad infinitum*. What a splendid row of cities—manufacturing cities—would grow up along the whole line of the shaft! Steam engines would then be nowhere—and as for those paltry water-powers called "privileges," they would be like children dismissed from school by an indulgent master, henceforth to play at leisure, running through their "course" without a restraining dam.—*Appleton's Railway Guide.*

#### CHARACTER OF THE CAMEL.

It is the most gentle animal in existence, and the most submissive. It is stubborn, it is true, but not so much so as the mule, and it is easily and quickly corrected. It is so patient that it will proceed with its load until totally exhausted, and then fall never again to rise. During a military expedition of the French in Algeria, in the month of April, 1844, it was astonishing to see their camels, although reduced to skeletons, making forced marches with their loads, where mules could not have carried their saddles.—*Bee.*

## THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

*Dedicated to Miss M. E. D., on seeing her crowned Queen  
at a Floral Festival.*

BY J. QUINCY ADAMS.

The wreath that now doth deck thy brow,  
Within this festive hall,  
Is but the wreath that claims the flowers,  
And thou the queen of all.  
Thy regal chair in robes so bright,  
Plucked from Elysian bowers,  
Is not like those of bygone days—  
For thine is one of flowers.

We see an Eden in thine eyes,  
Thy smiles make earth rejoice,  
And nought on earth that e'er I've heard,  
Makes music like thy voice;  
For like so many silver bells,  
Whose sounds are soft and clear,  
Or like some sweet æolian harp,  
Thy words fall on my ear.

Golconda's brightest gems are thine,  
For loved by all thou art,  
Thy beauty is all gracefulness,  
And guileless is thy heart.  
I love thee, Maggie; yet I fear  
If thou to me wert given,  
The angels fain would envy me,  
And steal my flower to heaven.

## A KINGDOM LOST AND WON.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

WHILE the Earl of Murray rode slowly on towards the monastery where he then resided, noting the discomposed and abstracted air of his brother Douglas, he remarked:

"Now that you have the letters in your possession, forming the incontestible proof of the queen's attachment to the constable Montmorenci, why not show them to the earls of Albany and Arran, proving as they will that Mary never cared for the imbecile Darnley? They will go far, besides, to establish a fact so desirable to maintain, that it was as her instigation that Bothwell strangled him."

"Not for broad Scotland!" said Douglas. "What! I give up a woman's correspondence, and that woman my queen, to facilitate your bloodhounds in scenting their prey? No, by St. Bride of Douglas! Rather would I bare my breast within flight-shot of England's bowmen! And for your threats of imprisoning her, your grace is doubtless actuated by some excellent motive."

This was said in a tone of deep irony. Murray bit his lip, in the effort to suppress the dark and subtle rage ready to belch forth, as he answered:

"Certainly. I would protect my nephew's rights."

"And rule Scotland, in Mary's stead—is it not so, your grace? Nay, never chafe, brother mine. Long have I seen that the crown of Scotland was the end aimed at, in all thy moral saws and religious maxims. Even should you imprison the queen, how long would it be ere 'the defenceless lamb' you so bleat of—her infant son—would be given over to the butcher?"

Murray gazed on the stripling Douglas in astonishment. This was a mood so contrary to his younger brother's usual gentleness, that the earl began to suspect he had over-estimated the timidity of his nature, and the pliant yielding that had ever before bent before his iron sway, easily moulded as wax to his tyrant will.

Little did he know that the young Douglas valued more one sunny smile of Mary Stuart than all beside broad Scotland offered. There was much of a high, chivalric spirit, mixed with the sturdy independence of the young Douglas, and his last memory of Scotland's beautiful queen was where, with clasped hands pressed upon her brow, and tears that fell like rain-drops down, she knelt by a low chair in Bothwell castle, deserted by the earl she had created Duke of Orkney, her child stolen by her wily brother, her wifely, queenly regrets all merged in the one deep grief that shook her slight frame, as she gasped chokingly forth, in the emphatic words of Scripture, the bereft mother's agony that refused comfort: "O, my babe! my little James! Would to God I could die to save thee, my son, my son!"

Abandoned by her cowardly husband, Bothwell, the queen fell into the hands of the insurgents, headed by the Earl of Murray, who conducted her to Edinburgh, displaying before her all the way a banner representing the infant prince praying for vengeance on his father's murderers; while Darnley's corpse lay haggard and distorted before her. The next step taken by the brutal earl was to confine Mary in Lochleven Castle, owned by his mother, the haughty Lady Douglas, who never forgave that royal James of Scotland had deserted her coarser Highland charms for the rarer beauty of Mary's mother, the peerless Mary de Lorraine—Guise of France.

This imperious woman, at the time of Mary's birth, in the old palace of Linlithgow, urged her then husband, William, Earl of Douglas, to proclaim her illegitimate son, the young Earl of Murray, king—her royal lover dying the week after Mary's birth; but the Cardinal Beaton of Saint Andrews, and the royal infant's uncle, the

Cardinal de Lorraine, immediately proclaimed her mother, the Duchess of Guise, and the Scottish Earl of Arran regents, solemnly crowning the infant princess at the age of nine months. Frustrated, then, in her darling scheme of placing the royal diadem of Scotland on her son's brow, what wonder that the implacable woman proved a cruel tyrant over the beautiful and unfortunate queen, when placed by Murray's earl under her surveillance?

Entering the queen's apartment one morning, the young Douglas noted the traces of tears on her pale cheeks. Flinging himself at her feet, the impassioned youth prayed to know what new cause of sorrow occasioned their flow.

"O, William," sobbed the desolate Mary, "your brother Murray has been here, and though he himself did not appear, he sent his lords of the council to compel me to sign my abdication of the throne of my fathers, and consent to his regency!"

"Would that the dastard stood forth in my presence now!" cried the youthful lord of the castle, pacing the room with agitated, hurried strides.

He had but spoken, when the heavy curtain rose, and Scotland's haughty regent stood before him! Fearing his unannounced entrance boded no good to the queen, the young Earl of Douglas shouted:

"What he! without there! MacDuff! MacIvor! Treachery! call the guard! To the rescue, as ye love the Douglas!"

MacDuff, followed by a body of the guard, rushed into the room.

"Treason has been at work here! Shall the traitor escape? Arrest!"

But the word seemed to choke his utterance.

"Arrest whom, my lord?" asked MacIvor, seeing his chief under the influence of a passion so at variance with his usual gentle demeanor, as to conjecture that his reason was disturbed. "Whom shall we arrest, my lord? There are none here, saving your royal brother, his grace the regent, and the Lady Mary!"

"The queen, you mean!" thundered the youth, his vindictive mood fully aroused at hearing her thus styled, who, on young Edward's death, had been recognised as queen of Scotland, France and England. "Most true; none here, save the queen and my mother's son, my brother! O, God! enable me to quell the sinful wish for vengeance that flows in my breast!"

MacIvor cast a look of wonder at the Earl of Murray, who all this time had stood still and unmoved in the entrance, his arms folded on his breast, his dark brow knit, his usually cold gray

eye flashing, as it rested on the agitated Douglas, who, still pacing the room, scowled back with interest the hatred and defiance of dark Murray's glance—muttering, as ever and anon his eye turned to where Mary sat, pale and bent, like a crushed lily, her head drooping on her hands, as her elbows rested on the table, where so late she had amid threats and tears, signed away her kingdom:

"Why came you here to compel the queen to sign her recognition of you as guardian for her son, as regent of Scotland, except to gain another step nearer its throne?"

Murray saw that his brother was softening.

"Royal palaces, my brother," he answered, coolly, "have no barriers, I find, against self-willed men. I charged them to use no violence."

The queen made a sudden movement, throwing back the long slashed sleeve of black velvet, exhibiting her white and beautiful arm deeply bruised and marked by the red and purple tracks of the iron hand that had compelled her signature. She spoke no word, but tears were in her soft hazel eyes, and their traces on her pale cheek.

MacDuff and MacIvor started forward, as did the Douglas. To him she was the sole, the royal star of his youth's idolatry; to them she was a daughter of the Stuart. And gazing on her for a moment, with kindling eye and determined look, the elder, MacDuff, said:

"My lord of Douglas, a moment since, when you bade me arrest, you left a name unspoken. Now, let it but pass your lips, and your wish shall be law to all in Lochleven."

"Nay, Douglas, I was but now praying Heaven to guard thee against temptation!" interposed the heart-broken queen.

"O, Murray!—my once brother, my bosom counsellor, how had you the heart to do this?" asked the Earl of Douglas, turning towards his brother, who, stepping forward and laying his hand on his breast, said:

"Believe me, Lady Mary, and you, my brother, I have not deserved the foul aspersions your words imply. I pardon them freely, from the distraction of a bereaved mother, and from the fidelity of a Douglas; but by my share in salvation, and the soul of our royal father, I swear—"

"Silence, Earl of Murray! Add not perjury to your other acts of wrath and violence!" said Mary, interrupting him with the firm dignity that so well became her. "You stole my infant boy from my arms; you have usurped my throne; you would wear my crown and wield my sceptre. Take them! May you feel as I do, when both

turn to red-hot iron!—and turn they will! Place Scotland's regal diadem upon your ignoble brow; it will prove a searing circle. Take up my sceptre; what will it avail, when you fall, shot down by an assassin? And now, thou hard, bloody man, I would be alone. Enjoy such share of power as Scottish revolt permits thee; but ask not to see my face again, for in the hour that thou dost, I crave of the Douglas that his guard's partisans protect me. My lord of Douglas, look that it be so directed."

And quailing beneath the calm of that regal brow, the regent left the queen's presence without attempting further justification or reply.

What followed is matter of history. While it is not our object to enter minutely into the sad events that characterized the unfortunate Mary's reign, suffice it for our purpose, that on quitting her presence, loud and angry words passed between the regent and the Douglas—the former quitting Lochleven for the ancient palace of Holyrood with an angry and heated brow, having given the young queen over to his mother's ward with a cool defiance the young chief could ill brook.

That night, while the lady of Lochleven slept, a boat put off in the Kelpie's flow, and a tall, cloaked rower, helping a slight, veiled figure to a seat in the stern, spoke to the men:

"Now steady! Trim the boat! Give way! Row for your lives, for God, and the queen!"

"A boat on the lake! Bring to, or I fire!" called out the sentinel from the battlements, discharging his arquebuss as he spoke, while sentry and warder, rousing up from their drugged sleep, shouted "treason! treason!" as hurrying to and fro, they but added to the confusion; while the castle bell rang out upon the cool night breeze, and flambeaux glanced like meteor flames from window to window, as bullets whizzed in a leaden shower, skimming the surface of the lake near the speeding bark, propelled by superhuman effort across the Kelpie's flow.

"Seaton and the abbot are here," spoke the silvery tones of Mary; "but where is he, who at his life's risk, planned my escape? Where is the noble Douglas?"

"Here! near you, madam!" spoke the low-pitched tone of the tall rower, who, with his body thrown as a shield before her, had breasted every shot sent from his island fortress.

"Alas, my noble lord! and was it indeed you who threw yourself as a target to save poor Mary's life?"

"And could Mary think the Douglas would resign to another the proud privilege of saving her life, by perilling his own?"

Mary sighed deeply; then as best reward to chivalry so true, placed, on landing, her hand within his arm, to ascend the rugged steep.

"And these poor rowers, Douglas? Murray's vengeance will surely overtake them! Am I fated to ruin all who approach or serve me?"

"Their safety is already cared for, your grace. See!" And he pointed to a number of splendidly caparisoned war chargers, impatiently champing their bits, as held by grooms, they fretfully pawed up the sand on the beach.

"To horse!" shouted one of the rowers, flinging off his dusky jacket and placing on his proud brow the motion-planned helmet held by a page in waiting. Mary glanced from his towering form to the broad banner of the Hamiltons, now flung triumphantly to the breeze.

Keeping as close together as the rocky defiles would permit, the fugitive party arrived at Hamilton, first stopping at the old palace of Crookstone, where the queen had held her first brilliant court after her marriage to her cousin Darnley.

No sooner had he heard of the queen's escape, than the regent Murray assembled his adherents, in the young king's name, at Glasgow. This army was rendered formidable from his own great military talents, trained from his youth, as he had been, to the battle-field. The queen's counsellors advised her to remain at Dunbarton, in order to avoid a conflict and secure personal safety. With this intent, the Duke of Hamilton issued orders that the queen's forces be mounted in hostile array, preparatory to escorting her thither beneath the royal standard, which was raised upon Hamilton-Moor.

The muster-roll called, valiant chiefs of mighty names were there, banners and pennons waved, spears glanced in the sunbeams, martial music sounded, and the gallant army set out amid all the pomp and parade of feudal times. The brilliant pageant was, moreover, dignified by the presence of the young and beautiful queen, who appeared before her assembled nobles in a rich attire, such as became, though it could not enhance, her natural dignity; while with the most winning courtesy, she expressed to each her grateful thanks, honoring not only the great nobles but the lesser barons, by her engaging attention. The lordly prelate of St. Mary's rode by her side, arrayed in the robes of his order. Keeping his station near the queen's person, they rode on, nor slackened rein till they met, on the high grounds before them, at a turn of the road, and nearly parallel with Glasgow, columns of infantry and squadrons of horse, drawn up in formidable array, displaying, like themselves, the royal standard of Scotland.



At this sight, a youthful knight rode up to the queen, whispering a word to the prelate, who instantly made way for him at her side. Splendidly mounted, and accoutred completely in black armor, bearing no crest on his helmet, no device on his shield, the knight of the sable plume kept his visor closed. The abbot of St. Mary's remarked to the queen that an immediate conflict must take place, asking if she would retire to a distance, pointing at the same time to a tall, spreading yew, that reared its lofty branches above a sloping hillside, near.

"We will trust the queen's royal person with no stranger," interposed the lord of Seaton, determinedly.

"If you would know who I am, my lords, the queen herself will be my warrant."

He turned to the queen, unclasped his helmet's visor, and fixing his melancholy gaze on her beautiful face, re-closed it, asking:

"Will your grace trust to my guidance?"

There was a flutter of eagerness in the queen's tone, as she answered decisively—"Yes."

Then turning to the amazed nobles, she said, resolutely:

"Fear not, my lords, for Mary's safety. I will be in trusty keeping."

Graciously smiling, bowing, and waving her white, ungloved hand, as banners were lowered, and spears depressed before her, she was on the instant in motion, guarded by the black knight and the prelate, retiring to the distant hillside.

As they neared it, however, some floating memories seemed to rise to her brain, for, turning her palfrey's head, she said:

"O, do not ask me to alight *there*!"

The knight drew back, surprised. But well the prelate knew of the hours of idle dalliance spent beneath that old yewshade, with the young Piedmontese, Rizzio, in the days of Mary's early married wretchedness with Darnley, while residing at Crookstone.

"Remain with her, my son," said he, "while I ascend the hill; I know it well. Not even Schehallion's lofty peak affords a wider prospect."

Solely occupied in gazing on the fair and lovely queen, through the bars of his closed visor, the knight of the sable plume marvelled at the low, choking sobs that broke wildly, hysterically, from her overburdened breast, as leaning heavily on his arm, she ever and anon raised her tearful gaze up to the spreading yew above. He knew not that her thoughts were with the last time when she greeted its shade. A goodly kingdom was then hers; an impassioned lover whispered vows of a young life's devotion. Now all were gone. The vow of love had given

place to the conflict's hoarser bray; the lover's lute to the battle's deepening wrath; the lover himself lay buried in Holyrood's vault, struck down by assassin knives; the goodly kingdom wrested from her by her father's son. Well might she weep!

"How goes the day, my lord abbot?" asked the impatient knight, as "God and the Queen!" thundered forth by one party, was responded to with "God and the King!" by the other.

"To horse!" shouted the prelate, hastening down the slope.

Raising the faint and exhausted queen upon her palfrey, the black knight whispered, "we part only in death, Mary!" when the lord abbot joined them.

"How fares it?" asked the trembling queen.

"*All is lost!*" was the dire reply.

For a moment, she stared wildly at him; then exclaiming, "what but evil could Mary Stuart have expected to hear from this spot?" she seemed to give way more and more.

"O, gracious madam, forget that you are a woman; be only a queen!" exhorted the abbot.

At this moment, a flying detachment of the rebels, headed by the Earl of Moreton, rode furiously up; the soldier priest grasped the queen's rein, setting spurs to his own charger, clearing the sward with the speed of the lance fly. Bravely throwing himself between his royal mistress and her pursuer, the noble knight of the sable plume was pierced through with Moreton's lance in the shock, as they met. Springing from his horse, the earl unbarred the knight's close visor; then beckoning to his kinsman, the laird of Grange, he said:

"Let us place him upon his steed; right well and nobly has he died in his armor, as best became a Douglas!"

Thus fared it with all who loved Mary Stuart. Francis II., of France, died young. The lord high constable of the realm, the gallant Montmorenci, would have ably governed Scotland, and well she loved him; but her adverse fate stepped between, hardening her heart of soft and gentle mould by her union with the imbecile, besotted Darnley. Then followed her imprudent marriage to Bothwell, depriving her of the power to reward with her hand the deep devotion of the youthful Douglas. This high honor conferred on his young brother would have swayed the moody spirit of Murray, and saved Mary from imprisonment and death.

Twenty years before the gallant muster on Hamilton-Moor, Henry VIII. of England sought Mary's hand for his young son Edward; while Henry II. of France was equally anxious to add

Scotland to the crown of France by mating its infant queen with his son, the dauphin, Francis II. And Arran's proud earl, the regent of Scotland, purposed her for his son. But the count of Montgomery carrying her off to France, England, through the skilful negotiations of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, lost this rich possession. Lost the crown of Scotland by her marriage to the dauphin, and won it at the battle of Langside, when the dethroned queen fled to perfidious England for safety.

#### AN OLD MAN AND THE DOCTOR.

An old man complained to his doctor of bad digestion. "O, let bad digestion alone," said the doctor, "for it is one of the concomitants of old age." He then stated his weakness of sight. "Don't meddle with weakness of sight," said the doctor, "for that, also, is one of the concomitants of old age." He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing. "Alas, how distant is hearing," said the doctor, "from old men! Difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age." He complained to him of want of sleep. "How widely separated," said the doctor, "are sleep and old men! for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age." He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigor. "This is an evil," said the doctor, "that soon hastens on old men; for want of vigor is a necessary concomitant of old age." The old man, unable to keep his patience any longer, called out to his companions: "Seize upon the booby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot—that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of an old age, forsooth—the only words he seems capable of uttering." The doctor smiled, and said: "Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age."—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

#### RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

The following anecdote of Sheridan was related by one of the oldest surviving friends and followers of Fox. This gentleman and Sheridan had dined together at Bellamy's. Sheridan, having taken his allowance, said as usual: "Now, I shall go down and see what's doing in the House;" which in reality meant, and was always so interpreted by whoever dined in his company, "I have drank enough; my share of the business is done; now do yours; call for the bill, and pay it." The bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter, hearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the state in which he had just departed. Accordingly he entered the House, and to his no small astonishment, found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the following well-known passages: "Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling court; and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England!"—*Anecdotes of the English Bar.*

#### THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

A man loves when his judgment approves.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THAT accounts for the widower of forty falling in love with, and marrying a silly little miss of eighteen, just from a fashionable boarding-school; and placing her at the head of his establishment, to be his companion for life, and to train his half-dozen motherless children.

It accounts for the man of a medical education, selecting for a companion, a delicate fashionable lady, with weak lungs and brain, and rearing up in consequence, a family of sickly, stupid children.

It accounts for a poor man's running away with, and marrying the daughter of a millionaire; and when they are settled down to the realities of life, finding he has only a five dollar note in his pocket, while his wife does not know a cooking stove from a steam engine.

It accounts for some spruce young man of twenty-five being courted by and married to a smart widow of forty, and learning in after life, that she looks upon him as a son, and expects obedience accordingly.

It accounts for the gray-headed old man selecting his third wife from the ball-room or the opera.

It accounts for the man of letters marrying a lady, who cannot tell whether it was Newton or Napoleon who discovered the laws of gravitation.

It accounts for the man of wealth and fashion selecting for a wife an intelligent literary woman, and spending the remainder of his days in fretting about "blue stockings."

It accounts for a sedate clergyman marrying a village belle.

Yes, "man loves when his judgment approves." Do these cases occur because his judgment is so very weak? or is it because judgment has so little to do with his love?

In my humble opinion, love seldom condescends to hold a consultation with judgment, until it has first had some severe blow to partially conquer its wilful nature. No, not even in man, where judgment claims the ascendancy.—

Q IN A CORNER.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—A servant-lad in Penrith, England, lately threw a white sheet round him and entered a room where a servant girl was sitting before a looking-glass: she, seeing in the glass, and not hearing, such an unnatural form, was so terrified that she lost her reason, and still continues in a deplorable condition. We should like to hand over the author of this calamity to our friend "Communipaw," who loves practical jokers—over the left.

## COME, DANCE TO-NIGHT.

BY FRANK PARKLOVE.

Come, dance to-night,  
In salons of light,  
For life is not always dreary;  
Let us hide the sigh,  
And the tearful eye,  
And to-night we'll again be merry.

Away to the dance!  
We will break the trance,  
And despair a moment scorning,  
All dance to-night,  
With hearts so light,  
We'll frighten regret in the morning.

We'll dance to-night.  
In the blaze of light,  
Our tresses a-waving around us;  
While a glow shall fan  
Our cheeks, so wan,  
And a halo of joy surround us.

Yes! dance to-night,  
In wild delight:  
Youth is not gone, though flying;  
And we'll love to-night,  
While the heart is light;  
To-morrow love may be dying.

## HOUSEHOLD RULE.

BY CHARLES M. KENDALL.

If Shanon Silcox prided himself more on one point than any other, it was in the management of his household. From the earliest commencement of his matrimonial life he had endeavored to render his will absolute, and he so far succeeded at last, that he satisfied himself that his aim was accomplished. Occasionally, it was true, that symptoms of rebellion would manifest themselves, but these he promptly checked, and his wife, after several years of feeble resistance in the earlier period of her marriage, quietly settled down beneath his iron rule, partly for the sake of peace, and more particularly because she could not help it.

Silcox was a prosperous trader, and enjoyed a sufficient competence to render them comfortable, if worldly possessions have the power to produce that happy state. Aside from his imperious disposition, which did not confine itself to the limits of his own household, he was altogether an agreeable man, and a good neighbor; nor could his lady complain that he did not provide liberally for the wants of the family.

An old friend of his boyhood having amassed an ample fortune in a Southern State, had a few months prior to our date, purchased a beautiful

tract of land in the neighborhood, upon which he was erecting a splendid mansion. By the earnest solicitation of Silcox, he was induced to remain with his family at the house of the former, until his own residence could be prepared for them.

Morton Gray differed greatly from his friend. He had been better educated, and in his intercourse with the world had maintained the reputation of a polished gentleman, as well as an enterprising man of business. In his family relations he sought to be loved, and in this undoubtedly took the best means to insure a true authority. Nor did he think the advice of his wife was beneath his notice, but on the contrary often acted upon it in preference to his own predetermined purpose.

"Tell me, Morton," said Silcox, one day, "if you are in the habit of consulting your wife about all your affairs?"

"Certainly not, why what do you mean?"

"I notice that in the finishing of your house, she seems to have her way in almost every particular."

"Why should she not, my friend?"

"Because a man should assert his authority, and have his own way in spite of everything."

"But my way in this respect is to secure her happiness and pleasure. A woman, you know, is compelled to remain in a house nearly twice the number of hours each day that we are, and experience teaches her what is adapted to convenience and comfort. In these matters she is a much better judge than ourselves."

"A fig for a woman's judgment any how! Why, if my wife had her way, the house would be turned topsy-turvy, and I should become a bankrupt in a very brief space of time."

"I should think, Silcox, that I was talking with a double-distilled old bachelor, instead of a sensible married man."

"I am master of my house, at all events."

"And precious management you would make of it, I think, without a mistress."

"My wife is well enough as long as she understands that my authority must prevail."

"Take my word for it, Silcox, that you would like her all the better if you allowed her not to understand that so plainly."

"It would not do to slack up the reins. I have had altogether too much trouble to establish myself as master, to risk the experiment."

"You can't tell that until you have made the trial."

"Thank you, I have no relish for becoming one of your meek obedient husbands."

"No more have I."

"Then what in the deuce are you driving at?"

"I only wish, Simon, that I could persuade you, for your own sake, to be less of a monarch in your family and more of a husband."

"Well, Morton, I see that we shall not agree in this matter, but you will doubtless abide by your ideas, and as for me, why, I am satisfied with mine."

But he was not satisfied. He had been before the Grays came, but since then, some unpleasant doubts had occasionally agitated his mind, concerning the propriety of his conduct. Besides, he could not help contrasting the warm greeting which always welcomed the appearance of his friend, with the indifferent manner in which his own family acknowledged his presence. For Morton, there were smiles and hearty exclamations; for himself, simply frigid courtesy.

Mrs. Silcox was also busy with comparison, and in this occupation rather depreciated her husband than otherwise, and allowed the one fault to cloud a host of sterling virtues. As she marked the affectionate conduct of Mr. Gray to his wife, and the ever cheerful countenance which he brought into his family, she did not wonder at the domestic harmony which prevailed, and thought that if her husband possessed such a happy temperament, how much pleasure she should derive in her efforts to please him.

"Ah, Mrs. Gray, what a happy woman you are!" she exclaimed.

"Do you think so? Well, I certainly ought to be, if I am not."

"You are blessed with an extraordinary husband."

"Morton is very kind, I will allow, but then I strive to give him no cause for displeasure."

"I only wish my husband was like him."

"Mr. Silcox seems to be a very good man; you know how much Morton esteems him."

"But he is altogether too much of a tyrant."

"You will excuse me, my dear friend, but perhaps you are a little in fault in this respect."

"I am sure that I am willing to submit to anything reasonable."

"Mere submission or obedience will not satisfy these men, they look for something more."

"I should think that was quite as much as the best of them deserve."

"You forget that there is such a sentiment as affection."

"It is hard to exercise it in my circumstances."

"Since you have introduced this theme, pardon my plain-dealing when I say that I doubt if you manage judiciously with him."

"Proceed, I beg."

"I have noticed there seems to be a lack of confidence between you, and while you coldly submit to his authority—I will allow that he seems a little too fond of that word—your heart still stonily rebels."

"Alas, it is true!"

"In my opinion, your husband only requires a little managing, to be all that you could wish."

"I tried that the first two years of our marriage to my heart's content, and miserably failed."

"Because you tried open opposition. If a woman aspires to ruling her husband that is the very last course for her to take."

"Pray then advise me, for I am willing to do anything which may result in changing the conduct of my husband."

"A woman has the choice between two modes of action in such cases. If her husband chooses to consider himself absolute and her a mere serf, she has only to appear as such, assume no responsibility, manifest no will of her own, allow household affairs to take care of themselves, and withal appear cheerful all the while, and he will soon find the necessity of coming to terms."

"A capital idea, and I should like to try it."

"That would answer in extreme cases, but I would not advise it as your mode. There is still another and better way, I think, to accomplish your purposes. In the first place strive to please him, and let him see that you have some heart in the effort. Shake off your apathy, and meet him with smiles when he returns from business. Show him that you are trying to be contented and happy, and wish to make others so about you. If you wish to change his determination, advise calmly, but do not dictate or appear to resist. Be true to this line of conduct, and you will find it to succeed earlier than you think."

"My excellent friend, you have opened my eyes. I see that I have been too intent upon my husband's conduct, to regulate my own."

That day Mr. Silcox was rather late to his dinner, and a little out of temper because he had been detained. His wife opened the door for him with a smile of welcome. For a moment, he looked surprised at this unusual greeting, especially when he was a delinquent, then the clouds lifted from his brow, and he rewarded her first experiment with a look of tenderness, which in turn astonished her.

During the meal, she seemed so cheerful and happy, that he could but wonder at the change which had so suddenly come over her. He also thought of the conversation he had with his friend in the morning, and while he resolved to abate not a jot of his authority, he determined in future

to make known his will in a milder manner than he had previously done. In short, if his wife continued in the same happy temper that he had so unexpectedly found her, he made up his ever mind that she should have no reason to regret it.

"Simon," said she, one day, "don't you think we need a new carpet in the sitting-room?"

"No, I do not."

"O, very well, I do not insist, but perhaps you are not aware that is worn through in several places."

"So it is, upon my word. Well I never noticed it before."

"You know that we need one in one of the chambers, about which we were speaking the other day, and when I first spoke, I thought this might answer for that, and that perhaps you would be willing to purchase a new one for this room."

"Well, this does not seem so unreasonable after all."

"There is no particular hurry about it, you can purchase it when convenient, or it will be no serious matter after all, if we do not have one at present."

"O, we had better have it at once by all means."

"Just as you please."

"Well, how much money will you have?" he said, taking out his pocket-book.

"Why, Simon, I was not thinking of making the purchase. I would rather leave that to you."

"No, you would doubtless make a better selection."

"Then give me as much as you think proper, and I will do the best I can."

"Harriet," he said, putting his arm around her waist, "I don't know what has come over you, but you are certainly getting to be a reasonable woman."

"That is perhaps because I have found out that you are not an unreasonable man."

Incidents like this were occurring daily, and Mrs. Silcox was greatly pleased to find that she was having her own way almost as much as she could desire, and with very little effort on her part. Things about her, too, wore a different aspect, and her gratitude to her friend for her advice, was unbounded.

Her husband also found out, that in order to rule the household he was not obliged to play the tyrant, and he, too, thanked his friend Morton heartily, for showing him his error. Both husband and wife persevere in their new line of conduct, and both long since have found their reward.

### THE LITTLE FLOWER.

A little child died, and the guardian angel was bearing its soul to heaven. Already they had passed the busy city, the fields of ripe corn, the forest, where resounded the woodman's axe, the canals, where glided the laden vessels, and the angel had not looked upon them; but when they came to a poor village, he hovered over it, and looked into the alley, running through a cluster of decayed huts. There was grass growing through the stones; there was broken pottery, and damp straw, and piles of cinder and ashes thrown out. The angel looked long at the deserted spot, when, espying suddenly a pale flower in the ruins, which had opened in the shade, he gave a cry of joy, stooped from the air, and plucked it.

The soul of the dead child asked him why he had stooped for a single field flower, without beauty or fragrance?

"Thou seest at the bottom of this alley a cabin with the roof broken by the snows, and its walls seamed by the rain. There lived once a child of thy age, afflicted from his birth. When he quitted his little straw bed, leaning on his willow crutches, he went two or three times up and down the alley—it was all. He had never seen the sun but from his window. When the summer brought back its bright rays, the afflicted creature came and sat down in their light; he looked at the blood feebly circulating in his thin hands, and said, 'I am better.' Never had he seen the green of the meadows or the forest, only the children sometimes brought him branches of the poplar, which he laid around him on his bed. Then he would dream that he was lying in the shade of the woods, that the sunshine was dancing through the leaves, and the birds singing around. One day his oldest sister brought him a little field flower, with its root. He planted it in an old earthen pot, and God prospered the plant tended by the weak hand. It was the sick child's garden; the little flower was to him the meadows, the wood, the waters, the creation. As long as he lived he nursed it. He gave it all the air and the sunshine that his little window suffered to enter; he watered it each evening, and told it good-by till next morning, as if it were a friend. But when God called away the little martyr, his family quitted the village, the valley was abandoned, and the simple flowers surrounded with ruins. Then the providence of God preserved it where I have just gathered it."

"Who told you all that?" demanded the soul of the child.

"I was myself," said the angel, "the little sick child who walked on his willow crutches. God has taken me up to paradise, but I have not forgotten the few humble joys I had on earth, and I would not give that simple flower for the beautiful star in the sky I now inhabit."—*Dutch Legend.*

One evening, after a weary march through the desert, Mohammed, camping with his followers, overheard one of them saying, "I will unloose my camel and commit it to God." On which he took him up, and said: "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God."

My constant effort would be to have such a character that truth could come into my presence—that no one should, for any reason, soften or suppress it.

## EVALINE.

BY G. L. THOMPSON.

Hark! what solemn sound is rolling  
Through the stillness of the night;  
Angel hands, a death-bell tolling,  
Waft a sweet soul on its flight.

Night winds, now a requiem swelling,  
Sadly through the leafless grove,  
Seem by their solemn cadence knelling  
The death of hope, and joy, and love.

And yon moon, her broad disk wheeling,  
Looks in vain for Evaline;  
It grows pale with sickening feeling,  
As it sinks to its decline.

Ah! it yesternight shone on her,  
As she watched the night flowers bloom,  
It shines not now upon her,  
But it shines upon her tomb.

Drooped are the heads of flowers,  
And the grass with tears is wet;  
No more she'll sweep these bowers,  
With her locks of glossy jet.

Yes, her soul from earth is riven,  
But raise no mournful song,  
She was loved so well in heaven,  
And therefore died she young.

## THE MAN IN THE RED CLOAK.

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

HISTORY does not particularly inform us in what part, or in precisely what street of the goodly city of Boston, the public house, known as the Golden Crown, was formerly situated. The most that can be ascertained by the diligent perusal of a few private documents is, that Mistress Gerry the hostess thereof, "was a woman of good report," and moreover, that her daughter Judith "was a comely damsel and exceedingly faire to look upon." At the time when the British army were quartered in Boston, this place was a favorite resort not only for the provincials but also for the soldiery, and indeed many of the officers of the royal army. Whether it was Mistress Gerry's home-made beer, and fine old English ale, of which she kept a goodly store, or the charms of the comely damsel, Judith, which formed the chief attraction is not easy to determine, but certain it is that this unpretending inn received as large a share of custom as any other public house in Boston, hardly excepting the Royal Exchange itself. Nevertheless, after the landing of his majesty's troops, Mistress Gerry prospered but poorly in her business, and her affairs were soon in a ruinous condition.

It was a settled point with the British army, that the people whom they had come to overawe and keep in subjection, owed them a support, and few conscientious scruples were indulged, as to the manner in which it was obtained. Meeting with very poor success in various quarters, they at length favored Mistress Gerry with their custom, and although the good dame exerted herself to the utmost to satisfy their demands, she received few thanks and less money for her pains. Moreover, the hitherto irreproachable character of the house suffered great detriment from the scenes of riot and confusion which often took place within its walls. The British soldiers and provincials met here upon common ground, and waged a furious war of words, so far as they might without coming to open violence. Mistress Gerry was not the woman to suffer others to trample upon her rights with impunity, and when human patience had reached its utmost bounds, she grew exceeding wroth, and bore down upon her persecutors in a manner truly astonishing. But it was of little avail. The bills grew long as her larder grew lean. Insults and injuries on the part of the soldiery were multiplied, and finally, a deputation from the civil authorities waited upon her, to warn her that unless she kept a more orderly house in future, her doors should be closed by the civil officers, and the Golden Crown be struck from the catalogue of public houses forever.

"Marry now! and what may a poor woman do to earn an honest living?" said Mistress Gerry, as she set her arms akimbo, and looked with dismayed countenance at the grave, puritanical official who was the bearer of this message.

"That is your affair, Mistress Gerry, not mine. So it be an honest living you obtain, no one will find fault; and, moreover, you will preserve to yourself a conscience void of offence towards God and man! Yet it may be well that I suggest withal, that a spinning wheel in a quiet corner would afford a far more fitting employment for this young woman here, than in waiting upon pot-house knaves and rude soldiers in a public bar-room. It behooves you to give this matter timely consideration, if you would not have her follow in the footsteps of the scarlet women of Babylon."

A flush of pride and wounded feeling spread quickly over the fair girl's countenance as she turned towards him. She had scarcely completed her eighteenth year, yet she was a full-grown, well-developed woman, exhibiting both in person and manner a certain reserve and democratic independence, which forbade all approaches to familiarity or unlicensed freedom. Not until the

death of her father, which happened a few years previous, had she been placed in this unfavorable situation. Now it was a matter of necessity, and though her education and natural abilities fitted her for a much higher station, yet she scorned the idea of living without labor, and with all the native energy and independent pride which characterized the women of the early times, she toiled on in her humble sphere without suffering a murmur to escape her lips. But now the marked insinuations of this public servant had aroused her.

"Sir!" she replied, with most becoming dignity, "God had given me a strong hand and a proud heart. So long as I can work, I will not beg, and whatever business yields the greatest increase, so it be an upright, honest calling, to that will I give my hand, trusting to God and mine own innocence to keep me from evil."

"Can one meddle with pitch and not be defiled, young woman, or take fire in his bosom and not be burned?"

"Therefore it stands one in hand then, worthy sir, to be mindful in what manner he meddles with pitch, and to bethink himself that his bosom is not the place for fire, though it be a faithful servant elsewhere. Moreover, though I would not bring railing accusations against the powers that be, yet it behooves you not to speak too freely, lest it should well come to light from whence you have these suspicions, as none are so ready to think evil of others, as those who have been guilty themselves."

"I perceive thou art in the very gall of bitterness," said the official, as he replaced his hat in evident confusion, for although his character was at present unimpeachable, yet the report was, as Judith well knew, that he had been guilty of some great indiscretions in his earlier days. "Mark me well," he continued, "such a bold-faced, free-spoken hussy will be looked to and taken in hand in time, lest her liberty prove a snare to others." And with a most unpropitious nod he withdrew.

Not even Lot's wife, after her remarkable saline transformation, could have remained more immovable than did Mistress Gerry for the space of five minutes, after the departure of this unwelcome messenger. Abused, insulted, defrauded and blamed without cause, she seemed completely isolated from all human support and sympathy. At length, however, her feelings found vent in a succession of audible outbursts of grief, which very inadequately expressed the anguish of her troubled spirit.

"Judith!" she exclaimed, as she turned towards the girl, who sat with lips firmly compressed, and

her hands folded upon her lap, "why don't you cry? Why don't you do something to show that you've got some feeling left? The last morsel of bread is about to be taken from our mouths, and there you sit as quietly as if you were listening to an election sermon. I trow you will not take it quite so coolly when you have to beg from door to door."

"If worst comes to worst, I am willing to do even that, mother, but I will never give myself up to childish lamentations, so long as I can betake myself to anything better."

"But there is nothing better; so you might as well cry first as last." And Mistress Gerry relapsed into another paroxysm of grief.

There was one interested spectator of this scene, highly worthy of mention. Upon an uncomfortable wooden bench, commonly known as the "settee," close in the spacious chimney corner, sat a stripling of some sixteen years, Jacob Warner by name, a nephew of Mistress Gerry. He was fresh from the country, with the smell of clover yet in his garments, and its greenness—to speak figuratively—still tinging his character. His long, yellow hair, large blue eyes, and wide mouth—which was an exceedingly unbecoming feature when open—were all marked characteristics of the youth, who, having spent his life thus far among the green hills of his native place, knew little of the corruption of city life. There was, however, a depth of genuine good feeling and native shrewdness in his composition, which only needed time and experience for complete development.

"It's too bad, Aunt Dorcas!" said he, in a sympathizing tone. "It's too bad, I vum 'tis!" and he hugged up both knees with a most energetic clasp. "Why don't ye send word to the British general himself? I'll bet he'll help yer soon as anybody."

"It's no use, Jacob," replied Mistress Gerry, with a look of despair, "it's no use, for their hearts are as hard as the nether millstone. The Lord knows I have always tried to do the best I could, but now it seems as if I was wholly given over for Satan to buffet. And then certain severe imprecations against the justice of Providence passed through Mistress Gerry's mind, to which she forbore to give utterance.

"Prithee, Jacob, that is not so poor a thought, after all," said Judith, hopefully. "A word fitly spoken may work wonders; at least it will do no harm to try."

With her usual decision of character she went directly to her room, and in half an hour after, appeared with a neatly written note, wherein she plainly stated their difficulties and grievances, to

the British commander, and prayed him in the most respectful manner to see that reparation should be made, and also that they might be protected from a repetition of similar evils in future.

Arrayed in his Sabbath day garments, Jacob Warner took charge of this note, and set out with a light step and hopeful heart for headquarters.

Hour after hour passed on and he did not return, although the shadows of evening were fast deepening their gloom. Many times had Judith drawn her apron over her head, and walked up the street, looking anxiously to the right and left through the gathering darkness, in the hope of seeing the tardy messenger on his homeward way. But it was all in vain, and she turned back with a thousand misgivings, blaming herself more and more, as the time passed on, for having despatched him on so doubtful an errand.

One after another the evening customers—mostly of the rebel stamp—dropped in and took their seats by the bar-room fire, with their pipes and mugs of beer or ale, to talk over the affairs of the nation. The spirit of rebellion had come to maturity, and the crisis was fast approaching. The slightest shock would shake the ripened fruit at once from the bough, and no further evidence of this was needed, than to look upon this group of resolute, free-spoken men, gathered around the bar-room fire.

Among them was a little, garrulous old man, known as Father Foster, with a large nose, twinkling gray eyes, and his hair dressed in a long, eel-skin queue, which whisked alternately from one shoulder to the other as he talked.

"By my troth, Mistress Gerry," said he, "an it were not you, I would declare you a simpleton at once, for setting Jacob out on such a wild-goose chase. Marry, woman, he could sooner, by far, speak with the man in the moon than the British general. And if he does, what will ye get by it? Nothing but insult and abuse, now mark me. "No, no, Mistress Gerry, trust to your friends, but hope nothing from your enemies. We boys haven't laid our heads together in your little back kitchen for nothing, and when the time o' need comes, we'll treat the rascals to a dose of gunpowder tea, such as the old Bang Whang of China never dreamed of. Don't be afraid, old girl, I'll stand by ye."

"Hist, you old fool!" said one of the men, with an angry look. "WHY you never keep your tongue still? Remember, the greatest braggarts are always the first to run."

"What, what!" ejaculated Father Foster, as he bounced up and down in his chair, giving to his queue a motion like the tail of an angry cat,

"I the first to run! Don't say that again, Ethan Haskins, or by my troth, not even my friendship can save you. May the Lord in heaven grant me a chance to show what I would do. Even now, without provocation, should one of those rascally red-coats show his face within yonder door, with nothing but my oaken staff here, I would beat him within an inch of his life."

As he spoke, a heavy footstep was heard, and the next moment a tall stranger appeared in the door-way, with a large, red cloak wrapped closely about him. Upon his head he wore a large, white wig, surmounted by a three cornered hat, richly trimmed with gold lace. The scarlet hue of his cloak seemed to have extended to his countenance, for it glowed as if exposed to the heat of a fiery furnace, while his eyes, which were large and black, had a peculiar brilliancy, and just at this moment, as he surveyed the group by the fire, gave a most singular expression to his whole countenance.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Father Foster, who was seized with a mortal terror, yet, nevertheless, was wholly unable to restrain his tongue, that most "unruly member."

So wholly unprepared was the little group for such an unexpected and mysterious appearance, that beyond this exclamation, not another word was spoken. The stranger bowed very politely to the company, as he stepped forward, and taking a chair, seated himself among them. He did not, however, remove his hat, or throw back his cloak, but thrusting his arms through the long slits at the sides, he drew it still more closely about his person.

"Well, good people," he said, at last, as he rubbed his hands briskly together before the fire, and glanced around upon them, "you seem to be struck dumb all at once, or have I chanced upon a meeting of Quakers? I hope I am not the cause of this silence, for I am right social myself and like to see others so. Mistress Gerry," he continued, as he turned to that worthy lady, who had ensconced herself behind the bar, and was regarding him with suspicious eyes, "I have heard much in praise of your home-made beer. The night is raw and chilly, and in passing, I bethought myself to step in and try its virtues."

"Here, Judith," said Mistress Gerry, as she held out the foaming glass.

Judith took it reluctantly, and held it towards the stranger. As he took it, the cloak was slightly drawn aside, and a brilliant ornament on the bosom of his coat flashed for an instant in the light. No one else had observed this save Father Foster, who was taking a minute survey of the stranger's person, in order to satisfy him-



self that he had neither the horns nor cloven foot of the fabulous being for whom he had just taken him.

"Well," resumed the stranger, as the silence remained unbroken, "if it be, as I strongly suspect, that I have chanced among a council of rebels, let me assure you there is no especial need of keeping such close mouths in my presence."

"Spe, spo, spl, spum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman,"

muttered Father Foster, in a low tone, as he gazed abstractedly into the fire.

"An Englishman may yet be a friend," replied the stranger, whose ear had caught the words.

"Not often," said Ethan Haskins. "One must wait long for favors, or even justice from, them, as Mistress Gerry, herself can testify; though with the 'charity which hopeth all things,' she still awaits something better."

A choking sob in the passage-way without, attracted the attention of the company.

"Jacob!" exclaimed Judith, as she sprang forward; and the next moment Jacob Warner, with chopped hair, blackened face and tattered garments stood before them. The poor boy seemed to be completely broken in spirit, for after thrusting the paper which he held into the hand of Judith, he sank upon the floor, and clasping his knees, as usual, wept and sobbed like a child. Moved by one general feeling of indignation, every man, with the exception of the stranger, sprang to his feet.

"Look here, sir!" said Ethan Haskins, in an excited tone, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the stranger, and pointed towards the boy, "this is a specimen of British friendship. Here, for the last three months, have these two lone women labored patiently to earn for themselves an honest, independent livelihood; but from his majesty's troops they have met with insult and abuse, and been defrauded of their just reward. As a last resort they sent to the British general himself. See now what they have gained."

"Listen still further," said Judith, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, as she held up the note which had given her.

"From his majesty's army in the rebel province of North America, to Mistress Gerry, hostess of the Golden Crown; greeting:—

"DEAR MADAM;—Trust in the Lord and do good. Let all debts contracted by the royal army at the Golden Crown, be put down to his majesty's account, which will be duly settled at the day of judgment. You will see that we have ventured a few improvements in the personal appearance of your messenger. If satisfactory, we are ready to do the same by others, for a reasonable compensation.

"Your humble and ob't serv'ts."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of manly indignation. "Look here, 'my boy,'" he continued, as he stepped forward and raised the unfortunate messenger from the floor, "did you see General Gage himself?"

"Yes, sir! more than a dozen of him."

"Speak clearly, boy! What do you mean?" said the stranger, with a puzzled air.

"Yes, sir, I asked every man I met if he was General Gage, and every one said 'yes.' So they took me into the barracks, gave me something to eat and drink, and treated me as you see."

"An exceedingly ill-chosen messenger, Mistress Gerry. Had I previously known your circumstances, I could have ensured you a more favorable reply. To-night the governor holds a levee at the Province House, at which all the British officers, with several gentlemen of rank, will be present. Could you have sent hither, your request would have received polite and prompt attention."

"If it is not too late," said Judith, who was fully aroused by the evil treatment of her kinsman, "I myself will go thither. It may be they will have respect for a lone woman, who humbly asks justice at their hands."

"Not so!" said Ethan Haskins, as he strode forward with a wrathful visage. "Let me be your messenger, for as I feel now, I could plead the cause of the widow and fatherless with a tongue of fire. By my troth! an it should cost me my head, I would like to face the tyrants in their den, and rattle a few thunderbolts of wrath about their ears."

"Keep quiet, friend," said the stranger, "and let the young woman go herself. A few plainly spoken words from her lips, will be of more avail than seven vials of wrath poured out in the spirit of bold defiance. I pledge you my word of honor she shall return safely."

"And what right have you," retorted the indignant provincial, "to pledge your word of honor in this matter? If it be, as I strongly suspect, that you are an enemy, and have come in hither as a spy, then I warn you to depart from under this roof with all possible speed, an you would not exchange your brave red cloak for a coat of tar and feathers."

"Prithee, friend," said the stranger, "I pray you moderate your wrath somewhat. Neither as an enemy nor a spy have I come in hither, as you will clearly perceive when I tell you the true intent of my coming. It has been reported to Governor Hutchinson, by one of your own civil authorities, that this house is the resort of a dangerous band of rebels, who hold frequent midnight councils, and in pursuance of their plans,

have stored within these walls a large amount of arms and ammunition. Serjeant Roscoe has accordingly received orders, with a number of his men, to thoroughly search the house between the hours of nine and ten this night, and all persons found on the premises, who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, are to be placed under arrest."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Father Foster, as he seized his hat in the greatest haste. "Be you man or devil, that is a very timely piece of information, and as I am rather lame, I think I'll be getting along."

"Now, good people," continued the stranger, "lay aside all distrust, and take my advice. Let this young woman wait upon the governor in person, for her own lips can plead her cause more eloquently than any one beside. Moreover, if arms or ammunition are concealed within these walls, let them be removed as soon as possible, and then let every man retire to his own home, with the full assurance that no harm shall come either to the inmates or prosperity of this house."

So saying, the stranger drew a guinea from his purse, and throwing it upon the table took leave, without waiting to hear the exclamations of the astonished Mistress Gerry.

The old Province House, the residence of the royal governor of Massachusetts, was brilliantly illuminated, and sounds of mirth and music were heard within its walls. Everywhere that a convenient niche could be found for a candlestick, there a gleam of light brightened the dark oak panelling, and lent its cheerful glow to the portraits of bearded men with fierce countenances, and stately ladies in the broad ruffs and tall head-dresses of the Elizabethan age. Governor Hutchinson sat in the midst of his guests, in a more complacent mood than usual. The cares and perplexities of office had weighed upon him sadly of late, but now he seemed to make an effort to cast them all aside, for these were no mean personages whom he had summoned around him, and he must needs entertain them to the best of his ability. The gay uniform of the officers, and the richly embroidered and bedizened garments of other distinguished gentlemen who had honored the governor with their presence, formed a highly imposing scene, which would have been greatly heightened in effect, had a few of the aristocratic wives and daughters of these worthy individuals been present. But so it had not been arranged by the governor, and only the "lords of creation" made merry together in the spacious parlors of the Province House upon this particular night. There were two guests,

however, who seemed to take little interest in the general feeling; the one, Lord Ellerton, a gouty old English nobleman, who sat dozing in his arm-chair before the blazing fire; while the other, a young man of thoughtful countenance, scrupulously plain in his dress, was seated near a table, over which was suspended a lamp of curious workmanship, and seemed to be very busily engaged in looking over some closely written papers. It was difficult to determine what relation he bore to the company. He might possibly be one of the grave, substantial citizens of Boston, who still retained his loyalty, and possessing quite a degree of influence, had been asked in hither out of good policy. Or, as seemed far more probable, he might be nothing more than the private secretary of the governor himself. In either case his attention appeared to be wholly engrossed in the subject before him, and he seemed to be as little mindful of the company around him, as if they were not present.

"Well, Lincoln," said General Gage, as he came and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, "what conclusion have you arrived at, after poring over those pages so long?"

"Simply this; that you are greatly mistaken in the character of this people, if you think to compel them to obedience in this manner. I have lived among them long enough to understand them fully, and let me assure you, that as long as the British troops are quartered like a swarm of locusts in this town of Boston, such a thing as good will or peaceful submission is not to be thought of."

"Nonsense!" said General Gage; and Hutchinson, who had just advanced to the table, burst into a derisive laugh.

"Let them take the consequences, then," he said. "Verily, these few rebel provinces can be well compared to a puny child, striving with the parent who visits it with the rod of correction. A little quiet submission would greatly lessen the number of stripes."

"Not a puny child, by any means!" replied the young man, earnestly. "England has full-grown men with strong arms and brave hearts, to contend with, and she will find to her cost, that they are not to be frightened by threats, or compelled by force into submission."

"Ay, ay! young man," said Hutchinson, with a frown, "what does such a speech from your lips signify?"

"It is merely the statement of a self-evident fact, sir, which you yourself will acknowledge ere long."

"Most worshipful sir," said an old servant in livery, whose head, ornamented by an immense

white wig, was thrust as slowly and reverentially in at the half opened door, as if he were entering the grand sanctum sanctorum of the Jews, "there is a young woman without, who would fain speak with you. I have warned her to depart, lest she trouble you with idle complaints; yet she is exceeding forward, and withstands me to the face."

"A young woman?" said Gage, with a smile. "Prithee, John, what is her look?"

"By my troth, sir," replied the servant, with a most profound bow, "she is tall, and exceedingly comely, but I wot she is not quite right in the mind, else she would not come hither so boldly at this hour."

"Show her in!" said Hutchinson. "The time is too precious to parley long with her."

The door was immediately thrown open, and Judith Gerry ashered into the room. No fairer or more stately lady had ever set foot within those walls. Poor and simply clad as she was, yet the air of quiet dignity, mingled with true womanly reserve, with which she encountered the eyes of this august assembly, commanded for her at once the attention and respect of all. The young man at the table gave her a hasty glance, and then bent his face still more closely over the writing. Lord Ellerton, however, forgot his drowsiness at once, and taking his jewelled snuff-box from his pocket, proceeded to delight himself with the aromatic contents, as he regarded her with a fixed stare.

"Well, young woman," said the governor, with unusual condescension, "I am pleased to receive your wish, albeit this is not the hour for business."

There was a slight tremor in the tones of her voice, as she replied, yet by a strong effort she regained her self-possession and proceeded.

"Let me assure your excellency," she said, "that it is not for idle complaint I have come hither; necessity constrains me, and I simply ask justice at your hands." Then, in as clear and brief a manner as possible, she gave a full account of the late evil fortune which had befallen the Golden Crown; the causes of this trying reverse; the means taken for redress, and the insult and injury attendant thereupon. She grew very earnest as she proceeded, and a few unbidden tears stole silently down her cheeks.

"Truly," said the governor, as she concluded, "this matter should be looked to. You have done wisely, young woman, in laying it before me thus. And yet I bethink me, Lincoln," he continued, turning to the young man, "is not this Golden Crown the same house concerning which the worthy Ephraim Sternahold conferred with me yesterday?"

"The same, your excellency," was the brief reply, rendered without so much as the raising of the eyes.

"And if I recollect aright, he spoke greatly to the disparagement both of mother and daughter; also representing the house to be the resort of idlers and noisy brawlers."

"For what cause I know not, he is our enemy," said Judith, meekly, "and therefore it is that he goes about to do us harm."

"Moreover," added the young man, who now for the first time seemed to take an interest in the conversation, "this self-same godly man, who is ready to testify against the widow and fatherless, has himself a secret longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt; but finding little chance for indulgence, goes about with the zeal of a Saul, to cut off all opportunity from others. I do not speak without knowledge."

"Then his enmity and zeal shall avail him nothing," said the governor. "Young woman, in what way can I serve you?"

"One moment," interposed Gage, who had been standing aside, waiting for an opportunity to speak; "I also am reminded that within these last few days I have received information that this house forms one of the numerous places of rendezvous for the rebels, who hold council there even till midnight. Moreover, that a large stock of arms and ammunition are stored within its walls, which as far as the loyal servants of his majesty are concerned, are not intended either for peaceful, or friendly purposes. Therefore, in pursuance of my duty, I have ordered the house to be searched this very night."

"Ay, ay!" said the governor, as he shook his head deprecatingly, "your business begins to wear a very sorry aspect, young woman. Nevertheless, as I am minded to believe that you have been somewhat maliciously defamed, you may rest assured, that should these reports prove false, you shall receive all due justification, and from henceforth, the full protection of our favor."

"You have also my word to that effect," said General Gage, bowing politely, "and that this search may not subject you to impertinence or unnecessary inconvenience, allow me to offer you the services of this young man as escort and protector, who will most faithfully and politely perform his duty. Do you accept the commission, Lincoln?"

"Certainly, sir, if my services can avail anything," replied the young man, as he rose slowly and with seeming reluctance, from the table.

Judith Gerry felt that her task for the present, was ended, and it was with no slight feeling of relief that she bowed to the governor, with a

lightly whispered "thank you," and withdrew from the gaze of the numerous eyes which had been fixed so steadily upon her.

"By my troth!" said Lord Ellerton, as the door closed after her, "if she be a fair specimen of the Yankee damsels, I shall be minded to take to myself a consort from among them, instead of 'going to London to buy me a wife!' To-morrow I will betake myself straightway to the Golden Crown, to see how the fair maid looks by daylight, and if she pleases me—"

"But, suppose," interrupted a sly lieutenant, "that she shouldn't happen to be pleased with you?"

"Impossible!" replied the old nobleman, with a look of the greatest assurance. He drew a long and well-filled purse from his pocket, through the silken meshes of which the yellow gold glittered temptingly. "Look here," he said, as he shook it in the light. "He who owns that can please anybody."

After the search, which resulted entirely in Mistress Gerry's favor, she experienced an interval of great peace and prosperity. An evident check had been placed upon the soldiery, for few privates ventured within her doors, but on the contrary, many people of distinction honored her house with their presence. It was a day long to be remembered by the worthy dame, when Lord Ellerton first crossed her threshold, and sipped beer from a pewter pot by the bar-room fire. For such an act of condescension no plausible reason could be found in her mind, yet the fair and stately Judith, as she went quietly about her household duties, faintly surmised the truth, and when her aristocratic old lover, who became more and more deeply smitten with her dignity and loveliness, ventured to press her hand to his lips, she gave him a look of such significance that he was disconcerted for a week, and was led to think that perhaps even money would hardly prevail with this free-born, high-spirited maiden, who seemed to set so little value upon rank and titles.

Yet the probability of a refusal, should he make a *bona fide* offer of his hand and heart to this humble maiden, did not occur to him. His passions still continued to increase, and at length, overcoming all further scruples, he resolved upon this last great step. The opportunity, however, seemed to be sadly wanting, for whenever he ventured in of an evening, he was sure to find a group of rough-looking, resolute men around the bar-room fire, whose very garments smelt of rebellion, and who carried treason in every look. Among them, also, he often encountered the mysterious individual in the red

cloak and white wig, who glowered upon him with such awful eyes, that he removed himself with all possible haste from his presence. Not soon enough, however, to escape hearing a low, twittering laugh behind him, which was as vexatious to his ears, as the song of a mosquito. Upon reaching the open air, however, his courage usually revived, and shaking his gold-headed cane, he vowed vengeance against the house and all its inmates. Nevertheless, as if under the power of enchantment, he returned the next day with a smiling countenance, only to find himself non-plussed once more by the presence of Edward Lincoln, who, since the evening when he had been elected by General Gage as protector pro. tem. to Mistress Gerry and her fair daughter, had retained the commission, and performed his duty with most commendable faithfulness and attention. At length, however, fortune deigned to favor him.

One raw and chilly night in the month of March, he took his customary peep into the bar-room, and lo! a wonder of wonders! no one was there save Judith, who sat quietly knitting by the fire.

"Ah, ah!" he exclaimed with many a shudder and shake, as he seated himself by the fire and gave the great blazing back-log several vigorous pokes with his gold-headed cane. "This chilly wind pierces to my very vitals, only leaving a little warm spot just around my heart. Thank Heaven! that is never entirely cold, though I often feel the need of something to warm up its feeble life."

"Will your lordship take some beer?" asked Judith, quietly.

"Not exactly—you don't understand me, young woman."

At the same time he reached out his cane and tapped her gently on the cheek, nodding and smiling in the most ambiguous manner.

"No, sir, I don't understand," said Judith, rising up with great dignity.

"Then I must explain," replied his lordship. "I pray you be seated."

And so, out of courtesy, Judith resumed her seat with a most upright, downright look, as if she were about to repel the advances of a mortal enemy.

"I must inform you, in the first place," commenced the old nobleman, with an air of great importance, "that owing to the dubious state of affairs in this country I have resolved to return to England in the course of a few weeks. I shall retire to my estate in Lincolnshire, where I have a fine country seat, which for these many years has been greatly in need of a mistress, a faithful

housekeeper, who will order things aright and pay due attention to the wants and wishes of the owner. Now, my dear young woman, I have waived many important considerations of rank and station, and have concluded to bestow that honorable office upon you."

"Which I fear I could never fill with satisfaction to myself and others," replied Judith. "My mother would serve you better. She has the experience and—"

"Your mother!" interrupted Lord Ellerton, with an ill-concealed look of contempt. "Do you think I could possibly marry your mother?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Judith, "I knew not that it was concerning marriage you spoke."

"Then understand me aright," replied his lordship, as he rose from his chair and stood before her in a highly dramatic attitude. "My hand, and with it my title, my wealth, and all that I possess, are yours as soon as you choose to say the word. Remember, that the change from plain Judith Gerry—a maid in a public bar-room—to the rank and dignity of Lady Ellerton, is no mean step. Therefore reflect and decide wisely."

"I need not one moment for reflection," said Judith. "You do me a great honor, Lord Ellerton, but I cannot accept it, for my heart is given to another."

"Indeed!" said his lordship, as he resumed his seat, and drawing his snuff-box from his pocket, took a pinch with great deliberation. "Dare I be so bold as to ask who this fortunate person may be?"

"A poor, but honest man," replied Judith, with a sigh.

"And have you bound yourself to him by a solemn promise?"

"He knows not that my heart is his, and I cannot say that he loves me in return."

"Stuff! Nonsense!" exclaimed the old nobleman, as he struck his cane with hopeful energy upon the floor. "Show yourself to be a sensible woman and have done with such idle romance. Fall in love with a man forsooth, who knows nothing at all about it! Jupiter, what a sacrifice! Allow me to say, young woman, that I have long thought this grand cavalier in his red cloak was winning great favor in these parts, yet I would not believe it had gone so far. Mark my words, though. An honest man has no need of a disguise, and a poor one ought to be ashamed of such trumpery."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Judith, quickly. "I know not who this wonderful stranger is. He comes and goes as he pleases, and no one dares question him. I can only say that he appears

friendly, and whenever he speaks, it is in words full of meaning."

"And such words would I speak now," said a deep voice close behind them.

With a sudden start they both turned, and there stood the subject of their conversation, with his hat shading his glowing countenance, and his cloak, as usual, wrapped closely about him.

"Villain!" exclaimed the old nobleman, "why have you stolen in hither like a eaves-dropper, to listen to words which were not intended for your ears."

"Compose yourself, my friend," was the reply.

"I have just crossed the threshold, and had you not been so earnestly engaged in conversation, you would have been aware of that fact. For you, sir, I have a piece of timely advice, which I give without delay. The night is exceedingly stormy without, and the sooner you reach your quiet nook by the fireside of the old Province House, the better will it be for you."

"Stormy!" exclaimed Lord Ellerton, in surprise. "Marry, now! but an hour ago the heavens were without a cloud, though I must confess it was a bitter wind that swept through the street."

"The storm of which I speak has been brewing these many years, and when it reaches its height, will find no parallel in the fiercest war of the elements."

At that moment, confused shouts were heard in the distance, followed by the roll of a drum. Next the bell of the Old South pealed forth a wild alarm on the air, which was immediately joined, in quick succession, by the clangor of bells throughout the city.

"What is that?" exclaimed Lord Ellerton, springing to his feet in the greatest alarm.

"It is the first battle call of freedom," returned the stranger, with much excitement, as he smote with his fist upon the table; "and if I mistake not, this self-same fifth of March will be a day long to be remembered in American history."

With a hasty stride he crossed the bar-room, and throwing open the door of an inner room, he called out in a loud tone, "Forward, now is the time for action!"

Lord Ellerton upset his chair in his haste, as, altogether unmindful of his lofty dignity, he took refuge in the chimney-corner; for, in answer to that call, a host of rough-looking individuals rushed forth, armed with muskets, swords, clubs and whatever weapons came first to hand. Like a stormy flood they swept through the bar-room, and in an instant had vanished, while their voices were heard mingling in the roar and tumult without. Only one remained; and that

was Father Foster, who, trembling from head to foot with terror, was making ineffectual efforts to take refuge under a large leech-tub, which for years had occupied a reserved corner of the bar-room.

The immediate result of that outburst of public feeling, on the fifth of March 1770, when the first blood of the revolution was spilt, is known to all readers of American history. A few days later, and "the funeral solemnities of those who had fallen, drew together the largest concourse that probably had ever assembled at any one time in America."

As the four hearses, coming from various directions, formed a junction in King Street (State Street), that mysterious personage—of whom rumor with her thousand tongues had told a thousand different tales—"the man in the red cloak," made his appearance and joined in with the procession. Not many, perhaps, observed him, but those in his immediate vicinity shrank back with a feeling akin to superstitious horror. Unmindful of all around him, however, with a bowed head and measured step he walked reverently forward, as "the procession proceeded to the middle burying ground where the three victims were placed side by side in one grave." Here the stranger stepped forward, and uncovering his head, gazed for a few moments into the open grave, then shading his face with his hat, he made his way through the crowd, which quickly parted for him, right and left, and vanished no one knew whither.

There was now no further evidence needed, that Mistress Gerry of the Golden Crown, was in decided sympathy with the rebels. The unsuccessful issue of Lord Ellerton's amours, and the startling event which so abruptly terminated his suit, decided at once the fate of the house. Scarcely a week had elapsed, succeeding that eventful night, when Ephraim Sternhold, in the awful majesty of his official dignity, proceeded to divest the little tavern of the sign which had so long notified the public that here they should find rest and refreshment both for the outer and inner man. After performing this important duty, he next, with evident satisfaction, informed the unfortunate hostess, that henceforth her doors must be opened only to her own family and most immediate friends, and moreover, to make assurance doubly sure in the breaking up of this haunt of rebellion, he presented her a written order, signed by his excellency, Governor Hutchinson himself, wherein she was warned to quit the premises, both in person and possession, within the space of three weeks, which, if she failed to do, she was to be assisted by a summary process,

with her goods and chattels at once into the street.

This was a stunning blow, and fell with such decisive effect that Ephraim Sternhold, as he passed from under the overhanging door-way of that unfortunate house, felt simply avenged. There was no appeal, and, after a few days of prefatory lamentation, Mistress Gerry, with a heavy heart, commenced the work of removal. One word of sympathy at that moment, would have done incalculable good, but her friends had unaccountably deserted her. Edward Lincoln, who had seemed to take such friendly interest in her welfare of late, had not gladdened her with the sight of his cheerful countenance for more than a week, and even the stranger in the red cloak, whom she had learned to look upon as a messenger of good, wholly absented himself. Added to this, and what weighed more heavily upon her heart than all beside, the usually hopeful and resolute spirit of Judith had given way and left her sad and dejected. She went about her household duties with a slow step and thoughtful countenance, and often paused to wipe away her tears. No wonder, then, that Mistress Gerry, after striving against her wayward fortune thus far with so little success, should have sat down at last in utter despair; and no wonder either, that a thrill of joy should have quickened the throbbings of her heart, as, while sitting thus, she heard the sound of a footstep, and looking up, descried through the gathering gloom, the well-known red cloak and its wearer.

"A good evening to you, Mistress Gerry!" he said, in his usual deep, measured tone. "I have heard of your misfortunes, and have come to see what I can do for you."

"Ah!" replied the poor woman, "it's little you can do over and above showing me that there is such a thing as human sympathy still left in the world; that I am not in a desolate wilderness in the midst of heathen savages, who snatch the bread from the mouths of the widow and the fatherless, to satisfy their own greedy appetites."

"That I can easily do," said the stranger, "and I hope, somewhat more. Where is your daughter? It is with her I would speak at present."

Mistress Gerry made a motion with her hand towards the door of an innerroom. "In there," she said, "walk in and you will find her." And without further invitation he obeyed.

Alone, in the little back room, sat Judith with her hands folded upon her lap, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. As the stranger entered, however, she started suddenly, and rose from her chair.

"I pray you be seated," he said, as at the same time he took a chair opposite. "I have come to do you a friendly service, if possible. I hear you are about to remove from this place. Whither do you intend to go?"

"Into the country. Cousin Jacob has already gone thither to prepare for us, and we follow in the course of a week."

"For that I am exceedingly sorry," said the stranger, "as it interferes greatly with the plan I had formed for you. I had supposed Boston, with its associations, would be preferable to any other place, provided you could be favorably situated."

"To me it would," replied Judith, sadly, "but I feel now like the plaything of fate, and care not whither I go."

"Indeed," said the stranger, "such feeling are somewhat unusual in a person of so few years. If pecuniary difficulties are the cause of this unhappy mood, let me assure you I have a heavy purse entirely at your service. But in saying this, I would not have you misunderstand the nature of my friendship. My circumstances are such that I have been free to study human nature in all its different phases, from the palace to the hovel. At times I have pursued this study openly, in my true character, at other times in this friendly disguise by which I am best known to you; and wherever I find the true-hearted, the self-dependent and persevering, there do I claim friendship, and I am only too happy, when necessity demands, to render them any assistance in my power. Therefore do I say again, if money is wanting, draw freely upon me."

Judith shook her head, as she sighed deeply, but remained silent.

"Well," he continued, after a pause, "then grant me the privilege of a friend, and allow me to step upon more delicate ground. A person of your character and temperament does not easily yield to discouragement, especially if it can be overcome by diligence and perseverance; but there are some cases where even these do not avail a woman, and she can only sit down and wait for fate to declare either for or against her. Let me beseech you to lay aside your reserve for one moment, and if the sorrow which weighs so heavily on you, is connected with the deeper feelings of the heart, entrust it to me, for even in this matter I can serve you far more than you suppose." Still Judith remained silent.

"Then," resumed the stranger, "if you will not speak, allow me to guess your secret. You love Edward Lincoln, and in this, your hour of need, when you had hoped better things, he has forsaken you."

The poor girl drew her breath quickly, and bowed her face on her hands to conceal her tears. "That is not the way a true man should conduct towards the woman he loves."

"I have no right to expect more of him," replied Judith, "for he never said he loved. Again and again has he told me that he was *poor indeed*, and I believe it is for this reason alone he has absented himself from us; because he could not bear to see us in trouble and misfortune which he could not relieve. No, he is good and true, and I only am to blame for my foolishness."

"That is ever woman's trusting faith," said the stranger, with a slight tone of bitterness. "It may be true that he has never said he loved, but is not the man who intentionally wins a woman's holiest affections by words, and looks, and smiles, and then deserts her upon the plea that he has never bound himself by word, as much a villain as he who woos and deserts openly, without any such mean subterfuge?"

"I love him! O, I love him!" said Judith, as she pressed her hands to her heart with an expression of pain; "and again I say, it is not he, but I that am to blame."

"And do you think," said the stranger, "that it would be utterly impossible for you to love another under the circumstances?"

"More than impossible!" replied Judith, earnestly. "I must first be created anew, for it is no light reason that has caused me to love him. He has taught me the worth of my own nature, and given me an earnest longing for higher and better things. I am not what I was before I knew him; no! and never can be again. Once, with cold contempt, I stood apart from the world, feeling in my loneliness and pride that there was no human heart which could beat in sympathy with my own; but he has gently and tenderly awakened my better nature, and though I bear a sadder heart, yet its coldness and indifference have melted away."

She covered her face with her handkerchief and wept without restraint. An expression of deep emotion passed quickly over the stranger's countenance, but he instantly commanded himself as he spoke.

"Well, lady," he said, with apparent coolness, "in all probability, then, I shall have to urge my suit in vain; yet, nevertheless, even under these discouraging circumstances, I pray you to look me kindly in the face, and say if it may not be possible, in the course of time, for you to bestow that love upon me, you now so freely sacrifice to another."

Judith pressed her handkerchief more closely to her face, and shuddered as she pictured to her

mind the glowing countenance of the stranger bent anxiously towards her.

"Never! never!" she replied, in such a decisive tone that not the least room was left for doubt.

Her companion sighed deeply. After a few moments of painful silence, he reached forth his hand, and taking a vessel of water which sat near by, completely saturated his handkerchief, and commenced bathing his face and brow, as if thereby to stop the throbbings of his burning brain. When he removed the handkerchief his face was of an ashy paleness.

"Lady," he said, "it may be, that if I cast aside this disguise and stand before you in my true character, that you will decide differently."

As he spoke, he rose from his chair and threw off his cloak, with the hat and wig which had given such a mystery to his appearance.

"Look up for one moment," he said, entreatingly, "and then if you decide against me, I will leave your presence forever."

"Indeed I cannot," replied Judith, as she bent her head still lower. "I pray you to leave me, for it is utterly impossible that I should ever love you."

"Judith," he said, in a pleasant, well known tone, wholly unlike the stranger's deep voice.

With quick surprise she sprang from her seat, and lo! Edward Lincoln stood before her, clad in a rich suit of velvet, with the insignia of his rank glittering upon his breast. She gazed at him a few moments in silent astonishment, and then—as the remembrance of the confession she had made flashed upon her—with burning blushes she hid her face in her hands, and would have sank at his feet, had not his strong arm quickly upheld her.

"Judith," he said, "forgive if I have caused you a moment's pain. I, too, have suffered with you, but I have found what I sought—a true heart, without which, as I rightly told you, I was *poor indeed*. I stand confessed before you, the oldest son of the Earl of Lincoln. Yet names and titles to me are nothing, and with as much pride do I call you mine, as if I took a princess for my bride. To you I devote the holiest affections of my heart, and here, upon these gentle lips, do I set the seal of my consecration."

"Well-a-day! what does all this mean?" exclaimed Mistress Gerry, who, just at this critical moment, thrust her head in at the door, and as she stepped forward, set her foot directly upon the white wig, from which she started back as if it had been a viper. "As I live," she continued, "Edward Lincoln a hugging our Judith! Well I never!"

"Come hither, my good friend," he said, with

a smile, as he stretched out his hand towards her. These are days of wonders, when men appear not what they are, and are not what they appear. At present, however, I stand before you exactly what I am. Now listen to my plan. I have found a fair, sweet flower, blooming upon consecrated soil, and nourished by the breath of freedom. I wish to transplant it to my English home, that all my life long it may gladden me with its loveliness; but in doing this I wish to take you with me also, that you may see that it is nourished and cared for aright. What say you? Will you go?"

And Mistress Gerry, so soon as she fully comprehended this fine figure of speech, very briefly said she would, which completed the arrangement to the satisfaction of all parties.

We need not linger long by the sequel, for it is soon told. In the same ship which conveyed Edward Lincoln and his bride, with the deposed mistress of the Golden Crown to their happy home, Lord Ellerton also took passage, and before the wide waste of waters was crossed, he had overcome his disappointment and prejudice so far, that he besought Mistress Gerry to become his housekeeper, leaving it to time to prove whether the relationship should be nearer.

#### A SWORD OF THE "SIX HUNDRED."

We saw and handled lately a relict of Balaklava, in the shape of a sword, wielded by Lord Levison Gower, in the famous charge of the "Six Hundred." It is a Scottish claymore of great antiquity—having been in the possession of the Granville family for several centuries—made of the finest tempered steel, with basket-hilt of the same material, and measures about three feet point to guard. The owner presented it to Captain Du Riviere, of the Zouaves, the present possessor, who succored him while lying on the field of Balaklava, desperately wounded. The scabbard is dented in several places by the hoofs of horses, and the hilt is slightly injured by the thrust of a Cossack's lance. The charge of the "Light Brigade" is not so recent but that this relic of the event possesses considerable historic interest.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

#### HARD CUSTOMER.

A formidable weapon is produced by what are called "coupled cannons." Two cannon have the same breech and diverge at a given angle; they have a common charge of powder, a single touch-hole, and a single cap. In each of these cannons, which are accurately bored and polished, a piston of a cylindrical form is fitted, having the same calibre as the cannon, carefully turned, polished and greased. These two pistons are united together by an iron cord or wire, when used with a musket, or an iron chain from a meter to a hundred meters in length, when with cannon. These pistons serve as projectiles; when fired, they straighten the chain between them, and fly off.—*Scientific American*.



## THE CIRCISSIAN.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ARNOIS.

Aha! are ye thinking to fetter me thus?  
 Away with your clanking gyves!  
 Deem ye to bow this proud form to the dust—  
 Your slave, while my spirit yet lives!  
 Ye have waved o'er my temple your lordliest plume,  
 Ye have decked me in costly array;  
 But immured in your palace, it seemed but a tomb,  
 To one discontented to stay.  
 I have burst all your fetters, so galling, and freed  
 A spirit that brooked no control;  
 A bird loosed from prison—an Arab and steed—  
 I'm unfettered in body and soul!

Aha! so you're thinking to fetter me now,  
 With the presence of riches and style?  
 Ye sicken my heart: there's a frown on my brow,  
 And I stoop not to borrow a smile.  
 I have moved at your beck a high victim of Pride,  
 And have sacrificed at her shrine;  
 But now that ye find me stern Poverty's bride,  
 Go! leave me! no longer I'm thine.  
 Avaunt! do you think to decoy me again  
 To the haunts that I loathe even now?  
 Your presence enforces a thrill of deep pain!  
 My tresses wave free round my brow!

## A FIRESIDE STORY.

BY ETHAN CARLETON.

I LOVE to see the wife and mother move around and within her little home circle, with sunny smiles beaming on her face, as if all other spots were blanks to her when compared with that retreat of love where her husband and children dwell. But of this, we will say no more, for it was our intention when we first dipped our pen in ink to-day, to give to the reader a tale of facts; so now for the introduction.

Mr. and Mrs. Pason with their children, occupied a humble tenement in a narrow court. But though their rooms were small and few, there was an air of comfort pervading all, that plainly told that the mechanic's home was managed by a skillful house-keeper.

On the evening our story opens, a bright fire was glowing in the polished stove in the little parlor, and near it was drawn a small, round table. A group of three children were variously engaged around it. Emma, the eldest, was hemming an apron. Ellen, two years younger, was petting her favorite kitten; while but a little distance from her, sat her only brother Charles, engaged with his slate and pencil. The mother of this little group was busily engaged about the room with various duties, but still her large dark eyes were often turned toward the table, beaming with love and pride. At length, stepping

lightly behind the chair occupied by Charley, the youngest of the group, she leaned over and gently touched her lips to his cheek.

For the last half hour the child's whole soul had seemed to be wrapped in his occupation, and now being so suddenly disturbed, quick as the lightning's flash he dealt a blow in his mother's face, not even looking up to see who leaned over him. The mother did not speak, while the girls cried in a breath—"Why, brother, you have struck me!"

"I don't care if I have," was the response. "She ought not to plague me when I am busy."

Charles, though young in years, was old in intellect; he knew that he had done wrong, and he expected to be rebuked, although he knew that his parent was ever kind; but in this he was disappointed, for the mother only turned her dark eyes full upon him with a sorrowful expression, and then walked rapidly away to finish her preparations for tea. Emma was about to speak again, but her mother motioned for her to keep silent, and then all went on as before, save now and then the glance that the passionate boy bestowed on his parent. None of these glances were returned, and in a little while Mrs. Pason bade her children put away their playthings and work, saying that supper was ready.

"I don't want any supper," said Charles, throwing down his slate heavily and trying to catch his mother's eye; but still Mrs. Pason did not answer, nor did she look angry, she only broke his bread in his plate ready for his milk, and then took her sewing to wait for her tea till her husband should come. A half hour later Charley had not spoken, neither had he eaten any supper, but he stood at the bed-room door leading off from the little parlor, with one hand clutching the white drapery of his night-dress, and the other on the knob of the door.

"Come, Charley," said Emma, attempting to force him into his sleeping apartment, "hurry, mother wants us all to be in bed before father comes."

"I don't care," was the answer, "I sha'n't go if she does want me to," and ere the sentence was finished, the boy threw himself stubbornly between the snowy sheets of his trundle-bed, and the door shut out the form of his mother.

The night of which we write, the frosty breath of winter was creeping in at every crevice in the tenement occupied by Mr. Pason's family, and yet it seemed to cast no gloom over that neat little parlor, where the industrious wife had built her afternoon fire, and prepared the evening meal for her family. Echoing footsteps went by, and for a long time Mrs. Pason sat and listened that

she might distinguish her husband's step from among the rest. At length becoming weary of waiting, she went to the window and peered into the night gloom without, but it was too dark to distinguish features, so she turned away, and stepped quietly in to the side of the little trundle-bed, and kneeling, she leaned over the pillow, and once more touched her lips to her boy's cheek, whispering as she did so: "O, Charley, darling, you little know the sad hours your hasty temper has cost your mother, but I feel that harsh treatment will never overcome it."

And though she tried to restrain her tears, a low burst of grief broke the stillness, but the sleeper did not stir; so covering him warmly, she slowly arose to her feet, and once more sought her low rocking-chair by the fireside. Mrs. Pason bowed her head on her hand, and in a few moments she was buried in deep thought, and yet her mind did not roam from home; she was thinking that to-night was the time her husband would receive his month's pay, and ere the hard earned money was placed in her hands, she was mentally striving to dispose of it to the best advantage. So intent was Mrs. Pason on planning, that for a few moments she did not notice that a little white draped form stood beside her, and then a pair of tiny arms were thrown about her neck, and Charley, while sob after sob came forth from his full heart, buried his head in her bosom.

"O, mama," he cried, "I have been a naughty boy, but I won't be so any more if you will kiss me and say you love me. I was not asleep when you came to the side of the bed, for I could not sleep when I was afraid you were angry." Mrs. Pason returned the child's embrace, but ere she could answer, the outer door opened and her husband stepped within the parlor.

"Why don't you put that child to bed, Susan?" he exclaimed, shaking the snow from his overcoat, and looking sternly into the face of his wife. "You know that I have often told you, that I want you to put the children to bed early."

"Mother forgives you, darling," whispered the wife to her child, and then added in the same low tone—"Try and be a good boy in future, and remember that it always grieves me to see you indulge in a hasty temper," and then with another kiss she led him to his bed, and a few moments later the noble boy was soundly sleeping, for now he had received his kindly good-night kiss.

When Mrs. Pason returned to the parlor, her husband was standing near the fire, and there was a dark frown on his face; he had divested himself of his outer garments and thrown them into a chair; the wife took them up pleasantly, and carrying them into the entry, shook off the

snow, and then hung them in their accustomed place; then returning to where her husband was standing she lifted the tea-urn from the stove, and placed that with other dainties on the table that stood near.

"Tea is ready, Robert," she said in a soft tone.

"Then take your seat at the table," was the reply, without lifting his eyes to her face, "for I want no supper to-night."

Mrs. Pason with woman's quick instinct saw that something had gone wrong with her husband, but she resolved that she would not question him, at least, not until he had refreshed himself with food; so passing to his side, she gently leaned over the chair where he had seated himself, and winding her white arm around his neck, she half whispered in his ear: "Do come and take a seat beside me at the table, I shall be very lonesome without you, and beside I have prepared a favorite dish for you."

For a moment, Mr. Pason continued to gaze into the fire with the same stern expression, and then gradually his muscles relaxed, and he arose in silence and seated himself at the table. Mrs. Pason turned her husband's tea and replenished his plate as often as it was empty, all the while striving to interest and engage him in pleasant conversation. Gradually the husband's firmness gave way, and at last if anything unpleasant had occurred to him during the day or evening, he seemed to forget it, and ere they arose from the table he not only chatted, but laughed quite heartily when his wife related some of the remarks that the children had made since they came from school.

When Mrs. Pason had shaken her snowy tablecloth, and rolled back the side-table, she glanced at the clock on the mantel, and she saw that the iron finger of the time-piece pointed to nine, and yet her husband had not handed her a part at least of his month's pay. Her blood moved a little quicker as she thought of this, for she knew that unless he gave her the accustomed amount soon, it would be too late for her to purchase the articles she had promised the children she would, in order to make them appear better dressed the next day, when they attended Sabbath school and church.

Mrs. Pason did not like to ask her husband for the money, for now that he had again taken his seat at the fire, she saw the same dark frown playing over his features.

"What do we want for to-morrow, Susan?" exclaimed the husband, nervously, a few moments later, and springing from his seat. "Don't name too many things," he continued, "for I have a light purse to-night. My employer didn't

pay me; nothing but necessity makes me work for him, for every day he grows more tyrannical, and to-night he informed us that he should give us less pay in future. Poor Barton has gone home discouraged, for he cut his wages to such a small pittance, that he said it would hardly keep his wife and children from starving. This toiling to make another rich, wasting all the best years of my manhood, I am tired of it." And the industrious mechanic threw himself back heavily in his chair, and covered his face with his sunburnt, callous hands.

For a moment, Mrs. Pason's lip trembled with emotion, for well she knew, that if her husband had not received the amount due him at the shop, there was no prospect of her obtaining the articles she had promised the children for to-morrow's wear, and then in an instant she thought, "To repine, or join in my husband's humor, will not make matters better, and besides, I will surprise him by a scheme I have been thinking about for some time past, although not quite mature yet." Drawing her chair toward him, she said:

"Never mind, Robert, if he didn't pay you, I guess we can get along very comfortably. I have a good supply for the table to-morrow, and—"

"I heard you say," interrupted the husband, "that you intended to purchase you a new bonnet this evening, and—"

"Pshaw! Robert, what do you suppose I care about a new bonnet? I have a very interesting book that I must return to the owner in a few days, and I assure you I shall be most happy to stay at home with you and read it." At this moment there seemed to be removed from the husband's spirits half their depression, for he drew his form erect in his chair, and with a smile said:

"Well, then, half the difficulty is surmounted, for I thought you would be very much disappointed when you learned how penniless I returned to you to-night." And then he added, with a sigh, "but the future, dear, looks very drear to me. Barber is a tyrant, and that every one says that ever worked for him; and his success in business seems to only increase his spirit of oppression towards those who are making him richer. I wish I could get something else to do and leave his employ. I should like to show him that I am not obliged to bear his insulting language in silence, even if the snow does lie thick on the ground and the winds blow chill about us."

For a few moments Mrs. Pason sat in silence gazing into the fire, and then lifting her handsome eyes to her husband's face, she said, pleasantly: "Well, dear, I hope there will be some way provided that none of us will starve, if we only have the mind to be industrious. But how

would you like to leave off such severe hard labor as you have always been engaged in and undertake some lighter business?"

"You mock me, Susan, when you speak so," replied the husband, and there was evidence in his moist eye that one derisive remark from her he loved would unman him more than all the epithets his employer could heap upon him, "for how can I change, when I have no money to commence any business, nor friends to assist me to credit? No, no, I can make no such change, for the first wish of my heart is to make you and the children happy and comfortable, and to do it, I must labor as in the past." While this conversation was going on, the wife had drawn her work-table to the fire, and now when the last remark was made, her face was so close to her work that its expression was not observed by the speaker, but when she looked up, she spoke as if in continuation of her former remarks. "The other day, when I went to Lenting with the children, to visit sister, just as I entered the village, I saw a beautiful little cottage with a large garden attached, and but a few rods from them was a neat little shop, both to let; and so pleased was I with the location, that after I arrived at sister's, I told her about it, and she and I took a walk down there and inquired how much was the rent; and, husband, if we wished we could hire that cottage, garden, shop and all for what we now pay for this tenement, and, O, wouldn't it be nice to leave this crowded city, for such a retreat?"

"It would, Susan, but why tempt and torture me with pictures that can never be realized; for you know I have not a farthing towards the furnishing of such a store."

"But you might have had, Robert, if you had followed my advice," said the wife, in a low tone.

"O, yes, half-starved ourselves and the children, and saved a small pittance each month from my wages; I will never do any such thing, Susan; it is too slow a way to make money, this starving and freezing, to put a dollar now and then in the bank, I don't believe in it." And the excited husband rose and paced the floor with rapid strides; seating himself once more he said in the same tone, "but come, tell me what you want for to-morrow? It's getting late."

"Nothing," replied the wife, and then rising, she went to her husband's side and putting her arm around his neck, she said, "Robert, this is the anniversary of our wedding. We have been married twelve years."

Robert started. "Can it be possible, Susan, we have been married so long?"

"Yes, husband. We were very young when we were married."

"I was penniless then, and I am penniless now; and yet I have been more industrious than thousands who have in that time accumulated fortunes, but so goes the world." And the mechanic drew a deep sigh.

Just at that moment, Mrs. Pason withdrew her arms, and left the room, but before her husband had noticed her absence, she returned and reached him a small book. He opened it carelessly, but as he looked on the pages and read the figures, the red blood flashed to and fro from his temples downward till he could control his emotions no longer. Tossing the book from him he clasped his wife's hand in his, saying, "God bless you, darling! I was not prepared for this, nor can I now scarcely believe I am the owner of six hundred dollars clear of the world."

"It was my intention to increase it to a thousand before I made it known to you, that I had saved from your earnings that sum," replied the wife, "for it would not have taken me long now, as the interest would be such an assistance in the future, but after I saw that little cottage the other day, I half made up my mind that I would tell you I had saved from each month's pay a trifling sum which I immediately deposited. When I first commenced to lay by these small sums, I thought to add to it till we had sufficient to purchase us a home, but never mind now, Robert, perhaps if we prosper we may some day own that same little cottage."

"If effort of mine can make it ours, it shall be so, dear," replied the husband, clasping her to his breast; and then moving nearer the light he read over the various small sums in which the deposits had been made from time to time, for the last ten years. For another hour they sat by the fire and laid plans for the future, and then the husband sought his pillow, resolving ere another month should pass, he would leave the crowded city and let his children breathe the pure air of the country."

After Mrs. Pason was left in the little parlor alone, she placed irons on the fire and then went to a closet near by, and brought to the table the little worn bonnets belonging to her children. In a short time the ribbons were removed and smoothed, and the bonnets retrimmed for the morrow's wear, and various little rips were sewed in Charley's best cap, and the tassel combed smooth, that he might the better withstand the morrow's disappointment in not having the promised new one.

Scarcely had the sun risen when Mrs. Pason slid gently from her pillow, and went into her neat little carpeted kitchen and began to prepare the morning meal; but hardly had the genial

heat from the little stove driven out the bitter cold, and thawed the frost from the window-panes, when light footsteps were heard approaching, and in another moment the mother received a kiss from each of her children.

"O, let us see our new bonnets, mother?" exclaimed the girls, as they released their arms from her neck.

"And where is my cap, mamma?" asked Charley, running toward the closet where his holiday suit was usually kept.

"Wait a moment, children," remarked Mrs. Pason. Then seating herself, she beckoned for the group to come nearer. "My darlings," she continued, "when I made those promises to you yesterday, I had not the least doubt I could redeem them, but I was disappointed in obtaining the money with which I thought to make the purchases; now it will only make me very unhappy if I hear you repine, and still the purchases cannot be made at present." The boy cast his eyes to the carpet, and for a moment he was disposed to vent his disappointment in tears and passion, and then remembering her mild reproof of the previous evening, he nestled his head in her bosom and drying his tears, exclaimed in a whisper, "I will be a good boy, mother;" while the girls, remembering the previous lessons of patience that had been taught them, turned away in silence, but a little later their lips were wreathed in happy smiles, when they saw the improvements that were made in their bonnets of last year's fashion.

Mr. Pason's employer smiled, when on the following Monday he was informed that Robert would leave his employ in a few weeks, and go into the country.

"Foolish fellow!" he exclaimed, "to leave the city at this season of the year with scarcely a penny in his pocket; but if he leaves me he need never expect to return to my employ."

The rooms in the new home were larger and more numerous than those that the family left, so when they came to arrange their scant furniture it was found that they must either make purchases or let a few of the rooms remain idle. Mrs. Pason choose the latter course, but her husband said "No, that a few dollars for furniture, would make but little difference in the sum they owned," but the wife's mild persuasion prevailed, and in a few weeks from the time that the cottage and store were hired by the mechanic, the latter was furnished with a variety of useful articles, and a neat sign over the door announced they were for sale. A year passed away, and the profits of Mr. Pason's business enabled him to add many articles of luxury to his store that he

did not keep the previous year; and, besides, their neat little front parlor was now new furnished, not with luxurious furniture, but with that which was useful and good. The wife and children, too, were better dressed now, and some were heard to whisper that the well-filled pew in church, belonging to the pleasant proprietor of the variety store on Summer Street, was an ornament to the house.

Among Mr. Pason's acquaintance none seemed more astonished at his prosperity, than did his former employer, as he heard of it from time to time, by the way of his old friends who often took a trip into the country to see him, and to learn by actual observation, if he really were getting rich so fast. Former companions wondered where he obtained his capital; but Mr. and Mrs. Pason kept their own secrets, and it was not till years afterwards, that they mentioned away from their own fireside that the economy of the wife gave him the first impetus toward prosperity.

Four years passed away, and the little village store on Summer Street was not large enough to accommodate the once penniless mechanic; so he hired a larger one in a more fashionable part of the thriving town, and now he was forced to employ a clerk.

"Susan," said Mr. Pason, one day, soon after his removal to his new store, "don't you remember James Barton, that I used to speak of so often?"

"Yes," replied the wife.

"Well, I am half-inclined to send for him to come out here and assist me in the store. He has a pretty fair education, and I know he is honest and industrious, and it would not take long for me to initiate him into my business."

"Is he at work in the same shop now that he used to be in?" inquired the wife.

"Yes, Susan, and always will work there, unless some friend assists him to leave there, for he has a very extravagant wife, who would never lay by a dollar if his income was twice as much as it is, unless she could be prevailed on to learn wisdom—and the fact is, my dear little wife, a part of the reason why I want them to come here is, that you may give her a few practical lessons in economy, and teach her to be the making of her husband, as you have been the cause of our present prosperity."

"Yes, I should admire to have them move here, for I always thought Mrs. Barton a kind woman at heart, although she thought so light of economy."

Long did Mr. Pason and his wife talk that evening, and a month later, Mr. Barton and family moved into the little cottage, while the pro-

prietor of the large variety store rented a larger dwelling, with the agreement that in a short time he should purchase. Mrs. Pason was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Barton's, and when the new made assistant was paid his first month's salary, five dollars were dropped into a secretive money-box, with a resolve that the next month the same act should be repeated, and the sum should be larger.

Reader, we have but little more to add, only that ten years have passed since Mr. Pason first took that little bank-book in his hand, and that he is now a wealthy man, while Mr. Barton owns the little cottage and the adjacent garden, and is a partner in the firm of Pason & Co. All brought about by economy in trifling expenses.

#### A REMARKABLE MAN.

Our friend, Dr. Norman Brigham, of Mansfield, Conn., has furnished us with some particulars of a remarkable personage now living in Coventry, Conn. This celebrity is Mr. James Douglass, who is one hundred and two years and seven months old. Notwithstanding his great age, he is as healthy, strong and robust as most men at fifty; his eyesight is good, never having been necessitated to wear glasses; and his faculties in general seem unimpaired. He has been a sailor and a manufacturer; but his present occupation is that of a farmer. Last summer he mowed day after day, hoed corn, and did general farm work. During the present winter he has walked two miles from home in the morning, cut his cord of wood per day, and returned home in the evening. His present health is good and he labors daily. In answer to questions put to him by Dr. Brigham, in regard to his mode of living and habits of life, he said he had always ate whatever was set before him; drank tea and coffee ever since he could remember; drank spirits, wine and cider whenever he wanted them, but never to excess. He had used tobacco over forty years. He lived with his wife over seventy years, by whom he had eight children. She has been dead nine years.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

#### ANOTHER "NEAR" LAWYER.

A limb of the law who shall be nameless, but who now resides in a country village in Massachusetts, went into the butcher's one day and asked to see the best piece of steak. After pricing it, and remarking that "meats were very dear," he desired that a piece should be sent to his house. "About how much?" inquired the butcher. The lawyer answered, very methodically, "not less than half a pound, nor more than a pound—be sure you don't exceed a pound." The lawyer's family consisted of five or six persons—but it was in summer time, and ill-natured people said he fed them on pursly, pigweed, and such like esculents.—*Boston Post*.

Enemies are as necessary to the proper development of the full grown man, as friends. When lived that man that amounted to anything, but could count his enemies by the score?

## THE POOR ARE GOD'S.

BY JONE ST. CLARE.

The summer sun was setting,  
And his waves of red and gold  
Through the dusty streets of the city  
In lavish beauty rolled.  
They poured on mart and mansion,  
On tower and palace dome;  
They fell like angel blessings,  
Around the poor man's home.

In the midst of the noisy city,  
Within an humble shed,  
Lay one, who ere the morrow,  
Should be numbered with the dead.  
Upon her brow was the trace  
Of toll, and grief, and care;  
But a holy look of peace  
For a moment rested there.

Thoughts of her childhood's home,  
Beside the deep, blue sea,  
The woods she loved to roam,  
Each old, familiar tree.  
Memories of long ago  
Arose that summer even;  
Thoughts of the loved and lost,  
Who waited her in heaven.

And when the sky was bright  
With the sun's last dying ray,  
As, calmly as the light,  
Her spirit passed away.  
Though friendless and alone she died,  
Once she was loved as thou—  
Step gently by her green grave-side;  
We trust she resteth now.

## BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"I find we must reduce our household expenses at some rate or other, my dear. I see no other way but for me to suspend payment in my business transactions, and in order to make creditors lenient, it is necessary that we should make a fair show of economy ourselves. I know well enough, when a man is driven to my present exigency, in talking over matters with each other, or effecting a compromise, a fast liver is always reproached as an 'extravagant dog,' and his wife is quoted as fond of finery and aristocratic in her bearing, and the children are censured as being high-headed and feeling their elevated position—and so a man gets little mercy to save him from bankruptcy. It was so in the case of Green. You know they never altered their style of living, and so he has not effected a settlement with his creditors to this day. Mrs. Green kept her three servants, and attended parties very fashionably attired. Now I will not

have it said that we are such examples, and so, Mary, I will plainly tell you what we had better do at once."

Mr. Ellery was truly an insolvent debtor. Poor Mary quivered as she listened to this unexpected announcement. A rich flounce was in her hand, heavily trimmed with velvet, just ready to be placed upon the dress in which she was to appear at Mrs. Angel's dinner-party that was to come off on Thursday. Mr. Ellery continued:

"We must either take boarders to support this house, or we must give it up. And about opening a boarding-house, I am not satisfied it will prove best for us. It requires rare judgment, and singular adaptation of manner and temper, to accommodate one's self to the peculiarities of others, when one has only attended hitherto to self. How many people we have known who were wrecked by the experiment! You remember when Bliss failed, he set up a genteel boarding-house. Things looked promising—the house was well filled with high-paying, respectable boarders, and he showed quite an income for the first six months; but when the spring opened, they all dispersed into the country, and but one family retained their rooms for the ensuing season, and then they were burdened with a heavy rent, a host of domestics, and nobody to wait upon! Failing to lay by something while they were reaping the harvest, they were left almost penniless. Grubb, too, ended pretty much so! His wife kept no oversight of her servants, the house lost its reputation for neatness and good order, and of course he failed. Now, dear Mary, we can take half a house and rent it, or go into the country and secure a small cottage to ourselves, or we can board in a cheap way until brighter days arise; but at this time, the clouds are heavy, my liabilities are much larger than my creditors suppose, and some retrenchment must follow."

"Dear Mary" let the flounce drop from her hold—surprised and mortified at the disclosure her husband had made. She felt chagrined at her coming fate. There was her cook, who had been with her the last two years—Ann, the chamber-maid, ten months—and Peter, the servant-man, all winter! Little Freddy was devotedly attached to Margaret, the nursery-woman, and there was no better chore-girl than Eda—excepting she needed watching, sometimes, as it regarded honesty. But what was the use of fretting about every missing article? "Eda said Margaret stole my best embroidered handkerchief, and Margaret said Eda took it, and when it was finally peaceably settled, I cared not which took it!"

"Now," pursued Mrs. Ellery, "for me to turn cook, chamber-maid, nursery-woman, and chore-girl, it makes me sick at heart. I only wish I never had married!"

"I feared this, Mary. I dreaded to tell you what I have; but things must be met with becoming fortitude and with propriety on our part."

"Have you lost the little property I received as my marriage portion?" inquired Mrs. Ellery.

"Not a cent of it have I touched. You know you have annually expended the income!"

"I don't know anything about it. But how far would it go towards purchasing some sort of a home in the suburbs?"

"We can ascertain, Mary; places are cheap. You can look over the advertisements this forenoon. Try and make the best of this disclosure, and mature such plans as will become our altered circumstances, and we will try and become mutual aids to each other."

A tear in a man's eye, and a choking utterance just before he imprints a fervent kiss upon his wife's cheek, suggest no common emotion. The fountain is well nigh broken up, when the heart thus tremblingly discloses what it would prefer should break it, if it could be so, and inflict no anguish on the well beloved. And so Mr. Ellery left his home to next communicate his affairs to his creditors.

Mrs. Ellery's drawing-rooms were splendidly furnished. Ada, the eldest daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen, sat in a recess reading over her French lesson; Selina was practising a waltz, and exhibited much brilliancy in the execution; John was at home spending a college vacation, and little pet Agnes was in her cradle in the nursery. All were light-hearted and joyous save the parents, and the dread lest they should blight their children's happiness made their own grief doubly afflictive. Mrs. Ellery, under pretence of a nervous headache, retired to her chamber. But why call it *pretence*? What head ever throbbled harder, and whose pulse ever beat faster, as she rapidly surveyed the past and future? Here were two well-educated daughters, upon whom nature and art had lavished many charms—and how fondly that mother had reckoned upon the next birthnight of the eldest, that, in fashionable phrase, she might "bring her out," with a splendid gathering among a gay crowd of fashionable acquaintances!

John, too, the darling boy whose every wish had been gratified, and whom so many of his companions had envied because he had a rich father and high expectations, and would never need to labor—what a stroke this would prove to him! The puny young collegian, in his sopho-

more year, who had already become quite a connoisseur in wines and French coffee, and lunched daily at the confectioner's, and sometimes gave convivial suppers at his room, notwithstanding the good counsels of the government, and who flirted already with Ellen Waters, the millionaire's only child—who could tell the effect which his father's bankruptcy might cause upon him? His mother feared suicide, or derangement, or a brain fever—poor, indulgent mother! But was she the only one alike apprehensive, strangely misjudging that a fast young man yields to such disclosures anything more than curses upon his fate, or—shall we say it?—on his father?

It was decided in a few days that Mr. Ellery was an insolvent debtor, and his liabilities not much short of a million—instead of suspension, a "splendid failure," as some not bitten by him termed it!

The dismal prospect now stood before Mrs. Ellery in all its hideous aspects. The young ladies, at first recital, were overwhelmed—not so much on account of themselves, or their deprivations, as for what others would say. Should they lose caste in society? Would Ellen Waters notice a bankrupt's daughters? Did people who failed in business have to be stigmatized and set aside? And then they quoted many instances where people retained the same standing as before, and lived quite as fashionably, and dressed as much, lest it should be inferred they were real sufferers by failure! Why should not theirs be a similar case? But they had moral perceptions of right and wrong, and when their father told them of the respect which honesty always commanded, and that even in a selfish view it were wiser to command the esteem of creditors by a full surrender of all one's effects, they fully acceded to the same conclusion.

But not so thought the fast young man. He should not give up his horse, nor abate a farthing in his daily expenses! But who was to give the supply?—and how were his wants to be met? These inquiries made John speechless. He whiffed his cigar, however, placed his legs upon the table, and held a volume of chemistry in his hand, perchance hoping by some combination to bring such discordant forces into harmony as would give a solution to the difficult problem how pride and poverty, a scarcity of cash and free expenditure can be made reducible to any known laws. We infer that he never brought out his problem, as his horse was sold, his bills at the confectioner's were stopped, and his wine-bottles were all empty, in a month afterward.

Mr. Ellery's failure caused distress and bitter anguish to his own family; but his creditors be-

ing wealthy, we do not know that it particularly affected their private resources. But, after all, was the failure so afflictive an event as was feared?

The spring opened, and the city mansion was sold. The rich furniture was placed under the auctioneer's hammer—a thousand elegancies were given up—but let us see what *real* comforts were lost! Mrs. Ellery, with her marriage portion, purchased a neat and beautiful residence, relinquished by its former owner at a great sacrifice on account of his ill health, which compelled him to leave our bleak climate; and by this loss to one, great gain came to another, as we often witness—inasmuch as what one sows, another not unfrequently reaps, in the ordination of Providence. The Ellerys had lost a rich city mansion, and they had found a lovely, convenient house in the suburbs. They had exchanged a long, narrow strip of earth, called a “yard,” wherein a fountain sometimes played and a solitary pear-tree forced them to keep a locked enclosure, lest wanton boys should purloin the fruit. They now owned over fifty thrifty trees, in bearing condition, in a neighborhood where pillage was unknown—a graceful arbor covered with a fresh and budding grapevine clustered over it—beautiful rose-bushes and rare plants bordered many beds, which the taste of the former proprietor had embellished in those hours when, vacillating between health and illness, the hands naturally seek employment to divert the mind; and thus many an avenue bore marks of skill and taste, an invalid's cunning device.

And here, too, was a lovely landscape! Yonder is a steep hill; at its base, flows a gentle river; the banks are covered with wild flowers; there is a plain, and upon each side are the habitations which vary as do the occupants' circumstances. Some of them are fanciful—others chaste and neat; but all are occupied by cheerful tenants, who exhibit neither envy nor a false show of life—who scramble for no distinctions, and many of whom would refuse the blaze of the diamond, rather than be refused the rays of the sun.

And that sun—how sweetly it shone in through undraped windows! How it reflected its silver shimmer upon the miniature lake and placid river! How it crept in and helped the little struggling heliotrope to flower and impart its dewy fragrance, such as no perfume can fully develop! And there was no hindrance to the diffusive genial warmth. No high brick walls here intercepted its broad rays—no closed shutters, lest the bright tapestry should be faded—but a clear, Canton straw carpet and bamboo furniture gave a light, cool and summer-like attraction, which disposed one to linger and look out

upon the arching trellis where the clustering grape grew so profusely, and through whose interstices the flower-garden and the thrifty vegetable one, beyond, were a rich compensation for those bouquets which from their green-house, in their late city home, were often arranged for their drawing-rooms; they decayed—but *here*, nature kindly kept a perpetual bloom while the season lasted. The gentle showers, the moist dew, the early sunbeams, and the careful removal of tiny weeds which gave healthful exercise, as well as imparted a cultivated and tasteful appearance, made the new home stand in no painful contrast with the old one. *There* was art—*here* was nature; and to whose pencilling do we give the preference?

The children wondered why the rose faded upon their mother's cheek, and why the long sigh was heard, instead of the jocund laugh? Well, it takes a great while to get initiated into the causes of some sorrows. Mrs. Ellery had met with a reverse for which she had not prepared herself. She had calculated, with great pride, upon her daughters being “eligibly settled;” she had promised her son upon leaving college three years of foreign travel; she had expected to go abroad herself; her aim had ever been to move in fashionable circles; her cottage looked small; her neighbors knew little of the *hauteurs* of aristocratic circles; and yet, to Mrs. Ellery's own confession, their conversation was quite as agreeable, and left a better impression, as they felt no anxiety about being “eclipsed,” nor a vanity that their daughters should be reckoned the belles of the season. Somehow, nature seems to adapt herself to the wants of the inexperienced. She never makes coxcombs but in the flower which we have thus named, and there are a thousand carnations and roses and blue violets to one gaudy blossom.

But how should time be here profitably employed? Strange as it might appear, the labor of one domestic fully supplied all their wants; fashion, in this little neighborhood, had imposed no tyrannical customs; social calls were made in the afternoons or evenings; no showy dresses were worn—and yet there was not the absence of what we call “good society.” People of cultivation and refinement discussed subjects which the fashionable have no time to think about; and the pure and simple enjoyments and employments gave to the young city ladies a charm for engaging in pleasures to which they had hitherto been strangers.

They soon found that their accomplishments could be turned to a practical use. The eldest Miss Ellery taught music, and was delighted with



the occupation; the younger assisted the principal in the village academy. And yet they found, while "earning a living," that they were growing in the confidence and respect of the first society! And what followed? Just what we have again and again witnessed, that those who surmount difficulties, and cheerfully meet trials, soon secure a reward. The young clergyman who was colleague to the venerable pastor in the village, was completely charmed with Ada, and the principal of the academy with Selina—and both were promising and talented young gentlemen. An engagement followed; and although Mrs. Ellery could offer no objections, yet she did hope her daughters would have been more "eligibly connected."

There was a pride in her heart which for a long time refused to bow but at fashion's shrine; yet she at length was made to feel, as life wore on, that the only true and permanent satisfaction flows from an acquiescence in meeting present duties and trials so that they will conduce to our future well-being, and, as might have been expected, the light of a living example in her prospective son-in-law could not be resisted. She became a happy believer in the truths of a Christianity whose good works were combined with true faith, and a new radiance shone out of her sad experience. Mr. Ellery, by the kindness of his creditors, is going on in business in a circumscribed way, and John, the once rakish collegian, is really thinking of studying divinity.

#### A SOLDIER OF THE LORD.

No man fought better than Cromwell's "Independents," who smote the Philistines hip and thigh none the less stoutly, because they read the Bible and prayed to the Lord of hosts. Much of their spirit fell to their descendants on this side of the Atlantic, and the preachers of our revolutionary times often remind us of those of the Puritan commonwealth of England. Dr. Sprague, in his "Annals of the American Pulpit," relates the following anecdote: "Soon after the burning of Falmouth, now Portland, August, 1775, a recruiting officer went to Harpswell to raise volunteers. Unsuccessful in his efforts, one Sabbath morning he met Mr. Eaton, on his way to the meeting-house, laid the case before him, urging him to speak to the people on the subject. 'Sir,' said the pastor, 'it is my communion Sabbath, and I must not introduce secular subjects during the day. I will think of the matter, and see what I can do. Perhaps I will invite the people to assemble in front of the meeting-house at sun down.' After service he went home and opened his Bible to see what he could find adapted to the case. His eyes fell on this passage—Jeremiah 48:10—'Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.' At sundown the people gathered, and, with these words as a text, Mr. Eaton addressed them from the horse block (still standing). That night forty volunteered for the service required."

#### DIRGE OF LOVE.

BY MARY WARLAND.

Where shines the star of thy destiny,  
Noble youth?

No longer o'er the azure sea  
It floateth on in majesty;  
Quenched is its light in eternity,  
Vision of truth?

Where sounds the harp of thy minstrelsy,  
Gifted one?

Are æolian strains now sung by thee?  
Is spherical music thy harmony?  
With the seraph choir O, canst thou be,  
In the world unknown?

O say, in thy clime still dost thou weep,  
Mourner of earth?  
Doth holy love thy heart yet steep,  
In its dreamy waves—as pure—as deep—  
As erst did o'er thy spirit sweep,  
In mystic mirth?

No longer o'er the emerald lea  
Thy lute tones swell so light and free,  
There the night bird chants a dirge for thee,  
My stricken dove.

Had earth no ties to bind thee here,  
That thou shouldst seek a brighter sphere?  
I list, thy answering voice to hear,  
My spirit love.  
The grassy lea in silence sleeps,  
And mournful meaning, weeps,  
Thou art above!

#### THE RUFFLES.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"It is no use, Mrs. Ruffle, I am determined never to do an act of kindness again!"

Ruffle was eminently known as a good-natured man, always ready with an open hand to assist his fellows. If one of his townsmen was in pecuniary difficulty, who but the magnanimous Ruffle could relieve him, or rather would do so? Like many others who find it hard to use the word "no," he was sometimes imposed upon, and on such occasions vowed with considerable vehemence that he would never place himself in a position to be victimized again.

He was an exceedingly pleasant-looking man, usually, but when he entered his house that morning, his countenance wore a most ferocious expression. An unoffending chair, which happened to be in his way, was very unceremoniously kicked across the room, and then noting the astonishment of his wife, he quietly picked it up, tossed his hat upon the table, and seating himself, gave vent to the exclamation with which we have abruptly opened our sketch.

"Why, Mr. Ruffle, what is the matter?" inquired his wife.

"Matter!" he ejaculated; and in order to give the word a proper emphasis, he struck fiercely at the table. But as the hat—a new one, by the way—happened to be within the circuit of the descending blow, it bore the full weight, which was decidedly a crusher.

"Well, you have done it now."

"I believe I have, Sally; but who would have thought of the hat being exactly in that place?"

"Why, you put it there yourself."

"Did I? Well, I think I did; but after all, it is only my luck."

"Your luck is more sinned against than sinning, Robert. The fact is, if you were more of a careful man, and less precipitate, you would find your luck, as you call it, very like other people's."

"I don't know about that, but if ever there was an unlucky man, then I am one. Even a minister can enjoy the luxury of pounding his pulpit until he raises a dust sufficient to sneeze his whole congregation, in enforcing his arguments; but I, forsooth, cannot give force to a single exclamation without smashing my hat, or bringing the house about my ears."

"You forget how you entered the house."

"That was because I was in a deuced passion, and if anybody is justified in indulging in that sort of thing, why I am, under existing circumstances."

"Pray, what has occurred?"

"You remember Simpkins, that sleek, smooth-faced—no matter what, whom I loaned, last week, two hundred dollars, to set him up in business?"

"Yes, a very worthy young man, and I am surprised to hear you speak thus of him."

"You are? Perhaps you will be more so, presently, when I tell you that the scamp, in all probability, sailed yesterday for California and has left me to whistle for my money."

"Who would have thought it?"

"Served me right—fool that I was!—for trying to assist him. What had I to do with Simpkins, or he with me, that I should busy myself about his affairs? No, Sally, I am resolved never to perform a generous act again."

"Yes you will."

"We shall see. I want you to understand that I am not willing to remain a public sponge for every one to squeeze according to their liking. I have acted in that capacity quite long enough already."

"Not quite so bad as that, Robert, for you

will allow that our wealth is constantly increasing, and this would hardly happen if, in our endeavors to assist our fellows, we were constantly the victims of their imposition."

"There is some truth in what you say, but a few more such losses would make an uncomfortable hole in our income; besides, such swindling provokes me more than the money is worth. At all events, I am determined not to be caught again."

"An occasional wrong should not make us close our hearts against all sympathy."

"Sally, you know that I have lost thousands in my foolish endeavors to assist those about me."

"Still, Providence has wonderfully blessed us, and we yet have enough and to spare. In prosperity, we should not forget that we enjoy our present position solely by the disinterested assistance we received in early life."

"True, Jack Newcomb was the making of me. We were poor enough, before he established me in business; but now I would give a cool thousand for one hearty shake of his hand. I fear I shall never have that pleasure."

"It is long since we have heard from him."

"More than ten years have passed since we received his last letter."

"What can have become of him?"

"I know not, unless he has gone to his long home, where in a few years, at most, we must follow him."

"But in that case his wife would have notified you, knowing, as she must, of your intimacy."

"I should have thought so, certainly. But on the other hand, if he is living, it must be in altered circumstances, for I know Jack so well, that if by any mishap he has lost his property his deuced pride would make him conceal it from his friends; and as for assistance, he would sooner die than ask it."

"He married a foreign lady—did he not?"

"No, an American—the daughter of a poor artist who was pursuing his art at Florence. There they were united, and there they resided, you remember, when we last heard from them."

At that moment, the door was softly opened, and a handsome face obtruded itself.

"Ah, Bob—you scamp!" exclaimed Mr. Ruffle; "what has brought you so early, this morning?"

"My two feet performed that duty for me, I believe, my good uncle."

"I am not so sure of that, my sage nephew; didn't you borrow somebody's horse without leave?"

"No, uncle; but I will take one of yours upon my return, if it is all the same to you."

"Will you!"

"Certainly—and thank you in the bargain for your kind offer. The fact is, that I anticipated no less, and therefore told John to saddle black Kate for me, so as to save you the trouble of giving the order."

"Well, of all impudent—"

"Don't flatter, Uncle Robert, for I haven't the time to listen, being here on important business."

"What business can you have, except that of raising the very—"

"Not exactly that individual, but only a certain sum of money for one of my friends."

"Ah, money—is it? And how much does our disinterested nephew want?"

"A thousand dollars will answer, I think."

"A thousand dollars! what in the deuce do you take me for, sir?"

"A kind, rich uncle, who is always ready to help the unfortunate. But to be serious, sir—you know the Lake family, who came here some three years since?"

"But precious little do I know of them, they have kept so confounded close."

"Well, sir, when they came here, you remember they bought their cottage of Gripe, the lawyer, for twenty-five hundred dollars—"

"A thousand more than it was worth."

"True, uncle; but they paid him fifteen hundred dollars, and he allowed the balance to remain on mortgage. Their time is now up, and he threatens to foreclose immediately, unless the money is forthcoming. Mr. Lake is a stranger here, and apparently friendless, and knows not how to avert this calamity."

"If report is true, you are not altogether a stranger to them. I have heard that the daughter has some claims to personal beauty, and that Master Robert Ruffle is often seen there. Come, Bob, now tell me—you know I hate duplicity—did not the woman send you upon this errand?"

"Upon my word, sir—no! She has never alluded to her circumstances in my presence, nor has her daughter. It was only by accident that I learned of their embarrassment and overheard the threats of old Gripe."

"Well, it is certainly a hard case, but I cannot help them."

"You surely do not mean that, uncle."

"But I do, though. If you had come last evening, perhaps I might have been fool enough to have listened to you; but this morning I have heard of that affair of Simpkins, and I am resolved in future to attend to my own affairs and let the unfortunate take care of themselves. It is useless to plead, nephew, for I am firm on that point as the rock of Plymouth."

"Then Heaven help them!" exclaimed the young man; and sorely disappointed, he left the house—not even taking his favorite, "black Kate."

Mr. Ruffle sat for some time uneasily in his chair, not noticing the calm, expressive glance which his wife directed upon him, and which seemed to read his innermost thoughts. At length he rose abruptly, caught up his hat—which in the hands of his careful spouse had resumed something of its former appearance, while he had been engaged with his nephew—and said:

"Sally, I believe I will walk as far as the village, for I have a little business to attend to this morning."

The good lady smiled, but made no reply. She was confident that she knew what that business was. When he passed out, observing that his nephew had not taken the horse, he quietly leaped into the saddle, and in a few minutes was at the door of Widow Lake's cottage.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said, as he entered, "but I have come to offer you my services to aid you in the adjustment of your affairs, which I accidentally learned were perplexing you a little."

His advance was very gratefully received. Conversation ensued, and the refined, graceful manners of the lady greatly pleased him. Her daughter Rose, whom he was compelled to acknowledge as very beautiful, was busily engaged in coloring a large engraving. The order and neatness which prevailed everywhere within, gave their little cottage an air of comfort which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of anything like poverty.

Having asked permission to see her deed and the papers relating to her purchase, Mrs. Lake passed into another room, which seemed to be their sleeping apartment, in order to obtain them. As his gaze followed her, through the open door he beheld a picture which brought him upon his feet in an instant.

"Where, madam," he exclaimed, "did you obtain that painting?"

"It is a poor work of my own, when life wore a brighter prospect than it does now."

"And you know the subject?"

"O, yes!" answered the lady, as her eyes filled with tears and she leaned upon a chair for support.

"Mrs. Lake, I will give you one thousand dollars for that portrait, which is the exact counterpart of a dear friend of mine of whom for many years past I have been unable to obtain any intelligence."

"Your liberal offer overwhelms me with gratitude; but pardon me if I cannot bring my mind to the consent of parting with it except with life."

"He must, then, have been a dear friend of yours, to be so affectionately cherished."

"Alas, sir, I will conceal it no longer from you—he was my husband!"

"What! Jack Newcomb your husband! Excuse me, madam—I cannot help it," he said, embracing her heartily and then kissing the fair girl; "but I shall never forgive you for not making this known to me sooner. Poor Jack, then, is no longer among the living!"

"He left us some five years since. You know, Mr. Ruffle, he was a very proud man, and the unfortunate speculation which involved his property, preyed so terribly upon his mind, that he sank beneath the weight of disappointment. During the last hours of his life, he mentioned your name frequently, and made me promise that if ever I was reduced to extremity, to apply to you. You will pardon a little native pride of my own, if I have lived in this place under an assumed name and have refrained from making you acquainted with these facts sooner."

"Not a word, my dear friend—for so I must call you—but give me your papers, for we must despatch this business with Gripe, the confounded usurer, and then you shall see whether Bob Ruffle cannot be your friend as well as your husband's."

In the passage of old Time, we must stop to record that the Newcombs found themselves literally surrounded with the luxuries of life, despite of their endeavors to repel the profuse generosity of their friend Ruffle. His nephew also persuaded Rose to enter with him into an unlimited partnership in the great affairs of life, and Mr. Ruffle declared that it was the happiest moment of his life when he saw the happy family comfortably bestowed in an elegant cottage, which he had presented his nephew.

#### CORN FOR FUEL.

A farmer about 150 miles south of Chicago got out of coal, and as the roads were in a bad condition, he thought he would try the virtue of corn in the ear to supply the place of coal. It worked so well that subsequently he purchased a load of coal and tried it by measure in contrast with the corn; and the experiment developed the fact that the corn fuel was the cheapest and the best. The corn and the coal were worth the same price per bushel, thirty cents each, and the corn went the furthest and made the cleanest and best fire. —Chicago Herald.

Johnson used to say that perfect literary style was like the atmosphere—the medium for seeing things correctly, but itself invisible.

#### THE DEPARTED.

BY FANNY B. M.

I stood upon a rocky cliff,  
One lovely summer day,  
And watched a speck upon the sea,  
That bore fond hearts away.

The very things of earth we love,  
Are soonest to depart;  
And ere we cherish friendship's love,  
A wound's inflicted in our heart.

Two gallant hearts have crossed the sea,  
Left all that's dear behind;  
Their images are yet kept fresh,  
Enshrined within a faithful mind.

A faithful heart of purest love,  
None other beats more true;  
To one a life-long vow I made,  
For love, esteem, devotion too.

But many changes cross the heart,  
The ocean's deep and wide;  
Death may claim us as his own,  
Ere we again stand side by side.

But faith in God is firm and strong,  
"He doeth all things well;"  
Look thou above, unhappy ones,  
Misery and distrust dispel.

#### THE CLAIRVOYANT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It is necessary for me to give no explanation of my rank and occupation in life as connected with the tale I am about to relate, further than that I am a lawyer of extensive practice, residing and doing business in the inland city of B—. For the month preceding the date of the following events, I had been striving with all my legal skill to gain the acquittal of a noted forger, whose cause I had advocated at first from a belief in his innocence, and after I had even become convinced of his guilt, I had persevered, instigated by a certain pride of never losing a cause. But all my efforts were doomed to disappointment, for the fellow was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in spite of my endeavors, which all my friends told me were "worthy of a better cause." However, at that period I was in no mood for the kind offices of consoling friends, and upon the spur of the moment I departed silently for the seaside home of my friend and old associate, Mark Fields.

Mark was what people often call a "gentleman of elegant leisure," which term, I have observed, is generally applied by the envious to those who have won by their own efforts the means and appliances for enjoying that leisure.

He was the owner of a lovely place, situated in full sight of the sea, with gardens and wooded grounds stretching all around. His disposition was strikingly illustrated in the location of his home, and his favorite pursuits. He chose this spot, he often told me, because the roar of the ocean harmonized with his mood; and this was true, for his principal occupation seemed to me to be the study and contemplation of the sea. He certainly could not be termed a misanthrope, for I can bear witness that he was a devoted friend; but he belonged to that class of men who seek the grand and sublime, the solemn and the melancholy, rather than the beautiful and the pleasant in nature. Such being his disposition, the reader will be prepared to believe me when I say that he was a clairvoyant. And what was most singular, he never professed a belief in the mysteries of clairvoyance, and often seemed to exhibit and feel as much astonishment as his friends, whenever any of his visions of absent occurrences were discovered to be true. He appeared a perfect enigma; he lived in a world of his own, and he rarely came back to commonplace affairs.

Upon my arrival I instantly discovered that some unusual occurrence had compelled him to throw off his natural gloom, and to assume an appearance of cheerfulness which I thought bespoke a change. The secret soon leaked out; the day after my arrival he confided to me the fact that he was deeply in love, and shortly to be married! I was incredulous, and refused to believe until he had assured me many times of his sincerity. At the same time that I expressed my wonder, I took occasion to encourage him in his resolution, and assured him of my belief that it would be the means of redeeming him from his gloominess and making a new being of him.

He went on to tell me that some six months before, a vessel was driven by a heavy gale upon the rocks, almost in sight of his house, and but two persons had escaped—the captain, who was the sole owner of the vessel and cargo, and his sister, a lady of twenty summers. With the loss of his ship, the young captain, Henry Musgrove by name, had lost his whole fortune, and anticipated many years of hard toil ere he could see his prospect so fair as when the unlucky gale had stripped him of his all. At this juncture he became acquainted with my friend Mark, and the latter, admiring the noble qualities which he soon discovered in Captain Musgrove, resolved to replace his loss, and befriend him in his hour of great need. His generous assistance was gratefully received, a new ship was built, and a new cargo placed on board, and Captain Musgrove

again found himself in a prosperous condition. His gratitude to his benefactor was unbounded, and he refused to look upon the ship and cargo as anything but a loan, which he was to repay with interest. But while the new ship was in process of construction, the captain and his sister made their home with Mark, at his earnest request, and the latter being brought into daily contact with the lovely Ella Musgrove, learned first to respect, then to admire, and finally to love with ardent devotion the sister of his new friend. He was made happy upon finding his passion returned, and would fain have prevailed upon her to appoint an early day for their union; but as Henry had assured her that if he should be successful in disposing of his cargo, he should be placed beyond the necessity of making any more voyages, she resolved to brave with him for the last time the perils of the deep, and then hope for many years of happiness with Mark. Her brother tried to dissuade her from accompanying him and to induce her to fall in with the wishes of Mark; but she was firm in her resolve, and her brother and lover reluctantly consented to her plan. A tearful leave-taking had been held, and two days before my coming, the Adventurer, as Captain Musgrove had named his ship, had sailed from the little sea-port near which the residence of Mark Fields was situated, carrying the hopes and fears of my friend in her keeping.

Although the greater part of his abstraction and melancholy had vanished, his disposition and habits were of too long duration to be easily thrown off, even with the aid of such bright hopes as he had of his future. In our walks along the beach, I noticed that he still crossed his hands behind him, and bent his eyes to the sand, raising them only to take a survey of the ocean. But in other places he showed more cheerfulness, and even sometimes exchanged his favorite Byron, for Moore, and it was with astonishment that I surprised him one day in the very act of reading a newspaper. He smiled and commenced a light conversation which evidently exhilarated and refreshed him. I remarked to him that I supposed he was now free from clairvoyant influences, and need never expect to see any more visions. His deportment instantly changed, and he became grave and almost sorrowful.

"I have always experienced a slight depression of feeling," he remarked, "immediately, or a short period before entering into my clairvoyant state, and what is most singular, if I am to see anything sorrowful or awful, this depression lasts longer than if the vision is to be one of good. Last night I was seized with these symptoms,

and they continued so long a time that I fear evil is to happen to some of my friends, possibly to Ella."

This idea increased his dejection, and he could not restrain the tear of foreboding distress which rolled down his cheek. I hastened to comfort him, and strove to dispossess his mind of the shadows which were falling about it. I partially succeeded, and he became once more cheerful.

As was his custom, he sat in his parlor after twilight had faded from the west, without lights. Thinking to divert him, and noticing that the moon was up and the evening pleasant, I proposed a moonlight stroll on the beach. He assented, and we left the house together. We paced up and down the hard sand for an hour, and he laid open to me all his plans for the future, in which she who was absent bore the greater part. The chill sea-breeze at length warned us to return to the house, and we turned to take another look at the ocean, whose surface was then as smooth as that of a mirror. I had directed his attention to the beautiful appearance of the moon's rays upon the water, and he had been regarding it for some moments, when I looked at him and saw to my surprise, that his face was as pale as death, his arm was extended, and his finger pointed towards the open sea, while he leaned his other arm heavily upon my shoulder for support. The very frightfulness of his silence kept me still for a moment, but I roused myself and said:

"What is it, Mark? What are you looking at?"

"There," said he, "see that ship!"

"What ship?"

"Look," he continued, as if he had not heard my question, "how white the foam from that long line of breakers is! Hear how they roar, and dash, and what terrible rocks those are which lie beyond! And that ship still keeps on with all sails set, and in three minutes she must be wrecked upon those fatal shallows!" Are they all mad, or asleep! O, Heaven, save her, save her! it is the *Adventurer*! See now how all the sailors crowd up from the hold, but too late! She has struck and parted in the middle, and the waves wash the miserable crew overboard, and O, where is Ella!"

His strength left him, and he would have fallen to the earth had I not sustained him, and with the help of one of the servants who had accompanied us, I bore him to the house. He was instantly put to bed, and everything was done to bring back suspended animation, but in vain. He seemed to have fallen into a death-like stupor. His extremities were cold and stiff, and his face was pale and corpse-like. Once a broken sen-

tence escaped his lips, but no other sign of life was apparent for many days. Physicians were called, but their unanimous opinion was that the case was one of strong mental excitement, and must take its course. He might recover, but it was more than doubtful. His hold on life was slender, and they could not "minister to a mind diseased."

This occurrence operated strangely upon me. I was then, and had always been a skeptic in relation to clairvoyance, and had regarded my friend's frequent fits as something which was connected with his habit of mind, and which sometimes were true by accident. But the solemn circumstances under which this vision of Mark's had occurred, and its strange and fearful effect on him inclined me somewhat to believe it true. In addition to this, I remembered that he had told me but a short time previous in relation to the feelings which he always considered as forerunners of one of these states of second sight. Had this vision upon the beach been seen by any other person than Mark, I should have thought it a mental disorder of some kind, but knowing as I did the antecedents of my friend, I was left in perplexing doubt. However, I resolved to doubt still further until I should receive the news of the wreck of the *Adventurer* (and I most devoutly hoped to be left in doubt of it if I could solve my doubts no other way), and in the meantime I applied myself most diligently to compass Mark's recovery. My efforts were partially successful, for he constantly grew better in body, but in mind he was weak and ill. He was stricken down suddenly, but the blow was a heavy one, and at times I almost despaired of his recovery.

One day, about two months after that fatal moonlight night upon the beach, I was sitting by his bedside, and saw with pleasure that he had fallen into an easy sleep, and that his breathing was deep and regular. During this time we had heard not one word concerning the *Adventurer*, and acting upon the proverb that "no news is good news," I had explained with some success to Mark, that if any shipwreck had occurred we should have heard of it before this time. I looked at him a moment as he slept, and thought that perhaps I had commenced in the right way, and I resolved to continue it. A recent newspaper lay upon the table, and I reached it and removed the wrapper. Unfolding it, my eye rested upon a paragraph, the heading of which caused a chill to penetrate my whole frame, and my heart to beat almost audibly. Well it might, for the fate of Mark Fields lay in that simple paragraph. Collecting my scattered senses, I read as follows:

"MARINE DISASTER! Loss of the ship *Ad-*

venturer!—We have to chronicle the most disastrous shipwreck of the year. The ship *Adventurer*, commanded by Captain Musgrove, was driven ashore near Cape Sable on the night of June 15th, and remained a total wreck. Not a soul survived to tell the tale! A ship homeward bound passed by just before the *Adventurer* struck, but on account of the high sea, she could offer no relief. We have been unable to learn from what port the *Adventurer* sailed, but she is believed to have carried a valuable cargo. No further information can be gained concerning the wreck, and none can be hoped for, unless it should happen that some person on board was saved, which is extremely unlikely."

I turned my eyes as if mechanically to the bed, and saw that Mark was awake and regarding me with a look of eager interest. But his expression of hope vanished as he saw my countenance, and covering his face with his hands he said:

"Thy will be done!"

From this time he sank gradually. I could hold out no false hopes to him, for I knew it would be worse than folly. I was well aware that Captain Musgrove's vessel had sailed for Rio Janeiro, and the mention of Cape Sable left no room for doubt. I sympathized fully with Mark in his great bereavement, but I could not help thinking over the wonderful manner in which that shipwreck had been described by Mark while in his clairvoyant state upon that night—the very 15th of June on which the paper had said the vessel had been wrecked! Then I remembered every detail which he had mentioned; the striking of the ship, the death of the sailors, all was corroborated by the report of the actual occurrence! At least, I resolved that it was mysterious if nothing more.

Mark slowly but surely failed. His strength seemed all gone, and he approached the grave with rapid steps. He spoke but little, being wholly bound up in the contemplation of his grief. One day when he seemed more conscious than usual, he said:

"Walter, was it on Cape Sable that the *Adventurer* was wrecked?"

"Yes;" I answered.

I thought a moment and then said, "Surely there are two. One is at the extremity of Florida, the other at the south of Nova Scotia."

A ray of hope came to me from this recollection, and I glanced at Mark, but he mournfully shook his head and relapsed into silence.

And now his end seemed drawing nigh. The winter had passed, and the soft wind blowing in at the open window spoke the presence of May. I had been thinking for some moments, when I said: "Mark, it is a year to-day since I came."

"Ah," said he, "is it not most time for the *Adventurer* to return?"

I walked to the window to conceal my emotion, and a strange hope came to my heart as I saw the gate at the extremity of the lawn open, and a lady and gentleman walk up the path towards the house. I returned to my seat, wondering what could be the cause of that feeling, when a step sounded lightly on the gravel walk in front of the house. Mark raised his head inquiringly, but I had no explanation to offer. None was needed, for a female entered hastily, and without noticing me, went to the bed. The sick man unclosed his eyes, and with the exclamation, "Ella," fainted.

Reader, it was no miracle. To the most intricate affair there is sometimes the simplest explanation. The *Adventurer* had made safe passages, the only difficulty being a long detention at Rio in order that Captain Musgrove might dispose of his cargo to good advantage.

What, then, did the news of the shipwreck mean? Simply that the English ship *Adventurer* had been wrecked off Cape Sable to the southern point of Nova Scotia, which two facts had been omitted in the newspaper. This *Adventurer*, too, to complete the coincidence, was commanded by Captain Musgrove, whom Henry supposed to be a distant relation of his.

The sequel might be easily anticipated. Mark had been given up for a dead man, but the cause of his prostration being removed, he concluded that it was his duty to recover as fast as possible which he accordingly did. A wedding took place shortly after, and Mark's beautiful house no longer wanted a mistress to preside over and regulate it. Captain Musgrove had realized sufficient from his voyage to warrant his giving up of the sea-faring life, and pursuing a business more in accordance with his tastes, while I returned to the city, bearing the grateful acknowledgments of Mark and Ella, for my care of him.

I have since understood that Mark has no more clairvoyant visions. Whether this results from the companionship of one who is calculated to dispel the gloom from his mind, or whether his last vision had the effect of curing him of clairvoyance, I am unable to say. Furthermore, the reader must decide whether his last and almost fatal vision, the actual occurrence of which would seem to confirm it, was the accidental result of a morbid state of mind, or the expression of something within, where the scene was mysteriously daguerretyped.

The parent who would train up his child in the way he should go, must go in the way he would train up his child. Example before precept.

## Curious Matters.

### Ready-made Shirts.

According to Humboldt there is a tree in the South Sea Islands which produces ready-made shirts. The natives cut off pieces of the tree about two feet long, from which they draw off the fibrous bark as boys draw off the bark of chestnuts to make whistles. Each man selects a tree near his own diameter, so that the shirt may be a good fit. When the bark is off, they cut a hole in each side to admit his arms. The shirts do not require any washing, starching and ironing, and a more convenient article for loafers could not be imagined. The same country produces bread fruit, so that a fellow can get his board and clothes gratis.

### Interesting Relics.

The San Francisco Bulletin gives the names of a large number of old vessels which have been broken up at that port, and remarks: "The histories connected with these old vessels would be highly interesting, some of them romantic, some sublime. One of them, for instance, the *Cadmus*, was the vessel in which the patriot Lafayette came to America on his famous visit. Another, the *Plover*, was familiar to the world as the ship which entered the Northern seas through Behring's Straits in the great search after Sir John Franklin, and remained among those icy regions for four or five years."

### Patchouly.

The origin of the use of Patchouly as a perfume in Europe and America is curious. A few years ago, real Indian Cashmere shawls bore an extravagant price, and purchasers could always distinguish them by their odor; in fact, they were perfumed with patchouly. The French manufacturers had for some time successfully imitated the Indian fabric, but could not impart the odor. At length they discovered the secret, and imported the plant to perfume articles of their make, and thus palm off homespun shawls for real Indian.

### The Sharpshooter of the Sea.

The little fish (*Chelmon rostratus*) frequents the shores and sides of the sea and rivers in search of food; when it spies a fly sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of four, five or six feet, and then, with surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails striking the fly into the sea, when it soon becomes its prey.

### An odd Fish.

Sir John Richardson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, stated that a small fish, resembling a carp, had been found in a marsh in the Red Sea, and near the supposed site of Sodom. There could be no doubt that this little fish had come out of the Red Sea, and, as there were similar fishes in the Mediterranean sea, the theory that those two seas were once connected was thus confirmed.

### Curious Accident.

The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette says: A steer belonging to Mr. Correll, distiller, near Lambertville, broke all his legs at once, under the following singular circumstances. The cattle had been changed from one enclosure to another when the one alluded to, feeling a little frisky, jumped up to such a height, that coming to the ground, his legs were all broken by the weight of his body.

### Singular Transformation.

A gentleman in Baltimore has a canary's egg turned to stone. He says that some months since, one of the finest singers, after sitting the usual length of time, left her nest and refused to return to it. The gentleman took the only egg he found in it, and carefully wrapped it up in cotton. Some days since, he accidentally came across the egg and was astonished to find it had turned to stone, or at least to a substance of the same hardness. It is in no way diminished in size, but apparently increased in weight, and is altogether quite a curiosity.

### Painful Accident.

Mrs. Chase, wife of John Chase, of Kensington, N. H., recently met with a singular and painful accident, while watering a horse. She was leading the horse back to the stable, with the halter somehow tied around her thumb, and when she had entered the building, the door swung to with violence, leaving her within and the animal on the outside. The horse was frightened and ran, taking off her thumb, and drawing the chords from her arm up to the elbow.

### A Fast City.

A St. Paul paper says: "Some ground was leased on Third Street, just above our office, on Wednesday, a contracted entered into for a building on Thursday, the building was commenced on Friday, framed on Saturday, rested on Sunday, was raised on Monday, and fell down on Tuesday afternoon—all in the space of five days!"

### A Curiosity.

The Genoa Ivory crucifix, which the monk Carlo Antonio Perenti carved in his cell at Genoa, and which subsequently came into the possession of C. Edwards Lester—who made a public exhibition of it—is to be placed in the new church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Philadelphia.

### Ingenious Invention.

A series of ladders, arranged like the leaves of an extension table, so that they can be run up to the top of the highest buildings by ropes and pulleys, has been invented, and is gaining much favor in New York as a means of saving human life at fires.

### Origin of the Word "Bridegroom."

Groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given the new-married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding-day.

### Peculiar Superstition.

One of the superstitions prevailing in Devonshire, England, is that any individual neglecting to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season will have ill luck throughout the year.

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### Geographical Discovery.

The Okefenoke Swamp in Georgia appears to be nothing more than a dry swamp, after all. It is thought that by reclaiming it, thousands of acres of valuable cotton land will be obtained for cultivation.



## The Florist.

For all-forgotten be those humbler flowers—  
Daisies and buttercups—the child's first love,  
Which lent their magic to our gulleless hours,  
Ere cares were known,  
O, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,  
With wild flowers strewn.—T. L. MARSH.

### Passion Flower.

The crimson passion flower is the most showy of all the passion flowers, but it is strictly a green-house plant, and requires proper management. It is to be placed in a large pot of rich compost, and this sunk to the rim in an open border early in summer. It will grow ten feet the same season, and bloom profusely by the first of autumn.

### Rose-Talk.

The old traditions are, that the rose sprung from the blood of Adonis—that it was white and scentless till Venus trod upon one of its thorns, and, with her blood, gave it color and scent. There is a poetical tradition, that Cupid gave color to the "blush rose" by holding it to Psyche's cheek.

### Hot Water for Plants.

A writer in the Boston Cultivator recommends watering plants with water quite hot to the touch. The writer says he has freshes now in bloom, mere cuttings about six inches in height, not one falling out of seven, or even more cuttings, planted in a single pot and watered with hot water.

### Flower Cuttings.

Cuttings of flower stalks, such as scarlet lychnis, should be done in May, June, and July. Take cuttings from the youngest flower stems, and plant them carefully in nice mould, like pipings. These flower cuttings should be in lengths of four joints each. They root in two months.

### A Cranberry Border.

It has been suggested that instead of box, cranberries may be used as a border in gardens. Such a border could be perfected in a few years, and each rod in length would yield annually one peck of cranberries worth at least a dollar.

### Pansies and Violets.

Pansies and violets are very easily propagated by parting the roots when the flowers are past. Pansies are very beautiful flowers; and cuttings of their young shoots will grow very freely if kept moist and shaded for some time. By refreshing the soil every year, you insure large flowers. Pansies and violets bloom early in the spring.

### Grape Vines.

Loosen the earth about their roots and give them manures. Swamp-muck which has been decomposed by the salt and lime mixture, answers a good purpose. Whole bones buried near the roots of grape vines will soon be appropriated, and during the summer rest, a little potash water will hurry up their action.

### Toads.

Don't harm them; they are the best exterminators of insects that prey upon the plants, which are known in the garden. They do no injury themselves, feeding altogether upon bugs.

### Bordering.

There is no part of gardening which requires so much elegance of taste and fancy, as in setting off a border or bed of intermixed flowers to advantage. Observe to diversify the king of flowers, so as to display when in bloom, the greatest possible variety of shades and contrasts.

### Cyclamen.

The foliage of these plants is of a dark green velvet color; and the flowers of the variety *Coum* are of a dark crimson color. Those of the variety *Pericium* are of a delicate French white, tipped with pink, and their fragrance is similar to that of the wild rose.

### Ixia.

These are tender but free-flowering bulbs, producing on their stems, which vary in height from six inches to two feet, very delicate flowers of various colors,—orange, bluish, white, purple, green, crimson, scarlet, and some have two or three colors connected in the same plant.

### Out-door Roses.

Your garden rose bushes have deteriorated and grown poor in color and fruitfulness. They can be revived. Now is the time to dig them up; replant them with fresh new earth added to the roots; trim them carefully, and water with care. They will start anew and bear profusely.

### The Expression of Flowers.

Silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; while the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness.

### Iris, or Flower-de-Luce.

The tuberous-rooted are of various colors, as blue, yellow, brown or spotted; they are easily cultivated, and flower freely in a loose soil, inclining to moisture, if planted in March or April.

### The Star of Bethlehem.

There are about fifty varieties of these bulbs, natives of the Cape of Good Hope. When cultivated in the garden, they produce their flowers early in June.

### Planting Flower Seeds.

As a general rule, the depth of planting flower seeds is to be governed by their size. For instance, the sweet pea and lupine may be planted an inch deep, and so on in proportion.

### Liquid Manure.

A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" says that a fine plantation of young apple trees was killed by being exposed to too much draining of liquid manure from a neighboring barn.

### Dahlias.

If properly kept through the winter, in March or April they will begin to sprout around the old stems or tubers.

### Narcissus.

The species and varieties of this plant are numerous. The double Roman narcissus is very sweet scented.

### The Raspberry.

Laura H. wants to know the floral language of a raspberry sprig, sent to her. It signifies *remorse*.

## The Housewife.

### Wedding Cake.

Four and a half pounds of flour, four and a half pounds of butter, four and a half pounds of sugar, one and a half pounds of stoned box-raisins, one and a half pounds of citron, six and a half pounds of currants, twenty-two eggs; one half ounce of mace, one half ounce of cloves, one half ounce of cinnamon; one gill of wine, one half gill of brandy, one half gill of rose-water, one and a half teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one table-spoonful of molasses.

### Silver Cake.

Stir to a cream one cup of butter with two of sugar; add the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of milk with one-half of a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it, and flour so as to make it as stiff as pound cake. With the flour stir in one tea-spoonful of cream tartar. Flavor as you please with lemon, nutmeg, or rose water.

### First-rate Paste.

Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistency of cream. Then stir in as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves. Boil it to a consistency, stirring all the time. It will keep for a year, and when dry may be softened by water.

### Whitewash that will not rub off.

Mix up half a peckful of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

### To wash Carpets.

Shake and beat it well; lay it upon the floor, and beat it firmly; then with a clean flannel wash it over with a quart of bullock's gall, mixed with three quarts of soft cold water, and rub it off with a clean flannel or house-cloth.

### To Cure a Cough.

Take of boneset as muchas you can grasp in your hand, and two quarts of water; boil it to one quart; add a pint of molasses; let it simmer a few moments, and then set it by to cool. Take one gill three times a day before eating.

### Wine Whay.

To a pint of boiling milk put two glasses of wine; mix it, but do not boil it again; let it stand a few minutes, and strain it through a muslin bag or a very fine sieve. Sweeten it with loaf sugar.

### Chapped Hands.

Instead of washing the hands with soap, employ oatmeal, and after each washing take a little dry oatmeal and rub over the hands, so as to absorb any moisture.

### Jumbles.

Three pounds of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, eight eggs, with a little caraway seed; add a little milk, if the eggs are not sufficient.

### Indian Bread.

One quart of buttermilk, one quart of Indian meal, one quart of coarse flour, one cup of molasses; add a soda and salt.

### Preparing Soups.

The spices used to give flavor to soup should be so blended and nicely proportioned, that no one should in the least predominate over the rest, for in this delicate blending of savors consists the charm of the dish. This faculty can only be acquired by great care and practice.

### Shoes.

Shoes should always be worn a little longer than the feet, so that their length makes the foot look narrow, which is a great beauty. A broad, short foot can never be considered handsome. Tight shoes impair the gait, and a large foot is, at any time, preferable to an awkward mode of walking.

### Mush Waffles.

One pint of Indian meal into smooth, thin mush; when cool add two eggs well beaten; one cup of milk; one spoonful of salt; and flour enough to make the batter the proper consistency for waffles. Bake quickly in well larded waffle irons.

### Tomato Dessert.

Take well-ripened yellow tomatoes, peel them, slice thin, and put them and crushed sugar in alternate layers; let them stand a few hours and serve with rich cream. Most persons who are fond of raw tomatoes relish this dish very highly.

### Seasoning.

Mustard for immediate use should be mixed with a little fresh milk. It is the very best way to prepare it for the table, mixing only sufficient for the hour; this will keep it strong and high flavored.

### A Safeguard.

If the clothes of children, after being washed, are rinsed in clear water, in which an ounce of pulverized alum has been dissolved, it will be very difficult for them to catch fire by accidental contact with the flames.

### Stains on Mahogany.

A preparation for removing stains from mahogany is prepared thus: spirits of salts six parts, salts of lemon one part, mix well; drop a few drops upon the stain and rub until it disappears.

### Burning Oil.

It is poor economy to try to use poor oil for burning. Less in quantity and better quality is what is wanted. Good oil goes sufficiently far in use to make up the difference in price.

### Candles.

Candles improve by keeping a few months, burning better and longer for some considerable age. Those made in cold weather are best, and the box containing them should be kept in a cool place.

### Morning Costume.

The morning costume of a lady should consist of a loose wrapper fastened with a cord and tassel at the waist, and with very plain cuffs and collar.

### Wafers.

One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs beat, one glass of wine, and a nutmeg.

### Invisible Cement.

Dissolve isinglass in spirits of wine by boiling. It will unite broken glass so as to render the crack imperceptible.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE SPRING.

We have just passed the last month of spring, and cold must be the heart that does not rejoice over the manifest resurrection of nature from the deathlike torpor of the colder months. The birds that sing on every branch, the breezes that whisper in the nascent foliage, the insects that chirp in the fallows, and the very frogs, those musical gentlemen in green jackets, such votaries of the hydropathic system, as they pipe in the pools and meadows, set an example of cheerfulness and thanks. Right eloquently does a writer in Putnam touch upon the salient features of this charming month: "We must not forget, among the earliest heralds of spring, the fragrant violet, though it hides itself modestly under banks covered with brushwood and old herbage. It rejoices our heart by the strange contrast of its sweet odor with the rough winds that still sweep through field and forest. Then, indeed, we ask:

'Whence is it that the flow'ret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buried long in winter's vale,  
Yet, soon as spring his mantle hath display'd,  
It flowereth fresh as it should never fade?'

The trees, also, follow the example set them by the humble plants, and unfold, one after another, their youthful beauty. The woods, it is true, do not renew their trees every year, but still they represent, as faithfully as the lesser children of Flora, every change of the seasons. In early spring, the lowly shrubs deck themselves with flowers; honeysuckles cover their neighbors with green garlands; fragrant creepers grasp the rocks and stones, as if to make them also aware of the new reign of love that has just commenced, and the wild cherry-trees change into white, airy clouds. The ash is about the last tree that comes into leaf, and when all others around it smile in the freshness of their spring foliage, it attracts us by its nakedness and by its black knobs of unblown flowers. Thus it forms, as it were, the last link in the chain that binds spring and summer to each other, and waits only at times for the late oak, whose leaves last decay in winter."

We city people are not insensible to the changes that are going on around us. We put on new garments, like the shrubs and trees, much to the delight of those dealers who have been

frantically imploring us in the newspapers to visit their establishments, and placarding every blank wall with confessions of the heart-rending sacrifices they are making to clothe the million. We think no longer of the price of coal or the glories of gas-stoves; we can promenade the malls at something less than a "two-forty" pace, and can watch the rural operations of the city forester with hats lifted from our brows. We, too, have our elm trees, and lindens, and birds and squirrels to look after; ay, and we are to have an agricultural fair and cattle-show in the heart of the city, and shall be, ere long, deep in the discussion of the relative merits of foreign and domestic cattle, and decide the differences of Ayrshires and Alderneys with all the dogmatism of people that know nothing of what they are talking about. Spring is an institution for town as well as country, and as such we rejoice in its advent with all our hearts.

**HIAWATHA'S WOOING.**—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass., has just published a beautiful lithographic engraving, from the late poem of Longfellow's; size of plate, 14 by 18; price, \$1 50, post paid. It makes a fine thing for framing, and is also well adapted for Grecian painting. One so painted in this style may be seen at M. J. Whipple's, 35 Cornhill. Full directions for painting, mixing colors, and how to use them, etc., will be sent by Mr. Tilton on receipt of one stamp to return postage.

**BINDING THE MAGAZINE.**—Save your magazines for binding. We charge but *thirty-eight cents* for binding Ballou's Dollar Monthly in a neat, gilt illumined cover, strong and uniform. Returned in one week.

**INTEMPERANCE.**—There are said to be in London 150,000 habitual drunkards. We find this in a statistical report, though it seems almost incredible.

**SOPHISTRY.**—Sophistry is like a window-curtain—it gives pleasure as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light.

**DREAMING.**—We are near waking when we dream that we dream.

## LOOKING TOO CLOSE.

It is the besetting sin of children to be dissatisfied with an amusing toy, after the first transport of delight is over—a fact perfectly familiar to parents, and one that causes the most intense delight to the manufacturers of mumbo jumbos, jumping-Jacks, Noah's arks, and mole-skin horses. Like the fool in the rhyme, who "ripped open the bellows to see where the wind came from," these juveniles are dissatisfied until they have examined the internal mechanism of their plaything. And to what purpose? After curiosity is satisfied, what avails it that they know the intestines of young elephants and Shetland ponies to be wool or sawdust? Fancy can never again clothe those unhappy shams with life and beauty. Soon the toy-shop becomes a mart of imposition—the dealer a cheat—the glories of youth all false.

Were this unhappy spirit confined to childhood—this perverse inclination to "look too close"—into things—it were well; but just at the age when we need every illusion to gild the stern pathway of reality, to strew it with roses, surround it with rainbow haloes, we persist in the indulgence of curiosity at the expense of pleasure. There are things enough which demand investigation and render it meritorious—the details of business, the mysteries of science, the perplexities of law and politics; but we should take our joys on trust. Into the arena of innocent pleasure, we should carry a confiding spirit. There to be cheated, is positive happiness. But no! we must tear away the veil that hides the face of pleasure and disclose its Mokanna-like deformities.

Why can we not be content with the mimic glories of the stage—its fairies and its fairy bowers, its "cloud-capped towers," its "gorgeous palaces," its heroes and heroines, its red, blue and green flowers, dazzling in their infinite variety? Alas! we are not satisfied till we have seen the reverse of the glittering shield—the shadow to the sunlight, the thorn to the rose—in a word, till we have been "behind the scenes." We must become familiarized with the paint-pots, the ropes and the pullies, the jealousies and bickerings, the hollowness, the misery, the shams and shifts that make up the machinery of popular delusions. After that, good-by to enjoyment in front of the curtain. Vainly do we regret the brief period of satisfaction when shams passed for reality, tinsel for gold, canvass for palaces, and tissue-paper for orient roses. We have been disenchanted. We live in a work-day world, instead of a region of romance. Every one should be content not to "look too close," but to leave something to the imagination.

## A DANGEROUS PET.

A French officer, who has served in Algeria, has brought home with him to Paris a tame hyena, which he leads about the streets in a leash like a lady's poodle. He is in the habit daily of frequenting a coffee-house opposite the St. Michael bridge, bringing his hyena with him—whose docility is well known to the patrons of the establishment. But the other day, having neglected to fasten his hyena securely to the leg of the table at which he was seated, the animal, finding himself at liberty, strayed into the cellar, the door of which happened to be ajar. Two waiters were engaged there in rinsing bottles, and did not notice the intruder at first; but the creature became alarmed, probably at the noise of the bottles, and his presence was indicated by a few growls which sounded far from amiable. The sight of two flaming eyes filled the waiters with alarm, as such a sight did Robinson Crusoe once, and they retreated up the stairs in hot haste, fastening the door behind them. The hyena became furious and made a tremendous racket among the bottles, and finding his way up to the trap-door, used his teeth with commendable activity. Luckily the officer was still in the house, and the animal was liberated and secured without any harm being done. In view of this affair, the municipal administration will probably amend the ordinance against bull-dogs, by placing hyenas in the same category. We knew a showman in New York who, "when the fit was on him," was wont to visit a drinking-saloon with two boa constrictors round his neck, a bald eagle on his shoulder, and a tame leopard at his heels.

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**BREVITY.**—There was never a short sermon that was not better liked for it, nor a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. The Scotch saying is right:

"Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a doing."

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**AN "OLD" ANECDOTE.**—Fabia Dolabella, a Roman lady, saying she was only thirty years of age, Cicero answered: "It must be true, for I have heard it these twenty years." How often have the changes been rung on that old story!

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**BASHFULNESS.**—Women who are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; true modesty is by no means inconsistent with confidence.

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**NO DIFFERENCE.**—There is no difference between buried treasure and concealed knowledge.

## FOUR MILLIONS OF LETTERS!

"About four million letters per annum are exchanged between the United States and Great Britain. What a library these letters would form!"

"Yes—a library indeed! and, allowing the letters average three pages each, they would fill thirty thousand volumes of four hundred pages each! Thirty thousand volumes filled with the hopes, the wishes, the joys, the woes, the plans and purposes of nearly a million of human beings! What a heart-history and brain-history that correspondence of a single year must contain! He who should have the privilege and patience to read through that vast amount of manuscripts would have a perfect knowledge of that mysterious mechanism, the human heart—a knowledge more profound than can be obtained from all the books of all the schoolmen that ever loaded the shelves of libraries with treatises on metaphysics and philosophy. In that unexplored mine, the novelist would find materials richer than the imagination ever conceived. Those fragile missives, secured by a single seal, would unfold tragic tales of deeper interest than ever inspired the Tragic Muse. There would be evidences of attachment pure, high and noble, and burning brighter in the dread ordeal of absence; there would be sorrows "such as press the life out from young bosoms," and joys almost too deep for utterance.

There, too, would be found false words, the coinage of perfidious hearts—professions of love as imponderable as air, the musk of hatred deep and undying. Thousands of letters, with black seals, carrying death, instead of life, to expectant friends. Thousands of letters, like the casket of the Arabian tales, which, opened, gave birth to a huge monster—the pageants of castle-builders, the mirth of children, the devotion of lovers, the schemes of misers; and all this movement and interchange of thought is secret and confidential. The mail-agent, the steamship captain, the many employees, through whose hands this tide of intercommunication flows, know absolutely nothing of the springs they put in motion. They feel not the pulsations of the million hearts that depend upon their fidelity and fortunes. Very little of this vast tide of information ever overflows directly upon the public, though it influences society by its action on individuals. And this whole system, on which we have been commenting, is of modern origin; the interweaving of their silent and invisible links that bind the whole human family together, and permit mind to respond to mind, is a comparatively new creation. The world, a few centuries back, was in Cimmerian darkness, compared to the light it now enjoys.

A BOSTON ENTERPRISE.—It affords us the greatest pleasure to chronicle the deserved success of our townsman M. M. Ballou, Esq., as a publisher. We recently visited his great establishment, No. 22 Winter Street, and were politely shown over the elegant and commodious building he now owns and occupies, and which was erected by and for himself with a special view to his increasing business. A person casually passing, would not imagine that so many mechanical operations were conducted here; no noise issues from it, and yet a powerful steam-engine is at work within, night and day, putting in operation the long lines of power-presses that occupy the basement. Above are the counting, sales and packing rooms, and in the various stories, spacious apartments, devoted to binding, type-setting, designing, engraving, etc., all concentrated under one roof. From this elegant and commodious establishment issue three weekly miscellaneous papers and one monthly magazine, all illustrated, viz., "Ballou's Pictorial and Drawing-Room Companion," "The Flag of our Union," "The Weekly Novelette," and "Ballou's Monthly." These publications are disseminated all over the United States, and large quantities go to South America, to Europe, and to the East. We have very often spoken of the "Pictorial" and the "Flag," and they are too well known to require special notice here. "The Weekly Novelette," a new enterprise, sprang into instant success. The "Dollar Monthly" is really what Mr. B. claims it to be, the *cheapest magazine* in the world. It is edited with ability, filled with brilliant stories, and has a large number of humorous and artistic engravings of the first order of merit. The "Pictorial" is a refined and elegant sheet, and while drawing on the whole world for subjects of illustration, has ever devoted a large space to our own scenery, architecture and events, adding to the world-wide renown of Boston. A fact that reflects the highest credit on Mr. Ballou is, that not one objectionable word ever emanated from his press. Hence his various publications are welcome in the most refined and high-toned family circles. Mr. Ballou's success is owing to his literary ability, his enterprise, his indomitable perseverance and tact, and his strict commercial integrity. What an array of employees he numbers may be gathered from the fact, that to those within the building his pay roll is more than one thousand dollars a week. Mr. Ballou's associate in the editorial department, Mr. Francis A. Durivage, who enjoys a wide reputation as an elegant scholar and a versatile writer, is particularly happy in addressing the popular taste. Mr. Ballou's publishing house is one of the notabilities of the city, and is constantly quoted abroad as an example of Boston enterprise. To strangers, as well as to our own citizens, we will insure a welcome, and the most gentlemanly treatment, in showing the wonderful mechanism of this mammoth establishment, on the part of the proprietor or his assistants, and no one will ever be sorry to have seen the depot from which emanates weekly so many hundred thousand copies of valuable newspaper literature.—*Boston Daily Bee*.

SOMETHING NEW.—Have you seen that "bright particular star," "The Weekly Novelette?" It was an original idea to publish such a paper, and it "takes" with the public amazingly. For sale everywhere at FOUR CENTS per copy.

A HINT.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a friend and a companion.

[C] Ballou's Dollar Magazine is the best periodical in the United States for the price. We give this freely, as our firm conviction, without expectation of other reward than the thanks of those who may be influenced by this notice to subscribe.—*Western Dispatch, Independence, Mo.*

IMMIGRATION.—There is said to be a great rush for Kansas this spring, and that 70,000 persons will soon be added to its population.

## AN AFFLICTING LOSS.

All Paris is in mourning. And what think you, dear reader, is the reason? We will tell you. The great baboon of the Garden of Plants is no more. He died of the same disorder which carried off Miss Camille, over whose woes, as depicted by Miss Heron, the New York ladies have been shedding tears by the gallon for we don't know how many nights in succession—pulmonary consumption. It was a curious and interesting specimen of a tribe that caricatures man with such terrible success. It reached Paris in 1852, and until three months before its death was remarkable for its good nature. It would obey its keeper with alacrity, and would hang around his neck like a child. Three months before it died, its character changed entirely; it was strong enough to overmatch four men. All monkeys become irritable and vicious, as they grow old; and during the last six months of this baboon's life, the keeper was obliged to be constantly on the watch, its attacks of frenzy were so sudden and terrible. Before it fell sick, it devoured everything greedily; but during the last three months of its life, it became capricious. Sometimes it would eat nothing but biscuit; then it required oranges, pomegranates, chickens, and towards the last, it could scarcely be made to touch anything. It is said that at its death the "canine teeth" began to appear. When it died, it had not a single hair left on its body; during its last sickness, it amused itself in twisting several hairs together, pulling them out, and then swallowing them.

It is asserted by the papers in Paris that this is the first time a baboon has lived more than one summer, in any menagerie; and the longevity which this attained is attributed to the care of his keeper, and to the precaution used of keeping it with the other monkeys. It is not good for—monkeys to live alone!

The world, we think, regards these curious caricatures of humanity with the more tenderness since the positive establishment of the fact that there are species of men furnished with caudal appendages like the simia. They are, then, something more than imitations—they are familiar likenesses of ourselves. Perhaps even the sailor's nautical theory is correct, and apes may be gifted with language like ourselves. Perhaps, during the present age of wonders, they may throw off their reserve and astonish the world with their long pent-up eloquence. Many a mute Cicero may, at this very moment, be munching pea-nuts on the summit of a hand-organ—many an undeveloped Homer holding out his feathered cap for coppers!

## HEELS VERSUS HEADS.

Ever since the advent of Fanny Ellsler, who turned all heads through the States, heels have been going up and heads going down. As a natural consequence, the higher the former are kicked upon the stage, the fuller the pit is of the latter. Pampered by the prodigality of applause bestowed upon them, the professors of the saltatorial art aspire to be teachers of philosophy. Their arrogance, however, is not of any recent date. Quinn, in his amusing anecdotes, gives us many instances of the important airs assumed by the European dancers as early as 1789. In that year the *artistes danseurs*, as they called themselves, met in a grand congress, published manifestoes, and passed memorials. "The minister wants me to dance," said the president, or rather presidentess, Mademoiselle Guimard; "let him look out—I can make him jump out of his place." Government finally interfered, and the son of Vestris (the god of dancing, as he called himself) was sent to prison. The parting of father and son was deeply pathetic. "Go, my son," said the former; "this is the noblest hour of your life. Take my carriage, and ask the jailor to give you the apartments of my friend, the King of Poland; I will pay for everything." We might laugh at this, if we did not remember that there are middle-aged men now living in this country who once upon a time harnessed themselves to the carriage of a dancer and drew her through the streets of an American city.

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**POST-OFFICE STAMPS.**—If postmasters throughout the country would be particular in stamping the envelopes of letters mailed at their respective offices, so that the same can be read, how much trouble would be avoided, and how many mistakes obviated! Correspondents should also be very careful to head their letters with the name of their post-office, the county and State *very plainly written*. What is simple enough to them, is an enigma to a stranger.

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**THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.**—Six numbers of this charming little quarto paper have come safely to hand, combining neatness and convenience in handling, and beautifully illustrated. Each four numbers form a complete novel, and altogether the work must become a great favorite everywhere. Mr. Ballou, the extensive Boston newspaper publisher, has extraordinary facilities, backed by large experience and ample means for producing the best class of serials. His Dollar Magazine is also a wonder of cheapness and beauty.—*Trenton Banner*.

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**SHORT AND TRUE.**—A coffer without a lock shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always open denotes an empty brain.

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**JUST TRY IT.**—To reform the world, begin first with yourself, then with your neighbor.

## LOST STARS.

Haslitt remarks, in one of his essays: "We see and hear chiefly of the favorites of Fortune and the Muse, of great generals, of first-rate actors, of celebrated poets. These are at the head; we are struck with the glittering eminence in which they stand, and try to set out in the same tempting career—not thinking how many discontented half-pay lieutenants are in vain seeking promotion all their lives, and obliged to put up with 'the insolence of office and the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;' how many wretched dabblers shiver and shake in the ague-fit of alternate hopes and fears, waste and pine away in the atrophy of genius, or else turn drawing-masters, picture-cleaners, or newspaper critics; how many hapless poets have sighed out their souls to the Muse in vain, without ever getting their effusions further known than the poet's corner of a country newspaper, and looked and looked with grudging, wistful eyes at the envious horizon that bounded their provincial fame."

The question arises, whether any of these disappointed aspirants really deserved the fame they never won? Have poets and warriors and statesmen, equal in true merit to those who have won the world's regard, gone down to the grave extinguished by the world's neglect? This is a theme for speculation. The generally received theory is that no true greatness ever dies; that posterity accords that justice which contemporary society sometimes refuses. But this is, after all, mere theory. Books that do not win reputation in the course of half a century, utterly perish. What becomes of them, the trunk-makers and pastry-cooks and paper-makers alone can tell. Perhaps more than one "Iliad," or "Paradise Lost," may have been ground up in the inexorable and unappreciative paper-mill into mere blank foolscap. Men capable of marshalling armies with the ability of Wellington or Napoleon, may be mingled with common dust, "surfeit-slain fools, the scum o' the earth." On the eve of one of Napoleon's battles, a private dragoon rode out of the ranks, and approaching the general, told him a plan which would infallibly ensure victory. Napoleon heard him without moving a muscle, and then sternly ordered him back to the ranks. But when the battle was fought and won, he sent for the soldier, because his plan was the same which he had himself conceived. But it was too late—the dragoon had fallen in the action. We believe Sir Walter Scott relates this anecdote. So that there was one great general, at least, lost to the world. Others may have been "crushed out" in a sim-

ilar way. It is some consolation, however, to reflect that the world has great men enough—even a plethora, if men are to be measured by their own standard; so that these "lost Pleiads" are really not missed.

**A NEW GENERAL.**—When the account of Bonaparte's extraordinary victories in Italy first reached London, a young nobleman one day remarked that he owed most of his success to some new generals he had created. "I know of no general he has lately created," said George Colman, "but one General Consternation."

**A FIRESIDE COMPANION.**—We have no fear in recommending *Ballow's Dollar Monthly* to fathers and mothers throughout the land. Its charming and attractive contents are of a strictly moral character, cultivating a taste for reading, and imparting information upon an immense variety of subjects. The illustrations are finely done, and the typography of the work is very beautiful. *One dollar a year!* What family will deny itself the regular visits of so cheap and such a pleasure-dispensing visitant? —*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot.*

**EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.**—A woman without arms was lately married in Winchester, Va.—the bridegroom placing the ring on one of the bride's toes. This is taking a wife in *toe-toe* for better or for worse; and we hope the parties are still on an amicable footing.

**SHARP REMARK.**—In the course of an envenomed debate in the national House of Representatives, Col. Crockett said, "a man may get so full of pizen here, if he'd bite himself, he'd die."

**CHEAP ENOUGH!**—It must make people in the old country stare to see such a work as *Ballow's Dollar Monthly* sold for *one dollar* a year. They don't understand Yankee enterprise, and facilities for doing business on this side of the Atlantic. There is no reason why this finely illustrated and attractive work should not circulate half a million copies, and the way it is increasing in popular favor points to such a result. —*Salem Advertiser.*

**COUNTERFEIT MONEY.**—New York city has been lately flooded with counterfeit money, and several arrests have been made of persons attempting to pass it.

**GOOD SIMILE.**—That was a capital comparison of a sharp lawyer, who said: "Chancery is like a mouse-trap—easy to enter, but not so easy to get out."

**TALE-BEARING.**—The retailer of a scandal is more contemptible than the inventor. He plays a secondary part, and has just malice enough to propagate what he has not the genius to invent.

**QUITE COOL.**—A prospectus was issued in Paris, recently, for a joint stock ice company, but met with a *cold* reception.

**HORSE FLESH AS FOOD.**

Considerable discussion is going on, in European and American prints, as to the use of horse flesh for human food. It is contended by the experienced and well-informed that there is no well-founded objection to the meat of the animal, as an alimentary article. A natural dislike to the idea at once presents itself to the mind from the nobleness of the animal, and his intimate association with man. The use of the flesh of the horse as an article of food is of antique date. Among the Romans, the flesh of the young ass—which is allied in character to that of the horse—was served up at the tables of the opulent as a great delicacy. This practice fell into disuse among the descendants of the Romans, but has prevailed from a very early period among most of the Tartar and Arab tribes, who continue the practice to the present day. Those nations dwelling upon the borders of the Great Desert hunt the Tartary horse, as the deer is hunted in other countries, for its flesh. Horse flesh was in general use up to the eighth century among the ancestors of several of the chief nations of Eastern Europe, who esteemed it a great delicacy, and abandoned it with regret, in obedience to laws enacted to prevent the killing of horses for this purpose, in order that the stock might not be wholly exterminated.

Among modern civilized nations necessity, rather than choice, has induced the use of horse flesh whenever appropriated as food. Thus in Copenhagen and several other cities, when these places were besieged, the inhabitants were fain to slaughter their horses, and subsisted upon them for many weeks. During a number of months of the years 1793 and 1794, the inhabitants of Paris were likewise compelled to eat horse flesh in the absence of other kinds of animal food. In our own army, it has frequently been found necessary to resort to its use; and in the case of the late expedition of Colonel Fremont across the Rocky Mountains, the lives of the company were saved by eating the flesh of the mules which accompanied them in their perilous journey. These were temporary expedients, abandoned as soon as it was practicable to procure other articles of food.

The experiences of M. M. Renault and Joly led them to the conclusion that after the horse, by reason of his old age and severe labor, had become unfitted for further usefulness, he might, by proper care, be fattened and made a second time valuable on account of his flesh. In this manner horses of sixteen, eighteen, twenty, and even twenty-three years of age, apparently incapable of surviving much longer, were wrested

from the hands of the knackers just as they were about to be slaughtered for their hide and bones, restored to flesh, and became a very wholesome and palatable article of food. With the abundance of animal food to be had in this country, there is little probability of horse flesh ever coming into use for food.

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**FOOTPRINTS OF LOVE.**—Imagination is the finest sculptor and painter in the world; it is the food of love. The singer Thevenard, from seeing a beautiful female slipper, fell violently in love with the owner, and afterwards married her. Quite a Cinderella affair!

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**EXCESSIVE SPUNK.**—A young girl, in Philadelphia, recently committed suicide because her mother refused her a new bonnet. The coroner's verdict was—"Came to her death through excessive spunk."

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**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.**—Without wishing to detract from other magazines of the day, we must still give Ballou's popular work the preference. In the first place we are amazed to see that it can be afforded for *one dollar* a year, and then are charmed at its varied, attractive and useful contents. There is but one magazine in the country that equals it in circulation, and none that surpass it in excellence. It should be in every family circle of the great West. *One dollar a year!—Yazoo (Miss.) Star.*

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**IRISH WIT.**—An Irish recruit who heard that a corporal was about to be dismissed from his regiment, remarked: "Faith! I hope it's the most troublesome one we have—'Corporal Punishment.'"

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**CURIOUS FACT.**—It is asserted that magnets lose almost their entire power in the vicinity of graveyards, and electric machines are similarly affected under the same circumstances.

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**A LIBEL ON LAW.**—It was observed by a sarcastic Greek that law resembled spiders' webs, which great flies broke through, while small ones were entangled.

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**GOLD BY THE TON.**—Australia, in the course of a single year, yielded one hundred and twenty tons of gold. Yet the root of evil seems to be as hard to come at as ever.

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**MARRYING ONE'S SELF.**—It has been decided in the highest courts of Ireland that a clergyman may legally marry himself. He saves the clerical fee by so doing.

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**NATURE.**—The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes the wisest who makes the most judicious selections.



## Foreign Miscellany.

One of the Russian crown diamonds cost \$480,000.

Advices from Constantinople state that civil war is raging in Persia.

The frauds of Redfield, clerk of the Great Northern Railway, England, will amount to over one million of dollars.

The infant prince of Naples has been baptized, receiving fifty names, among which the first were *Hemaro Maria Immacolata*.

In England, 1365 persons in every 10,000 attain the age of 50. In the United States, only 830 in 10,000 arrive at that age.

A fashionable duchess in Paris recently issued invitations for an evening party, with the words *Ans circoline* written on her cards.

Ex-Queen Christina, of Spain, is buying up a lot of palaces and things in Rome, with the intention of going to live there for good with her sons.

The loyal people of Weimar intend to erect, by public subscription, a monument to their late Grand Duke, Karl August, the friend of Goethe and Schiller.

Mr. Palmer, the American sculptor, has had an order from London for a duplicate of his "Indian Girl"—the masterpiece of his genius, owned by Senator Fish.

The French Emperor has now in his stables, six very fine American horses. The two horses he drives in his phaeton are American, and in France are considered superior trotters.

The number of persons employed on the railways of the United Kingdom is 138,590; length of line, 8506 miles; length authorized, 12,807 miles.

A special embassy is to be sent from England to China, to treat for peace. Frigates, gunboats, shells and shot make up the "treat"-y part of the business.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, whose sermons have created so much excitement in England, is failing, in consequence of his great exertions. His voice gave way at his last public appearance.

M. de la Roquet, the eminent geographer and late vice-president of the Geographical Society of Paris, has contributed 1000*fr.* to Lady Franklin's private expedition, about to be fitted out.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered, at Venice, a bronze statue of Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, to be presented to the town, and erected on one of its public places.

Mr. Peter Bayne, a North Briton, of some literary eminence, has been selected to succeed Hugh Miller in the editorial chair of the Edinburgh Witness, the Free-church paper of Scotland.

The Minister of the Interior, in Paris, has forbid gambling in clubs. It is said this measure was caused by the loss of \$8000, recently, by a young man who entered a club, after attending a theatre, and before one o'clock in the morning! The loss of this sum broke off his marriage with a wealthy lady.

The Pope has conferred on Prince Gortschakoff, Russian minister of Foreign Affairs, the order of Pope Pius IX.

The only daughter of Omar Pasha has poisoned herself, in consequence of the ill treatment of her husband.

In Algiers, one-fifth more land has been sown with wheat this year than last, and growing crops promise an abundant harvest.

The new marriage law which has just been passed in Australia, recognizes the marriage of a boy of fourteen with a girl of twelve as valid.

The Marchioness of Londonderry has made the munificent donation of £1000 towards the restoration of St. Nicholas Church, Durham.

Mr. Winterhalter has finished the portrait of the Prince Imperial, which will appear at the next exhibition.

The Edinburgh Weekly Review states that Alexander-Smith's new poem is likely to appear in May.

The contemplated exhibition in Paris of competitive agriculture for all nations will not take place this year.

Since the attack on Canton by the British Admiral the trade between Russia and China by land, and by Kiakhia, has considerably increased.

Charles Swain, of Manchester, England, who writes verses with almost the facility of an improvisatore, has been placed on the pension list for £50 a year.

The favorite singer at St. Petersburg seems to be the tenor Bettini, whose benefit on a late occasion produced 15,396 *fr.* The emperor presented him with a ring valued at 4000 francs.

The French Academy of Sciences received in the course of last year not fewer than 165 manuscript treatises on scientific problems proposed by it for public competition.

The English Admiralty have taken up eighty first-class sailing ships for the conveyance of stores to China, evidently providing for a war of some duration.

Russia has entered for the first time into official relations with a South American republic, having exchanged a treaty between her and the republic of Venezuela.

It is said that the visits of Gen. Todleben, the illustrious Russian engineer, to the various fortresses of Europe, notwithstanding the good terms which now prevail between the two countries, is viewed with a jealous eye by the Emperor of France.

Professor Secchi, director of the astronomical observatory at Rome, has succeeded, after a long series of observations made by means of the fine telescope at his command, in producing a remarkable drawing of the lunar mountain, Copernicus.

Dr. Startin writes in the Medical Times that pitting from small pox can be prevented by applying the acetum cantharidis, or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel-hair brush, to the apex of each pustule of the disease, until blistering is evidenced by the whiteness of the skin, when it must be washed off with water.

## Record of the Times.

At the factory of Messrs. Carpenter, Foxboro', Mass., 10,000 bonnets are manufactured daily.

Soldiers are being collected in Cuba for the invasion of Mexico.

The number of Chinese on the Sandwich Islands is six hundred.

William B. Astor, of New York, enjoys an income of \$3000 a day, or \$1,000,000 a year.

The cash value of the farming lands of Ohio are put down at \$358,761,000.

A little girl in Austin, Texas, who lived on snuff, died a few weeks since.

One hundred and eight steamers for navigating the western waters were built at Pittsburgh in 1856.

The shortest route from New York to San Francisco via Tehuantepec is 4815 miles.

Gov. Fletcher has appointed Professor Hitchcock, of Mass., State Geologist of Vermont.

Minnesota will contain more valuable land and navigable water than any other State.

A brig is now building at Cleveland, Ohio, for the Liverpool trade, to run direct to that port, regularly. It will take its first cargo in July.

A. W. Austin, the new collector of Boston, is the son of the author of that capital story "Peter Rugg."

Miss Louisa Parker, a member of the Methodist church in Belvidere, Vt., recently cut her throat.

It has recently been ascertained that powdered loaf sugar, mixed with sulphuric acid, forms a glutinous substance, which, when dry, detonates like gun cotton.

Michigan has a new law diminishing the sentences of State prison convicts one day for every month of perfect good behaviour. That must be consoling to those sentenced for life.

One house in Louisville has cleared no less than \$300,000 during the last season in the pork trade; another, \$208,000; another, \$150,000; and several, \$100,000 each.

At Detroit, recently, Eunice C. Hall recovered \$5000 damages from George W. Carne, for breach of promise of marriage. Carne is wealthy, and we should judge from the account given, deserved to bleed to that extent.

Tamouche, a war chief of the Utah Indians, put two native physicians to death, because they failed to cure two of his wives, who died under their care. He sent them, in his own philanthropic expression, "to look after their patients."

The principal duck mills of New England, whose make is mostly distributed in Boston, have a capital of \$885,000 and employ 1020 persons. They consume 6,310,000 lbs. of cotton, and make annually 5,678,815 yards of duck, valued at \$1,227,500.

Two wealthy girls in Detroit being stage-struck, bought lots of silks, gloves, flowers, laces and white slippers, on the credit of their parents, and were just ready to run off with some theatrical people, in order to appear on the Cleveland stage, when they were stopped in their carriage, and taken home.

Francis, Lord Napier, the new British minister, is only thirty-seven years of age.

No less than 54,000 houses and stores are now supplied by the Croton water in New York.

An association exists in New York, called the "Institute of Architects," to improve architecture.

Greenwich Fair, one of the most noted of English celebrations, has been finally suppressed.

A person in Albany has been fined five dollars for injuring a lady's dress by tobacco juice.

The fruit crop of this country in value exceeds thirty millions of dollars annually.

Rev. L. M. Pease, the Five Points missionary, in New York, has retired, on account of ill health.

A child lately died in New York, from eating matches. Keep them away from your children.

The Blue Ridge was recently on fire at different points, and the view was magnificent at night.

The bass wood paper experiment has failed, and the mill at Rome, N. Y., has been closed.

The sum of \$150,000 has been subscribed for the permanent endowment of Bacon College, at Harrodsburg, Ky.

"There are three things to be desired in this world," say the Chinese: "male progeny, official employment, and long life."

There is but one man who can believe himself free from envy, and it is he who has never examined his own heart.

Mr. Wilson, superintendent of the Mississippi telegraph, successfully laid a submarine cable across the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, a few days ago.

A cargo of 3708 bales of cotton, weighing 1,519,327 pounds, was recently shipped at Charleston for St. Petersburg—the largest cargo ever sent from that port to Russia.

A vein of copper, two and a half feet in width, has been discovered near Elk Run, in Fauquier county, Va. A company has been organized with the intention of working it.

At a town meeting in Pittsfield, Mass., lately, a sum not exceeding \$50 was voted for a monument at the grave of Mrs. Denning, the first female pioneer in the settlement of Pittsfield.

The Lawrence Courier says that several land sales have recently been made in that city for prices which indicate only about fifty per cent. of the real value of the property.

The bridge over Cedar River at Cedar Valley, Iowa, was carried away by the breaking up of the ice, a few weeks ago, and two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Black of Kingston, who were upon it at the time, lost their lives.

There were in Washington, recently, twenty great men from the State of Maine. Not a man of them weighs less than 200 pounds, and the biggest is up to 255. The average of the twenty is 224 1-2 pounds. So says the Evening Star.

Eight cordage manufactories, centering in Boston, with a capital of \$700,000, employ 780 persons, consume annually 8000 tons of hemp, and manufacture \$3500 tons of cordage, valued at \$2,200,000. The Middlesex and New Bedford cordage companies are not included in this statement.

## Merry-Making.

A man often goes where he has no business to be, because he *has no business* where he ought to be.

A joker, learning that an absconding creditor intended to settle in California, said he was glad to hear that he meant to "settle" somewhere.

*Life's Stages.*—At twenty, we kill pleasure; at thirty, we taste it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we seek it; at sixty, we regret it.

"That hot day, last week, warped one of the Long Island turnpikes so badly, that it was impassable for two days.

A patent has been taken out in Boston for cleaning fish, by giving them snuff; when they sneeze, their scales come off.

A country paper lately got up an account of a fire, headed: "Destructive Fire—Eleven Buildings, Ten Horses and One Cow in Ruins."

"Do you keep the bar here?" inquired a traveller of a gentlemanly bar-room loafer, a few days since. "No, sir; the bar keeps me here."

A New York preparation for the growth of the hair is called the "Kathairon." Cat-hair on is an ominous title, certainly.

A modern writer thus defines honor: "Standing fire well, and shooting a friend whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise."

A certain Dutch scholar was said to be so long-nosed and so near-sighted that he wiped out with his nose half of what he wrote with his pen.

The London Quarterly says most long livers are very short of stature. Rather paradoxical, that! We had thought that tall men live longest.

Why do a clown and a chemist remind you of two young ladies? Ans.—Because one is a Charlotte Ann (charlatan) and the other an Ann Eliza (analyzer).

Men kiss the hands of women after kissing their lips on probably the same principle that children, unwilling to leave the tempting fruit, eat the skin of the apple after devouring the apple itself.

Thoreau, the Concord philosopher, says that if a Yankee happens to fall asleep after dinner and take a nap of half an hour, the first thing he does after waking is to stretch himself and ask—"what's the news?"

A wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart. The balm of a thousand such flowers would be a cure for all diseases. The author of the above is now on his way to join the Mormons in Utah.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature of her ugly husband suspended on her breast, asked Tom Moore what he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like the Saracen's Head on Snowhill."

We are apt to think Yankee drollery sufficiently extravagant, and Western humor still more hyperbolic. But an old Greek epigrammatist beats the Americans all hollow. He describes a man whose nose was so long that he was unable to hear himself sneeze!

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood for a cord.

Why is a dinner like spring? Because a single swallow never makes it.

Domestic peace can never be preserved in family jars.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? "My dear, I love you still."

What a pity the "sap season" of sugar maple is not perennial, as with some persons we know!

Who was Jove's barber? Hyperion curls the front of Jove himself—so says Shakspeare.

The people of Peru are said to be so indolent that they open pea-pods with an oyster knife.

"There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in Rob Roy.

"Beware," said the potter to the clay, and it became ware.

Moliere being asked to compare the love of jealous and unjealous people, said the former loved most, the latter best.

A jeweller advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of, adding that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

Just for the fun of the thing, we should like to see a stuttering woman, a Quaker with a wooden leg, or a dead jackass.

No marking ink is so permanent as the printer's, and the name given you by his "font" outlasts that given by the font in church.

A man went into a printing office to beg a paper, "because," said he, "we like to read the newspaper very much, but our neighbors are too stingy to take one."

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match; the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered—"I did it out of pure revenge."

Impudence often shoves a fellow on in life, but a gentleman "down east" is so remarkably diffident that it requires three clerks to bring forward his balance at the bankers.

It is a sign a man is very poor, when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forced to patch up his figure with the relics of the dead, and rifle tombstones and monuments for reputation.

Muggins says he don't believe in the appearance of spirits in this world so strongly as he does in their disappearance. He lost a gallon of brandy and two baskets of champagne on the late election.

A man being asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made this answer: "Indeed, neighbor, this case is pitiful; my wife fears that she will die, and I fear she will not—which makes a desolate house."

### — GIVEN AWAY. —

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

# YOUNG GUNNYBAGS receives an Invitation to stay a Month in the Country.



His first reception—rather demonstrative.



His uncle takes him out for a walk round the farm.



Introduces him to the pigs.



He tries a little mowing, is successful in tearing his pants and cutting his knees



Retires to the orchard, where he is signally discomfited.



Tired, he goes to bed and enjoys a charming slumber—but is pulled out of bed by the mosquitoes.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

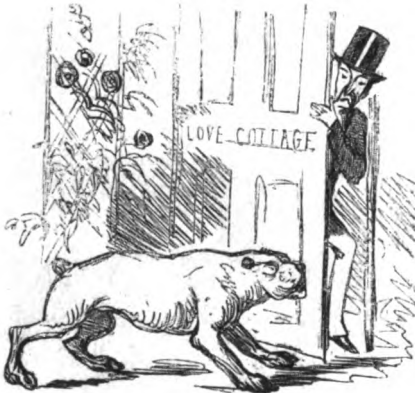
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Starts a battle with his buzzing enemies.



Is again awakened with an impression the house is on fire.



Gets up to see the sun rise, but changes his mind.



And being already tired of his visit, writes a letter to himself, that his wife is dead.



And greatly astonishes his host thereby,



Who gives him his blessing at parting, and a specimen or two of produce











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